LEIGH HUNT

Metropolitan Borough of Wandsworth.

WEST HILL PUBLIC LIBRARY.

LENDING DEPARTMENT.

Charge No. 25500 Class No. 821.

The Lending Library is open every Weekday, except Good Friday and the following day, Christmas Day, and all Public Holidays, between **10 a.m. and 8 p.m.** On **Thursdays** the Library is open from 10 a.m. till **1 p m**.

☞ **The time allowed for reading this Book is FOURTEEN DAYS.**

Every Book must be returned to the Library from which it was borrowed within **Fourteen Days** from the date of issue. In default the borrower shall pay a **Fine** at the rate of **One Penny** for the whole or any portion of the first week after the time allowed, and at the rate of **Twopence** for each succeeding week or portion thereof.

A Borrower's Ticket is not transferable, and no book can be issued except on its presentation.

Borrowers losing their tickets must give immediate notice of the loss, in writing, to the Librarian, as they and the Guarantors will be held responsible for any books taken out with such tickets.

Books are not issued to children under 10 years of age.

Fines will be strictly imposed for marking or turning down the leaves of books, or for allowing books to get soiled or wet.

Any damage done to books will be chargeable to the **last Borrower**. Borrowers should, therefore, examine books on receiving them, and call attention to any fault, in order that they may not be charged with the same.

Books may be renewed if not required by another reader. Books must be returned to the Library to be renewed.

This book must not be taken into any house in which there is infectious disease.

W. T. BRADLEY, *Principal Librarian.*

P 285

285

Wandsworth

BASEMENT STOCK

4/90	~~20. 05. 93~~	CAMDEN
23. 04. 90	~~25. 05. 93~~ 5 MAR 2002	
05	21. OCT 00	+2MTHS (87-2631)
	+ 2months	
	Dudley	
laser	16/8/4908.	
HAVERING		
22. 05. 90		

+2 months

33

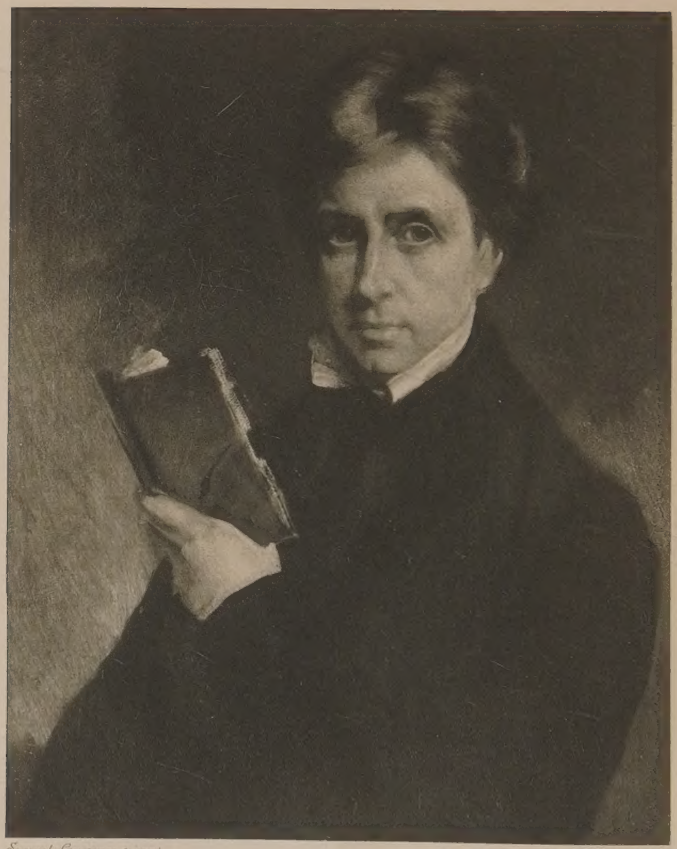
West Hill Library
West Hill London SW18 1RZ
Telephone 01-871 6386

THIS BOOK SHOULD BE RETURNED ON OR BEFORE THE LATEST DATE SHOWN ON THIS LABEL.

200 306 1125 D6

PUBLIC
WANDSWORTH
LIBRARY

WANDSWORTH LIBRARY SERVICE



Samuel Laurence pinxt. Emery Walker ph.sc.

Leigh Hunt

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT

EDITED BY

H. S. MILFORD, M.A.

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW COPENHAGEN
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS SHANGHAI

G1217

CLASS No. 821. HUN

CHARGE No. 2-5-00

200 306 125

PRINTED IN ENGLAND 1923

CONTENTS

PAGE

EDITOR'S PREFACE xi

FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1832 . xvii

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE xxxiii

NARRATIVE POEMS:

The Story of Rimini 1
Hero and Leander 37
Bacchus and Ariadne 44
The Panther 52
Mahmoud 53
The Gentle Armour 55
The Palfrey 62
The Glove and the Lions 78
Godiva 78
Captain Sword and Captain Pen 80
Abou ben Adhem 93
Jaffâr 93
The Bitter Gourd 94
The Inevitable 95
Wallace and Fawdon 97
Kilspindie 98
The Trumpets of Doolkarnein 99
Abraham and the Fire-worshipper 101
Ballads of Robin Hood. (For children):
Robin Hood a Child 103
Robin Hood's Flight 105
Robin Hood an Outlaw 107
How Robin and his Outlaws lived in the Woods 108
Caractacus 109

NARRATIVE MODERNIZATIONS:

Death and the Ruffians 112
Cambus Khan. A Fragment 116

NARRATIVE IMITATIONS:

The Tapiser's Tale 127
The Shewe of Faire Seeming 130

POLITICAL AND CRITICAL POEMS:

Politics and Poetics 141
The Feast of the Poets 144
To a Spider running across a Room 159

PAGE

Ultra-Crepidarius 161
The Book of Beginnings 167
Blue-Stocking Revels; or, The Feast of the Violets . . . 176
Ultra-Germano-Criticasterism 192

POLITICAL SATIRES, 1814–1830:

The St. James's Phenomenon 193
A Surprising New Ballad. Part II 194
The Lord Mayor and the Butcher 195
Lawyers' Lament, or The Fees in Danger 196
Reverend Magistracy 198
A New Chaunt 200
Memory and Want of Memory, or Rather No than Yes . . . 201
An Excellent Scotch Parody 203
Coronation Soliloquy of His Majesty King George the Fourth . . 204
Croker's Mountings 206
A-Hanging we will go 206
The Dogs 207
The Royal Line 217
High and Low; or, How to write History 218
Doctor Ban, or Question for Question 220

EPISTLES:

To Lord Byron 221
To Thomas Moore 224
Extract from another Letter to the Same 226
Extract from another to the Same 227
To William Hazlitt 228
To Barron Field 230
To Charles Lamb 233

SONNETS:

Quiet Evenings 235
To Hampstead: Five Sonnets 235–7
Description of Hampstead 238
To T. M. Alsager, Esq. 238
To Kosciusko 239
The Poets 239
Written under the Engraving of a Portrait of Rafael . . . 240
To the Grasshopper and the Cricket 240
To Mrs. L. H., on her Modelling a Bust of the Author . . . 241
To Miss K., written on a Piece of Paper which happened to be headed with a long List of Trees 241
To Percy Shelley, on the degrading Notions of Deity . . . 242
To the Same 242
To Henry Robertson, John Gatti, and Vincent Novello . . . 243
To John Keats 243
On receiving a Crown of Ivy from the Same 244
On the Same 244
To Benjamin Robert Haydon 245

PAGE

To Horatio Smith 245
To John Hamilton Reynolds 246
To —— —— M.D., on his giving me a Lock of Milton's Hair . . 246
To the Same, on the same Subject 247
To the Same, on the same Occasion 247
The Nile 248
To Thomas Stothard, R.A. 248
To ——— ——. Written in Autumn 249
Calviultor. Written in the person of a bald man 249
Three Pleasantries 250
The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit 250
To the Author of 'Ion' 251
To Charles Dickens 252
To Poerio and his fellow-patriots 253
Iterating Sonnet, written during the talk of a War with the United States 253

BLANK VERSE:

A Thought on Music 254
Paganini. A Fragment 255
Thoughts in Bed upon Waking and Rising 257
Apollo and the Sunbeams 262
Our Cottage 263
Reflections of a Dead Body 267
A Rustic Walk and Dinner 269
A Heaven upon Earth 280
On the Death of his Son Vincent 281

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:

Ode for the Spring of 1814 281
The Descent of Liberty 283
Morgiana in England 314
National Song 314
On Hearing a little Musical Box 315
To T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness 316
To J. H., four years old. A Nursery Song 316
Elegy on our Lost Princess 318
His departed Love to Prince Leopold 319
The Nymphs 320
Fancy's Party. A Fragment 330
Thoughts of the Avon, on the 28th of September, 1817 . . . 331
Song, written to be set to Music by Vincent Novello . . . 332
To the Lares, on the commencement of fires 333
Power and Gentleness 333
The Summer of 1818 334
Ronald of the Perfect Hand. A Fragment 335
The Nun 337
Talari Innamorati 338
The 'Choice' 339

PAGE

On seeing a Pigeon make love 349
Verses on a Full-flowing Peruke 349
Alter et Idem. A Chemico-Poetical Thought 350
Lines written on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May . . 351
To May 353
To June 353
A Night-Rain in Summer 354
An Angel in the House 354
The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte 355
Love Letters made of Flowers 355
Songs and Chorus of the Flowers 356
Song of the Flowers 357
Wealth and Womanhood 360
Christmas 360
Doggrel on Double Columns and Large Type 362
Bodryddan 364
Llanbedr.—1835 366
A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine 367
Rondeau (' Jenny kissed me ') 368
To the Queen 369
To the Infant Princess Royal 370
Three Visions on the Birth of the Prince of Wales 371
Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice 372
Dirge 373
Albums. Lines written in the Album of Rotha Quillinan . . 373
The Fancy Concert 374
Dirge for an Infant 377
A Dream within Dream ; or, A Dream in Heaven ; or, Evil Minimized 377
Ode to the Sun 378
Death 379
Inscription for the Bust of Dr. Southwood Smith 380
Burns and Tullochgorum 380
' To the Spirit Great and Good ' 381
Faith, Hope, and Charity are the Prospects of Manhood . . . 382
Right and Might 382

TRANSLATIONS :

From the Greek :

Homer. The First Re-appearance of Achilles ; and its Effects . 383
Priam, in Anguish at the Loss of Hector, and getting ready to go and ransom the Body, vents his Temper on his Subjects and Children 385
Priam at the Feet of Achilles 386
Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso 388
Bacchus, or The Pirates 389
Anacreon. Ode xix 390
Roses 391
The Banquet 391
The Dance 391

PAGE
The Seat under the Tree 392
Portrait of his Mistress 392
Theocritus. The Infant Hercules and the Serpents . . . 392
The Rural Journey 395
The Cyclops 398
The Lover 400
Hylas and the Water Nymphs 401
The Syracusan Gossips; or, The Feast of Adonis . . . 402
Dedication of a Rural Spot and Altar 406
The Prayer in the Bower 406
The Rural Concert 406
Bion and Moschus. The Teacher Taught 407
To the Evening Star 407
On the Death of Bion, the Herdsman of Love 407
Sea and Land 411
Love at the Plough; or, Jupiter reminded of Europa . . 411
From the Greek Anthology. On a Pen 411
Greek Pretenders to Philosophy described 412
On the Tomb of Two Brothers 412
Meleager. The Triple Lover 412
A Paraphrase from Meleager 412
Cupid Swallowed! A Paraphrase 413
On a Cultivator of the Ground 413
Imitated from the Greek. An Epitaph to let 413
Inscriptions on a Statue of Epictetus 413
Death and Goodness 414

FROM THE LATIN:
Lucretius. To Venus 414
Catullus. His Return Home to the Peninsula of Sirmio . . 414
Atys 415
Acme and Septimius, or The Entire Affection 418
Catullus to Cornificius 419
The Nuptial Song of Julia and Manlius 419
The Old Skiff 421
Virgil. His Hostess 422
Horace. To Pyrrha 423
To Mæcenas 423
The Dinner Party anticipated. A paraphrase 424
Ovid. The Story of Cyllarus and Hylonome 425
From the Story of Cephalus and Procris 426
Seneca. Part of a Chorus in the Tragedy of Thyestes . . 426
Martial. Epitaph on Erotion 427

FROM MEDIAEVAL AND LATER LATIN:
The Jovial Priest's Confession 427
Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard 428
From the Latin of Milton. Plato's Archetypal Man, according to the Idea of it entertained by Aristotle 429
From the Epistle to Thomas Young 430

PAGE

On the Arrival of Spring 431
To Leonora singing at Rome 431
That Nature does not grow old 432
The Ass on the Bench 433

FROM THE ITALIAN:

Dante. 'Per me si va' 434
Paulo and Francesca 434
Ugolino and his Children 436
'Dolce color d'oriental zafiro' 438
'Noi eravam lunghesso il mare ancora' 438
'Era già l'ora che volge il disio' 439
Picture of Florence in the Time of Dante's Ancestors . . . 439
Petrarch's Contemplations of Death in the Bower of Laura . . 440
Sacchetti. Gathering Flowers 441
Andrea de Basso. Ode to a Dead Body 442
Boiardo. Timon of Athens 444
Politian. The Country Maiden 444
Sannazzaro. 'O dolce Primavera' 445
Pulci. On Himself 445
Illustrative Quotations 446
From the 'Morgante Maggiore' 447
Ariosto. The Lover's Prison 447
Medoro and Cloridano 448
Berni. Lazy Corner 459
Grazzini. Caudated Sonnet 463
Casa. A Deprecation of the Name of John 463
Rucellai. From 'The Bees' 465
Guarini. From the 'Pastor Fido' 466
Tasso. Ode to the Golden Age 466
Marino. Triton and Cymothoe 467
Francesco Redi. Bacchus in Tuscany 468
'Era 'l mio animo rozzo e selvaggio' 481
Filicaia. Providence 481
Frugoni. Little People Panegyrized 482
Casti. The Debt of the Giuli Tre 483
Alfieri. Benediction 485
Epigram upon the treatment of the word 'Captain' by the Italians, French, and English 485
An Ultra License 486
Portrait of Himself 486
Satire upon Money-getting 486
To Genoa 487
English Courtship 488
Learning Tuscan 488
Galgano. 'Oh oranges' 489
Pazzi. Comic Sonnet 489
Anonymous. The Venetian Fisherman 490

FROM THE FRENCH: PAGE

Thiebault, King of Navarre, to his Love 490
Clement Marot. On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret . . . 491
The Abbé and his Valet 491
A Court Love-Lesson 491
Brother Lubin 492
To a Lady who wished to see him 492
Song. Imitated from Marot 493
La Fontaine. Lips versus Eyes 493
To the Duchess of Bouillon 495
Madame Deshoulières. A Kiss in Reason 496
A Lady's Notion of Village Love 496
Boileau. The Battle of the Books 496
Elves in a Monastery 500
The Old Kings of France 500
Masson de Morvilliers. Marriage à la Mode 501
Madame d'Houdetôt. Love and Age 501
Destouches. Epitaph on an Englishman 501
The Chevalier de Boufflers. Love and War 502
Love and Reason 502
An *A B C* for grown Gentlemen 502
Tabourot. Abel and Mabel; or, Wise and Wiser 503
Boutroux. The Infallible Remedy 503
Le Brun. Epigram 503

ANONYMOUS POEMS AND EPIGRAMS FROM THE FRENCH:

To a Bell-Ringer 503
A Wise Death 504
The Essence of Opera; or, Almanzor and Imogen 504
Physician, heal thyself 505
'I yawn when you read' 505
A N-ice Voice 505
The Curate and his Bishop 505
Expostulation and Candour 506
All is not Bliss that fattens 506
An Orange versus the World 506
A Gallant Epigram 506
Another Gallant Epigram 506
The Sword-Knot 507

D'Herbelot. A Blessed Spot 507

DRAMATIC POEMS AND FRAGMENTS:

Scenes from an Unfinished Drama 508
A Father Avenged 516
A LEGEND OF FLORENCE. A Play in Five Acts 539
LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS; or, HOW WILL IT END? A Play in Three Acts 580
ACT IV OF A MS. PLAY (A Rejected Sketch for *Lovers' Amazements*) . 618
LOOK TO YOUR MORALS. An Afterpiece in Two Acts . . . 626

SIR EDGAR, SIR GRAHAM, AND SIR GRAY-STEEL . . . 648

PAGE

AN UNFINISHED POEM IN HEROIC COUPLETS . . . 657

NOTES (*with incidental Poems as below*) 662

A Lesson for Kings 718

'Beloved Shelley, friend, immortal heart' 719

Calvus. By Thomas Wade 720

A Day with the Reader (*beginning*) 721

The voice without a shape, the viewless force 722

The Deformed Child. By Vincent Leigh Hunt 723

'Our roots are in the earth, our flowers in heaven' . . . 723

On Pomfret's 'Choice' 724

A House and Grounds. A fragment 724

A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's 'Choice' . . . 725

A Rhyme for the Album of [ ] Lee 727

'The gentle heart that God implores' 728

Lines from Hesiod 728

Virgil's *Ille ego* 730

Pastorini. Sonnet to Genoa 733

'I heard your pipe no sooner but I knew it' 733

Fragment of 'The Prince's Marriage' 734

A CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT (*with incidental Poems as below*):

Melancholy 737

'Mary, dear Mary, list! awake!' 738

To Thomas Lawrence, Esq., R.A., on his Portrait of Mr. President West 739

On the New Poet-Laureat 740

The New Year's Ode 740

Serenade, suggested by the music of Cherubini's trio, *Non me negate* . 742

La Bella Tabacconista 743

A Hate Song 745

The Universal Pan 746

Portions of a Legitimate Drama 748

Mysteries and Moralities 751

On Parting with my Books 751

Chapelle's Trip to Languedoc and Provence (*Selected lines.*) . . 752

May Day, parodied from Milton 752

Inquests Extraordinary 752

Answer to Goldsmith's Epitaph on Ned Purdon 752

The 'Cartilaginous' Author 752

A Noble Pair 753

Medical 753

A New Duet 753

Epitaph on a Clerical Dandy 753

'A bough, thin hung with leaves, is all my tree' 754

Words for a Trio 755

To William Johnson Fox 756

Tasso. From *O del gran Apennino* 758

INDEX OF TITLES 766

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 771

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Leigh Hunt died in August 1859, just after making a selection of his Poems for an edition which appeared under the editorship of his eldest son, Thornton Leigh Hunt, in the following year, 1860. This edition was far from complete; it was a small octavo of 472 pages, thirty-three of which were occupied by notes, and it omitted most of the 1818 volume entitled *Foliage*, almost all the political satires, many of the earlier miscellaneous poems and translations, and all the dramas including *The Descent of Liberty*. When he made the selection Leigh Hunt was an honoured veteran of letters, in receipt of a Civil List pension, full of affection for the Queen and all the Royal Family, and of admiration of the progress which he thought he saw in all branches of human knowledge and in all classes of society. The volume was a fair reflection of Leigh Hunt at seventy-five, but gave a very pale and uncharacteristic portrait of 'loved Libertas' of *The Examiner*, the vigorous satirist of Regents and Poets Laureate, the stout supporter of Shelley and Keats, when their names were bywords among the critics for obscurity, obscenity, and atheism.

Since 1860 there has been no edition of Leigh Hunt's poems even approaching to such completeness as the 1860 edition attained. A few volumes of selections have been issued, generally containing at least as much of Leigh Hunt's miscellaneous prose as of his poetry; in none of them is he given room enough to make his full effect, and some of his best poems—for instance *The Nymphs*—do not appear in any of them. It is true that Hunt himself, by his action in 1859, is largely responsible for this neglect of much of his fresher earlier work, but the time has now come for a more complete edition which will show him in all his rôles (except as juvenile prodigy), and will, I hope, give him a fair chance of a hearing on his own merits; he has been too long held up to contempt as Byron's toady and backbiter, Keats's evil genius, the traducer of Dante, the original of Harold Skimpole.

I do not claim greatness for Leigh Hunt, but it seems to me clear that he has been unduly neglected, and his genuine

qualities obscured by adventitious criticism of his personality, and even more by concentration on his weak points, of which he has many.

This edition contains (1) the poetical contents of all the volumes issued by Hunt during his lifetime, except the all but wholly worthless *Juvenilia* and the translation of Tasso's *Amyntas* (an omission—due to lack of space—which I regret); (2) a large number of the political and miscellaneous poems and translations, never reprinted by Hunt and here reclaimed from *The Liberal*, *The Examiner*, and other papers with which he was connected, either as editor or contributor, during nearly fifty years; (3) a drama and the fragment of a drama, here printed for the first time from manuscript[1]; (4) a selection from Hunt's very voluminous notes and from his lengthy prefaces, many of which contain some of his most acute criticism, but which would have made this volume half as long again had they been reprinted entire; (5) an *apparatus criticus*, printed partly as foot-notes, partly among the notes at the end of the book, giving variant readings from those adopted in the text.

Though not complete, I think that this edition gives all—perhaps more than all—the poems, original and translated, which are necessary for a fair judgement of Hunt's claims as a poet. I have not burdened it with all the anonymous and pseudonymous poems which may or may not have been contributed by Hunt—often *currente prelo*, to fill up half a column or so—to his many papers. Often the evidence is only internal, and many poetasters could write like Hunt at his most unbuttoned; even when I have had no doubt of his authorship, I have sometimes contented myself with a reference in the Appendix to the periodical where the verses appeared, so that any unsated admirer can find them for himself.

I doubt, however, if many readers will want more than I have given them; some may want less, and may blame me for showing Hunt—who hardly ever produced a poem perfect in form—in the act of spoiling a horn and not making a spoon. They would be content to see the completed article, whatever it turned

[1] When almost the whole book had been passed for press (December 1921) the Rosenbach Company catalogued three unpublished plays by Hunt, namely *The Prince's Marriage*, *The Secret Marriage*, and *The Double*. Had this announcement appeared a few weeks earlier it is probable that *Look to your Morals* (see p. 626) might have remained unpublished for the present, as the excuse for the appearance of a prose farce in a volume otherwise containing only verse—viz. the desire to give all Hunt's extant dramatic works—is no longer valid.

out to be, without a curious examination of the chips. Such readers have much of my sympathy. But I would urge in defence, first, that they need not look at the critical notes, which do not disfigure the text and can be easily neglected by those not interested in a poet's first thoughts or afterthoughts; further, that the notes often throw an interesting light on the shifting currents of taste and opinion;[1] and, finally, that it seemed worth while to give once for all a fairly complete view of the poems, intermediate stages included, so that the reader of Hunt might have all the materials, hitherto almost wholly inaccessible to him.

Hunt revised many of his poems again and again, and his editor is compelled to choose between sometimes half a dozen different versions. The easiest method of choice would have been to print always the latest version, as embodying Hunt's final revision, but this would have done him a grave injustice. No elderly or even middle-aged poet should be allowed to tamper with the first sprouts of his youthful fancy; he cannot recover his first raptures, and generally the only result of his attempt is to falsify history by importing the ideas of a man of fifty or sixty into a poem conceived and executed at a different stage of his development. Thus a consistent whole is weakened and a document defaced. If this is true of Wordsworth it is equally true of Hunt. It would not be fair to say that the ardent Radical of the first quarter of the century mellowed or rotted into a reactionary; but the deaths of friends and enemies, the accession of Victoria, the general affection with which the rising generation regarded him, combined with the passing of the years and the change of taste to blunt the edge of his satire and prune the exuberance of his style. The poems written between 1832, when the first collected edition appeared, and 1860 have a charm of their own; but they are—with the exception of 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen'—by a milder Hunt, more satisfied with things as they are, or with how they seem to be going, and not to be trusted with the revision of poems written when the Adonis of fifty was near the throne or on it, and when the Scotch reviews were scurrilously attacking everything and every person that Hunt most valued. I have, therefore, as a rule, printed in the text the first version published in book form of all

[1] See, for instance, the variants of *The Feast of the Poets*, in which can be traced the change in Hunt's views of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and others; his gradual softening towards the 'Lakists', due partly to the dying-down of political animosities, partly to the genuine growth of his understanding of their objects and methods.

poems written and reprinted by Hunt before 1832 (when he was 48 years old), showing in the foot-notes or in the notes at the end both the variants from any previous appearances in journals or magazines and the alterations made by Hunt in later revisions. Of the poems first published after 1832 I have as a rule printed in the text his latest version, which does not often differ much from the first version.

In the 1860 edition Hunt grouped his poems under various heads (see p. 762), and although these, like all similar arrangements, are not quite satisfactory, I have followed him, making such additions and modifications as are necessary. The only alternative—a chronological order—would have been obviously unsuitable, in its juxtaposition of narrative and sonnet, translation and satire. Within the groups the order is in the main that of date of publication.

Hunt had no particular fancies about spelling or punctuation, and seems to have been content with what his printers gave him. The punctuation tends to be excessive, but is quite intelligent, and I have altered it only in the few places where it obscured the sense. In spelling I have as a rule followed the latest text, but I have restored throughout the poems the ending -ed in place of the -'d which appears sporadically in earlier editions and almost universally in 1860.[1]

In the notes at the end of the book will be found many variant readings which for one reason or another I have excluded from the foot-notes; a selection from Hunt's own prefaces and notes; a few poems probably but not certainly Hunt's, which seemed worthy of rescue from the periodicals where they made their first and only appearance; some hitherto uncollected or unpublished poems which were discovered too late for insertion in their proper places; and a list of other poems by or attributed to Hunt but not reprinted in this volume, specifying the volume, periodical, miscellany, or other source where they are printed. The bibliography of Hunt's poems which is thus provided is, I am aware, incomplete, but I can fairly claim to have traced many poems back to earlier appearances than have been hitherto recorded, and rescued some pieces worthy of their place in a volume of his collected poems.

My obligations are many: first to my friend Mr. Frederick Page, for his unwearying researches into obscure periodicals,

[1] In spite of Hunt's whimsical fondness for 'braces' round rhyming triplets I have discarded them, as they gave an old-fashioned appearance to a page otherwise typographically modern.

careful collation of different versions, and compilation of the Bibliography and Chronological Table. Next, Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN, to whose Life of Hunt we are eagerly looking forward, directed my attention to many likely homes, in short-lived periodicals, anthologies, and the like, of Hunt's fugitive verses. But I owe him another and a larger debt: during that revival of the glories of the old *Athenaeum* (1918–20), which lasted all too short a time, some appreciative articles by E. B. on Leigh Hunt appeared, and encouraged me to take up again the task, begun in 1906 and dropped for more than ten years, of preparing a new and fairly complete edition of Hunt's poems.

Of another kindness I can do no less than make very special mention. Mr. THOMAS J. WISE had no sooner acquired a collection of valuable and interesting Leigh Hunt MSS. than he put them at my service for this edition. Of them I have availed myself of the following: (i) A first draft of the opening of *The Story of Rimini*: printed *in extenso* in my notes. (ii) Part of the MS. used as printers' copy for Cantos II and III of the same poem. This MS. had been sent to Byron for his criticisms, which are written in pencil on the blank side of the leaves. To preserve these markings from damage at the printers' hands, Leigh Hunt had covered each one with paper, fastened down with sealing-wax, and, later, had stripped away the protecting papers, leaving the traces of sealing-wax. At Mr. Wise's own generous suggestion I have printed Byron's comments among the notes to the poem. (iii) A rough draft of Canto IV of the same poem, yielding some interesting variants. (iv) A fragment of the unpublished play, *The Prince's Marriage*: printed in the notes as a specimen of the versification. In addition to this, Mr. Wise has given me access to his all but unique collection of the Literary Pocket-Books.

Others who have helped me are Mr. Trevor R. Leigh-Hunt, the poet's great-grandson, who readily granted me permission to print the hitherto unpublished comedy, and act of a tragedy, and other copyright poems and versions of poems (and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, who have confirmed this permission, so far as it concerned them); Lady Butterworth who most generously placed at my service the manuscript of the later version of 'Look to your Morals'; Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, who kindly transcribed for me one of Hunt's earliest poems, and has given other assistance; Mr. Francis Edwards, who has allowed me to transcribe two hitherto unprinted manuscripts, both of great incidental beauty; Messrs. Hodgson & Co., who gave me the

opportunity to collate one manuscript, and have given me information as to others; Messrs. Maggs Brothers, who allowed me to collate an unpublished manuscript; Messrs. E. Parsons & Sons, who allowed me to transcribe an hitherto unprinted manuscript and to collate another; Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., who allowed me to include a poem from the Cowden Clarkes' *Recollections*; the late Bertram Dobell, and his son Mr. Percy J. Dobell, and Mr. Roger Ingpen, for much friendly assistance.

To Mrs. Maurice Leigh-Hunt I am indebted for permission to reproduce the portrait by Samuel Lawrence.

H. S. M.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1832

I INTENDED to write a very short preface to the volume here submitted to the public indulgence; but finding the small number of pages to which it amounted, compared with the price put upon it in the advertisement, I wished to do what I could towards bringing it to a becoming size. To add verses which I had rejected, would have been an injustice both to the readers and myself. It was suggested to me that a 'good *gossiping* preface' would not be ill received; and I therefore write one in the true spirit of that word, leaving it to their good nature to interpret it accordingly.

I am so aware that the world is rich in books of all sorts, and that its attention, beyond the moment, is not to be looked for by voluminous writers, except those of the first order, that I have done my best to render my verses as little unworthy of re-perusal, as correction and omission could make them. I have availed myself of the criticism both of friends and enemies; and have been so willing to construe in my disfavour any doubts which arose in my own mind, that the volume does not contain above a third of the verses I have written. I took for granted, that an author's self-love is pretty sure not to be too hard upon him, and adopted the principle of making the doubt itself a sentence of condemnation. Upon this I have acted in every instance, with the exception of the *Fragments upon the Nymphs*, the *Sonnet on the Nile*, and the passages out of the *Bacchus in Tuscany*. The fragments, and the sonnet, a partial friend induced me not to discard: otherwise, with a doubt perhaps in favour of the second and eighth lines of the sonnet, I felt that they did not possess enough of the subtler and remoter spirit of poetry, demanded by the titles. Of the *Bacchus* I retained a few specimens, partly for the sake of old associations, and of the tune echoed into it from the Italian; but chiefly in consequence of discovering that it had found favour in unexpected quarters.

If it be asked, why I have not been as scrupulous with the whole volume, or whether I look upon the rest of it as being free from objection, I answer, that I only believe it to be as good as it was in the writer's power to make it. What that power may be, if any, is another matter. At all events, I cannot accuse myself of taking no pains to satisfy my own judgment, or to bespeak the reader's good wishes. I have not shovelled my verses out by cart-loads, leaving the public, much less another generation, to save me the trouble of selection! I do not believe that other generations will take the trouble to rake for jewels in much nobler dust than mine. Posterity is too rich and idle. The only hope I can have of coming into any one's hands, and exciting his attention

beyond the moment, is by putting my workmanship, such as it is, into its best and compactest state.

The truth is, I have such a reverence for poetry, pre-eminently so called (by which I mean that which posterity and the greatest poets agree to call such), that I should not dare to apply the term to anything written by me in verse, were I not fortunate enough to be of opinion, that poetry, like the trees and flowers, is not of one class only; but that if the plant comes out of Nature's hands, and not the gauze-maker's, it is still a plant, and has ground for it. All houses are not palaces, nor every shrine a cathedral. *In domo patris mei* (not to speak it profanely) *mansiones multæ sunt.*

Poetry, in its highest sense, belongs exclusively to such men as Shakspeare, Spenser, and others, who possessed the deepest insight into the spirit and sympathies of all things; but poetry, in the most comprehensive application of the term, I take to be the flower of any kind of experience, rooted in truth, and issuing forth into beauty. All that the critic has a right to demand of it, according to its degree, is, that it should spring out of a real impulse, be consistent in its parts, and shaped into some characteristic harmony of versé. Without these requisites (apart from fleeting and artificial causes), the world will scarcely look at any poetical production a second time; whereas, if it possess them, the humblest poetry stands a chance of surviving not only whatever is falsely so called, but much that contains, here and there, more poetical passages than itself; passages that are the fits and starts of a fancy without judgment —the incoherences of a nature, poetical only by convulsion, but prosaic in its ordinary strength.

Thus, in their several kinds, we have the poetry of thought and passion in Shakspeare and Chaucer; of poetical abstraction and enjoyment in Spenser; of scholarship and a rapt ambition in Milton; of courtliness in Waller (who writes like an inspired gentleman-usher); of gallantry in Suckling; of wit and satire in Pope; of heartiness in Burns; of the 'fat of the land' in Thomson; of a certain sequestered gentleness in Shenstone; and the poetry of prose itself in Dryden: not that he was a prosaic writer, but that what other people thought in prose, he could think in verse; and so made absolute poems of pamphlets and party-reasoning.

The first quality of a poet is imagination, or that faculty by which the subtlest idea is given us of the nature or condition of any one thing, by illustration from another, or by the inclusion of remote affinities: as when Shakspeare speaks of moonlight *sleeping* on a bank; or of nice customs *curtseying* to great kings (though the reader may, if he pleases, put this under the head of wit, or imagination in miniature); or where Milton speaks of towers *bosom'd* in trees, or of motes that *people* the sunbeams; or compares Satan on the wing at a distance, to a fleet of ships *hanging* in the clouds; or where Mr. Shelley (for I avoid quoting from living writers, lest it should be thought invidious towards such as are not quoted) puts that stately, superior, and comprehensive image, into the mouth of a speaker who is at once firm of soul, and yet anticipates a dreadful necessity—

'I see, *as from a tower*, the *end of all*:'

or lastly, where Mr. Keats tells us of the *realmless eyes* of old Saturn (as he sits musing after his dethronement); or of the two brothers and *their murdered man*, riding from Florence; that is to say, the man whom they were *about* to murder; or where, by one exquisite touch, he describes an important and affecting office of the god Mercury, and the effects of it upon the spectators in the lower world—calling him 'the *star* of Lethe;' by which we see that he was the only bright object which visited that dreary region. We behold him rising on its borders.

In proportion to the imagination, is the abstract poetical faculty: in proportion to extent of sympathy (for passion, which is everywhere in poetry, may be comparatively narrow and self-revolving), is the power of universality: in proportion to energy of temperament and variety of experience, is the power of embodying the conceptions in a greater or less amount of consistent and stirring action, whether narrative or dramatic. The greatest poets have the greatest amount of all these qualities conjoined: the next greatest are those who unite the first two: the next, those whose imagination is exquisite as far as it goes, but is confined to certain spheres of contemplation: then come the poets, who have less imagination, but more action—who are imaginative, as it were, in the mass, and with a certain vague enjoyment allied to the feelings of youth: then the purely artificial poets, or such as poetize in art rather than nature, or upon conventional beauty and propriety, as distinguished from beauty universal: and then follow the minor wits, the song-writers, burlesquers, &c. In every instance, the indispensable requisites are truth of feeling, freedom from superfluity (that is, absence of forced or unfitting thoughts), and beauty of result; and in proportion as these requisites are comprehensive, profound, and active, the poet is great. But it is always to be borne in mind, that the writers in any of these classes, who take lasting hold of the world's attention, are justly accounted superior to such as afford less evidences of power in a higher class. The pretension is nothing; the performance every thing. A good apple is better than an insipid peach. A song of Burns is (literally) worth half the poets in the collections.

Suckling's *Ballad on a Wedding* is a small and unambitious, yet unmisgiving and happy production, of no rank whatsoever considered with reference to the height of poetry; but so excellent of its kind for consistency, freshness, and relish, that it has survived hundreds of epithalamiums, and epics too; and will last as long as beauty has a lip, or gallantry frankness.

Shenstone's *School-mistress* is a poem of a very humble description in subject, style, and everything, except its humane and thoughtful sweetness: yet being founded in truth, and consistent, and desiring nothing but truth and consistency, it has survived in like manner. Compared with greater productions, it resembles the herbs which the author speaks of in its cottage-garden; but balm and mint have their flourishing, as well as the aloe; and like them, and its old heroine, it has secured its 'grey renown,' clean as her mob-cap, and laid up in lavender. Crashaw is a poet now scarcely known except to book-worms. Pope said of him, that his writing was 'a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up

to the rest.' Crashaw had a morbid enthusiasm, which sometimes helped him to an apprehensiveness and depth of expression, perhaps beyond the voluntary power of his great critic; yet Pope, by writing nothing out of what the painters call 'keeping', or unworthy of himself, is justly reckoned worth a hundred Crashaws. Random thoughts and fillings-up are a poet's *felo de se*.

Far am I, in making these remarks, from pretending to claim any part or parcel in the fellowship of names consecrated by time. I can truly say, that, except when I look upon some others that get into the collections, consecrated by no hands but the book-jobbers, I do not know (after I have written them) whether my verses deserve to live a dozen days longer. The confession may be thought strong or weak, as it happens; but such is the fact. I have witnessed so much self-delusion in my time, and partaken of so much, and the older I grow, my veneration so increases for poetry not to be questioned, that all I can be sure of, is my admiration of genius in others. I cannot say how far I overvalue it, or even undervalue it, in myself. I am in the condition of a lover who is sure that he loves, and is therefore happy in the presence of the beloved object; but is uncertain how far he is worthy to be beloved. Perhaps the symptom is a bad one, and only better than that of a confident ignorance. Perhaps the many struggles of my life; the strange conflicting thoughts upon a thousand matters, into which I have been forced; the necessity of cultivating some modesty of self-knowledge, as a set-off to peremptoriness of public action; and the unceasing alternation of a melancholy and a cheerfulness, equally native to my blood—and the latter of which I have suffered to go its lengths, both as an innocent propensity and a means of resistance—have combined in me to baffle conclusion, and filled me full of these *perhapses*, which I have observed growing upon my writings for many years past. *Perhaps* the question is not worth a word I have said of it, except upon that principle of 'gossiping' with which my preface sets out, and which I hope will procure me the reader's pardon for starting it. All that I was going to say was, that if I cannot do in poetry what ought to be done, I know what ought not; and that if there is no truth in my verses, I look for no indulgence.

As I do write poetry however, such as it is, I must have my side of confidence as well as of misgiving; and when I am in the humour for thinking that I have done something that may dare hope to be called by the name, I fancy I know where my station is. I please myself with thinking, that had the circumstances of my life permitted it, I might have done something a little worthier of acceptance, in the way of a mixed kind of narrative poetry, part lively and part serious, somewhere between the longer poems of the Italians, and the *Fabliaux* of the old French. My propensity would have been (and, oh! had my duties permitted, how willingly would I have passed my life in it! how willingly now pass it!) to write 'eternal new stories' in verse, of no great length, but just sufficient to vent the pleasure with which I am stung on meeting with some touching adventure, and which haunts me till I can speak of it somehow. I would have dared to pretend to be a servant in the train of Ariosto, nay, of Chaucer,

'—and far off his skirts adore.'

I sometimes look at the trusting animal spirits in which the following poems were written (for my doubts come after I have done writing, and not while I am about it), and wonder whether or not they are of a right sort. I know not. I cannot tell whether what pleased me at the moment, was mere pleasure taken in the subject, or whether it involved the power of communicating it to the reader. All I can be sure of is, that I was in earnest; that the feelings, whatever they were, which I pretended to have, I had. It was the mistake of the criticism of a northern climate, to think that the occasional quaintnesses and neologisms, which formerly disfigured the *Story of Rimini*, arose out of affectation. They were the sheer license of animal spirits. While I was writing them, I never imagined that they were not proper to be indulged in. I have tropical blood in my veins, inherited through many generations, and was too full of impulse and sincerity to pretend to anything I did not feel. Probably the criticisms were not altogether a matter of climate; for I was a writer of politics as well as verses, and the former (two years ago !) were as illegal as the sallies of phraseology. Be this as it may, I have here shown, that I have at any rate not enough of the vanity of affectation to hinder me from availing myself of experience, and ridding my volume both of superfluities of a larger sort, and of those petty anomalies of words and phrases which I never thought worth defending. I believe there are but two words remaining in the *Story of Rimini*, to which any body would think it worth while to object; and one of these (the word *swirl* in page 1)[1] I had marked to be taken out, but found it restored by a friend who saw the passage as it was going through the press (no stickler for neologisms), and who put a wondering '*quære*' why it should be omitted. I used it to express the entrance of a sailing boat into harbour, when it turns the corner of it, and comes round with a sweeping motion. 'Sweep' would have described the motion but not the figure. 'Wheel' appeared to me too mechanical, and to make the circle too complete. I could find, therefore, no other word for the mixed idea which I wished to convey; and as *swirl* is in the dictionaries, I had no hesitation in submitting to the query, and letting it remain. The other word is '*cored*,' at page 15[2], meaning something that has taken root in the heart of our consciousness. I give it up to the critic, if he dislikes it, having accidentally let the proof-sheet, which contained it, go to press beyond power of recal. I care no more for it, than if it had been the oldest and least venerable of commonplaces. I should beg the reader's pardon for detaining him so long with these trifles, did not my value for his good opinion in higher matters, make me wish not to be thought contemptuous of it in the smallest.

My verses having thus been corrected, as far as I saw occasion, and evidence enough (I hope) having been given to show that I have no overweening value for what I have written, merely because I *have* written it, I should prove indeed that I had no reason to doubt the measure of my pretensions, if I gave up the right of keeping my own opinion, upon points on which I did not feel it shaken. I have therefore retained in my versification, not only the triplets and alexandrines which some have objected to, because they have been rarely used in heroic poetry since

[1] [Canto I, line 24.] [2] [Canto III, line 84.]

the time of Dryden, but the double rhymes which have been disused since the days of Milton.

It has been said of the triplet, that it is only a temptation to add a needless line, to what ought to be comprised in two. This is manifestly a half-sighted objection; for at least the converse of the proposition may be as true; namely, that it comprises, in one additional line, what two might have needlessly extended. And undoubtedly compression is often obtained by the triplet, and should never be injured by it; but I take its true spirit to be this—that it carries onward the fervour of the poet's feeling; delivers him for the moment, and on the most suitable occasions, from the ordinary laws of his verse; and enables him to finish his impulse with triumph. In all instances, where the triplet is not used for the mere sake of convenience, it expresses continuity of some sort, whether for the purpose of extension, or inclusion; and this is the reason why the alexandrine so admirably suits it, the spirit of both being a sustained enthusiasm. In proportion as this enthusiasm is less, or the feeling to be conveyed is one of hurry in the midst of aggregation, the alexandrine is perhaps generally dropped. The continuity implied by the triplet, is one of four kinds: it is either an impatience of stopping, arising out of an eagerness to include; or it is the march of triumphant power; or it 'builds the lofty rhyme' for some staider shew of it; or lastly, it is the indulgence of a sense of luxury and beauty, a prolongation of delight. Dryden has fine specimens of all. . . .

If Dryden had had sentiment, he would have been as great a poet natural, as he was artificial. The want, it must be owned, is no trifle! It is idle, however, to wish the addition of these cubits to human stature. Let us be content with the greatness his genius gave him, and with our power to look up to it.

Pope denounced alexandrines in a celebrated couplet, in which he seems to confound length of line with slowness of motion; two very distinct things, as Mr. Lamb has shown in one of his masterly essays.

> 'A needless alexandrine ends the song,
> Which like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.'

And yet, in his no less celebrated eulogy upon the versification of Dryden, he has attempted an imitation of his master's style, in which he has introduced both alexandrine and triplet.

> 'Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full majestic line,
> The long resounding march, and energy divine.'

How comes it then, that he rejected both from his own poetry? The reason was, that he acted by a judicious instinct. He felt, that variety and energy were not what his muse would deal in, but beauties of a different sort; and he wisely confined himself to what he could do best. It is true, it seems strange that he should exalt Dryden's variety at the expense of Waller's smoothness. It looks like dispraising himself. But then he felt that he had more in him than Waller; and that if he had not Dryden's variety, neither had he his carelessness, but carried the rhyming heroic to what he thought a perfection superior to both, and justly purchased by the sacrifice of Dryden's inequality. Inferior indeed

as Pope's versification is to Dryden's, upon every principle both of power and music, nobody can deny that it admirably suits the nicer point of his genius, and the subjects on which it was exercised. Dryden had a tranchant sword, which demanded stoutness in the sheath. Pope's weapon was a lancet enclosed in pearl.

Let it not be thought (as it has too often been unthinkingly asserted), that remarks of this kind are meant to disparage our great master of poetic wit; to whose genius I should think it a foppery to express even my homage, were it not for the sake of guarding against the imputation of a more preposterous immodesty. But, in endeavouring to ascertain critically what is best in general composition, one is sometimes obliged to notice what is not so good, except in specific instances.

I confess I like the very bracket that marks out the triplet to the reader's eye, and prepares him for the music of it. It has a look like the bridge of a lute.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It seems to me, that beautiful as are the compositions which the English language possesses in the heroic couplet, both by deceased and living writers, it remains for some poet hereafter to perfect the versification, by making a just compromise between the inharmonious freedom of our old poets in general (who were greatest in greater measures), and the regularity of Dryden himself; who, noble as his management of it is, beats, after all, too much upon the rhyme. It hinders his matter from having due pre-eminence before his manner. If any one could unite the vigour of Dryden with the ready and easy variety of pause in the works of the late Mr. Crabbe, and the lovely poetic consciousness in the *Lamia* of Keats, in which the lines seem to take pleasure in the progress of their own beauty, like sea-nymphs luxuriating through the water, he would be a perfect master of rhyming heroic verse.

To quit these considerations of the more bodily part of poetry, and say something of the spirit of the following pieces:—I took up the subject of the *Story of Rimini* at one of the happiest periods of my life; otherwise I confess I should have chosen a less melancholy one. Not that melancholy subjects are unpopular, or that pain, for any great purpose, is to be avoided; much less so sweet a one as that of pity. I am apt enough to think, with the poet's good-natured title to his play, that 'All's well that ends well'; and am as willing as any man to bear my share of suffering, for the purpose of bringing about that moral to human story. My life has been half made up of the effort. Neither is every tragical subject so melancholy as the word might be supposed to imply; for not to mention those balms of beauty and humanity with which great poets reconcile the sharpest wounds they give us, there are stories (*Hero and Leander* is one of them), in which the persons concerned are so innocent, and appear to have been happy for so long a time, that the most distressing termination of their felicity hardly hinders a secret conviction, that they might well suffer bitterly for so short a one. Their tragedy is the termination of happiness, and not the consummation of misery.

But besides the tendency I have from animal spirits, as well as from need of comfort, to indulge my fancy in happier subjects, it appears to

me, that the world has become experienced enough to be capable of receiving its best profit through the medium of pleasurable, instead of painful, appeals to its reflection. There is an old philosophic conviction reviving among us as a popular one (and there could not be one more desirable), that it is time for those who would benefit their species, to put an end to recriminations, and denouncements, and threats, and agree to consider the sufferings of mankind as arising out of want of knowledge rather than defect of goodness,—as intimations which, like the physical pain of a wound, or a galling ligament, tell us that we are to set about removing the causes of pain, instead of venting the spleen of it.

Agreeably to this conviction, and to the good-nature of it, it appears desirable, that tragical stories should be so written, as to leave no chance of misconception with regard to the first discernible causes of the error that produced the tragedy. Now what is this first cause in the story which stands at the head of the present volume? Is it the crime committed by the father, in entrapping his daughter into a marriage unfit for her? No: it is not even that. It is the habit of falsehood which pervaded society around him, and which therefore enabled and encouraged him to lie for that purpose: in other words, it was the great social mistake, still the commonest among us, arising from want of better knowledge, and producing endless mistake, confusion, and a war of principle, in all the relations of life. Society lied, and taught lying, with contradictory tenets that drove the habit to desperation; and then, with the natural anger of inconvenienced folly, and after the fashion of the brute beasts we read of, who sit clawing their wounds, it took the last guilty sufferer for the first: and this it has been doing, more or less, ever since half-knowledge took itself for whole, or a partial perception of its ignorance exasperated and degraded it into spleen and bigotry. A secret uneasiness has accordingly pervaded all moral criticism, especially where the critic has not been wanting in a good measure of natural benevolence; nay, where the temperament has been violent, and the will greater than the reason, it has sometimes exasperated him and made him inhuman, in proportion to his very desire of sympathy. I remember I was never more astonished, than when some of the critics of the poem in question (not altogether impartial, however, on the political score), found out, that the hero and heroine had not suffered enough for the cause of good morals, and that they were too amiable! What would such critics have? Is it the unamiable alone who suffer, or who require to be warned against the perils they undergo? Or is it none but the amiable who are weak and thoughtless? Or must the cruellest temptations into which duplicity and error can bring people, be kept out of sight, purely to please the morbid fancies and social bad consciences of those who perpetuate them? Lastly, I would ask, whether a long train of misery, and a tragical death, are no calamities, or 'nothing to speak of'? I cannot answer, either for the misgivings of false morals, or for the strange fascinations of those, who might choose, for aught I know, to go and disobey their parents, and take to drinking poison, because last night they had seen the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, or the *Orphan*! But this I know, that I thought the catastrophe a very dreadful one when I wrote it, and the previous misery still worse; and that although I certainly intended no moral

lesson, or thought about it, when I was led by the perusal of the story in Dante to attempt making a book of it, the subject gradually forced upon me the consideration of those first causes of error, of which I have been speaking. I thought of putting for a motto to the second edition, a passage out of the *Orlando Innamorato*:

'Bisogna ben guardare
Al primo errore, ed inconveniente.'

'Guard well against the first, unfit mistake.'

But so little did I suspect that any one could remain unimpressed with the catastrophe, that I doubted whether the motto itself would not be mixed up too exclusively with the principal sufferers. I am glad to think it is now likely to be otherwise, and that to those who choose to reflect on the tragedy of Dante's story, no link in the chain of moral causes need be lost sight of. It would be idle to reply, that, by bringing out a first cause, we cease to absorb attention upon the second, and endanger a just dread of it. Society only becomes the more bound to see into that first evil, without the existence of which we should not have so many others.

It is a great pleasure to me to reflect, that, before I had become aware of the inestimable value of the love of truth, as the foundation of every thing finally good, in poetry, philosophy, and the government of the world, I had unconsciously been giving a lesson upon it in a poetical form.

Of the like moral, in the story of the *Gentle Armour*, I was aware enough: but the reader is not bound to keep it in view, except as part of the story. My great object in writing the poem, was to vent my delight at the gallantry of a lover who could fight three armed people at once, with no other covering, than a sentiment in the shape of a piece of linen. All poetry, like every thing else in the world, contains a moral, whether intended or not; and, generally speaking, that which contains it least obviously, contains it most; because nature with her boundless instinct is speaking to us, and not the individual with his narrow experience. Yet sincerity of purpose is part of the truth of nature. People talk of trick and delusion, as if they were at the top of all things: whereas nothing is more certain, than that they are comprehended in something greater than themselves, and that nature must have been a good deal in earnest when she produced the mountains, and the stars, and sent the planets rolling in the everlasting hunger of their energy round the sun. Falsehood is the dreg in her operations, and is to be thrown off, as truth gathers that strength and concentration of movement, which the yearnings of philosophy and of human want equally shew that she intends for it. It becomes us, it is true, to reverence and think the best of all the operations of nature, including those yearnings, let them apparently terminate as they may. But it does not become us to assert—on the contrary, it may be very pernicious, and undesired by nature (except as matter of consolation and reconcilement to us, in default of our being able to do anything), —that she intends to perpetuate any mixture of evil or contradiction in her works; or that she cannot work without their aid. Better believe in a fugitive exception to good, however mysterious, generated by some

convulsion in the great lapses of time, and of necessity worked off by the energy of the planet that suffers under it, till the star resumes the golden state of tranquillity natural to its heavenly brotherhood, than take for granted any kind of perpetuation, equally gratuitous, a great deal more contradictory, and infinitely more saddening. Where there is a choice of opinions, it is wise to adopt the best; especially when we consider that mankind has a natural impulse towards endeavour, and that nature herself has given us both the endeavour and the choice. But I am taking large measure, indeed, of the word 'gossiping', when a copy of verses makes me ramble after this fashion! when a butterfly leads me a chace among the stars!

. . . *The Gentle Armour* is here published for the first time; and is the first poem of any length, which I have written for many years, having been debarred from that delight by ill health, and the constant necessity of writing prose. What I felt, when I found I could again recreate myself in this way, and when the verses came flowing again, I will not say; lest I should excite awkward comparisons between what I delight in doing, and what it amounts to when done. But as Gray wished that he could lie all his life upon sofas, reading 'eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crébillon,' so, notwithstanding the helps afforded us by the grander notions of the age, or rather in consequence of the very helps they afford, I can conceive no mode of existence more exquisite (apart from the affections) than after contributing a portion of one's morning to the furtherance of the common good—the better if in the same way—to devote the rest of one's time to reading romantic adventures, and versifying the best of them. What golden days would not such be for a builder of palaces 'with words!' What country-houses would he not possess in all quarters of the world—and of time! What flights not take from Greece to Araby, from Normandy to Cathay, from the Courts of Charlemagne and of Arthur, to the corners of the sea, and the House of Morpheus! With what transport not wake up, and find himself in the company of his beloved old books, content to be master of the world when he had his wings on, and to look for no better footing for the sole of his feet, than the hearth of an uninsulted poverty. *O felix ter et amplius!* No man ever deserved even to wish to be a poet, who could not think in this manner, or not think it as much at forty as at twenty.

The poem of *Hero and Leander*, as well as the *Story of Rimini*, I have corrected since it first appeared, the former indeed considerably altered; I hope with improvement to it as an unhalting and consistent narrative. They ought, it is true, to have been so written at first, as to require nothing which it was in my power to do for them afterwards; but I was conscious of letting some of the passages slip from me too carelessly. The long description, by the way, of the garden in the *Story of Rimini*, I have suffered to remain, though it may seem injurious to the progress of the action; but in spirit I thought it not so; because the heroine is to be prepared as gradually as possible for the change in her conduct; and a luxurious enjoyment of the works of nature, in the present perplexed condition of the world, is too often rendered an additional means of confusion, instead of being, as it ought to be, one of the final modes of

the common good.[1] The great point however is, whether the reader would rather have the description or not. Laws in poetry are nothing but the conclusions which critics have come to, respecting the means adopted by the best poets, for giving the greatest amount of pleasure. The appeal always lies from the law-makers to the reader's feeling. No laws whatever have yet been perfected, because in no art or science has the entire circle of truth been run round. There is one thing in Shakspeare himself which is unnatural, and it pervades almost all his plays; namely, the making his people talk so wonderfully well, with a profusion of thought and imagery to be found only in a mind like his own. It suits the excess of reflection in such characters as Hamlet and Lear, but scarcely any one else; and yet who would wish it away? Nature is *included* still, and that is sufficient. The drama itself is in nature: art is in nature: and provided no requisite beauty be omitted, it is a fine thing to see how far a poet can enrich his entertainment without oppressing delight.

The next composition, the *Feast of the Poets*, was the earliest of my grown productions in verse. I was full of animal spirits when I wrote it, and have a regard for it accordingly, like that for one's other associations of youth. It was however a good deal more personal than at present, and showed me the truth of what has been observed respecting the danger of a young writer's commencing his career with satire: for I have reason to believe, that its offences, both of commission and omission, gave rise to some of the most inveterate enmities I have experienced. I will honestly confess, especially as I had a nobler field of warfare to suffer in, that I would willingly not have aroused enmity by such means. I acknowledge also, that a young author was presumptuous in pronouncing judgment upon older men, some of whom made me blush afterwards with a better self-knowledge. I can only offer in excuse, that I had not at that time suffered enough myself, to be aware of the pain to be given in this way; and that I was a young student, full of my favourite writers, and regarding a satire as nothing but a pleasant thing in a book.

To omit this poem in the present collection, appeared to me, for various reasons, improper; but it has been altered to suit my present feelings; and if all the hostile passages have not been left out, the retention under the circumstances, is, I think, not unwarrantable. The passage on the late Mr. Gifford I have a value for, partly because Mr. Hazlitt liked it; but the chief reason why I let this and two others remain is, that if men have a right to quarrel personally with anything, it is with prosperous insincerity, and with inhumanities which neither age nor suffering do away. And I have another reason. I think it necessary, for the sake

[1] In all which the writer intimates, here or in any other place, respecting the happiness which mankind may attain to in this life, he is far from wishing to imply any thing against the existence of another. He is of opinion with Selden in that matter, in his famous argument derived from the subject in hand—a garden; where he says, that he sees no reason why a man should not make himself as happy as possible in one beautiful place, because the giver of it has promised him another. If it be argued that evil here is necessary in order to enhance good in another world, so let it be argued; it is well and wise; but this consideration is for comfort, and not for action. No doctrines inculcate human endeavour, for the sake of the species and their improvement, more than those of Christianity.

of many interests, to shew that I have still arms at my side. I have no desire to use them. Never had I so little. But my determination to use them, if insisted upon, never was so great. I have made amends, by long and patient forbearance, for a young mistake; but injuries affecting more than myself, I will repel. This is a grave piece of discourse upon so light a subject; but criticism and poetry are apt to be cloud and sunshine.

To the *Translations* the originals have been appended, partly out of a recollection of the pleasure I used to feel when a boy, at seeing the Latin under Pope's *Imitations of Horace*; partly from a willingness to shew the pains taken to do the originals justice. I have translated the whole of Tasso's *Amyntas*, of Redi's *Bacchus in Tuscany*, and of the *Lutrin* of Boileau: the *Bacchus*, from good will; the two other poems, from a less voluntary motive. The *Lutrin*, fortunately, has not been published; for I doubt whether it would have been better received than the *Bacchus*; and from the *Amyntas* I have retained only the *Ode to the Golden Age*, which I fear is the only really fine thing in the original. Of the *Bacchus* and the *Lutrin*, I have given such specimens as I thought might afford the reader some gratification. I speak, of course, only of the translations: though I doubt, however well they might have been rendered, whether in England we could have received anything like such a pleasure from them, as the French and Italians do from the originals, owing to our want of intimacy with the same customs. The *Lutrin* has a 'catholic' relish with it; but not in the truly learned and universal sense of Sancho Panza's draught out of the flask; and Redi's wines become flat by importation.

Let me take this opportunity of saying, that with all the praise occasionally bestowed upon the serious powers of Theocritus, and his indications of a genius for epic poetry, I am not aware that justice has been done to the wonderful evidences he has given of a combination of faculties for the light and the passionate, the social and the sequestered, the humorous and the pathetic, the minute and the grand. This delightful poet courts a milk-maid or a sea-nymph with equal fitness of address; is a countryman and a townsman; a clown, a courtier, and a satirist; fills a house at midnight with ghastly phenomena; describes a piece of pugilism in a style to make the bones of the 'Fancy' crack under them; and makes us at once shudder and pity the great monster Polypheme, whom he reconciles to humanity by subduing with love. Then there is his Hylas, disappearing under the water like a falling star; and his lion at noon-day, with all the villagers indoors around him; and his infant Hercules, the little jovial potency, the true infant demi-god, tearless and sovereign, of whose encounter with the Serpents I have endeavoured to give some idea. If Theocritus had written an epic, the world would have had a poet unknown to it, a romance-writer equally great for abundance and concentration, a Greek Ariosto.

I fear I have indeed been gossiping in this preface, and that I shall be thought by some to have wasted a great many words upon rhyme and numbers, things a little too much forgotten perhaps in the general poetry of the age. There is enough romance however in my volume to save me from the charge of a mechanical impertinence, when I venture

to congratulate the reader on the manifest failure of that prophecy, which announced the downfall of all poetry and fiction in the ascendancy of the steam engine, and would fain have persuaded us, that the heart, and imagination, and flesh and blood of man, were to quit him at the approach of science and utilitarianism, and leave him nothing but his ribs to reckon upon. O believe it not! Count it not feasible, or in nature! The very flowers on the tea-cups, the grace with which a ball of cotton is rolled up, might have shewn to the contrary. You must take colour out of the grass first, preference out of the fancy, passion out of the blood. Nay the more drought, the more thirst. The want makes the wish. You may make sects in opinion, and formalize a people for a while, here and there; but you cannot undo human nature. The very passion that makes them obstinate in what is formal, shall counteract itself in the blood of their children, and betray them back to imagination. Opinion may dogmatize; science may be mechanical in its operation; but in explaining one cause, it only throws us back upon another, and opens a wider and remoter world for the fancy to riot in. And the operators, by very reason of the solid footing they require, are apt to lose themselves most, if they do not hold fast. Newton himself got into strange border-lands of dissent. Pascal was a hypochondriacal dreamer. With the growth of this formidable mechanical epoch, that was to take all *dulce* out of the *utile*, we have had the wonderful works of Sir Walter Scott, the criticism of Hazlitt, the imagination of Keats, the tragedy and winged philosophy of Shelley, the passion of Byron, the wit and festivity of Moore, tales and novels endless, and Mr. Wordsworth has become a classic, and the Germans have poured forth every species of romance, and the very French have thought fit to Germanize, and our American brethren have written little but novels and verses, and Sir Humphry Davy has been dividing his time between coal-mines and fairy-land (no very remote regions); and the shop itself and the *Corn Laws* have given us a poet, and Mr. Crabbe has been versifying the very Parish Registers; and last, not least, the Utilitarians themselves are poetical! Dr. Bowring is not satisfied unless we hear of the poetry of the 'Maggyars'; and if you want a proper Bacchanalian uproar in a song, you must go to the author of '*Headlong* Hall', who will not advance utility itself, unless it be jovial. It is a moot point which he admires most, Bentham or Rossini.

The truth is, that if the literature of the age reminds us in any respect of the mechanical, it is in a certain irregularity and random thinking, and at the same time a want of animal spirits. There is something in it both of the turbulence and the melancholy of the manufactories, and it is traceable to the same causes, mixed with some portion of what is not exactly a passion for truth and simplicity; to wit, those which have made England itself the melancholy bankrupt of the wars of Europe. The poor have a right to complain; but if others have their collateral grievances, and must complain too, it would be better if they would handsomely merge them into that commoner stock, and thus mourn to some purpose. A man, who enjoys any of the reliefs of literature, and who sees what a beautiful world this is, and how all might enjoy it, if all would try for all, should be ashamed, however distressed or struggling, to mourn openly for himself. General endeavour, animated by particular,

is the only thing at last that will do away individual trouble; and it is a pity that the comic philosopher mentioned at the close of my last paragraph, and the brilliant minstrel of Erin, who are almost the only writers whose animal spirits come out in strong relief from the general sombreness of our literature, cannot strike a little more vivacity into the blood of their countrymen, and help them to feel the value of it in proportion to the necessity for effort. It would enable 'us youth', who mix up something of the jovial with our very melancholy, to come in with a better grace under the shadow of their wing. Let us hope that as effort is unavoidable, cheerfulness will come with it. At present, we have become thinking enough to grow more tolerant, even towards those who hold pleasant teaching to be better than painful; but our determination, nevertheless, to be 'all unhappy together', is remarkable. The loudest and most ostentatious of the lively do but bluster, and even declare it an ostentation; the most successful betray the most melancholy opinions; the very happiest try hard at a misgiving. Poets, novelists, critics, fine gentlemen, ladies, magazine-writers, annualists—all are in one common story of sorrowfulness, over all sorts of things that have surely been sufficiently sorrowed over, and tell us of little else but the vanity of their hopes and the error of their ways. Rich and poor, old and young, book-writers, and stanza-writers, the necessitous and the easy, all are alike '*melancholy* and wise', and give us to understand that they shall consider it an impertinence and a proof of a shallow understanding, if we offer to comfort them. The ladies in particular, not having the fear of dullness and calumny before their eyes, make such a point of expatiating on the sad things they have become acquainted with, on the blighting effects of 'guilt', the lost happiness of their childhood, the peace which they must 'never hope for more', &c., that were it not for the very innocence of the lamentation, we should wonder that the parish-officers had not taken them all up, and brought them before the magistrate. However, out of all this dissatisfaction it is to be hoped there will come advancement. What an honest man might complain of, meanwhile, for his share of the grievance, is, that these fair mourners are so very clever, and look so well in their black, and afford him so many bewitching glimpses of their taste for felicity, that their refusal to be consoled becomes doubly hard upon his sympathy.

Alas! (to borrow their style of lamentation when it is most used, namely, when there is least ground for it,) even 'gossiping' must have an end. I must terminate this long preface with again reminding the reader of its exordium, and with begging him to construe me, not as arrogating a right to be considered exemplary on any point of authorship of which it has spoken, nor as challenging a comparison with any person alluded to, but only as a writer who is 'nothing if not *social*', and who would willingly read other men's prefaces, if they were twice as long, and does read them.

I have one thing more, however, to allude to, but it is very fit that I should do it, and will be a still more becoming conclusion to this preface, which would not have been written but on the strength of it. It is to the subscription, by which this volume has been enabled to appear in its present shape. I was thinking of making a selection of my verses,

in order to give them a chance of surviving me, at the moment when a kind friend came upon me with the project. There were reasons why I did not dare to say nay to him; and the mode of publication was reconciled to my self-love by many flattering recollections. To all the persons concerned in bringing it out, my friend in particular, and the publisher who has shewn himself a friend, and the printers who have taken such pains with it, and have indulged me in my 'brackets', and other interferences with the sightliness of their page, I return my best thanks. I dare not say much to the subscribers in general, lest in proportion as I seemed to make my book of no value, I should deprive all parties of a grace. It is impossible not to feel a strong moment of confidence and self-complacency (however it may give way, the next, to a sense of their good-nature), when a set of names, comprising almost the flower of existing literature, have not hesitated to give my pretensions, as a writer, the ornament of their recognition. Of opinions, I say nothing; except that it is an additional and delightful proof of the growth of one of the best of all opinions; namely, the right of their independence. I can truly say, that I have seldom felt greater pleasure, not only on my own account, but on that of my species, when I saw some of the names that came into the list. I will not enter into more particular reasons why, lest I should seem to flatter myself, more than honour them; which is assuredly not the case. I leave them to be guessed by those who know what political warfare is, and who might think these evidences of good-will after the battle incompatible with it. I must say for myself, that I never was of that opinion, nor ever gave the world reason to think so; and therefore, so far, I am not as surprised as some may be, nor indeed surprised at all. I am only glad and confirmed. What was observed by one of these gentlemen, particularly delighted me. It amounted to saying, that he would gladly help in binding up my wounds, and the battle might be renewed afterwards. This is in true chivalrous style, and poetry in action. Let me add, that the end of all conflict, carried on in this spirit, and secured by the knowledge of the time, can only be good for all parties, and merge them in the great cause of mankind.

L. H.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF LEIGH HUNT'S LIFE AND TIMES, 1759 TO 1859

After 1784, the year of Hunt's birth, public events are given below those of his private life, preceded by a square bracket. The sequence of entries under each date is, in separate paragraphs, place of abode, personal affairs, journalism, books published; [political events; personal affairs; deaths; births; journalism; books published; theatrical matters.] These represent the interests and the environment of Leigh Hunt's life, and the selection has been made in reference to him.

A. D.	ÆT.	
1759	—	Died: W. Collins; Isaac Hunt (L.H.'s grandfather), vicar of Bridgetown, Barbados. Born: Burns; Mary Wollstonecraft.
		Goldsmith's *Bee*; Johnson's *Rasselas*; Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, i, ii (other vols., 1761, 1765, 1767).
1760	—	Died: George II. Born: William Pitt.
		Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*; Macpherson's *Ossian*.
1761	—	Marriage and Coronation of George III.
		Died: Samuel Richardson.
1762	—	Born: W. L. Bowles; Cobbett; George IV; Sir John Swinburne (d. 1860).
		Rousseau's *Contrat Social* and *Emile*; Smollett's *Sir Launcelot Greaves*; Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.
1763	—	Wilkes prosecuted. Meeting of Johnson and Boswell.
		Born: Frederick Augustus, Duke of York; Samuel Rogers.
		Hoole's *Tasso*; Smart's *David*; Wilkes' *North Briton* (Collective edition).
1764	—	Born: Mrs. Radcliffe. Died: W. Hogarth.
		Literary Club founded (Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c.). Gibbon began his *History*. Goldsmith's *Traveller*; Isaac Hunt's (L.H.'s father) *Letter from a Gentleman in Transylvania*; Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*.
1765	—	Stamp Act passed.
		Died: Edward Young (*Night Thoughts*). Born: James Henry Leigh.
		Isaac Hunt's *Humble Attempt at Scurrility*; Johnson's *Shakespeare*; Percy's *Reliques*.
1766	—	Stamp Act repealed. Rousseau in England, 1766–7. Burke enters Parliament.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Born: Robert Bloomfield; Isaac D'Israeli; T. R. Malthus.
		Amory's *John Buncle*; Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy*.
1768	—	Born: Queen Caroline. Died: Frugoni (see p. 482); Bonnell Thornton (on whom L.H. first modelled his prose style).
		Boswell's *Account of Corsica*; Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*; Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.
1769	—	Born: Castlereagh; J. H. Frere; Sir Hudson Lowe; Napoleon; Wellington.
		Burke's *Present State of the Nation*; *Letters of Junius* begun.
1770	—	Died: Akenside; Chatterton; Smart. Born: Sir F. Burdett; Canning; Basil Montagu; Wordsworth.
		Burke's *Present Discontents*; Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*; Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.
1771	—	Died: T. Gray; Smollett. Born: Jas. Montgomery; R. Owen; Scott; Sydney Smith.
		Benjamin West's picture, *The Death of Wolfe* (first modern battle-painting in modern costume): West, 'with whom began In British art the vital truth of form' (L. H.; see p. 739.)
		Beattie's *Minstrel*; Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*; Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.
1772	—	Royal Marriages Bill passed. Born: S. T. Coleridge.
1773	—	Born: Francis Jeffrey; James Mill.
		Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*; Hoole's *Ariosto*.
1774	—	Burke's Speech on American taxation.
		Died: Goldsmith; Louis XV. Born: Southey.
		Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*; Goldsmith's *Retaliation*; Johnson's *Patriot*.
1775	—	American War of Independence.
		Born: John Hunt; Lamb; Landor (d. 1864); Crabb Robinson (d. 1867); Jas. Smith; Blanco White.
		Isaac Hunt's *The Political Family* (Philadelphia); Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* and *Taxation no Tyranny*; Sheridan's *Rivals*.
1776	—	Died: Hume. Born: William Blackwood.
		Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, i (other vols., 1781, 1788); Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.
1777	—	Born: Thomas Campbell.
		Chatterton's *Rowley Poems*; Sheridan's *School for Scandal*; T. Warton's *Poems*.
1778	—	Horne Tooke imprisoned.
		Died: Lord Chatham; Rousseau. Born: Brougham (d. 1868); Hazlitt; John Murray.
		Fanny Burney's *Evelina*.
1779	—	Died: Garrick. Born: Galt; T. Moore; Horace Smith.
		Cowper's *Olney Hymns*; Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, vols. i–iv (v–x, 1781); Sheridan's *The Critic*.
1780	—	The Gordon Riots; Major Cartwright's Reform agitation.
		Isaac Hunt comes to England (c. 1780). Crabbe's *Candidate*.

A. D.	ÆT.	
1781	—	Capitulation of Cornwallis.
		Born: Ebenezer Elliot; Vincent Novello (d. 1861).
		Cowper's *Anti-Thelyphthora*; Crabbe's *Library*; Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*.
1782	—	Lamb went to Christ's Hospital. Mrs. Siddons's début at Drury Lane.
		Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*; Cowper's *Poems* and 'John Gilpin'; Rousseau's *Confessions*.
1783	—	Born: Washington Irving.
		Blake's *Poetical Sketches*; Crabbe's *Village*; Day's *Sandford and Merton*, i (ii, 1787; iii, 1789).
		J. P. Kemble's début in London.
1784	—	Died: Dr. Johnson. Born: Allan Cunningham; James Henry Leigh Hunt (October 19); J. Sheridan Knowles (d. 1862); Lord Palmerston (d. 1865).
		Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*; Beckford's *Vathek* (Eng. trans.).
1785	1	[Prince of Wales secretly married to Mrs. Fitzherbert.
		[Born: De Quincey; T. L. Peacock (d. 1866); Sir David Wilkie; John Wilson ('Christopher North').
		[Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*; Cowper's *Task*; *The Florence Miscellany* (organ of the Della Cruscans).
1786	2	[Born: Chas. Armitage Brown; Barron Field; W. J. Fox; Haydon.
		[Burns's *Poems*; J. Moore's *Zeluco*; Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Johnson*; Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, i. (ii, 1805).
1787	3	[Impeachment of Warren Hastings.
		[Born: C. Cowden Clarke (d. 1877); Edmund Kean; Miss Mitford; B. W. Procter (d. 1874).
		[Beckford's *Vathek* (French original).
1788	4	[Died: Charles Wesley. Born: Barham; Byron; Theodore Hook; Marianne Kent (afterwards Mrs. L.H.); Charles Ollier; Sir R. Peel; Southwood Smith (d. 1861).
		[Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* completed.
1789	5	[Taking of the Bastille.
		[Died: Duke of Chandos (Isaac Hunt's patron). Born: Lady Blessington.
		[Bentham's *Principles of Morals*; Blake's *Songs of Innocence*; Bowles's *Sonnets*; *British Album* (Della Cruscan); E. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*.
1790	6	[H. J. Pye succeeded T. Warton as Poet Laureate.
		[Died: Benjamin Franklin; Adam Smith; T. Warton.
		[Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*; Goethe's *Faust* (fragment).
1791	7	L.H. baptized (October 30) preliminary to his admission to Christ's Hospital, November 23.
		[Died: John Wesley. Born: Charles Knight (d. 1873).
		[Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; Cowper's *Homer*; I. D'Israeli's

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Curiosities of Literature; Isaac Hunt's *The Rights of Englishmen: an antidote to . . . Thomas Paine*; Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*; Paine's *Rights of Man*.
1792	8	[Died: Sir Joshua Reynolds (Benjamin West becomes P.R.A.). Born: Geo. Cruikshank (d. 1878); T. J. Hogg (d. 1862); W. Howitt (d. 1879); Edward Irving; John Keble (d. 1866); Shelley; Trelawny (d. 1881). [Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*.
1793	9	[Reign of Terror in France. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette executed. France declares war on England. [Born: John Clare; Mrs. Hemans; Macready; Joseph Severn (d. 1879). [Burns's *Tam o' Shanter*, &c.; Godwin's *Political Justice*; Wordsworth's *Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*.
1794	10	[Danton and Robespierre guillotined. Horne Tooke tried for high treason; acquitted. [Died: Gibbon. Born: J. G. Lockhart. [Blake's *Songs of Experience*; Coleridge and Southey's *Fall of Robespierre*; E. Darwin's *Botanic Garden*; Gifford's *Baviad*; Godwin's *Caleb Williams*; Paine's *Age of Reason*; Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*; Southey's *Poems* (with Robert Lovell).
1795	11	[End of the Reign of Terror in France. Warren Hastings acquitted. Prince of Wales married to Caroline of Brunswick. [Died: Boswell. Born: Thomas Arnold; Carlyle (d. 1881); Darley; Keats; Talfourd. [Bürger's *Lenore* (tr. H. J. Pye, P.L.; Blake's designs for this, 1796); Gifford's *Maeviad*; Landor's *Poems*.
1796	12	[Died: Burns. Born: Princess Charlotte; Hartley Coleridge; J. Hamilton Reynolds. [Bage's *Hermsprong* (a lifelong favourite with L.H.); Burke's *Letters on a Regicide Peace*; Fanny Burney's *Camilla*; Coleridge's *Poems*; Miss Edgworth's *Parent's Assistant*; Southey's *Joan of Arc*; Jas. White's *Falstaff's Letters*.
1797	13	[Died: Burke; Mary Wollstonecraft; Horace Walpole; John Wilkes. Born: Mary Godwin (*afterwards* Shelley). [*Anti-Jacobin* (ed. W. Gifford); Coleridge's, Lamb's, and Lloyd's *Poems*; Southey's *Poems*.
1798	14	[The Battle of the Nile. Irish Rebellion. [Meeting of Coleridge and Hazlitt. Coleridge and Wordsworth go to Germany. [Joanna Baillie's *Plays on the Passions* (1798, 1802, 1812); Coleridge's and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*; Landor's *Gebir*; Malthus's *On Population*.
1799	15	H. left Christ's Hospital (November 20). Wrote a long mock-heroic poem, 'The Battle of the Bridal Ring'. Studied Italian and history; read Chaucer and Dryden.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		[Died : Washington. Born : T. Hood ; Mary Howitt (d. 1888).
		[Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* ; Godwin's *St. Leon* ; Anna Seward's *Sonnets*.
1800	16	H. went to the theatre for the first time.
		[Union of England and Ireland.
		[Died : Cowper. Born : Macaulay ; Pusey (d. 1882) ; Sir Henry Taylor (d. 1886) ; Chas. Wells (d. 1879).
		[Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy* ; Coleridge's and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, 2nd edition ; *Christabel*, Part II, written ; Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* ; Gifford's *Epistle to Peter Pindar* ; Moore's *Anacreon* ; Schiller's *Wallenstein* (and Coleridge's trans.).
1801	17	Poems in the *European Magazine* ('Melancholy') and *The Juvenile Library* ('Retirement').
		Juvenilia, two editions (Dedication dated 1800).
		Article in *The Monthly Preceptor*, leading to H.'s engagement to Marianne Kent.
		[Battles of the Baltic and Copenhagen.
		[Born : J. H. Newman (d. 1890) ; Lord Shaftesbury (d. 1885).
		[Moore's *Poems of Thos. Little* ; Southey's *Thalaba*.
1802	18	*Juvenilia*, third edition, with portrait by R. Bowyer, miniature painter to the king.
		Portrait of H. by John Jackson, R.A., also about this period.
		Engaged on a tragedy, 'The Earl of Surrey' ; also on two farces, 'The Beau Miser' and 'A Hundred a Year', and a comedy.
		[Peace of Amiens. Sir F. Burdett elected for Westminster (election declared void, 1804).
		[Died : Erasmus Darwin. Born : Letitia E. Landon ; Harriet Martineau (d. 1876).
		[Cobbett's *Political Register*, i ; *Edinburgh Review*, i ; Gifford's *Juvenal* ; Landor's *Poetry* ; Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* ; Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* (abridgement).
1803	19	Engagement renewed with Marianne Kent. Clerk to his brother Stephen, an attorney. Clerk in the War Office. Alarm of invasion. H. a volunteer.
		[War with France renewed.
		[Died : Alfieri ; Beattie. Born : T. L. Beddoes ; Emerson (d. 1882) ; R. H. Horne (d. 1884) ; D. Jerrold ; Bulwer Lytton (d. 1873).
		[Coleridge's *Poems* ; Hayley's *Life of Cowper* ; début of W. H. Betty ('The Young Roscius').
1804	20	Contributes to *The Traveller*, over the signature 'Mr. Town, Jnr., *Critic and Censor-general*', with reference to the pseudonym of Bonnell Thornton and George Colman in *The Connoisseur* (1754).
		[Blake tried for sedition.
		[Born : Laman Blanchard ; B. Disraeli (d. 1881) ; Hawthorne (d. 1864).

A. D.	ÆT.	
		[Du Bois' translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.
1805	21	Reading Voltaire, Boileau's *Lutrin* (see p. 496); and Tassoni's *Rape of the Bucket*.
		Writing theatrical criticisms in *The News*, edited by John Hunt, with whom he was living.
		Speaks of an *Essay* by himself *On Heroi-Comic Poetry*
		[Battles of Trafalgar and Austerlitz.
		[Report of Committee on *Ossian*.
		[Died: Paley. Born: Harrison Ainsworth (d. 1882); Hans Andersen (d. 1875); F. D. Maurice (d. 1872); Mazzini (d. 1872).
		[Cary's *Dante's Inferno*; Ellis's *Metrical Romances*; Gifford's *Massinger*; Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; Southey's *Madoc*.
		[Lamb's *Mr. H.*
1806	22	*Classic Tales*, 5 vols. (1806–7), with essays by L.H.
		John Hunt starts *The Statesman* newspaper.
		[Died: C. J. Fox; William Pitt. Born: E. B. Barrett (*afterwards* Mrs. Browning; d. 1861); J. S. Mill (d. 1873).
		[Duel between Jeffrey and Moore.
		[Landor's *Simonidea*; Jas. Montgomery's *Wanderer*; Moore's *Odes and Epistles*; Lady Morgan's *Wild Irish Girl*.
1807	23	At 2 Little Tichfield Street.
		Contributed theatrical criticisms to *The Times*, about this time.
		Friendship with Barron Field.
		[Burdett elected for Westminster. Meeting of Coleridge and De Quincey.
		[Died: Angelica Kauffmann. Born: Longfellow (d. 1882); Whittier (d. 1892).
		[Byron's *Hours of Idleness*; Crabbe's *Parish Register*; Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*; Moore's *Irish Melodies*, i.
		[Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims* exhibited.
1808	24	*Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres*. By the author of the theatrical criticisms in . . . *The News*. '1807.'
		John Hunt starts *The Examiner* (January 3). L.H. as editor. (Circulation, November, 2,200.)
		The Examiner prosecuted (October) for article on 'Military Depravity'; acquitted.
		L.H. resigned his clerkship in War Office (December 26), sacrificing a salary of £100 p. a.
		His song, 'Love and the Aeolian Harp', set to music by John Whitaker.
		[Peninsular War begun. Sir Vicary Gibb wages war against the freedom of the press.
		[Born: Napoleon III (d. 1873); Hon. Mrs. Norton (d. 1877).
		[Coleridge's Lectures; Goethe's *Faust*, Part I; Mrs. Hemans's *Poems*; Lamb's *Specimens* of the Dramatists; Scott's *Marmion* and ed. of Dryden; Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*.
1809	25	At Gowland Cottage, Beckenham.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		L.H. invited to write for *Quarterly Review*. He declined.
		Married (July 3).
		Morning Chronicle prosecuted for a quotation from *The Examiner*; acquitted.
		An Attempt to show the folly and danger of Methodism (reprinted from *The Examiner*).
		'Silent Kisses' and 'Mary, Mary' (see p. 738) set to music by John Whitaker.
		[Retreat from Corunna. Burdett imprisoned on political charges.
		[Died: Isaac Hunt; Tom Paine; Anna Seward. Born: Charles Darwin (d. 1882); E. FitzGerald (d. 1883); W. E. Gladstone (d. 1898); O. W. Holmes (d. 1894); Abraham Lincoln (d. 1865); Monckton Milnes (d. 1895); Poe; Tennyson (d. 1892).
		[Blake's *Descriptive Catalogue*; Byron's *English Bards, &c.*; Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*; Coleridge's *Friend*; Hannah More's *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*; *Quarterly Review*, i; Wordsworth's *Convention of Cintra*.
1810	26	At Beckenham.
		Memoir of L.H. by himself in *Monthly Mirror* (April).
		Thornton Leigh Hunt born, September 10.
		Friendship with Haydon and Charles Ollier begun.
		Projects 'The planet of poets' [Venus], 'a poem describing the intermediate state of the most famous bards, ancient and modern, with their rewards and punishments'.
		The Reflector, i; *Reformist's Reply to the 'Edinburgh Review'*.
		[Cobbett fined and imprisoned for article on army flogging. Shelley goes to Oxford.
		[Born: Mrs. Gaskell (d. 1865).
		[Crabbe's *Borough*; Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare; Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*; Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; Shelley's *St. Irvyne*, and *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*; Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.
		[Blake's *Canterbury Pilgrims* (engraving) published.
1811	27	At Beckenham; 37 Portland Street (November); Hampstead.
		The Examiner prosecuted for an article on army flogging; acquitted. Shelley congratulates L.H.; they meet later in the year.
		The Story of Rimini begun.
		'The Feast of the Poets' in *The Reflector*.
		[Prince of Wales became Regent. Shelley expelled from Oxford; with Southey at Keswick; marries Harriet Westbrook.
		[Died: Richard Cumberland. Born: John Bright (d. 1889); Charles Kean (d. 1868); William Bell Scott (d. 1890); Thackeray (d. 1863).
		[Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*; Fouqué's *Undine*; Moore's *M.P., or The Blue Stocking*; Jonathan Scott's

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Arabian Nights (first responsible English translation); Scott's *Don Roderick*; Shelley's *Necessity of Atheism*.
		[Gillray's last caricature published.
1812	28	At 37 Portland Street; West End, Hampstead (October–December).
		John Hunt born.
		Intimacy with Lamb; correspondence with Brougham.
		Libel in *The Examiner* (March 22) on Prince Regent.
		Ill-health ('reduced to skin and bone', September).
		Trial of John and L.H. (Dec. 8): sentenced to fine and imprisonment.
		[French retreat from Moscow.
		[Died: Spencer Perceval (assassinated); Horne Tooke. Born: Browning (d. 1889); Dickens (d. 1870); J. Forster (d. 1876).
		[Byron's *Childe Harold*, i, ii; Cary's *Dante* completed; Crabbe's *Tales in Verse*; I. D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*; Landor's *Count Julian*; Wilson's *Isle of Palms*.
		[J. P. Kemble retired from the stage.
1813	29	L.H. goes to Horsemonger Lane Gaol (February 3); John Hunt to Pentonville Prison.
		Visited in prison by Bentham, Byron, Brougham, Cowden Clarke, Miss Edgeworth, Haydon, Hazlitt, the Lambs, James Mill, Moore, Sir John Swinburne, Wilkie, &c.
		H.'s daughter Mary Florimel (afterwards Mrs. John Gliddon) born in prison.
		Seven Sonnets to Hampstead, 1813–14.
		[Died: Gen. Moreau (obituary poem by L.H., *Examiner*, Dec. 5); H. J. Pye (Southey appointed P.L.).
		[Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*; Byron's *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*; Moore's *Twopenny Post-Bag*; Shelley's *Queen Mab*; Southey's *Life of Nelson*.
		[Coleridge's *Remorse* at Drury Lane.
1814	30	Correspondence with Moore.
		The Descent of Liberty written in prison.
		The Feast of the Poets, &c.
		[Napoleon's abdication.
		[*The Champion* newspaper started. Hazlitt writes for *The Examiner*.
		[Shelley and Mary Godwin leave England together.
		[Born: Baroness Burdett-Coutts (d. 1906); Charles Reade (d. 1884).
		[Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*; Byron's *Corsair*; I. D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*; J. H. Reynolds's *Safie* (references to Hunt in notes); Scott's *Waverley*, and *Life of Swift*; Wordsworth's *Excursion*.
		[Edmund Kean's first appearance in London.
1815	31	Hunt leaves prison, February 3. At 4 Maida Vale, Edgware Road (till September). Returns to Hampstead (October).

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Pencil sketch portrait by T. Wageman, drawn at the request of Vincent Novello on H.'s leaving prison.
		The Descent of Liberty and *The Feast of the Poets, &c.*, ed. 2.
		'The Round Table': forty-eight articles by L.H. and Hazlitt in *The Examiner*, 1815–17 (in book form, 1817).
		H. introduced to Wordsworth by Haydon.
		[Napoleon leaves Elba. Battle of Waterloo. Princess of Wales leaves England. Byron married.
		[Scott's *Guy Mannering* and *Lord of the Isles*; Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.
1816	32	At Vale of Health, Hampstead.
		Poetical epistles to Byron, Barron Field, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Moore in *The Examiner*.
		The Story of Rimini (dedicated to 'My dear Byron').
		Made acquaintance of Keats; renewed acquaintance with Shelley (November), who gave him £1,400. L.H. reported 'Shelley's new wife' to be 'like a cross baby'.
		L.H. prints sonnets by Keats in *The Examiner*; also article on 'Young Poets' (Shelley, J. H. Reynolds, and Keats).
		Musical Copyright. Whitaker v. *Hime*, with observations by L.H. defending the morality of his songs set to music by Whitaker in 1808–9.
		[Princess Charlotte married to Prince Leopold.
		[Coleridge settles at Highgate.
		[Died: Harriet Shelley; Sheridan. Born: Charlotte Brontë.
		[Jane Austen's *Emma*; Byron's *Childe Harold*, iii; Coleridge's *Christabel, &c.*; Gifford's ed. of Jonson; Peacock's *Headlong Hall*; J. H. Reynolds's *Naiad*; Scott's *Antiquary* and *Old Mortality*; Shelley's *Alastor*; Southey's *Lay of the Laureate*.
		[Macready's début at Covent Garden.
1817	33	Hampstead (April), Maida Hill, Paddington (July); 13 Lisson Grove North (July).
		The Story of Rimini, ed. 2.
		The Round Table (essays by Hunt and Hazlitt).
		At work on 'The Nymphs'; writing for *Edinb. Rev.* (ed. Francis Jeffrey).
		Visits Shelley at Marlow.
		Attacked in *Blackwood's Mag.* ('The Cockney School of Poetry.')
		Keats's admiration for L.H. cools down.
		[W. Hone imprisoned. *Blackwood's Mag.* and *Literary Gazette* started.
		[Died: Jane Austen; Princess Charlotte (see pp. 318–19); Kosciusko (see p. 239). Born: G. H. Lewes (d. 1878).
		[Byron's *Manfred*; Coleridge's *Biog. Lit.*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and *Zapolya*; Frere's *Whistlecraft*; Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare*; Lord Holland's *Guillen de Castro* (from which L.H. took the idea of *A Father Avenged*); Keats's *Poems* (dedicated to L.H.); Moore's *Lalla Rookh*; Peacock's

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Melincourt; Shelley's *Laon and Cythna* and *Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote*; Southey's ed. of Malory; his *Wat Tyler* (unauthorized reissue).
1818	34	At Lisson Grove North; and 8 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone.
		A child born (January).
		Quarrel with Haydon (January 13); sonnet on the Nile written in competition with Keats and Shelley (February).
		H. at work on his tragedy of the Cid; translations from the Greek tragedians (never published); projects specimens from the Italian poets.
		Foliage, dedicated to Sir John Swinburne.
		The Literary Pocket-Book (December 1818 for 1819).
		A chalk drawing (lost) of L.H. by Wildman, Thornton Hunt's drawing-master.
		[Death of Queen Charlotte. Three royal marriages.
		[Died: Lord Ellenborough. Born: Emily Brontë.
		[Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*; Byron's *Childe Harold*, iv; Hazlitt's *English Poets*; Keats's *Endymion*; Lamb's *Works*; Moore's *Fudge Family in Paris*; Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey* and *Rhododaphne*; Scott's *Rob Roy* and *Heart of Midlothian*; Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*; Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*.
1819	35	8 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone.
		Keats reports H.'s money-matters as in a bad state.
		H.'s tragedy 'The Cid' rejected at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden.
		Projected a 'Prometheus Throned': abandoned in view of Shelley's poem; political poems signed 'Harry Brown' in *The Examiner*.
		Friendship with B. W. Procter, Hogg, and Peacock.
		Swinburne Percy Hunt born (November).
		Indicator, i (October 13); *Literary Pocket-Book* (copyright sold to Ollier for £200).
		Hero and Leander and *Bacchus and Ariadne; Poetical Works* (3 vols.); *Story of Rimini* ed. 3.
		[Peterloo Massacre. Richard Carlile imprisoned.
		[Died: J. Wolcot ('Peter Pindar'). Born: Clough (d. 1861); Kingsley (d. 1875); Lowell (d. 1891); Herman Melville (d. 1891); Ruskin (d. 1900); Sir Percy Shelley (d. 1889); Queen Victoria (d. 1901); Whitman (d. 1892).
		[Byron's *Don Juan*; Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*; Barron Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*; Hazlitt's *Comic Writers*; *Political Essays* (dedicated to John Hunt); *Letter to William Gifford*; Irving's *Sketch Book*; Procter's *Dramatic Scenes*; Rogers's *Human Life*; Scott's *Ivanhoe*; Shelley's *The Cenci* (dedicated to L.H.); Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* (and J. H. Reynolds's).
1820	36	13 Mortimer Terrace, Kentish Town (April 6 to August 23).

A. D.	ÆT.	
		L.H. at work on 'Musical Evenings' (a projected miscellany of poetry and music).
		Amyntas (dedicated to Keats).
		Keats is nursed by the Hunts in their own home (June–August); a rupture with them; he leaves England in September.
		Unfinished miniature portrait by Joseph Severn.
		[George IV ascends the throne. Trial of Queen Caroline.
		[Died: William Hayley; Benjamin West, P.R.A. Born: Jenny Lind (d. 1887).
		[*London Magazine* started (art. on L.H., July); Campbell edits the *New Monthly Mag.*; Ollier's *Literary Miscellany*.
		[Clare's *Poems*; Galt's *Ayrshire Legatees*; Keats's *Lamia, Isabella*, &c.; Peacock's *Four Ages of Poetry*; Procter's *Marcian Colonna*; J. H. Reynolds's '*The Fancy*, by Peter Corcoran'; Scott's *Monastery* and *Abbot*; Shelley's *Prometheus*; Southey's *Wesley*; Wordsworth's *River Duddon*.
		[Blake's *Inventions to the Book of Job*; Haydon's *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*.
		[Sheridan Knowles's *Virginius* (Macready).
1821	37	At the Vale of Health. Mrs. H. fell into confirmed ill-health.
		L.H. 'almost at death's door' (March 8). Ceases his connexion with *The Indicator*.
		Attacks on L.H. and Keats in *The Beacon* (Edinburgh, January to August).
		Hazlitt attacks both L.H. and Shelley. Oil-painting of H. by Haydon (now in N.P.G.).
		The Hunts embark for Italy (November 15) at Shelley's invitation, delayed by rough weather for three weeks at Ramsgate (December), and by Mrs. Hunt's illness for three months at Stonehouse, near Plymouth.
		John Hunt once more prosecuted, and imprisoned for two years.
		The Months, reprinted from *The Literary Pocket-Book*.
		'Sketches of Living Poets' (Bowles, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge) in *The Examiner*.
		[Coronation of George IV. The Constitutional Association ('The Bridge Street Gang') founded, to coerce the press.
		[Died: Keats; Napoleon; Mrs. Inchbald; Mrs. Piozzi.
		[Byron's *Cain*; Clare's *Village Minstrel*; Galt's *Annals of the Parish*; Goethe's *Faust* (first Eng. trans.); Hazlitt's *Dramatic Literature*; *Table Talk* (L.H.'s character in 'The Indian Jugglers'); *New Monthly Magazine*, i; Procter's *Sicilian Story*; J. H. Reynolds's *Garden of Florence*; Scott's *Kenilworth* and *Pirate*; Shelley's *Adonais*; *Epipsychidion*; and *Defence of Poetry*; Horace Smith's *Amarynthus the Nympholept*; Southey's *Vision of Judgement*.
		[Royal Society of Literature founded.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		[Procter's *Mirandola* (Macready).
1822	38	At Plymouth (till May); Genoa (June; November, December); Leghorn; Pisa (July; September); Albaro (October, November).
		With Byron and Shelley in Italy. Mrs. Hunt's 'long and terrible illness' 'better upon the whole' (December), 'in a very bad way and appeared declining' (Trelawny, January 10, 1823).
		The Liberal, i (September).
		[Conference of Verona (see pp. 748–50).
		[Died: Castlereagh; Shelley. Born: Matthew Arnold (d. 1888).
		[Beddoes's *Bride's Tragedy*; De Quincey's *Opium-Eater*; Digby's *Broad Stone of Honour*; Irving's *Bracebridge Hall*; Lamb's *Essays of Elia* (in *London Mag.*); Peacock's *Maid Marian*; Rogers's *Italy*; Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*; Shelley's *Hellas*; Southey's *Peninsular War*, i; Wells's *Stories after Nature*; Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianae* started; Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sketches*.
		[Pasta's début in London.
1823	39	At Genoa and Albaro (February–August); Florence (September–December).
		Correspondence with Elizabeth Kent (sister-in-law).
		Friendship with Trelawny.
		Vincent Leigh Hunt born at Albaro.
		Mrs. Shelley postpones her departure on Mrs. Hunt's account.
		Writing for *Literary Examiner* (July to December).
		Ultra-Crepidarius.
		[Died: J. P. Kemble; James Henry Leigh; Mrs. Radcliffe. Born: Coventry Patmore (d. 1896).
		[Shelley's ashes buried in Rome (January 21); Byron sails for Greece (July 13); Edward Irving becomes famous as a preacher; Haydon imprisoned for debt.
		[Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris* and *Characteristics*; Lamb's *Essays of Elia* and *Letter to Southey* (incidental defence of L.H.); Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*; Moore's *Loves of the Angels*; P. G. Patmore's *Letters on England* ('Leigh Hunt', ii. 100–11); Procter's *Flood of Thessaly*; Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*; Shelley's *Poetical Pieces*.
1824	40	At Florence (January–October); Maiano.
		Writing the 'Wishing Cap' articles, and *Christianism*.
		Becomes acquainted with Landor and Kirkup. Visited by Hazlitt at Florence.
		Charles Brown draws up for Vincent Novello a statement of L.H.'s financial affairs.
		Richard Westmacott reports 'Little ranting Johnnie' as turning out badly.
		Colburn engages L.H. to write for the *New Monthly Mag.*
		[Charles X succeeded Louis XVIII.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		[Died : Byron. Born : Allingham (d. 1889) ; Sydney Dobell (d. 1874).
		[Colman appointed Examiner of Plays. Lockhart succeeds Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly*.
		[Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, tr. T. Carlyle ; Grimm's *Tales* (illus. Cruikshank) ; Hazlitt's *Select British Poets* (fifteen extracts from L.H.) ; Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, i, ii ; Miss Mitford's *Our Village* ; Morier's *Hajji Baba* ; Scott's *Redgauntlet* ; Shelley's *Posthumous Poems* ; Wells's *Joseph and his Brethren* ; *Westminster Review*, i.
1825	41	At Florence (January–September) ; Paris (October 8) ; 30 Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent (December 6).
		Bacchus in Tuscany (dedicated to John Hunt).
		Dispute with John Hunt about proprietary rights in *The Examiner*, leading to a long estrangement.
		[Died : Mrs. Barbauld. Born : Adelaide Procter (d. 1864).
		[Lamb superannuated. London University founded.
		[Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* ; Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* ('Thomas Moore—Leigh Hunt', pp. 387–405) ; Hood's and Reynolds's *Odes and Addresses to Great People* ; Macaulay's essay on Milton ; Milton's *Treatise on Christian Doctrine* first published ; Pepys's *Diary* first published ; Scott's *Talisman* ; Horace Smith's *Gaieties and Gravities*.
		The Rebellion of the Beasts ; or, The Ass is Dead ! Long live the Ass ! ! ! By a late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge [or ? by Leigh Hunt].
1826	42	At 30 Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent (January) ; Highgate (July), 'near the Grove' 'at the very top of Highgate Hill'.
		'Some specimens of a Dictionary of Love and Beauty' (*New Monthly Mag.*, seven papers 1826–7).
		Mary Shelley promises L.H. a legacy from Shelley on the death of Sir Timothy (d. 1844).
		[Died : William Gifford.
		[Disraeli's *Vivian Grey* ; Hazlitt's *Journey through France and Italy* and *Plain Speaker* ; Hone's *Every Day Book* ; Hood's *Whims and Oddities*, i ; Laing's *Early Metrical Tales* ; P. G. Patmore's *Rejected Articles* (prose parodies : 'Boccaccio and Fiammetta. By L——H——') ; Scott's *Woodstock* ; Mrs. Shelley's *The Last Man* ; Horace Smith's *Brambletye House*.
1827	43	At Highgate. Death of Swinburne Hunt (September). Friendship with Harrison Ainsworth.
		[Died : Blake ; Canning.
		[Clare's *Shepherd's Calendar* ; Darley's *Sylvia* ; A. and J. C. Hare's *Guesses at Truth* ; Hood's *Whims and Oddities*, ii ; and *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* ; Hone's *Table Book* ; *Ju-kiao-li*. A Chinese novel (L.H.'s copy, with markings by himself and Carlyle, in the British Museum) ; Keble's

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Christian Year (in 1825 he had written of 'the most vicious of all styles, the style of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his miserable followers'); Poe's *Tamerlane*; Pollok's *Course of Time*; Scott's *Surgeon's Daughter* and *Life of Napoleon* (Hazlitt's, 1828, 1830; Lockhart's, 1829); the Tennysons' *Poems by Two Brothers*.
1828	44	At Highgate; Epsom. *The Companion*, January 9 to July 23. *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries.* Portrait of H. by J. Hayter. [Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge founded. Dr. Arnold appointed Headmaster of Rugby. [*Athenæum* started. [Born: Gerald Massey (d. 1907); George Meredith (d. 1909); D. G. Rossetti (d. 1882). [Laman Blanchard's *Lyric Offerings*; *The Keepsake*; Landor's *Conversations*, iii, iv; Lockhart's *Life of Burns*; Lytton's *Pelham*; Moore's *Life of Sheridan*; Napier's *Peninsular War*, i; Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*; Blanco White's one sonnet (in *The Bijou*).
1829	45	At Woodcote Green, Epsom (August, September); Knight's Cottage [i.e. Charles Knight's cottage], Cromwell Lane, Old Brompton. Friendship with Forster. [Catholic Emancipation carried. [Macvey Napier succeeds Jeffrey as editor of *Edin. Rev.* [Hood's *Eugene Aram* (Lytton's, 1832); Irving's *Conquest of Granada*; Hon. Mrs. Norton's *Sorrows of Rosalie*; Peacock's *Misfortunes of Elphin.* [Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan*; Ellen Tree's (later Mrs. C. Kean) début at Covent Garden.
1830	46	At Old Brompton. *The Chat of the Week* (weekly, June 5—August 28). *The Tatler* (daily, September 4, 1830–February 13, 1832). [Charles X deposed and Louis-Philippe elected. Richard Carlile imprisoned the second time. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway opened. [Died: George IV; Hazlitt. Born: Christina Rossetti (d. 1894); Alexander Smith (d. 1867). [Edward Moxon commenced publisher. *Fraser's Mag.* established. [Bowring's *Poetry of the Magyars*; Cobbett's *Rural Rides*; Galt's *Life of Byron* (see pp. 752–3); Hazlitt's *Conversations with Northcote*; Lamb's *Album Verses*; Robert Montgomery's *Satan*; Moore's *Life of Byron*; Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.*
1831	47	At Old Brompton; 18 Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood (June). Horne and Talfourd promote and administer a private fund in L.H.'s behalf. 'His health is wretched . . . his sons, now

A. D.	ÆT.	
		young men, do not contribute a penny towards their own support' (Mary Shelley, October 2).
		Macaulay (June), and Wordsworth (December) write to promote an edition of L.H.'s poetry to be published by subscription.
		[Carlyle in London, temporarily; Keble elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; Paganini in London (see p. 255).
		[Died: R. W. Elliston; Henry Mackenzie (on whom a 'discriminating essay' by L.H. in *Classic Tales*, 1806); Mrs. Siddons.
		[Elliott's *Corn Law Rhymes*; *Englishman's Magazine* (April–October. See p. 351); J. S. Mill's 'Spirit of the Age' (in *The Examiner*); Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*; Poe's *Poems*; Scott's *Count Robert* and *Castle Dangerous*; Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*; Cornelius Webbe's *Sonnets*.
1832	48	At 5 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone (cf. 1818, 1819).
		L.H.'s 'greatest pressure of pecuniary difficulties'.
		Granted £200 out of the Royal Bounty.
		L.H. and Carlyle meet for the first time (February 20), consequent upon L.H. sending C. a copy of his *Christianism* (see below). In November C. invites L.H. to Dumfries. A first meeting with Browning. Reynell forfeited £200 as security for L.H., who repaid him on receiving (1844) his first instalment of the Shelley legacy.
		Ceases connexion with *The Tatler* (February 13).
		Christianism published at Forster's expense.
		Poetical Works issued by subscription.
		Sir Ralph Esher, or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II. 3 vols.
		'A Year of Honeymoons' (*Court Magazine*, eight papers).
		Contributes to Moxon's *Reflector*.
		'B[ulwer] through H[orne ?] has asked me to write verses for the months all round' in the *New Monthly*. Only 'To May' and 'To June' written.
		[Reform Bill passed.
		[Died: Bentham; Crabbe; Goethe; Munden; Scott.
		[Disraeli's *Contarini Fleming*; Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*; Procter's *English Songs*; Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy* first published (preface by L.H.); Tennyson's *Poems*, '1833'.
		[J. S. Knowles's *Hunchback*.
1833	49	At 4 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea (till summer of 1840).
		Papers in '*The True Sun*'.
		'Wishing Cap Papers' (*Tait's Magazine*, January–September).
		Lytton and Forster look after L.H. financially.
		[Keble's Assize Sermon, 'the start of the Oxford Movement'.
		[Died: Edmund Kean; Hannah Moore; O'Keeffe.
		[Miss Barrett's *Prometheus Bound, &c.*; Browning's *Pauline*, Carlyle's *Sartor* (in 'Fraser'); Hartley Coleridge's *Poems*; John Kenyon's *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*; Lytton's

A. D.	ÆT.	
		England and the English; C. Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia* (1833–44); Lamb's *Last Essays*; Medwin's *Shelley Papers*; Milnes's *Tour in Greece* (Poems); *Tracts for the Times* begun.
		[J. S. Knowles's *The Wife* (Prologue and Epilogue by Lamb).
1834	50	At Chelsea. Carlyle also settles at Chelsea.
		Leigh Hunt's London Journal (April 2, 1834, to December 31, 1835).
		The Indicator and the Companion. A selection. 2 vols. ('I hold them at once in delight and reverence' E. B. B. November 16, 1844).
		An etching of H. by Maclise (*Fraser's Mag.*, June).
		[Died: Coleridge, Edward Irving, Lamb, Malthus. Born: William Morris (d. 1896).
		[Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty* (annual) begun; Campbell's *Mrs. Siddons*; *Chambers's Journal*, i; Landor's *Citation, &c., of William Shakespeare*; Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*; Mahony's *Reliques of Father Prout* (1834–6); Southey's *Doctor*; Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*.
1835	51	At Chelsea.
		'I have at length got a coat to my back' (*Correspondence*, i. 273).
		'I have got SUCH a subject for a *tragedy*! (October 1. Qy. *The Legend of Florence*).
		Visit to Barbara Y[— ?] and Anna Maria Dashwood at Bodryddan (see pp. 364, 713,) and to Joseph Ablett at Llanbedr (see p. 366).
		Captain Sword and Captain Pen.
		L.H.'s London Journal amalgamated (June 6) with Charles Knight's *Printing Machine*, and discontinued December 31.
		[Died: Cobbett; Mrs. Hemans; Charles Mathews the Elder.
		[Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, first series; Browning's *Paracelsus*; Clare's *Rural Muse*; Dickens's *Sketches by Boz*; Moore's *Fudges in England*; Mrs. Shelley's *Lodore*; T. Wade's *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*; Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited*.
1836	52	At Chelsea.
		Thornton Hunt joins staff of Blanchard's *Constitutional* (and between 1836 and 1840 edited *The North Cheshire Reformer* and *The Glasgow Argus*).
		Poems in *New Monthly*; writing for *The True Sun*, which failed the same year. Sir J. Bowring advocates H.'s claims to a pension.
		Writing 'Blue-Stocking Revels', intended for *New Monthly*, December.
		[Hon. Mrs. Norton separated from her husband (action against Lord Melbourne).
		[Died: Maria Gisborne; William Godwin; James Mill.
		[Theodore Hook becomes editor of *New Monthly*.
		[Hazlitt's Literary Remains; Lamb's *Prose Works* (memoir by Talfourd); Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* and *Satire upon*

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Satirists (attack on Wordsworth); Horace Smith's *Tin Trumpet*.
		[Lytton's *Duchess of La Vallière* (Macready); Talfourd's *Ion* (Macready and Ellen Tree).
1837	53	At Chelsea.
		Friendship with Egerton Webbe.
		Succeeded R. H. Horne as editor of *Monthly Repository* (in which appeared 'Blue-Stocking Revels').
		Oil-painting of H. by Samuel Lawrence, unfinished (see frontispiece).
		[Died: William IV. Born: A. C. Swinburne (d. 1909).
		[Accession of Queen Victoria.
		[Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours* (poems by Hunt, Landor, &c.); Carlyle's *French Revolution*; Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*; Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*; Horne's *Cosmo de Medici* and *Death of Marlowe*; Lamb's *Letters*; Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*; Peacock's *Paper-Money Lyrics*.
		[Browning's *Strafford* (Macready and Helen Faucit).
1838	54	At Chelsea. Forster, Horne, and Talfourd promote a 'Private List' of annual subscribers on behalf of H.
		Monthly Repository ceased (April).
		'Notes of a Lover of Books' (*Monthly Chronicle*, October 1838 to January 1839. 'Jenny kissed me', in no. ii, November).
		'Abou ben Adhem', and notices of Keats and Shelley in S. C. Hall's *Book of Gems*, vol. iii.
		Lord Melbourne approached with a view to a pension for L.H.
		[Died: Letitia E. Landon.
		[E. B. B.'s *The Seraphim, &c.*; C. A. Brown's *Autobiographical Poems of Shakespeare*; Carlyle's *Sartor*; Dickens's *Oliver Twist*; Jerrold's *Men of Character*; Milnes's *Poems of Many Years*; Procter's *Ben Jonson*; Thackeray's *Yellowplush Papers*; Whittier's *Poems*.
		[Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* (Macready and Helen Faucit).
1839	55	At Chelsea. Friendship with Dickens.
		Lord and Lady Holland advocate H.'s claims to a pension.
		Writing for *The Musical World* (eight papers, January–March).
		'Romancist and Novelist's Library', ed. W. Hazlitt, June (several reprinted tales by L.H.).
		Captain Sword and Captain Pen, ed. 2.
		[Died: James Smith.
		[P. J. Bailey's *Festus*; Carlyle's *Chartism*; Darley's *Nepenthe*; Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*; Frere's *Aristophanes*; Longfellow's *Hyperion* and *Voices of the Night*; Harriet Martineau's *Deerbrook*; Shelley's *Poems* (Mrs. Shelley's edition); Sydney Smith's *Works*; John Sterling's *Poems*.
		[Lytton's *Richelieu* (Macready and Helen Faucit).
1840	56	At Chelsea; and 51 Edwardes Square, Kensington.
		Thornton Hunt returned to London; sub-edited *The Spectator*.

A. D.	ÆT.	
		A Legend of Florence produced at Covent Garden (February 7).
		A last letter from Haydon (February 10) after twenty-four years' estrangement.
		Congratulatory poems to the Queen (*Morn. Chron.*, May 28, November 25).
		Dramatic Works of Wycherley, &c., with biographical and critical notices. *Dramatic Works of Sheridan*, with biographical and critical sketch. *The Seer: or Common-places Refreshed.*
		[Queen Victoria married.
		[Died: Fanny Burney; Lord Holland; Paganini; Egerton Webbe (obituary notice by L.H. in *Morn. Chron.* August 6).
		[Barham's *Ingoldsby*; Browning's *Sordello*; Campbell's *Life of Petrarch*; Horne's *Gregory VII*; Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*; Lamb's *Prose and Poetry*; Poe's *Tales*; Thackeray's *Paris Sketch Book*; Shelley's *Letters and Miscellaneous Prose.*
		[Giotto's portrait of Dante discovered.
1841	57	At 33 Edwardes Square, Kensington.
		Macaulay reviews H.'s edition of Wycherley, &c. (*Edin. Rev.* January), mediates between H. and Macvey Napier (ed. *Edin. Rev.*), endeavours to procure H. a pension, encourages him to expect the Laureateship after Southey.
		Acquaintance renewed with Sir John Swinburne.
		H. contributes three versions to *Poems of Chaucer, Modernized.* *The Round Table*, ed. 3. *The Seer*, vol. ii.
		Bust profile of H. by Mrs. Gliddon.
		[Died: Theodore Hook; Joseph Blanco White. Born: Edward VII (d. 1910).
		[Moxon prosecuted for publishing Shelley's *Queen Mab.*
		[Browning's *Pippa Passes*; Carlyle's *Heroes*; Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* and *Old Curiosity Shop*; Emerson's *Essays*; *The Keepsake* (ed. Lady Blessington, 1841–50); Harriet Martineau's *Feats on the Fiord*; Newman's *Tract XC.*; *Punch* started.
1842	58	At Kensington.
		'Leigh Hunt, G. H. Lewes, Vincent Hunt, and W. B. S.'—a fireside group, etched by W. Bell Scott.
		Correspondence with Lord Melbourne.
		'Three Visions on the Birth of the Prince of Wales' (*Morn. Chron.* February 8).
		The Palfrey. Inscribed to Queen Victoria. *Studies en Schetsen*: a Dutch translation of essays and tales by H.
		[Died: C. A. Brown; W. Hone.
		[*Ainsworth's Magazine*, i; Macaulay's *Lays*; Tennyson's *Poems, in Two Volumes* (including 'Godiva'. Cf. p. 78).
1843	59	At Kensington.
		Correspondence with Allingham. Friendliness of Harrison Ainsworth. *Specimens of Italian Poets* projected.
		At work on *Look to your Morals.*

A. D.	ÆT.	
		One Hundred Romances of Real Life.
		[Died: John Murray; Southey (Wordsworth becomes Laureate).
		[Miss Barrett's 'Cry of the Children'; Borrow's *Bible in Spain*; Carlyle's *Past and Present*; Dickens's *Christmas Carol*; Hood's 'Song of the Shirt'; Horne's *Orion*; Ebenezer Jones's *Studies of Sensation and Event* (welcomed by H. 1840); Macaulay's *Essays*; *Miscellanies* [in Verse], by 'N.R.' [John Hunter, 'friend of Leigh Hunt's verse'] (reff. to L.H.); Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, i. (further vols, '46, '56, '60); Thackeray's *Irish Sketch Book*.
1844	60	At Kensington. Duke of Devonshire's friendliness.
		Received an annuity of £120 from the Shelley family.
		'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla' (*Ainsworth's Mag.* January-December. In the last instalment L.H. spoke of Aubrey de Vere, Ebenezer Jones, Lowell, and Coventry Patmore as young poets with a future).
		Poetical Works (Moxon); *Imagination and Fancy*; *Rimini and other Poems* (Boston, Mass.).
		[Died: T. Campbell; Sir Timothy Shelley; John Sterling.
		[Miss Barrett's *Poems*; Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *The Chimes*; Disraeli's *Coningsby*; Emerson's *Essays*, ii; Horne's *New Spirit of the Age* ('Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt', i. 305–22); Kinglake's *Eothen*; Lowell's *Poems*; Milnes's *Palm-Leaves*; Patmore's *Poems* (reviewed by L. H. in *Ainsworth's Mag.* July 1844); Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*.
1845	61	At Kensington.
		Thornton Hunt's novel, *The Foster Brother*, with short preface by H.
		H.'s son, John, died, leaving a widow and children.
		Imagination and Fancy, ed. 2.
		[Died: Barham; Laman Blanchard; Hood; Sydney Smith.
		[Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*; Mary Cowden Clarke's *Shakespeare Concordance*; Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*; Disraeli's *Sybil*; Gilfillan's *Gallery of Literary Portraits* (Second Series, 1850); Blanco White's *Autobiography*.
		[J. H. Newman becomes a Catholic.
1846	62	At Kensington; and Wimbledon (February, April, June, August), 'on account of a cough of some years' duration'.
		H. hopes 'soon to have not a single debt undischarged'.
		Friendship with Mr. Charles Kent.
		Forster endeavours to procure a pension for H.
		'Table Talk' (weekly) in *The Atlas*, then edited by Thornton Hunt (who published this year two books on railway management).
		H. plans his *Book for a Chimney Corner*, and projects a book on the 'Fabulous World' (Satyrs, Nymphs, Giants, Mermaids, &c.; part of which had appeared serially).

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Wit and Humour from the English Poets. Stories from the Italian Poets, 2 vols. *Poems* (1844) reprinted.
		Painting of H. by Margaret Gillies (now in N.P.G.).
		[Corn Laws repealed.
		[Pio Nono becomes Pope.
		[Died : Darley ; Barron Field ; Haydon.
		[Married : Robert Browning and E. Barrett.
		[*Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell* ; Browning's *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy* ; Dickens's *Pictures from Italy* ; W. J. Fox's *Lectures . . . to the Working Classes* (one on L.H.) ; Jerrold's *Mrs. Caudle* ; Landor's *Collected Works* ; Thackeray's *Cornhill to Cairo* ; Ulrici's book on Shakespeare (1839) translated into English (qy. the occasion of H.'s 'Ultra-Germano-Criticasterism, 1846', p. 192).
1847	63	At Kensington.
		Still £200 in debt (January 1).
		Civil List pension of £200 a year (June 22).
		Every Man in his Humour performed by Dickens, Forster, &c., for H.'s benefit, realizing £420 (July 26, 28).
		Congratulatory dinner to H. at the Museum Club (W. J. Fox, Douglas Jerrold, &c.) (September 15).
		Personal acquaintance with Allingham.
		At work (September) on 'Lovers' Amazements' (published 1851).
		'Streets of London' in *The Atlas* (reprinted 1861 as *A Saunter through the West End*).
		Men, Women, and Books. A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla (dedicated to Horace Smith).
		[Hans Andersen, Emerson, and Jenny Lind in England.
		[Forster becomes editor of *The Examiner*.
		[Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends* ; C. Brontë's *Jane Eyre* ; the Howitts' *Homes and Haunts of the Poets* ('Leigh Hunt', ii. 347–67) ; Longfellow's *Evangeline* ; Medwin's *Life of Shelley* ; Moore's *Life of Byron* ; Tennyson's *Princess*.
		[Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* produced by Macready.
1848	64	At Kensington.
		Calumnies on H. in 'a periodical work' disclaimed by Horace Twiss (February 8).
		D. G. Rossetti consults H. on poetry as a profession, rather than painting. H. 'hailed him at once [as an unquestionable poet] without any misgiving' (March).
		H. attempts a 'dithyrambic' (untraced) on the new French revolution (June).
		H. at work on 'The Secret Marriage' (November 2), submitted to Phelps, for Sadler's Wells (November 28). MS. in U.S.A. (1922).
		The Town.
		[Second French republic established (March). Jewish Disabilities removed. Chartist riots.
		[Died : Emily Brontë ; John Hunt (brother) (September 7).

A. D.	ÆT.	
		[Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*; Clough's *Bothie*; Dickens's *Dombey*; Forster's *Oliver Goldsmith*; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*; Horne's *Judas Iscariot, &c.*; Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*; C. Knight's *Half-Hours with the Best Authors* (three poems by H.); Lowell's *Fable for Critics* and *Biglow Papers*; Milnes's *Life, &c., of Keats*; *Politics for the People* (Christian Socialist tracts); Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Lamb*; Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Book of Snobs*.
1849	65	At Kensington.
		At work on his *Autobiography*.
		A Book for a Corner; *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, ed. 3, with new preface; *Poems* (1844) reprinted; *Readings for Railways*.
		[Roman Republic established, under Mazzini. Poerio imprisoned at Naples (released 1858; see p. 253).
		[Died: T. L. Beddoes; Hartley Coleridge; E. A. Poe; Horace Smith.
		[Arnold's *Strayed Reveller*; C. Brontë's *Shirley*; F. W. Newman's *The Soul*; T. Powell's *Living Authors of England*, New York ('Leigh Hunt', pp. 10, 30, 31); Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*; Thackeray's *Pendennis* and *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*.
1850	66	At Kensington.
		Ainsworth reserved front page of *New Monthly* for poems by H., January to July.
		Correspondence with W. W. Story.
		Thornton Hunt and G. H. Lewes establish *The Leader* ('Thornton seems a fine fellow to me: wrong, very often, but looking after truth sacredly', Thackeray to Allingham).
		H. revising *Christianism* ('Cardinomia').
		Autobiography, 3 vols.
		Leigh Hunt's Journal, first number, December 7; *Sir Ralph Esher*, second edition.
		'The Secret Marriage' accepted by Webster, but never produced.
		'The Legend of Florence' revived at Sadler's Wells. ('Miss Glyn is godlike', D. G. Rossetti, September 3)
		Portraits of H. by W. F. Williams and G. F. Ford.
		[Died: W. L. Bowles; Lord Jeffrey; Louis-Philippe (in England); Sir Robert Peel; Wordsworth.
		[Tennyson becomes Poet Laureate ('I think L.H. should have the Laureateship. He has condescended to wish for it', Mrs. Browning).
		[*Christian Socialist* started; *Household Words* started (see p. 252).
		[Allingham's *Poems*; Beddoes's *Death's Jest-Book*; E. B. Browning's *Poems*; R. Browning's *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*; Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*; Dickens's *David Copperfield*; Dobell's *The Roman*; *The Germ* (C. G. and D. G. Rossetti, Patmore, &c.); Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*, ii

A. D.	ÆT.	
		('Leigh Hunt', pp. 344–52); Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*; Kingsley's *Alton Locke*; Massey's *Voices of Freedom*; F. W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*; Wordsworth's *Prelude*.
1851	67	At Kensington; 31 Edwardes Terrace (till July); 2 Phillimore Terrace. At Ewell, September to December, for Vincent's health.
		Leigh Hunt's Journal terminated March 22 ('Lovers' Amazements', January 4 to March 1).
		L.H.'s name 'in the list of Lady John Russell's guests the other night' (Allingham, May 11).
		Table-Talk.
		[Gladstone's exposure of Neapolitan prisons (see p. 253). Kossuth in England. Second French Empire established (*coup d'état*, December 2). The Great Exhibition (H. keenly regretted being unable to see it).
		[Died: Joanna Baillie; Basil Montagu; Mary Shelley.
		[Borrow's *Lavengro*; E. B. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*; Carlyle's *John Sterling*; Countess Guiccioli's *Lord Byron*; Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*; Kingsley's *Yeast*; Longfellow's *Golden Legend*; Melville's *Moby Dick*; G. Meredith's *Poems*; D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature of the Last Half-Century* ('Leigh Hunt', pp. 209–15); Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, i (ii, iii, 1853).
		[Macready retires from the stage.
1852	68	At Hammersmith: 7 Cornwall Road (now Rowan Road).
		Introduced to Mrs. Gaskell by W. J. Fox.
		Poems by L.H. in *Household Words* (September 4 and 18, while *Bleak House* was appearing serially).
		Vincent Hunt died (October).
		'Busy seeing *Cardinomia* ["The Religion of the Heart"] through the press' (December).
		Imagination and Fancy republished
		[Second French Empire established.
		[Died: T. Moore; J. H. Reynolds; Duke of Wellington.
		[Arnold's *Empedocles*; Miss Mitford's *Recollections* ('Leigh Hunt', ii. 172–83); Reade's *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone*; *Shelley Letters* (a forgery; with essay by R. Browning); Thackeray's *Esmond*.
		[Charles Reade's *Masks and Faces*.
1853	69	At 9 Cornwall Road, Hammersmith.
		At work on a play (August).
		Papers on Kensington in *Household Words* August 1853 to February 1854 (incorporated in *The Old Court Suburb*, 1855).
		The Religion of the Heart ('Christianism', see 1824, 1832, revised).
		Readings for Railways, Second Series.
		[South Kensington Museum in course of construction.
		[Arnold's *Poems*; C. Brontë's *Villette*; Dickens's *Bleak House*: Dobell's *Balder*; Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* and *Cranford*; Kings-

A. D.	ÆT.	
		ley's *Hypatia*; Landor's *Last Fruit*; Maurice's *Theological Essays*; Moore's *Memoirs*, &c. (eight vols. 1853–6); Patmore's *Tamerton Church Tower*; Thackeray's *English Humourists*.
1854	70	At Hammersmith.
		'So ailing and languid' (August. To Allingham).
		Papers in *The Musical Times* (December 1853 to November 1854).
		[Crimean War. The Working Men's College founded.
		[Died: J. G. Lockhart; J. Montgomery; John Wilson ('Christopher North').
		[Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*; Dickens's *Hard Times*; Forster's *Oliver Goldsmith* (re-written); Patmore's *Angel in the House*, i (cf. p. 354; ii, 1856); P. G. Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintances* ('Leigh Hunt', iii. 113–20); W. Bell Scott's *Poems*; Thackeray's *Newcomes*.
1855	71	At Hammersmith.
		Expecting the production of one of his plays by Phelps (January).
		'Not been out of my bedroom for two months' (February).
		A grant of £200 from the Royal Bounty.
		Revising his *Autobiography*.
		Proposals from America for editions of both his prose and poetry.
		A visit from Hawthorne.
		Stories in Verse, dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire.
		The Old Court Suburb.
		[Died: Henry Colburn (publisher); Samuel Rogers.
		[Arnold's *Poems*, Second Series; Browning's *Men and Women*; Dobell's and A. Smith's *Sonnets on the Crimean War*; Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*; Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*; Lewes's *Life of Goethe*; Longfellow's *Hiawatha*; Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*; Peacock's papers on Shelley, in *Fraser's Magazine*; Tennyson's *Maud*.
1856	72	At Hammersmith.
		Friendship with W. W. Story; Allingham seeks to bring Leigh Hunt and Rossetti together.
		Collecting old poems for the American edition.
		[Emerson's *English Traits*; Kingsley's *Heroes*; Massey's *Craigcrook Castle*; *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* (Morris's first stories and poems; Rossetti's *Burden of Nineveh*); Reade's *It's Never too Late to Mend*.
1857	73	At Hammersmith.
		Mrs. Hunt died (January) aet. 69.
		Constantly at work for months on an essay on Sonnets, posthumously published in *The Book of the Sonnet*, 1867.
		Correspondence with the Brownings.
		American editions of prose (4 vols.) and poetry (2 vols.).
		Acquaintance renewed with Sir F. Pollock after half a century.
		[The Indian Mutiny.
		[Died: Douglas Jerrold.
		[Borrow's *Romany Rye*; Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*;

A. D.	ÆT.	
		Dickens's *Little Dorrit*; George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*; Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë*; Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*; *Walpole's Letters*, ed. P. Cunningham (1857–9).
		[Matthew Arnold appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford.
1858	74	At Hammersmith; Woodland's Farm, Putney (September).
		Lovers' Amazements produced at the Lyceum Theatre (January 20).
		'Anxious to get my *West End* out as soon as possible' (March. *Saunter through the West End* published posthumously 1861).
		Makes acquaintance with Frederick Locker.
		L.H.'s imitations of Chaucer and Spenser in *Fraser's Mag.* (Feb. May). [Died: Duke of Devonshire (see p. 707); Edward Moxon; Robert Owen.
		[Carlyle's *Frederick*, i, ii; Hogg's *Life of Shelley*; Kingsley's *Andromeda*, &c.; Landor's *Dry Sticks*; Locker's *London Lyrics*; Longfellow's *Miles Standish*; Morris's *Defence of Guenevere*; A. A. Procter's *Legends and Lyrics*; Thackeray's *Virginians*; Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*.
1859	75	At Hammersmith.
		'The Occasional' (papers in *The Spectator*, January–August).
		Charles Ollier (H.'s friend since 1810) died June 5; obituary notice by H. *Spectator*, June 18.
		Leigh Hunt died (August 28) at the house of his friend and relative Charles Reynell, 41 High Street, Putney; buried in Kensal Green Cemetery; obituary notice by Edmund Ollier, *Spectator*, September 3.
		'English Poetry *v.* Cardinal Wiseman' published posthumously in *Fraser's Magazine* (Dec.).
		[Died: De Quincey; Washington Irving.
		[Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*; FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam*; Mrs. Gaskell's *Round the Sofa*; Robert Lytton's *The Wanderer*; Meredith's *Richard Feverel*; Mill's *Liberty*; *Shelley Memorials*; Tennyson's first four *Idylls of the King*.
1860	—	*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.*
		The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, revised by the author, edited by Thornton Hunt.
1861	—	*Saunter through the West End.*
1862	—	*The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, edited by Thornton Hunt. 2 vols.
		Carlyle's 'Memoranda' on Hunt (*Macmillan's Mag.*, July).
1867	—	*The Book of the Sonnet.* Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. With an Essay on the Sonnet by Leigh Hunt. 2 vols.
1869	—	Monument to Leigh Hunt in Kensal Green Cemetery, unveiled by Lord Houghton, October 19.

PUBLIC
WANDSWORTH
LIBRARY

NARRATIVE POEMS

THE STORY OF RIMINI

[First published, with Dedication to Byron and Preface, 1816; reprinted 1817, 1819, 1832, 1844 (Boston) with alterations and Argument, omitting the Dedication and Preface; second version, recast with different conclusion, 1844 (London), (reprinted 1846, 1849); first version, altered, reprinted 1855; second version reprinted 1857, 1860. Text 1816 throughout, unless otherwise noted. For Dedication, Preface, and alterations in second version, see notes at end of book.]

TIME, THE CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY;—SCENE, FIRST AT RAVENNA, AFTERWARDS AT RIMINI

CANTO I

The coming to fetch the Bride from Ravenna

THE sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

And well may all who can, come crowding there,
If peace returning, and processions rare,
And to crown all, a marriage in May weather,
Have aught to bring enjoying hearts together;

For on this sparkling day, Ravenna's pride,
The daughter of their prince, becomes a bride,
A bride, to crown the comfort of the land:
And he, whose victories have obtained her hand,
Has taken with the dawn, so flies report,
His promised journey to the expecting court
With hasting pomp, and squires of high degree,
The bold Giovanni, lord of Rimini.

Already in the streets the stir grows loud
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends:
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.
With heaved-out tapestry the windows glow,
By lovely faces brought, that come and go;
Till, the work smoothed, and all the street attired,
They take their seats, with upward gaze admired;
Some looking down, some forwards or aside,
As suits the conscious charm in which they pride;
Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow;
But all with smiles prepared, and garlands green,
And all in-fluttering talk, impatient for the scene.

And hark! the approaching trumpets, with a start,
On the smooth wind come dancing to the heart.
A moment's hush succeeds; and from the walls,
Firm and at once, a silver answer calls.
Then heave the crowd; and all, who best can strive
In shuffling struggle, tow'rd the palace drive,
Where balconied and broad, of marble fair,
On pillars it o'erlooks the public square;
For there Duke Guido is to hold his state
With his fair daughter, seated o'er the gate:—
But the full place rejects the invading tide;
And after a rude heave from side to side,
With angry faces turned, and feet regained,
The peaceful press with order is maintained,
Leaving the door-ways only for the crowd,
The space within for the procession proud.

For in this manner is the square set out:—
The sides, path-deep, are crowded round about,
And faced with guards, who keep the road entire;
And opposite to these a brilliant quire

Of knights and ladies hold the central spot,
Seated in groups upon a grassy plot;
The seats with boughs are shaded from above
Of early trees transplanted from a grove,
And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact, till, at its height o'er-run,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

There, talking with the ladies, you may see,
Standing about, or seated, frank and free,
Some of the finest warriors of the court,—
Baptist, and Hugo of the princely port,
And Azo, and Obizo, and the grace
Of frank Esmerïald with his open face,
And Felix the Fine Arm, and him who well
Repays his lavish honours, Lionel,
Besides a host of spirits, nursed in glory,
Fit for sweet woman's love and for the poet's story.

There too, in thickest of the bright-eyed throng,
Stands the young father of Italian song,
Guy Cavalcanti, of a knightly race;
The poet looks out in his earnest face;
He with the pheasant's plume—there—bending now,
Something he speaks around him with a bow,
And all the listening looks, with nods and flushes,
Breaks round him into smiles and sparkling blushes.

Another start of trumpets, with reply;
And o'er the gate a sudden canopy
Raises, on ivory shafts, a crimson shade,
And Guido issues with the princely maid,
And sits;—the courtiers fall on either side;
But every look is fixed upon the bride,
Who pensive comes at first, and hardly hears
The enormous shout that springs as she appears,
Till, as she views the countless gaze below,
And faces that with grateful homage glow,
A home to leave, and husband yet to see,
Fade in the warmth of that great charity;
And hard it is, she thinks, to have no will;
But not to bless these thousands, harder still:
With that, a keen and quivering glance of tears
Scarce moves her patient mouth, and disappears;
A smile is underneath, and breaks away,
And round she looks and breathes, as best befits the day.

What need I tell of lovely lips and eyes,
A clipsome waist, and bosom's balmy rise,
The dress of bridal white, and the dark curls
Bedding an airy coronet of pearls?

There's not in all that crowd one gallant being,
Whom if his heart were whole, and rank agreeing,
It would not fire to twice of what he is,
To clasp her to his heart, and call her his.

While thus with tip-toe looks the people gaze,
Another shout the neighb'ring quarters raise:
The train are in the town, and gathering near,
With noise of cavalry, and trumpets clear;
A princely music, unbedinned with drums:
The mighty brass seems opening as it comes,
And now it fills, and now it shakes the air,
And now it bursts into the sounding square;
At which the crowd with such a shout rejoice,
Each thinks he's deafened with his neighbour's voice.
Then, with a long-drawn breath, the clangours die;
The palace trumpets give a last reply,
And clattering hoofs succeed, with stately stir
Of snortings proud and clinking furniture:
It seems as if the harnessed war were near;
But in their garb of peace the train appear,
Their swords alone reserved, but idly hung,
And the chains freed by which their shields were slung.

First come the trumpeters, clad all in white
Except the breast, which wears a scutcheon bright.
By four and four they ride, on horses grey;
And as they sit along their easy way,
Stately, and heaving to the sway below,
Each plants his trumpet on his saddle-bow.

The heralds next appear, in vests attired
Of stiffening gold with radiant colours fired;
And then the pursuivants, who wait on these,
All dressed in painted richness to the knees:
Each rides a dappled horse, and bears a shield,
Charged with three heads upon a golden field.

Twelve ranks of squires come after, twelve in one,
With forked pennons lifted in the sun,
Which tell, as they look backward in the wind,
The bearings of the knights that ride behind.
Their steeds are ruddy bay; and every squire
His master's colour shews in his attire.
These past, and at a lordly distance, come
The knights themselves, and fill the quickening hum,
The flower of Rimini. Apart they ride,
Six in a row, and with a various pride;
But all as fresh as fancy could desire,
All shapes of gallantry on steeds of fire.

Differing in colours is the knights' array,
The horses, black and chestnut, roan and bay;—
The horsemen, crimson vested, purple, and white,—
All but the scarlet cloak for every knight,
Which thrown apart, and hanging loose behind,
Rests on his steed, and ruffles in the wind.
Their caps of velvet have a lightsome fit,
Each with a dancing feather sweeping it,
Tumbling its white against their short dark hair;
But what is of the most accomplished air,
All wear memorials of their lady's love,
A ribbon, or a scarf, or silken glove,
Some tied about their arm, some at the breast,
Some, with a drag, dangling from the cap's crest.

A suitable attire the horses shew;
Their golden bits keep wrangling as they go;
The bridles glance about with gold and gems;
And the rich housing-cloths, above the hems
Which comb along the ground with golden pegs,
Are half of net, to shew the hinder legs.
Some of the cloths themselves are golden thread
With silk enwoven, azure, green, or red;
Some spotted on a ground of different hue,
As burning stars upon a cloth of blue,—
Or purple smearings with a velvet light
Rich from the glary yellow thickening bright,—
Or a spring green, powdered with April posies,—
Or flush vermilion, set with silver roses:
But all are wide and large, and with the wind,
When it comes fresh, go sweeping out behind.
With various earnestness the crowd admire
Horsemen and horse, the motion and the attire.
Some watch, as they go by, the riders' faces
Looking composure, and their knightly graces;
The life, the carelessness, the sudden heed,
The body curving to the rearing steed,
The patting hand, that best persuades the check,
And makes the quarrel up with a proud neck,
The thigh broad pressed, the spanning palm upon it,
And the jerked feather swaling in the bonnet.

Others the horses and their pride explore,
Their jauntiness behind and strength before;
The flowing back, firm chest, and fetlocks clean,
The branching veins ridging the glossy lean,
The mane hung sleekly, the projecting eye
That to the stander near looks awfully,
The finished head, in its compactness free,
Small, and o'erarching to the lifted knee,

The start and snatch, as if they felt the comb,
With mouths that fling about the creamy foam,
The snorting turbulence, the nod, the champing,
The shift, the tossing, and the fiery tramping.

And now the Princess, pale and with fixed eye,
Perceives the last of those precursors nigh,
Each rank uncovering, as they pass in state,
Both to the courtly fountain and the gate.
And then a second interval succeeds
Of stately length, and then a troop of steeds
Milkwhite and unattired, Arabian bred,
Each by a blooming boy lightsomely led:
In every limb is seen their faultless race,
A fire well tempered, and a free left grace:
Slender their spotless shapes, and meet the sight
With freshness, after all those colours bright:
And as with quoit-like drop their steps they bear,
They lend their streaming tails to the fond air.
These for a princely present are divined,
And shew the giver is not far behind.

The talk increases now, and now advance,
Space after space, with many a sprightly prance,
The pages of the court, in rows of three;
Of white and crimson is their livery.
Space after space,—and yet the attendants come,—
And deeper goes about the impatient hum—
Ah—yes—no—'tis not he—but 'tis the squires
Who go before him when his pomp requires;
And now his huntsman shews the lessening train,
Now the squire-carver, and the chamberlain,—
And now his banner comes, and now his shield
Borne by the squire that waits him to the field,—
And then an interval,—a lordly space;—
A pin-drop silence strikes o'er all the place;
The princess, from a distance, scarcely knows
Which way to look; her colour comes and goes;
And with an impulse and affection free
She lays her hand upon her father's knee,
Who looks upon her with a laboured smile,
Gathering it up into his own the while,
When some one's voice, as if it knew not how
To check itself, exclaims, 'the prince! now—now!'
And on a milk-white courser, like the air,
A glorious figure springs into the square;
Up, with a burst of thunder, goes the shout,
And rolls the trembling walls and peopled roofs about.

Never was nobler finish of fine sight;
'Twas like the coming of a shape of light;

And every lovely gazer, with a start,
Felt the quick pleasure smite across her heart:—
The princess, who at first could scarcely see,
Though looking still that way from dignity,
Gathers new courage as the praise goes round,
And bends her eyes to learn what they have found.
And see,—his horse obeys the check unseen;
And with an air 'twixt ardent and serene,
Letting a fall of curls about his brow,
He takes his cap off with a gallant bow;
Then for another and a deafening shout;
And scarfs are waved, and flowers come fluttering out;
And, shaken by the noise, the reeling air
Sweeps with a giddy whirl among the fair,
And whisks their garments, and their shining hair.

With busy interchange of wonder glows
The crowd, and loves his brilliance as he goes,—
The golden-fretted cap, the downward feather,—
The crimson vest fitting with pearls together,—
The rest in snowy white from the mid thigh:
These catch the extrinsic and the common eye:
But on his shape the gentler sight attends,
Moves as he passes,—as he bends him, bends,—
Watches his air, his gesture, and his face,
And thinks it never saw such manly grace,
So fine are his bare throat, and curls of black,—
So lightsomely dropt in, his lordly back—
His thigh so fitted for the tilt or dance,
So heaped with strength, and turned with elegance;
But above all, so meaning is his look,
Full, and as readable as open book;
And so much easy dignity there lies
In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes.

His haughty steed, who seems by turns to be
Vexed and made proud by that cool mastery,
Shakes at his bit, and rolls his eyes with care,
Reaching with stately step at the fine air;
And now and then, sideling his restless pace,
Drops with his hinder legs, and shifts his place,
And feels through all his frame a fiery thrill:
The princely rider on his back sits still,
And looks where'er he likes, and sways him at his will.

Surprise, relief, a joy scarce understood,
Something perhaps of very gratitude,
And fifty feelings, undefined and new,
Dance through the bride, and flush her faded hue.
'Could I but once', she thinks, 'securely place
A trust for the contents on such a case,

And know the spirit that should fill that dwelling,
This chance of mine would hardly be compelling.'
Just then, the stranger, coming slowly round
By the clear fountain and the brilliant ground,
And bending, as he goes, with frequent thanks,
Beckons a follower to him from the ranks,
And loosening, as he speaks, from its light hold
A dropping jewel with its chain of gold,
Sends it, in token he had loved him long,
To the young father of Italian song:
The youth smiles up, and with a lowly grace
Bending his lifted eyes and blushing face,
Looks after his new friend, who, scarcely gone
In the wide turning, nods and passes on.

This is sufficient for the destined bride;
She took an interest first, but now a pride;
And as the prince comes riding to the place,
Baring his head, and raising his fine face,
She meets his full obeisance with an eye
Of self-permission and sweet gravity;
He looks with touched respect, and gazes, and goes by.

CANTO II

The Bride's Journey to Rimini

We'll pass the followers, and their closing state;
The court was entered by a hinder gate;
The duke and princess had retired before,
Joined by the knights and ladies at the door;
But something seemed amiss, and there ensued
Deep talk among the spreading multitude,
Who got in clumps, or paced the measured street,
Filling with earnest hum the noontide heat;
Nor ceased the wonder, as the day increased,
And brought no symptoms of a bridal feast,
No mass, no tilt, no largess for the crowd,
Nothing to answer that procession proud;
But a blank look, as if no court had been;
Silence without, and secrecy within;
And nothing heard by listening at the walls,
But now and then a bustling through the halls,
Or the dim organ roused at gathering intervals.

The truth was this:—The bridegroom had not come,
But sent his brother, proxy in his room.
A lofty spirit the former was, and proud,
Little gallant, and had a sort of cloud
Hanging for ever on his cold address,
Which he mistook for proper manliness.
But more of this hereafter. Guido knew
The prince's character; and he knew too,

That sweet as was his daughter, and prepared
To do her duty, where appeal was barred,
She had stout notions on the marrying score,
And where the match unequal prospect bore,
Might pause with firmness, and refuse to strike
A chord her own sweet music so unlike.
The old man therefore, kind enough at heart,
Yet fond from habit of intrigue and art,
And little formed for sentiments like these,
Which seemed to him mere maiden niceties,
Had thought at once to gratify the pride
Of his stern neighbour, and secure the bride,
By telling him, that if, as he had heard,
Busy he was just then, 'twas but a word,
And he might send and wed her by another,—
Of course, no less a person than his brother.
The bride meantime was told, and not unmoved,
To look for one no sooner seen than loved;
And when Giovanni, struck with what he thought
Mere proof how his triumphant hand was sought,
Dispatched the wished for prince, who was a creature
Formed in the very poetry of nature,
The effect was perfect, and the future wife
Caught in the elaborate snare, perhaps for life.

One shock there was, however, to sustain,
Which nigh restored her to herself again.
She saw, when all were housed, in Guido's face
A look of leisurely surprise take place;
A little whispering followed for a while,
And then 'twas told her with an easy smile,
That Prince Giovanni, to his great chagrin,
Had been delayed by something unforeseen,
But rather than defer his day of bliss
(If his fair ruler took it not amiss)
Had sent his brother Paulo in his stead;
'Who', said old Guido, with a nodding head,
'May well be said to represent his brother,
For when you see the one, you know the other.'

By this time Paulo joined them where they stood,
And, seeing her in some uneasy mood,
Changed the mere cold respects his brother sent
To such a strain of cordial compliment,
And paid them with an air so frank and bright,
As to a friend appreciated at sight,
That air, in short, which sets you at your ease,
Without implying your perplexities,

28 She had a sense of marriage, just and free; *1819*.
29 unequal . . . bore] looked ill for harmony *1819*.

That what with the surprise in every way,
The hurry of the time, the appointed day,
The very shame which now appeared increased,
Of begging leave to have her hand released,
And above all, those tones, and smiles, and looks,
Which seemed to realize the dreams of books
And helped her genial fancy to conclude
That fruit of such a stock must all be good,
She knew not how to object in her confusion;
Quick were the marriage-rites; and, in conclusion,
The proxy, turning midst the general hush,
Kissed her meek lips, betwixt a rosy blush.

At last, about the vesper hour, a score
Of trumpets issued from the palace door,
The banners of their brass with favours tied,
And with a blast proclaimed the wedded bride.
But not a word the sullen silence broke,
Till something of a gift the herald spoke,
And with a bag of money issuing out,
Scattered the ready harvest round about;
Then burst the mob into a jovial cry,
And largess! largess! claps against the sky,
And bold Giovanni's name, the lord of Rimini.

The rest however still were looking on,
Careless and mute, and scarce the noise was gone,
When riding from the gate, with banners reared,
Again the morning visitors appeared.
The prince was in his place; and in a car,
Before him, glistening like a farewell star,
Sate the dear lady with her brimming eyes;
And off they set, through doubtful looks and cries;
For some too shrewdly guessed, and some were vexed
At the dull day, and some the whole perplexed;
And all great pity thought it to divide
Two that seemed made for bridegroom and for bride.
Ev'n she, whose heart this strange, abrupt event
Had seared, as 'twere, with burning wonderment,
Could scarce, at times, a passionate cry forbear,
At leaving her own home and native air;
Till passing now the limits of the town,
And on the last few gazers looking down,
She saw by the road-side an aged throng,
Who wanting power to bustle with the strong,
Had learnt their gracious mistress was to go,
And gathered there, an unconcerted shew;
Bending they stood, with their old foreheads bare,
And the winds fingered with their reverend hair.
Farewell! farewell, my friends! she would have cried,

But in her throat the leaping accents died,
And, waving with her hand a vain adieu,
She dropt her veil, and backwarder withdrew
And let the kindly tears their own good course pursue.

It was a lovely evening, fit to close
A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.
Warm, but not dim, a glow was in the air;
The softened breeze came smoothing here and there;
And every tree, in passing, one by one,
Gleamed out with twinkles of the golden sun:
For leafy was the road, with tall array,
On either side, of mulberry and bay,
And distant snatches of blue hills between;
And there the alder was with its bright green,
And the broad chestnut, and the poplar's shoot,
That like a feather waves from head to foot,
With, ever and anon, majestic pines;
And still from tree to tree the early vines
Hung garlanding the way in amber lines.

Nor long the princess kept her from the view
Of that dear scenery with its parting hue:
For sitting now, calm from the gush of tears,
With dreaming eye fixed down, and half-shut ears,
Hearing, yet hearing not, the fervent sound
Of hoofs thick reckoning and the wheel's moist round,
A call of 'slower!' from the farther part
Of the checked riders, woke her with a start;
And looking up again, half sigh, half stare,
She lifts her veil, and feels the freshening air.

'Tis down a hill they go, gentle indeed,
And such, as with a bold and pranksome speed
Another time they would have scorned to measure;
But now they take with them a lovely treasure,
And feel they should consult her gentle pleasure.

And now with thicker shades the pines appear;
The noise of hoofs grows duller to her ear;
And quitting suddenly their gravelly toil,
The wheels go spinning o'er a sandy soil.
Here first the silence of the country seems
To come about her with its listening dreams,
And, full of anxious thoughts, half freed from pain,
In downward musing she relapsed again,
Leaving the others who had passed that way
In careless spirits of the early day,
To look about, and mark the reverend scene,
For awful tales renowned, and everlasting green.

A heavy spot the forest looks at first,
To one grim shade condemned, and sandy thirst,

Or only chequered, here and there, with bushes
Dusty and sharp, or plashy pools with rushes,
About whose sides the swarming insects fry,
Opening with noisome din, as they go by.
But entering more and more, they quit the sand
At once, and strike upon a grassy land,
From which the trees, as from a carpet, rise
In knolls and clumps, with rich varieties.
A moment's trouble find the knights to rein
Their horses in, which, feeling turf again,
Thrill, and curvet, and long to be at large
To scour the space and give the winds a charge,
Or pulling tight the bridles, as they pass,
Dip their warm mouths into the freshening grass.
But soon in easy rank, from glade to glade,
Proceed they, coasting underneath the shade,
Some baring to the cool their placid brows,
Some looking upward through the glimmering boughs,
Or peering grave through inward-opening places,
And half prepared for glimpse of shadowy faces.
Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
With briony between in trails of white,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like flings of sunshine left upon the bark,
And still the pine, long-haired, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right, predominant o'er all.

Much they admire that old religious tree
With shaft above the rest up-shooting free,
And shaking, when its dark locks feel the wind,
Its wealthy fruit with rough Mosaic rind.
At noisy intervals, the living cloud
Of cawing rooks breaks o'er them, gathering loud
Like a wild people at a stranger's coming;
Then hushing paths succeed, with insects humming,
Or ring-dove, that repeats his pensive plea,
Or startled gull, up-screaming tow'rds the sea.
But scarce their eyes encounter living thing,
Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering,
Or a few cattle, looking up aslant
With sleepy eyes and meek mouths ruminant;
Or once, a plodding woodman, old and bent,
Passing with half-indifferent wonderment,
Yet turning, at the last, to look once more;
Then feels his trembling staff, and onward as before.

So ride they pleased,—till now the couching sun
Levels his final look through shadows dun;

And the clear moon, with meek o'er-lifted face,
Seems come to look into the silvering place.
Then first the bride waked up, for then was heard,
Sole voice, the poet's and the lover's bird,
Preluding first, as if the sounds were cast
For the dear leaves about her, till at last
With shot-out raptures, in a perfect shower,
She vents her heart on the delicious hour.
Lightly the horsemen go, as if they'd ride
A velvet path, and hear no voice beside:
A placid hope assures the breath-suspended bride.

So ride they in delight through beam and shade;—
Till many a rill now passed, and many a glade,
They quit the piny labyrinths, and soon
Emerge into the full and sheeted moon:
Chilling it seems; and pushing steed on steed,
They start them freshly with a homeward speed.
Then well-known fields they pass, and straggling cots,
Boy-storied trees, and passion-plighted spots;
And turning last a sudden corner, see
The square-lit towers of slumbering Rimini.
The marble bridge comes heaving forth below
With a long gleam; and nearer as they go,
They see the still Marecchia, cold and bright,
Sleeping along with face against the light.
A hollow trample now,—a fall of chains,—
The bride has entered,—not a voice remains;—
Night, and a maiden silence, wrap the plains.

CANTO III

The Fatal Passion

Now why must I disturb a dream of bliss,
Or bring cold sorrow 'twixt the wedded kiss?
Sad is the strain, with which I cheer my long
And caged hours, and try my native tongue;
Now too, while rains autumnal, as I sing,
Wash the dull bars, chilling my sicklied wing,
And all the climate presses on my sense;
But thoughts it furnishes of things far hence,
And leafy dreams affords me, and a feeling
Which I should else disdain, tear-dipped and healing;
And shews me,—more than what it first designed,—
How little upon earth our home we find,
Or close the intended course of erring human-kind.

Enough of this. Yet how shall I disclose
The weeping days that with the morning rose,

4 The preceding canto, and a small part of the present, were written in prison [H.].

How bring the bitter disappointment in,—
The holy cheat, the virtue-binding sin,—
The shock, that told this lovely, trusting heart,
That she had given, beyond all power to part,
Her hope, belief, love, passion, to one brother,
Possession (oh, the misery !) to another !

Some likeness was there 'twixt the two,—an air
At times, a cheek, a colour of the hair,
A tone, when speaking of indifferent things ;
Nor, by the scale of common measurings,
Would you say more perhaps, than that the one
Was more robust, the other finelier spun ;
That of the two, Giovanni was the graver,
Paulo the livelier, and the more in favour.

Some tastes there were indeed, that would prefer
Giovanni's countenance as the martialler ;
And 'twas a soldier's truly, if an eye
Ardent and cool at once, drawn-back and high,
An eagle's nose, and a determined lip,
Were the best marks of manly soldiership.
Paulo's was fashioned in a different mould,
And finer still, I think ; for though 'twas bold,
When boldness was required, and could put on
A glowing frown, as if an angel shone,
Yet there was nothing in it one might call
A stamp exclusive, or professional,—
No courtier's face, and yet its smile was ready,—
No scholar's, yet its look was deep and steady,—
No soldier's, for its power was all of mind,
Too true for violence, and too refined.
A graceful nose was his, lightsomely brought
Down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought ;
Wisdom looked sweet and inward from his eye ;
And round his mouth was sensibility :—
It was a face, in short, seemed made to shew
How far the genuine flesh and blood could go ;—
A morning glass of unaffected nature,
Something, that baffled every pompous feature,—
The visage of a glorious human creature.

If any points there were, at which they came
Nearer together, 'twas in knightly fame,
And all accomplishments that art may know,—
Hunting, and princely hawking, and the bow,
The rush together in the bright-eyed list,
Fore-thoughted chess, the riddle rarely missed,
And the decision of still knottier points,
With knife in hand, of boar and peacock joints,—

Things, that might shake the fame that Tristan got,
And bring a doubt on perfect Launcelot.
But leave we knighthood to the former part;
The tale I tell is of the human heart.

The worst of Prince Giovanni, as his bride
Too quickly found, was an ill-tempered pride.
Bold, handsome, able if he chose to please,
Punctual and right in common offices,
He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,
The scattering smiles on this uneasy earth,
And on the strength of virtues of small weight,
Claimed tow'rds himself the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning with his sweets and sours;—
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience,—so designed to keep
Stern, central watch, though all things else go sleep,
And so much knowledge of one's self there lies
Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
That no suspicion would have touched him more,
Than that of wanting on the generous score:
He would have whelmed you with a weight of scorn,
Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In short, ill-tempered for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb.
Taste had he, in a word, for high-turned merit,
But not the patience, or the genial spirit;
And so he made, 'twixt virtue and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect,
Which if, assisted by his high degree,
It gave him in some eyes a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the many,
Left him, at last, unloveable with any.

From this complexion in the reigning brother,
His younger birth perhaps had saved the other.
Born to a homage less gratuitous,
He learned to win a nobler for his house;
And both from habit and a genial heart,
Without much trouble of the reasoning art,
Found this the wisdom and the sovereign good,—
To be, and make, as happy as he could.
Not that he saw, or thought he saw, beyond
His general age, and could not be as fond
Of wars and creeds as any of his race,—
But most he loved a happy human face;

And wheresoe'er his fine, frank eyes were thrown,
He struck the looks he wished for with his own.
His danger was, lest, feeling as he did,
Too lightly he might leap o'er means forbid,
And in some tempting hour lose sight of crime
O'er some sweet face too happy for the time;
But fears like these he never entertained,
And had they crossed him, would have been disdained.
Warm was his youth, 'tis true,—nor had been free
From lighter loves,—but virtue reverenced he,
And had been kept from men of pleasure's cares
By dint of feelings still more warm than theirs.
So what but service leaped where'er he went!
Was there a tilt-day or a tournament,—
For welcome grace there rode not such another,
Nor yet for strength, except his lordly brother.
Was there a court-day, or a sparkling feast,
Or better still,—in my ideas, at least,—
A summer party to the greenwood shade,
With lutes prepared, and cloth on herbage laid,
And ladies' laughter coming through the air,—
He was the readiest and the blithest there;
And made the time so exquisitely pass
With stories told with elbow on the grass,
Or touched the music in his turn so finely,
That all he did, they thought, was done divinely.

The lovely stranger could not fail to see
Too soon this difference, more especially
As her consent, too lightly now, she thought,
With hopes far different had been strangely bought;
And many a time the pain of that neglect
Would strike in blushes o'er her self-respect:
But since the ill was cureless, she applied
With busy virtue to resume her pride,
And hoped to value her submissive heart
On playing well a patriot daughter's part,
Trying her new-found duties to prefer
To what a father might have owed to her.
The very day too when her first surprise
Was full, kind tears had come into her eyes
On finding, by his care, her private room
Furnished, like magic, from her own at home;
The very books and all transported there,
The leafy tapestry, and the crimson chair,
The lute, the glass that told the shedding hours,
The little urn of silver for the flowers,
The frame for broidering, with a piece half done,
And the white falcon, basking in the sun,
Who, when he saw her, sidled on his stand,
And twined his neck against her trembling hand.

But what had touched her nearest, was the thought,
That if 'twere destined for her to be brought
To a sweet mother's bed, the joy would be
Giovanni's too, and his her family:—
He seemed already father of her child,
And on the nestling pledge in patient thought she smiled.
Yet then a pang would cross her, and the red
In either downward cheek startle and spread,
To think that he, who was to have such part
In joys like these, had never shared her heart;
But back she chased it with a sigh austere;
And did she chance, at times like these, to hear
Her husband's footstep, she would haste the more,
And with a double smile open the door,
And ask him after all his morning's doing,
How his new soldiers pleased him in reviewing,
Or if the boar was slain, which he had been pursuing.

The prince, at this, would bend on her an eye
Cordial enough, and kiss her tenderly;
Nor, to say truly, was he slow in common
To accept the attentions of this lovely woman;
But then meantime he took no generous pains,
By mutual pleasing, to secure his gains;
He entered not, in turn, in her delights,
Her books, her flowers, her taste for rural sights;
Nay, scarcely her sweet singing minded he,
Unless his pride was roused by company;
Or when to please him, after martial play,
She strained her lute to some old fiery lay
Of fierce Orlando, or of Ferumbras,
Or Ryan's cloak, or how by the red grass
In battle you might know where Richard was.

Yet all the while, no doubt, however stern
Or cold at times, he thought he loved in turn,
And that the joy he took in her sweet ways,
The pride he felt when she excited praise,
In short, the enjoyment of his own good pleasure,
Was thanks enough, and passion beyond measure.

She, had she loved him, might have thought so too:
For what will love's exalting not go through,
Till long neglect, and utter selfishness,
Shame the fond pride it takes in its distress?
But ill prepared was she, in her hard lot,
To fancy merit where she found it not,—
She, who had been beguiled,—she, who was made
Within a gentle bosom to be laid,—
To bless and to be blessed,—to be heart-bare
To one who found his bettered likeness there,—

To think for ever with him, like a bride,—
To haunt his eye, like taste personified,—
To double his delight, to share his sorrow,
And like a morning beam, wake to him every morrow.

Paulo, meantime, who ever since the day
He saw her sweet looks bending o'er his way,
Had stored them up, unconsciously, as graces
By which to judge all other forms and faces,
Had learnt, I know not how, the secret snare,
Which gave her up, that evening, to his care.
Some babbler, may-be, of old Guido's court,
Or foolish friend had told him, half in sport:
But to his heart the fatal flattery went;
And grave he grew, and inwardly intent,
And ran back, in his mind, with sudden spring,
Look, gesture, smile, speech, silence, every thing,
Even what before had seemed indifference,
And read them over in another sense.
Then would he blush with sudden self-disdain,
To think how fanciful he was, and vain;
And with half angry, half regretful sigh,
Tossing his chin, and feigning a free eye,
Breathe off, as 'twere, the idle tale, and look
About him for his falcon or his book,
Scorning that ever he should entertain
One thought that in the end might give his brother pain.

This start however came so often round,—
So often fell he in deep thought, and found
Occasion to renew his carelessness,
Yet every time the power grown less and less,
That by degrees, half wearied, half inclined,
To the sweet struggling image he resigned;
And merely, as he thought, to make the best
Of what by force would come about his breast,
Began to bend down his admiring eyes
On all her touching looks and qualities,
Turning their shapely sweetness every way,
Till 'twas his food and habit day by day,
And she became companion of his thought;
Silence her gentleness before him brought,
Society her sense, reading her books,
Music her voice, every sweet thing her looks,
Which sometimes seemed, when he sat fixed awhile,
To steal beneath his eyes with upward smile:
And did he stroll into some lonely place,
Under the trees, upon the thick soft grass,
How charming, would he think, to see her here!
How heightened then, and perfect would appear

The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot!

Thus daily went he on, gathering sweet pain
About his fancy, till it thrilled again;
And if his brother's image, less and less,
Startled him up from his new idleness,
'Twas not,—he fancied,—that he reasoned worse,
Or felt less scorn of wrong, but the reverse.
That one should think of injuring another,
Or trenching on his peace,—this too a brother,—
And all from selfishness and pure weak will,
To him seemed marvellous and impossible.
'Tis true, thought he, one being more there was,
Who might meantime have weary hours to pass,—
One weaker too to bear them,—and for whom?—
No matter;—he could not reverse her doom;
And so he sighed and smiled, as if one thought
Of paltering could suppose that *he* was to be caught.

Yet if she loved him, common gratitude,
If not, a sense of what was fair and good,
Besides his new relationship and right,
Would make him wish to please her all he might;
And as to thinking,—where could be the harm,
If to his heart he kept its secret charm?
He wished not to himself another's blessing,
But then he might console for not possessing;
And glorious things there were, which but to see
And not admire, was mere stupidity:
He might as well object to his own eyes
For loving to behold the fields and skies,
His neighbour's grove, or story-painted hall;
'Twas but the taste for what was natural;
Only his fav'rite thought was loveliest of them all.
Concluding thus, and happier that he knew
His ground so well, near and more near he drew;
And, sanctioned by his brother's manner, spent
Hours by her side as happy as well-meant.
He read with her, he rode, he went a hawking,
He spent still evenings in delightful talking,
While she sat busy at her broidery frame;
Or touched the lute with her, and when they came
To some fine part, prepared her for the pleasure,
And then with double smile stole on the measure.

Then at the tournament,—who there but she
Made him more gallant still than formerly,
Couch o'er his tightened lance with double force,
Pass like the wind, sweeping down man and horse,

And franklier then than ever, midst the shout
And dancing trumpets ride, uncovered, round about?
His brother only, more than hitherto,
He would avoid, or sooner let subdue,
Partly from something strange unfelt before,
Partly because Giovanni sometimes wore
A knot his bride had worked him, green and gold;—
For in all things with nature did she hold;
And while 'twas being worked, her fancy was
Of sunbeams mingling with a tuft of grass.

Francesca from herself but ill could hide
What pleasure now was added to her side,—
How placidly, yet fast, the days succeeded
With one who thought and felt so much as she did,—
And how the chair he sat in, and the room,
Began to look, when he had failed to come.
But as she better knew the cause than he,
She seemed to have the more necessity
For struggling hard, and rousing all her pride;
And so she did at first; she even tried
To feel a sort of anger at his care;
But these extremes brought but a kind despair;
And then she only spoke more sweetly to him,
And found her failing eyes give looks that melted through him.

Giovanni too, who felt relieved indeed
To see another to his place succeed,
Or rather filling up some trifling hours,
Better spent elsewhere, and beneath his powers,
Left the new tie to strengthen day by day,
Talked less and less, and longer kept away,
Secure in his self-love and sense of right,
That he was welcome most, come when he might.
And doubtless, they, in their still finer sense,
With added care repaid this confidence,
Turning their thoughts from his abuse of it,
To what on their own parts was graceful and was fit.

And now, ye gentle pair,—now think awhile,
Now, while ye still can think, and still can smile;
Now, while your generous hearts have not been grieved
Perhaps with something not to be retrieved,
And ye have still, within, the power of gladness,
From self-resentment free, and retrospective madness!

So did they think;—but partly from delay
Partly from fancied ignorance of the way,
And most from feeling the bare contemplation
Give them fresh need of mutual consolation,

They scarcely tried to see each other less,
And did but meet with deeper tenderness,
Living, from day to day, as they were used,
Only with graver thoughts, and smiles reduced,
And sighs more frequent, which, when one would heave,
The other longed to start up and receive.
For whether some suspicion now had crossed
Giovanni's mind, or whether he had lost
More of his temper lately, he would treat
His wife with petty scorns, and starts of heat,
And, to his own omissions proudly blind,
O'erlook the pains she took to make him kind,
And yet be angry, if he thought them less;
He found reproaches in her meek distress,
Forcing her silent tears, and then resenting,
Then almost angrier grown from half repenting,
And, hinting at the last, that some there were
Better perhaps than he, and tastefuller,
And these, for what he knew,—he little cared,—
Might please her, and be pleased, though he despaired.
Then would he quit the room, and half disdain
Himself for being in so harsh a strain,
And venting thus his temper on a woman;
Yet not the more for that changed he in common,
Or took more pains to please her, and be near:—
What! should he truckle to a woman's tear?

At times like these the princess tried to shun
The face of Paulo as too kind a one;
And shutting up her tears with resolute sigh,
Would walk into the air, and see the sky,
And feel about her all the garden green,
And hear the birds that shot the covert boughs between.

A noble range it was, of many a rood,
Walled round with trees, and ending in a wood:
Indeed the whole was leafy; and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,

385 it *om. 1816–19.*

With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between
Of citron, honeysuckle and jessamine,
With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they'd shade a golden fruit;
And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade
Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
Which through the darksome tops glimmered with showering light.
So now you walked beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;
And now turned off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;
And then perhaps you entered upon shades,
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
Through which the distant palace, now and then,
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;
A land of trees, which reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through.
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats;
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, halfway,
And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay,
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:—
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,
The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees;
From under which, sent through a marble spout,
Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gushed out,
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade:
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers
Heaped towards the centre, and with citron bowers;

And in the midst of all, clustered about
With bay and myrtle, and just gleaming out,
Lurked a pavilion,—a delicious sight,
Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white,
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—
And a young orange either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward, and square,
The rest was domed at top, and circular;
And through the dome the only light came in,
Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,
Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still;
By most supposed the work of fairy hands,
Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands,—
Alcina, or Morgana,—who from fights
And errant fame inveigled amorous knights,
And lived with them in a long round of blisses,
Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.
But 'twas a temple, as its sculpture told,
Built to the Nymphs that haunted there of old;
For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverent eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet:
And on a line with this ran round about
A like relief, touched exquisitely out,
That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves;
Some by the water side on bowery shelves
Leaning at will,—some in the water sporting
With sides half swelling forth, and looks of courting,—
Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain
Play on his pipe, till the hills ring again,—
Some tying up their long moist hair,—some sleeping
Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peeping,—
Or, sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see
The latter in the brakes come creepingly,
While their forgotten urns, lying about
In the green herbage, let the water out.
Never, be sure, before or since was seen
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

All the green garden, flower-bed, shade, and plot,
Francesca loved, but most of all this spot.
Whenever she walked forth, wherever went
About the grounds, to this at last she bent:
Here she had brought a lute and a few books;
Here would she lie for hours, with grateful looks,
Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves,
The summer rain-drops counting from the eaves,

467 reverend *1816–19.*

And all that promising, calm smile we see
In nature's face, when we look patiently.
Then would she think of heaven; and you might hear
Sometimes, when every thing was hushed and clear,
Her gentle voice from out those shades emerging,
Singing the evening anthem to the Virgin.
The gardeners and the rest, who served the place,
And blest whenever they beheld her face,
Knelt when they heard it, bowing and uncovered,
And felt as if in air some sainted beauty hovered.

One day,—'twas on a summer afternoon,
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
And shades have heavy outlines in the sun,—
The princess came to her accustomed bower
To get her, if she could, a soothing hour,
Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares
Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs,
And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light
The vines let in, and all that hushing sight
Of closing wood seen through the opening door.
And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er,
And smell of citron blooms, and fifty luxuries more.

She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake,
For even that diminished her heart-ache;
And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease,
Came she for nothing 'midst the flowers and trees.
Yet somehow or another, on that day,
She seemed to feel too lightly borne away,—
Too much relieved,—too much inclined to draw
A careless joy from every thing she saw,
And looking round her with a new-born eye,
As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,
To taste of nature, primitive and free,
And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.

Painfully clear those rising thoughts appeared,
With something dark at bottom that she feared;
And snatching from the fields her thoughtful look,
She reached o'er-head, and took her down a book,
And fell to reading with as fixed an air,
As though she had been wrapt since morning there.

'Twas Launcelot of the Lake, a bright romance,
That like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,
Yet had a softer note that shook still more;—
She had begun it but the day before,
And read with a full heart, half sweet, half sad,
How old King Ban was spoiled of all he had

But one fair castle: how one summer's day
With his fair queen and child he went away
To ask the great King Arthur for assistance;
How reaching by himself a hill at distance
He turned to give his castle a last look,
And saw its far white face: and how a smoke,
As he was looking, burst in volumes forth,
And good King Ban saw all that he was worth,
And his fair castle, burning to the ground,
So that his wearied pulse felt over-wound,
And he lay down, and said a prayer apart
For those he loved, and broke his poor old heart.
Then read she of the queen with her young child,
How she came up, and nearly had gone wild,
And how in journeying on in her despair,
She reached a lake and met a lady there,
Who pities her, and took the baby sweet
Into her arms, when lo, with closing feet
She sprang up all at once, like bird from brake,
And vanished with him underneath the lake.
The mother's feelings we as well may pass:—
The fairy of the place that lady was,
And Launcelot (so the boy was called) became
Her inmate, till in search of knightly fame
He went to Arthur's court, and played his part
So rarely, and displayed so frank a heart,
That what with all his charms of look and limb,
The Queen Geneura fell in love with him:—
And here, with growing interest in her reading,
The princess, doubly fixed, was now proceeding.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,
The other propping her white brow, and throwing
Its ringlets out, under the skylight glowing.
So sat she fixed; and so observed was she
Of one, who at the door stood tenderly,—
Paulo,—who from a window seeing her
Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where,
Had thought she was in tears, and found, that day,
His usual efforts vain to keep away.
'May I come in?' said he:—it made her start,—
That smiling voice;—she coloured, pressed her heart
A moment, as for breath, and then with free
And usual tone said, 'O yes,—certainly.'
There 's apt to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,
An air of something quite serene and sure,
As if to seem so, was to be, secure:
With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,
With this they sat down to the self-same book,

And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Leaned with a touch together, thrillingly;
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart
Their colour change, they came upon the part
Where fond Geneura, with her flame long nurst,
Smiled upon Launcelot when he kissed her first:—
That touch, at last, through every fibre slid;
And Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did,
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,
And kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.
Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss:
Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is.
The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy.—That day they read no more.

CANTO IV

How the Bride returned to Ravenna

It has surprised me often, as I write,
That I, who have of late known small delight,
Should thus pursue a mournful theme, and make
My very solace of distress partake.
And I have longed sometimes, I must confess,
To start at once from notes of wretchedness,
And in a key would make you rise and dance,
Strike up a blithe defiance to mischance.
But work begun, an interest in it, shame
At turning coward to the thoughts I frame,
Necessity to keep firm face on sorrow,
Some flattering, sweet-lipped question every morrow,
And above all, the poet's task divine
Of making tears themselves look up and shine,
And turning to a charm the sorrow past,
Have held me on, and shall do to the last.

Sorrow, to him who has a true touched ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere,
A lurking contrast, which though harsh it be,
Distils the next note more deliciously.
E'en tales like this, founded on real woe,
From bitter seed to balmy fruitage grow:
The woe was earthly, fugitive, is past;
The song that sweetens it, may always last.
And even they, whose shattered hearts and frames
Make them unhappiest of poetic names,

What are they, if they know their calling high,
But crushed perfumes, exhaling to the sky?
Or weeping clouds, that but a while are seen,
Yet keep the earth they haste to, bright and green?

Once, and but once,—nor with a scornful face
Tried worth will hear,—that scene again took place.
Partly by chance they met, partly to see
The spot where they had last gone smilingly,
But most, from failure of all self-support;—
And oh! the meeting in that loved resort!
No peevishness there was, no loud distress,
No mean, recriminating selfishness;
But a mute gush of hiding tears from one
Clasped to the core of him, who yet shed none,—
And self-accusings then, which he began,
And into which her tearful sweetness ran;
And then kind looks, with meeting eyes again,
Starting to deprecate the other's pain;
Till half persuasions they could scarce do wrong,
And sudden sense of wretchedness, more strong,
And—why should I add more?—again they parted,
He doubly torn for her, and she nigh broken-hearted.

She never ventured in that spot again;
And Paulo knew it, but could not refrain;
He went again one day; and how it looked!
The calm, old shade!—his presence felt rebuked.
It seemed, as if the hopes of his young heart,
His kindness, and his generous scorn of art,
Had all been a mere dream, or at the best
A vain negation, that could stand no test;
And that on waking from his idle fit,
He found himself (how could he think of it!)
A selfish boaster, and a hypocrite.

That thought before had grieved him; but the pain
Cut sharp and sudden, now it came again.
Sick thoughts of late had made his body sick,
And this, in turn, to them grown strangely quick;
And pale he stood, and seemed to burst all o'er
Into moist anguish never felt before,
And with a dreadful certainty to know,
His peace was gone, and all to come was woe.
Francesca too,—the being, made to bless,—
Destined by him to the same wretchedness,—
It seemed as if such whelming thoughts must find
Some props for them, or he should lose his mind.—
And find he did, not what the worse disease
Of want of charity calls sophistries,—

Nor what can cure a generous heart of pain,—
But humble guesses, helping to sustain.
He thought, with quick philosophy, of things
Rarely found out except through sufferings,—
Of habit, circumstance, design, degree,
Merit, and will, and thoughtful charity:
And these, although they pushed down, as they rose,
His self-respect, and all those morning shews
Of true and perfect, which his youth had built,
Pushed with them too the worst of others' guilt;
And furnished him, at least, with something kind,
On which to lean a sad and startled mind:
Till youth, and natural vigour, and the dread
Of self-betrayal, and a thought that spread
From time to time in gladness o'er his face,
That she he loved could have done nothing base,
Helped to restore him to his usual life,
Though grave at heart and with himself at strife;
And he would rise betimes, day after day,
And mount his favourite horse, and ride away
Miles in the country, looking round about,
As he glode by, to force his thoughts without;
And, when he found it vain, would pierce the shade
Of some enwooded field or closer glade,
And there dismounting, idly sit, and sigh,
Or pluck the grass beside him with vague eye,
And almost envy the poor beast, that went
Cropping it, here and there, with dumb content.
But thus, at least, he exercised his blood,
And kept it livelier than inaction could;
And thus he earned for his thought-working head
The power of sleeping when he went to bed,
And was enabled still to wear away
That task of loaded hearts, another day.

But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit, and think, and weep,
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came,
When worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.

And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,

Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;
Till patience self, in her distempered sight,
Would seem a charm to which she had no right,
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.
Old comforts now were not at her command:
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night;
The least noise smote her like a sudden wound;
And did she hear but the remotest sound
Of song or instrument about the place,
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
The sight of infant was, or child at play;
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray,
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away.

I pass the meetings Paulo had with her:—
Calm were they in their outward character,
Or pallid efforts, rather, to suppress
The pangs within, that either's might be less;
And ended mostly with a passionate start
Of tears and kindness, when they came to part.
Thinner he grew, she thought, and pale with care;
'And I, 'twas I, that dashed his noble air!'
He saw her wasting, yet with placid shew;
And scarce could help exclaiming in his woe,
'O gentle creature, look not at me so!'

But Prince Giovanni, whom her wan distress
Had touched, of late, with a new tenderness,
Which to his fresh surprise did but appear
To wound her more than when he was severe,
Began, with other helps perhaps, to see
Strange things, and missed his brother's company.
What a convulsion was the first sensation!
Rage, wonder, misery, scorn, humiliation,
A self-love, struck as with a personal blow,
Gloomy revenge, a prospect full of woe,
All rushed upon him, like the sudden view
Of some new world, foreign to all he knew,
Where he had waked and found disease's visions true.
If any lingering hope that he was wrong,
Smoothed o'er him now and then, 'twas not so long.
Next night, as sullenly awake he lay,
Considering what to do the approaching day,

He heard his wife say something in her sleep :—
He shook and listened ;—she began to weep,
And moaning loudlier, seemed to shake her head,
Till all at once articulate, she said,
'He loves his brother yet—dear heaven, 'twas I—'
Then lower voiced—'only—*do* let me die.'

The prince looked at her hastily ;—no more ;
He dresses, takes his sword, and through the door
Goes, like a spirit, in the morning air ;—
His squire awaked attends ; and they repair,
Silent as wonder, to his brother's room :—
His squire calls him up too ; and forth they come.
The brothers meet,—Giovanni scarce in breath,
Yet firm and fierce, Paulo as pale as death.
'May I request, sir,' said the prince, and frowned,
'Your ear a moment in the tilting ground ?'
'*There*, brother ?' answered Paulo, with an air
Surprised and shocked. 'Yes, *brother*,' cried he, 'there.'
The word smote crushingly ; and paler still,
He bowed, and moved his lips, as waiting on his will.

Giovanni turned, and from the tower descending,
The squires, with looks of sad surprise, attending,
They issued forth in the moist-striking air,
And toward the tilt-yard crossed a planted square.
'Twas a fresh autumn dawn, vigorous and chill ;
The lightsome morning star was sparkling still,
Ere it turned in to heaven ; and far away
Appeared the streaky fingers of the day.
An opening in the trees took Paulo's eye,
As, with his brother, mutely he went by :
It was a glimpse of the tall wooded mound,
That screened Francesca's favourite spot of ground :
Massy and dark in the clear twilight stood,
As in a lingering sleep, the solemn wood ;
And through the bowering arch, which led inside,
He almost fancied once, that he descried
A marble gleam, where the pavilion lay ;—
Starting he turned, and looked another way.

Arrived, and the two squires withdrawn apart,
The prince spoke low, as with a labouring heart,
And said, 'Before you answer what you can,
'I wish to tell you, as a gentleman,
'That what you may confess,' (and as he spoke
His voice with breathless and pale passion broke)
'Will implicate no person known to you,
More than disquiet in its sleep may do.'
Paulo's heart bled ; he waved his hand, and bent
His head a little in acknowledgement.

'Say then, sir, if you can,' continued he,
'One word will do—you have not injured me:
Tell me but so, and I shall bear the pain
Of having asked a question I disdain;—
But utter nothing, if not that one word;
And meet me this:'—he stopped, and drew his sword.
Paulo seemed firmer grown from his despair;
He drew a little back; and with the air
Of one who would do well, not from a right
To be well thought of, but in guilt's despite,
'I am,' said he, 'I know,—'twas not so ever—
But fight for it! and with a brother! Never.'
'How!' with uplifted voice, exclaimed the other;
'The vile pretence! who asked you—with a *brother*?
Brother! O traitor to the noble name
Of Malatesta, I deny the claim.
What! wound it deepest? strike me to the core,
Me, and the hopes which I can have no more,
And then, as never Malatesta could,
Shrink from the letting a few drops of blood?'

'It is not so,' cried Paulo, ''tis not so;
But I would save you from a further woe.'

'A further woe, recreant,' retorted he:
'I know of none: yes, one there still may be:
Save me the woe, save me the dire disgrace
Of seeing one of an illustrious race
Bearing about a heart, which feared no law,
And a vile sword, which yet he dare not draw.'

'Brother, dear brother!' Paulo cried, 'nay, nay,
I'll use the word no more;—but *peace*, I pray!
You trample on a soul, sunk at your feet!'
''Tis false;' exclaimed the prince; ''tis a retreat
To which you fly, when manly wrongs pursue,
And fear the grave you bring a woman to.'

A sudden start, yet not of pride or pain,
Paulo here gave; he seemed to rise again;
And taking off his cap without a word,
He drew, and kissed the crossed hilt of his sword,
Looking to heaven;—then with a steady brow,
Mild, yet not feeble, said, 'I'm ready now.'

'A noble word!' exclaimed the prince, and smote
Preparingly on earth his firming foot:—
The squires rushed in between, in their despair,
But both the princes told them to beware.

'Back, Gerard,' cried Giovanni; 'I require
No teacher here, but an observant squire.'

'Back, Tristan,' Paulo cried; 'fear not for me;
All is not worst that so appears to thee.
And here,' said he, 'a word.' The poor youth came,
Starting in sweeter tears to hear his name.
A whisper, and a charge there seemed to be,
Given to him kindly yet inflexibly:
Both squires then drew apart again, and stood
Mournfully both, each in his several mood,—
The one half sullen at these dreadful freaks,
The other with the tears streaming down both his cheeks.

The prince attacked with all his might and main,
Nor seemed the other slow to strike again;
Yet as the fight grew warm, 'twas evident,
One fought to wound, the other to prevent:
Giovanni pressed, and pushed, and shifted aim,
And played his weapon like a tongue of flame;
Paulo retired, and warded, turned on heel,
And led him, step by step, round like a wheel.
Sometimes indeed he feigned an angrier start,
But still relapsed, and played his former part.
'What!' cried Giovanni, who grew still more fierce,
'Fighting in sport? Playing your cart and tierce?'
'Not so, my prince,' said Paulo; 'have a care
How you think so, or I shall wound you there.'
He stamped, and watching as he spoke the word,
Drove, with his breast, full on his brother's sword.
'Twas done. He staggered, and in falling prest
Giovanni's foot with his right hand and breast:
Then on his elbow turned, and raising t'other,
He smiled, and said, 'No fault of yours, my brother;
An accident—a slip—the finishing one
To errors by that poor old man begun.
You'll not—you'll not'—his heart leaped on before,
And choked his utterance; but he smiled once more,
For, as his hand grew lax, he felt it prest;—
And so, his dim eyes sliding into rest,
He turned him round, and dropt with hiding head,
And, in that loosening drop, his spirit fled.

But noble passion touched Giovanni's soul;
He seemed to feel the clouds of habit roll
Away from him at once, with all their scorning;
And out he spoke in the clear air of morning:—
'By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part
Of us poor creatures with a human heart,
I trust we reap at last, as well as plough;—
But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou;
And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight,
That ever rode with banner to the fight;

And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
That ever came in press of chivalry;
And of a sinful man, thou wert the best,
That ever for his friend put spear in rest;
And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
That ever among ladies eat in hall;
And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,
The kindest man, that ever struck with sword.'

At this the words forsook his tongue; and he,
Who scarcely had shed tears since infancy,
Felt his stern visage thrill, and meekly bowed
His head, and for his brother wept aloud.
The squires with glimmering tears,—Tristan, indeed,
Heart-struck, and hardly able to proceed,—
Double their scarfs about the fatal wound,
And raise the body up to quit the ground.
Giovanni starts; and motioning to take
The way they came, follows his brother back,
And having seen him laid upon the bed,
No further look he gave him, nor tear shed,
But went away, such as he used to be,
With looks of stately will, and calm austerity.

Tristan, who, when he was to make the best
Of something sad and not to be redressed,
Could shew a heart as firm as it was kind,
Now locked his tears up, and seemed all resigned,
And to Francesca's chamber took his way,
To tell her what his master bade him say.
He found her ladies up and down the stairs
Moving with noiseless caution, and in tears,
And that the sad news had before him got,
Though she herself, it seemed, yet knew it not.
The door, as tenderly as miser's purse,
Was opened to him by her aged nurse,
Who shaking her old head, and pressing close
Her withered lips to keep the tears that rose,
Made signs she guessed what 'twas he came about,
And so his arm squeezed gently, and went out.

The princess, who had passed a fearful night,
Toiling with dreams,—fright crowding upon fright,
Had missed her husband at that early hour,
And when she tried to rise, found she'd no power.
Yet as her body seemed to go, her mind
Felt, though in anguish still, strangely resigned;
And moving not, nor weeping, mute she lay,
Wasting in patient gravity away.
The nurse sometime before with gentle creep
Had drawn the curtains, hoping she might sleep:

But suddenly she asked, though not with fear,
'Brangin, what bustle 's that I seem to hear?'
And the poor creature, who the news had heard,
Pretending to be busy, had just stirred
Something about the room, and answered not a word.

'Who 's there?' said that sweet voice, kindly and clear,
Which in its stronger days was joy to hear:—
Its weakness now almost deprived the squire
Of his new firmness, but approaching nigher,
'Madam,' said he, ''tis I; one who may say,
He loves his friends more than himself to-day;—
Tristan.'—She paused a little, and then said—
'Tristan—my friend, what noise thus haunts my head?
Something I'm sure has happened—tell me what—
I can bear all, though you may fancy not.'
'Madam,' replied the squire, 'you are, I know,
All sweetness—pardon me for saying so.
My master bade me say then,' resumed he,
'That he spoke firmly, when he told it me,—
That I was also, madam, to your ear
Firmly to speak, and you firmly to hear,—
That he was forced this day, whether or no,
To combat with the prince; and that although
His noble brother was no fratricide,
Yet in that fight, and on his sword,—he died.'

'I understand,' with firmness answered she;
More low in voice, but still composedly.
'Now, Tristan—faithful friend—leave me; and take
This trifle here, and keep it for my sake.'
So saying, from the curtains she put forth
Her thin white hand, that wore a ring of worth;
And he, with tears no longer to be kept
From quenching his heart's thirst, silently wept,
And kneeling took the ring, and touched her hand
To either streaming eye, with homage bland,
And looking on it once, gently up started,
And, in his reverent stillness, so departed.

Her favourite lady then with the old nurse
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin!
There lay she praying, upwardly intent,
Like a fair statue on a monument,
With her two trembling hands together prest,
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—

Then suddenly be still. Near and more near
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear;—
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death.

I pass the grief that struck to every face,
And the mute anguish all about that place,
In which the silent people, here and there,
Went soft, as if she still could feel their care.
The gentle-tempered for a while forgot
Their own distress, or wept the common lot:
The warmer, apter now to take offence,
Yet hushed as they rebuked, and wondered whence
Others at such a time could get their want of sense.

Fain would I haste indeed to finish all;
And so at once I reach the funeral.
Private 'twas fancied it must be, though some
Thought that her sire, the poor old duke, would come
And some were wondering in their pity, whether
The lovers might not have one grave together.
Next day, however, from the palace gate
A blast of trumpets blew, like voice of fate;
And all in sable clad, forth came again
Of knights and squires the former sprightly train;
Gerard was next, and then a rank of friars;
And then, with heralds on each side, two squires,
The one of whom upon a cushion bore
The coroneted helm Prince Paulo wore,
His shield the other;—then there was a space,
And in the middle, with a doubtful pace,
His horse succeeded, plumed and trapped in black,
Bearing the sword and banner on his back:
The noble creature, as in state he trod,
Appeared as if he missed his princely load;
And with back-rolling eye and lingering pride,
To hope his master still might come to ride.
Then Tristan, heedless of what passed around,
Rode by himself, with eyes upon the ground.
Then heralds in a row: and last of all
Appeared a hearse, hung with an ermined pall,
And bearing on its top, together set,
A prince's and princess's coronet.
Mutely they issued forth, black, slow, dejected,
Nor stopped within the walls, as most expected;
But passed the gates—the bridge—the last abode,—
And towards Ravenna held their silent road.
The prince, it seems, struck since his brother's death,
With what he hinted with his dying breath,

409 and *om. 1819.*

And told by others now of all they knew,
Had instantly determined what to do;
And from a mingled feeling, which he strove
To hide no longer from his taught self-love,
Of sorrow, shame, resentment, and a sense
Of justice owing to that first offence,
Had, on the day preceding, written word
To the old duke of all that had occurred.
'And though I shall not,' (so concluded he)
'Otherwise touch thine age's misery,
Yet as I would that both one grave should hide,
Which can, and must not be, where I reside,
'Tis fit, though all have something to deplore,
That he, who joined them once, should keep to part no more.'
The wretched father, who, when he had read
This letter, felt it wither his grey head,
And ever since had paced his room about,
Trembling, and at the windows looking out,
Had given such orders, as he well could frame,
To meet devoutly whatsoever came;
And as the news immediately took flight,
Few in Ravenna went to sleep that night,
But talked the business over, and reviewed
All that they knew of her, the fair and good;
And so with wondering sorrow the next day
Waited till they should see that sad array.

The days were then at close of autumn,—still,
A little rainy, and towards night-fall chill;
There was a fitful, moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horseman, or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper hour; and then, 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said, that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still nothing came,—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.

But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching, slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day,
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he,—she first of womankind.

They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night, those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave, under a tree.
There side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground:—and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

HERO AND LEANDER

[First published in 1819; reprinted in shortened form 1832–60. Text 1819.]

The hour of worship 's over; and the flute
And choral voices of the girls are mute;
And by degrees the people have departed
Homeward, with gentle step, and quiet-hearted;
The jealous easy, the desponding healed;
The timid, hopeful of their love concealed;
The sprightlier maiden, sure of nuptial joys;
And mothers, grateful for their rosy boys.

All, all is still about the odorous grove,
That wraps the temple of the Queen of Love,
All but the sparrows twittering from the eaves,
And inward voice of doves among the leaves,
And the cool, hiding noise of brooks in bowers,
And bees, that dart in bosoms of the flowers,
And now and then, a breath-increasing breeze
That comes amidst a world of tumbling trees,
And makes them pant, and shift against the light,
About the marble roof, solid and sunny bright.

Only some stragglers loiter round the place
To catch a glimpse of Hero's heavenly face,—
Hero, the loveliest of a lovely train,
That did the gentle service of the fane.
And now and then, there comes upon their ears
A slender step; and some sweet girl appears,

For lines 1–41, 1832–60 substitute 37 lines, for which see notes at end of book.

Some sister priestess with a rosy crown,
Who hastens by, with eyes half looking down,
Carrying a golden torch, or ivory casket,
Or, on her head, doves in a milk-white basket.

But Hero comes not as she used to do;
They watch, and watch, and keep the door in view;
Till almost all, hopeless of further stay,
One after one, drop silently away.
At last she comes; yet scarcely has stepped out,
And cast, with a quick blush, her eyes about,
Than turning back, she leaves them in fresh pain:
Not long however,—for she comes again,
Bringing a golden torch;—and so with pace
A little slackened, and still rosier face,
Passes their looks; and turning by a bower,
Hastens to hide her in her lonely tower.

The tower o'erlooks the sea; and there she sits
Grave with glad thoughts, and watching it by fits;
For o'er that sea, and by that torch's light,
Her love Leander is to come at night;
To come, not sailing, nor with help of oar,
But with his own warm heart and arms—no more—
A naked bridegroom, bound from shore to shore.

And yet 'twas he that in the porch but now,
Had held her, and had kissed, she scarce knew how;
And after months of mutual admiration
Felt more than told, and glancing inclination,
(For he was but an ardent youth, and she
Of a severe and wealthier family,)
Had made her say, or rather look, in spite
Of what she said, that he might come that night,
And take her for his bride, and plight his truth
By Venus, and the waves, and uncorrupted youth.

So there she sat; and looking vaguely through
The arching trees that at her window grew,
Started a moment, as across the sea
She saw his bark go homeward airily.
But 'twas her wish that he should not remain
Waiting, till night, concealed about the fane;

43 and . . . light] drawn to her with delight, *1832–60.* 45 nor] or *1832-60.*
For ll. 48–67, *edd. 1832–60 substitute seven lines:*

A priestess Hero is, an orphan dove,
Lodged in that turret of the Queen of Love;
A youth Leander, borne [born *1832*] across the strait,
Whose wealthy kin deny him his sweet mate,
Beset with spies, and dogged with daily spite;
But he has made high compact with delight,
And found a wondrous passage through the weltering night.

And he himself, however loth to go,
Preferred returning for an hour or so,
To hinder friends from wondering with each other,
And above all, to comfort a kind mother.
So she sat fixed, thinking, and thinking on;
And wished, and yet did not, the time were gone;
And started then, and blushed, and then was fain
To try some work, and then sat down again;
And lost to the green trees with their sweet singers,
Tapped on the casement's ledge with idle fingers.

Hesper meanwhile, the star with amorous eye,
Shot his fine sparkle from the deep blue sky.
A depth of night succeeded, dark, but clear,
Such as presents the hollow starry sphere
Like a high gulf to heaven; and all above
Seems waking to a fervid work of love.
A nightingale, in transport, seemed to fling
His warble out, and then sit listening:
And ever and anon, amidst the flush
Of the thick leaves, there ran a breezy gush;
And then, from dewy myrtles lately bloomed,
An odour small, in at the window, fumed.

At last, with twinkle o'er a distant tower,
A star appeared that was to show the hour.
The virgin saw; and going to a room
Which held an altar burning with perfume,
Cut off a lock of her dark solid hair,
And laid it, with a little whispered prayer,
Before a statue, that of marble bright
Sat smiling downwards o'er the rosy light.
Then at the flame the torch of gold she lit,
And o'er her head anxiously holding it,
Ascended to the roof; and leaning there,
Lifted its light into the darksome air.

The boy beheld—beheld it from the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, in swimming, more triumphantly.

He had not long left home; but at the shore
He made no stay; his eye but just ran o'er
The hills behind; and stripping him, he laid
His clothes within a nook some holm-trees made,

For ll. 68–71, *edd. 1832–60 substitute:*

So sat she fixed all day, or now was fain
To rise and move, then sighs, then sits again;
Then tries some work, forgets it, and thinks on
Wishing with perfect love the time were gone,

73 Tapped] Taps *1832–60.* *Between ll. 73 and 74, 1832–60 insert 20 lines, for which see notes at end of book.* 94 the . . . gold] a torch of pine *1832–60.* 101–6 *om. in edd. 1832–60*

And o'er the pebbles, in his naked pride,
Trampling the surf, rushed down into the tide.

Smooth was the sea that night, the lover strong,
And in the springy waves he danced along.
He rose, he dipped his breast, he aimed, he cut
With his clear arms, and from before him put
The parting waves, and in and out the air
His shoulders felt, and trailed his washing hair;
But when he saw the torch, oh, how he sprung,
And thrust his feet against the waves, and flung
The foam behind, as though he scorned the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, and panted, most triumphantly!

Arrived at last on shallow ground, he saw
The flaring light, as if in haste, withdraw:
Again it issued just above the door
With a white hand, and vanished as before.
Then rising, with a sudden-ceasing sound
Of wateriness, he stood on the firm ground,
And treading up a little slippery bank,
With jutting myrtles mixed, and verdure dank,
Came to a door ajar,—all hushed, all blind
With darkness; yet he guessed who stood behind;
And entering with a turn, the breathless youth
Slid round a gentle cheek, and kissed a warm kind mouth.

So lingered they awhile; then silent still
Went up the stairs; when she, with gentle thrill,
A little bashful, yet ashamed to be,
Performed the rites of hospitality.
His glazy limbs she dried, and dripping locks,
And emptied rosy essence from a box;
And so restored him to himself again
From the faint toil and rankness of the main.
Then, on the genial couch, she took his head,
And laid her bosom to his cheek, and said,—
'Leander, I do love you; you can take
So brave a journey for a lady's sake;
And you are kind and good,—so that to meet
Your very aspect and your mind is sweet;
And I could be content (and here she blushed)
That you should lie to-night, embraced and hushed,
And take your rest after the toilsome sea;
Your love alone is such a wealth to me.'

But looking up with glad yet reverent eyes,
He breathed away the gentle self-disguise;

119 flaring] stooping *1832–60.* 128 youth] boy *1832–60.*
129 A breathless welcome finds, and words that die for joy. *1832–60.*
130–55 *om. in edd. 1832–60.*

And folding her, with doubled wish to bless,
Strained to his heart the cordial shapeliness.
Pleasure be with them, and affectionate sleep!
I say no more; for foolish men still keep
Their vice-creating ways, and still are blindest
To what is happiest, loveliest, best, and kindest.

Thus passed the summer shadows in delight:
Leander came as surely as the night,
And when the morning woke upon the sea,
It saw him not, for back at home was he.
Sometimes, when it blew fresh, the struggling flare
Seemed out; but then he knew his Hero's care,
And that she only walled it with her cloak;
Brighter again from out the dark it broke.
Sometimes the night was almost clear as day,
Wanting no torch; and then, with easy play,
He dipped along beneath the silver moon,
Placidly hearkening to the water's tune.
The people round the country, who from far
Used to behold the torch, thought it a star,
Set there perhaps by Venus as a wonder,
To mark the favourite maiden who slept under.
Therefore they trod about the grounds by day
Gently; and fishermen at night, they say,
With reverence kept aloof, cutting their silent way.

But whether we are things too weak to be
Long happy, beyond mere placidity;
Or whether we must taste bitterness here,
To exalt our relish for a perfect sphere;
Or whether there are joys, which when the gods
See plucked, as 'twere, from out their own abodes,
They say, 'Those mortals have discerned a prize,
Which they must come up here to realize;'
Or lastly, whether like distempered men,
Who want their cure from nature's breast again,
We talk of griefs and follies, yet lay claim
To praise for both, and call it a good name,
Hugging our thorns, and taking reverend measures
To cut short all offenders who get pleasures,
I know not; but if one true joy there spring,
The world must have its speedy poisoning,—
Must interfere, some way, to make it hard
Of getting, or to blast it when not barred;
And thus it is, that happiest linked loves
Glance and are gone sometimes, like passing doves;
Or like two dancers gliding from a green;
Or two sky-streaks, filling with clouds between,

155 *Here, after a white line, follows what in edd. 1832–60 is Canto II.*
169 torch] light *1832–60.* 175–200 *om. in edd. 1832–60.*

All we can hope is, that so sweet a smile
Goes somewhere to continue ; and meanwhile,
Hopes, joys, and sorrows link our days together,
Like spring, and summer-time, and wintery weather.

For autumn now was over ; and the crane
Began to clang against the coming rain,
And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
Which at its best looked dark and slatily.
The gentle girl, before he went away,
Would look out sadly toward the cold-eyed day,
And often beg him not to come that night ;
But still he came, and still she blessed his sight ;
And so, from day to day, he came and went,
Till time had almost made her confident.

One evening, as she sat, twining sweet bay
And myrtle garlands for a holiday,
And watched at intervals the dreary sky,
In which the dim sun held a languid eye,
She thought with such a full and quiet sweetness
Of all Leander's love and his completeness,
All that he was, and said, and looked, and dared,
His form, his step, his noble head full-haired,
And how she loved him, as might other women,
And yet he earned her still with nightly swimming,—
That the sharp pleasure moved her like a grief,
And tears came dropping with their meek relief.

Meantime the sun had sunk ; the hilly mark,
Across the straits, mixed with the mightier dark,
And night came on. All noises by degrees
Were hushed,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All but the washing of the eternal seas.

Hero looked out, and trembling augured ill,
The darkness held its breath so very still.
But yet she hoped he might arrive before
The storm began, or not be far from shore ;
And crying, as she stretched forth in the air,
' Bless him ! ' she turned, and said a tearful prayer,
And mounted to the tower, and shook the torch's flare.

But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hailed the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure ;

201 For] But *1832–60.*
204 Which oft returned a face of enmity *1832–60.*
219 might other women] a thousand might *1832–60.*
220 with nightly swimming] thus night by night *1832–60.*

When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path;
Then started off; and driving round the sea,
Dashed up the panting waters roaringly.
The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted, like a god, the rearing tide.
But what? The torch gone out! So long too! See,
He thinks it comes! Ah, yes,—'tis she! 'tis she!
Again he springs; and though the winds arise
Fiercer and fiercer, swims with ardent eyes;
And always, though with ruffian waves dashed hard,
Turns thither with glad groan his stout regard;
And always, though his sense seems washed away,
Emerges, fighting tow'rds the cordial ray.

But driven about at last, and drenched the while,
The noble boy loses that inward smile.
For now, from one black atmosphere, the rain
Sweeps into stubborn mixture with the main;
And the brute wind, unmuffling all its roar,
Storms;—and the light, gone out, is seen no more.
Then dreadful thoughts of death, of waves heaped on him,
And friends, and parting daylight, rush upon him.
He thinks of prayers to Neptune and his daughters,
And Venus, Hero's queen, sprung from the waters;
And then of Hero only,—how she fares,
And what she'll feel, when the blank morn appears;
And at that thought he stiffens once again
His limbs, and pants, and strains, and climbs,—in vain.
Fierce draughts he swallows of the wilful wave,
His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
Spoke once her name, and yielding wearily,
Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, passed that dreadful night;
How she exclaimed, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times, and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turned round
Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not,—when from hour to hour
He came not,—though the storm had spent its power,
And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,

She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downwards, and round about,
She saw, at last,—she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and washed about, like a vile weed;
On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seized her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leaped, and joined her drowned love.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

[First published in 1819; the first fourteen lines were included in 1832, 1844 (Boston) as 'Ariadne Waking. A Fragment.' Not otherwise reprinted.]

The moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.
She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to keep
Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'

At length, not feeling the accustomed arm,
That from all sense of fancied want and harm
Used to enclose her, when she turned that way,
She stretched her hand to feel where Theseus lay,
Thinking to wake his mouth into a kiss;
At which he'd turn, and with those eyes of his
Ask pardon of his love for having lain amiss.

But how? Not there? She starts with a small cry,
And feels the empty space, and runs her eye
O'er all the bower, and stretches from the bed
One hasty foot, and listens with wild head.
No sight—no voice: she tries to smile, heart-sick,
And murmurs, 'Oh, 'tis but some hiding trick;
He sees me through the boughs:' and so she rose,
And, like a wood-nymph, through the glimmering goes,
And for a while delays to call his name,
Pretending she should spoil his amorous game;
But stops at last, her throat full-pulsed with fears,
And calls convulsively with bursting tears;
Then calls again; and then in the open air
Rushes, and fiercely calls. He is not *there*.

Suddenly of his bark she thinks, that lay
On t'other side the hill, down in the bay;
And off before the rising wind she flies,
And mounts the hill, and stops, and strains her eyes;
And there she sees, but not within the bay,
The faithless bark, far off, leaning away,
And now with gleaming sail, and now with dim,
Hastening to slip o'er the horizon's brim.
'Tis gone; and as a dead thing, down falls she,
In the great eye of morn, then breaking quietly.

Some say that Theseus took this selfish flight
From common causes—a cloyed appetite;
Others, that having brought her sister there
As well, he turned his easy love to her;
And others, who are sure to quote Heaven's orders
For great men's crimes, though not for small disorders,
Pretend that Bacchus in the true old way,
A dream, advised him sternly not to stay,
But go and cut up nations limb by limb,
And leave the lady and the bower to him.

One thing looks certain,—that the chief that day
Was not alone a skulking runaway,
But left the woman that believed his smile
To all the horrors of a desert isle,
Perhaps to starve, perhaps be torn asunder
Of beasts, or madden with despair and wonder.

And almost mad she was, when now the hour
Of noon compelled her back to the green bower,
After recovering her first misery,
And wandering long beside the flat far sea.
For not a face she saw of human thing,
Nor house, nor hut, nor any ship's white wing,
Nor any sign of life in that strange land,
Except some fearful footsteps on the sand,
Which seemed a beast's; and yet on every side
Were vines; some evidently pruned and tied,
Some spread like rural carpets towards the sea,
Of green, and red, and some from tree to tree;
And once, in a luxurious spot of ground,
Shut in with leafy little hills, she found
A flagon, so divine of workmanship,
Was never yet the like at human lip.

But even the wondrous beauty every where
Intense and silent, filled her heart with fear:
And dim of brain, and trembling, she sought out
Her former happy bower; then looked about,

And going inward to the leafy bed,
Lay down, and burst into soft tears, and said,
'Oh, Theseus, Theseus!' then awhile she stopped,
And turned, and in her hand her poor face dropped,
Shaking her head, and cried, 'How could you go,
And leave me here to die, that loved you so!
I would not have left you, even for mirth,
Not in the best and safest place on earth;
Nor, had you been never so false a one,
Denied you this poor breast to lean upon;
Much less for loving too confidingly;
And yet, for nothing worse, have you left me;
Left me—left Ariadne, sleeping too
Fast by your side; and yet for you, for you,
She left her father, country, home, and all,
To serve you still, and smile at every call;
To be your wife, Theseus; perhaps to see
Some day—great gods!—a dear one on my knee;
And now she lies, the daughter of a king,
Bequeathed to death, while yet a living thing;
Bequeathed to death through every sharp distress,
Homeless, and fatherless, and husbandless;
And cannot have even a single eye
To look on her, while thus she lays her down to die.'

Thus for awhile the desolate beauty kept
Her face averted, and to fulness wept;
Till ceasing with a hushed despair, she raised
Her eyes, and leaning up, silently gazed
Upon the crown, which from her bashful brow
She had hung up, o'ernight, upon a bough.
She took it down, and placed it by her side,
And leaning on her hand, lay watching it, full-eyed.

It was a hoop of sapphire, heavenly bright,
Fretted with golden stars that gave a light:
One, in the middle of the front, surpassed
The rest in size, and a red lustre cast.
Upon their points they stood, and seemed to thrill
With inward fire, and their own sparkling will,
Like tip-toe stars in heaven, that issue forth
O'er streaks of evening cloud in the clear north.
Jove, when across the frightening seas he bore
Her father's mother from the flowery shore,
Europa,—and had gained her glad caresses,
Placed this Vulcanian work upon her tresses.
Minos, one day, delighted with her heir
In sex and sweetness, gave it her to wear;
And 'twas this crown, that with its magic rays,
Shooting about her head, and anxious gaze,
Helped Theseus when he pierced the dreadful maze.

Meantime, the sun was stepping down halfway
Betwixt the noon and the decline of day,
And shot a lustrous, but a bearable smile,
Over the autumnal flush of that still isle.
The patient beauty, dying as she thought,
Lay watching her bright crown, by Vulcan wrought,
And wondering that the gods to such a lot
Could leave her, perhaps hoping they might not,
When suddenly she saw (undoubted sign
That one of them was near) the work divine
Start into double ferment, every star;
And presently she heard a noise from far
Of music, such as when a pomp rejoices,
And, as she thought, the sound of shouting voices.

She rose, and going to a little mound
Among the trees, looked through them far and round:
Nothing was there; but still she heard the noise,
Which seemed fast coming, like a throng of joys:
And now she heard the sound of cymbals clashed;
And now, as if—cups were together dashed;
And timbrels then, and pipes, which fine crisp fingers
Seemed to be dancing on; and laughing singers.

She looked and looked:—it was no common sound,
Much less the noise of war on that lone ground;
And pirates the new comers could not be:
The fervid crown announced a deity.
'Bacchus!' she cried:—the sound, the jovial shout,
The tumbling vines proclaimed him all about;
And Bacchus 'twas indeed, coming awhile
To feast in Naxos, his beloved isle.

Suddenly from a wood his dancers rush,
Leaping like wines that from the bottle gush;
Bounding they come, and twirl, and thrust on high
Their thyrsuses, as they would rouse the sky;
And hurry here and there, in loosened bands,
And trill above their heads their cymballed hands:
Some, brawny males, that almost show from far
Their forceful arms, cloudy and muscular;
Some, smoother females, who have nevertheless
Strong limbs, and hands, to fling with and to press;
And shapes, which they can bend with heavenward glare,
And tortuous wrists, and backward streaming hair.
A troop of goat-foot shapes came trampling after,
That seemed, with tickling, stung to frisks and laughter;
Butting and mumming, they jumped here and there
With backward knees, and a strange tottering air;
And some eat grapes; some drank; and others chaced
The women, or with leering heat embraced;

And some with reeds their smoothened lips beneath,
Jerked up and down them with a flickering breath.
In middle of the rout Silenus rode
Upon a stumbling ass,—a drunken load;
And as they held him, lolled and slipped about,
And giggled with close chin, and half peered out
From his fat eyes, and tried a feeble shout.

A finer train succeeded, quieter,
But cheerful still, and with a laughing stir;
A few of them were Naiads from the brooks,
Known by their lilied tresses, and fair looks;
The rest were sylvans, their dark brows arrayed
In ivy crowns of sunny light and shade;
Some youths with double flutes, intently going;
Some, dimpled girls, over their shoulders showing
Blithe oval cheeks, hung short with clustering looks,
And touching tambourins with trills and knocks;
And some of both, came paired like paramours,
Bearing a yoke enwreathed with grapes and flowers,
And held each other's waist with light embraces,
And tenderly, looked in each other's faces:
The rest, a bright-eyed number, came along,
Dancing in linked windings with a song;
Now looking on one side, and now behind,
And now with forward breath, their hair against the wind.

Last, with the exception of some more of these
Who danced behind him, came in his fine ease
The god himself. Two shiny leopards drew him,
And others coursed about, or leaped up to him,
Trying to win a look from him: but he,
Reclining in his car of ivory,
Like a ripe world's divinest human flower,
Sat looking forward to the lady's bower.
Curls trembled in his neck; a crimson vest
Slung by two clasps, reached half way up his breast.
His fruity cheek was rounded off, and bent
Just near the dimpled chin; his eye intent,
And liquid dark; and from his ivy crown,
Mixed with his locks, some glancing grapes hung down.
Upon one arm he leaned, and from his hair
Short sunny beams broke sharply here and there;
His dark head glowing o'er his shoulders fair.

And now had the forlorn and lovely one
Stood forth, and waited meekly in the sun,
To pay due reverence to the coming god.
Right towards the spot they strangely danced and trod;
And shrinking as she stood, she found them come
Reeling beside her with a fearful hum,

Grinning and eager; some with shouldered spears,
And some who shook their cymbals by her ears,
And some that ramped on hoofs, and some fierce-haired,
And some with pipings, over which they glared.
But Bacchus, who beheld their rough delight,
Lifting his voice, and shooting it with might,
It burst among them, like a terrible sound
Of a huge trumpet gaping from the ground;
And off they flew careering with a yell,
Drooping and gone, as if their spirits fell.

The gentle mourner shook. But now at hand
Came the benigner pleasures of that band,
Who passing by with many bending graces,
Duteous and blithe, and joy-announcing faces,
Took up their stand aloof upon the sward,
In a large bend; still keeping their regard
Towards the green bower, and the fair shape outside:
The looser rout meantime, scarcely descried,
Were in the uplands, scattered here and there,
Like goats, that through the scented summer air
Stray off from the love-making shepherds' care.

Bacchus!—a sort of thrill seemed to come out
Of his mere presence, striking round about
As when a stone in some clear stream is cast;
So ruffled it with sweetness as it passed.
The beauty (touched already with a strange
Half self-resented feeling of blest change;
And yet she had not lightly changed, but he
Who left her to this chance of sympathy,
And 'twas a god who came to love her now)
Crossed her mild arms, and stooped her bashful brow,
And would have knelt; but the young gladsome power
Leaped from his car, like a frank paramour,
And lightly took her waist, and on her fair
Uplifted forehead, 'twixt the clustered hair,
Gave first a look, and then a kiss divine,
And said, 'Be happy, Ariadne mine.'

She wept against him. He continued soon:
'Do you remember on a vintage noon,
When listening to the songs, you thought you saw
A shape and face, such as you loved to draw,
Look at you through the leaves of your green bower?'
She raised her head, and cried, 'I do! Oh power,
That lettest on dark souls the light of day!
And is it thou that takest my grief away?
And was it thou, whose looks of happy worth
I would have realized on this wrong earth,
And for one feature of resemblance, thought
To find all joy in him who set my hopes at nought?

Already had the fair felt blithe and new;
But now she thought she might appear so too;
And when the god proclaimed her for his bride,
She sparkled towards him with a grateful pride;
And with an arm about each other thrown,
She looking up, and he divinely down,
They stepped into the car, to meet the hour
Of bridal star-light in the deity's bower;
At which the nymphs and sylvans round about
Sent up so light, and yet so lofty a shout,
That the hills missed it, and there seemed to be
A noise beyond, that rushed into the sea.

Then did that finer train resume their road
With a new song, and looks that backward glowed;
Scattering young flowers, which as they fell took root,
And made a radiant path for after foot.
And when they reached the bower (which was a thing
To make old Hesperus doubt his gardening)
They served up cream, and taxed the wealthy bees,
And gathered easily from off the trees
The swollen fruits, and pressed the happy wine,
Unvexed by fire, out of the life-red vine;
And heaped with salads, and with snowy cake,
And all kind relishes which sunbeams make,
The lass-perfected board of the blithe god.
Then in return, he with his ivy rod
Pierced in two places the moist inward earth,
From which there leaped, as if in very mirth,
Struggles of wine and milk, that streamed away,
And furnished rills, by which the feasters lay.

And down came frank Apollo, and danced there,
To his own lute; and with him danced his hair
In sunny locks; and all the feasters rose
And trod their measures with a blithe repose;
And Venus slipped from out the ether soon,
Called by the touching of a bridal tune,
And wound among them sweetly, all their faces
Brightening as each one met her; and the Graces
Danced after her, threading a dance of three,
With interchange of kind hands amiably;
And Mercury, scarcely on the ground, was there;
And red-lipped Hebe, with her flourishing hair;
And Hymen with his torch, who strayed about,
Like a bright woodland vapour, in and out:
And buxom Ceres with her sharp wheat crown;
And Lusus, telling, as he floated down,
His laughter-waking wit; and the fresh Hours;
And Zephyr gliding with his lap of flowers;

And all the sweet and earnest-foreheaded Nine.
And so the joyous throng in many a line
Divided, sweetly moving; every set
In turn by Bacchus and his lady met,
Who, with his hand against her gentle waist,
Was almost lifted in the dance, and flew on rosy-faced.

But when the twilight came, as if with shade
For lovers, and a natural quiet made,
The smiling guests departed, and shot back
To dark blue heaven, each in a golden track:
The nymphs and sylvans with their loves withdrew
To vine-encrusted bowers; the ruder crew
Were yet remaining in the distant hills;
And only the moist whispers of the rills
Were heard, still hastening through the trembling grass.
Bacchus took in his arms his bridal lass,
And gave and shared as much more happiness
Than Theseus, as a noble spirit's caress,
Full of sincerity, and mind, and heart,
Out-relishes mere fire and self-embittering art.

Yet I must not forget, that just before
The guests withdrew, and now its use was o'er,
The grateful god took off from his love's hair
Her fervid crown; and with a leap i' the air,
As when a quoiter springs to his firm eye,
Whirled it in buzzing swiftness to the sky.
Starry already, and with heat within,
It fired as it flew up with that fierce spin,
And opening into grandeur, round and even,
Shook its immortal sparkles out of heaven.

These, when they issue from the unclouded seas
Preside o'er all sweet things; all luxuries
That come from odorous gardens; all the bowers
That lovers sit in, and the princely flowers
Attired the brightest; all the cordial graces
Waiting on kind intentions and frank faces;
Nay, even the true and better taste in dress,
The easy wear of inward gracefulness.
Beneath this star, this star, where'er she be,
Sits the accomplished female womanly:
Part of its light is round about her hair;
And should her gentle cheek be wet with care,
The tears shall be kissed off, as Ariadne's were.

THE PANTHER

[First published in 1819; reprinted 1832–60.]

THE panther leaped to the front of his lair,
And stood with a foot up, and snuffed the air;
He quivered his tongue from his panting mouth,
And looked with a yearning towards the south;
For he scented afar in the coming breeze,
News of the gums and their blossoming trees;
And out of Armenia that same day,
He and his race came bounding away.
Over the mountains and down to the plains
Like Bacchus's panthers with wine in their veins,
They came where the woods wept odorous rains;
And there, with a quivering, every beast
Fell to his old Pamphylian feast.

The people who lived not far away,
Heard the roaring on that same day;
And they said, as they lay in their carpeted rooms,
'The panthers are come, and are drinking the gums';
And some of them going with swords and spears,
To gather their share of the rich round tears,
The panther I spoke of followed them back;
And dumbly they let him tread close in the track,
And lured him after them into the town;
And then they let the portcullis down,
And took the panther, which happened to be
The largest was seen in all Pamphily.

By every one there was the panther admired,
So fine was his shape and so sleekly attired,
And such an air, both princely and swift,
He had, when giving a sudden lift
To his mighty paw, he'd turn at a sound,
And so stand panting and looking around,
As if he attended a monarch crowned.
And truly, they wondered the more to behold
About his neck a collar of gold,
On which was written, in characters broad,
'Arsaces the king to the Nysian God'.
So they tied to the collar a golden chain,
Which made the panther a captive again,
And by degrees he grew fearful and still,
As though he had lost his lordly will.

But now came the spring, when free-born love
Calls up nature in forest and grove,
And makes each thing leap forth, and be
Loving, and lovely, and blithe as he.

8 came] come *1819, 1832, 1844.*

The panther he felt the thrill o' the air,
And he gave a leap up, like that at his lair;
He felt the sharp sweetness more strengthen his veins,
Ten times than ever the spicy rains,
And ere they're aware, he has burst his chains:
He has burst his chains, and ah, ha! he's gone,
And the links and the gazers are left alone,
And off to the mountains the panther's flown.

Now what made the panther a prisoner be?
Lo! 'twas the spices and luxury.
And what set that lordly panther free?
'Twas Love!—'twas Love!—'twas no one but he.

MAHMOUD[1]

[First published in *The Liberal*, ii. 363, 1823; reprinted in 1832 without any introductory lines, and in 1844–60 with the substitution of the two following introductory lines to Horne for ll. 1–13:

Horne, hear a theme that should have had its dues
From thine own passionate and thoughtful Muse.

Text 1823.]

I HAVE just read a most amazing thing,
A true and noble story of a king:
And to show all men, by these presents, how
Good kings can please a Liberal, even now
I'll vent the warmth it gave me in a verse:
But recollect—these kings and emperors
Are very scarce; and when they do appear,
Had better not have graced that drunken sphere,
Which hurts the few whose brains can bear it best,
And turns the unhappy heads of all the rest.
This prince was worthy to have ruled a state
Plain as his heart, and by its freedom great:
But stripped of their gilt stuff, at what would t'others rate?

There came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—'My sorrow is my right,
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night.'
'Sorrow,' said Mahmoud, 'is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right, as king with king;
Speak on.' 'A fiend has got into my house,'
Exclaimed the staring man, 'and tortures us:
One of thine officers;—he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed:—I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life.

[1] This is Mahmoud, the Gaznevide, whose history has been told by Gibbon [H.], 1832.

'Is he there now?' said Mahmoud:—'No; he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And, oh thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!'

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
'Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,'
(For he was poor) 'and other comforts. Go;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know.'

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,
And said 'He's come.'—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose, and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a female face,
That to the window fluttered in affright.
'Go in,' said Mahmoud, 'and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come.'

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

'Now *light* the light,' the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done; he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned and knelt beside it in the place,
And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet, with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and lastly, how it was,
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

36 three] two *1855, 1860.* 58 reverend *1823.*

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
'Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not get it from my head, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done,
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but feared
A father's heart, in case the worst appeared.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
And then I rose, and was refreshed with food,
The first time since thou cam'st, and marr'dst my solitude.'

THE GENTLE ARMOUR

[First published in 1832; reprinted with the slight alterations noted below in 1855, 1857, and 1860. Text 1832.]

CANTO I

Arms and a vest I sing, which meant in blame,
His glorious hauberk to a knight became,
And in the field such dire belabouring bore,
As gentle linen never stood before;
A song of love, and worthy generous ears,
With smiles begun and closed, and manhood in the tears.

There lived a knight, when knighthood was in flow'r,
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard and the bow'r;
Young, handsome, blithe, loyal and brave of course,
He stuck as firmly to his friend as horse;
And only showed, for so complete a youth,
Somewhat too perfect a regard for truth.
He owned 'twas inconvenient; sometimes felt
A wish 'twere buckled in another's belt;
Doubted its modesty, its use, its right,
Yet after all remained the same true knight:
So potent is a custom early taught;
And to such straits may honest men be brought.

'Tis true, to be believed was held a claim
Of gentle blood, and not to be, a shame:—
A liar, notorious as the noon-day sun,
Was bound to fight you, if you called him one:—

71 get it from my head] rid me of a dread *1832–60*
Title. *1855–60 add sub-title:*
or, Three Knights in Steel against one in Linen.
1 Arms and a vest] A lady's gift
4 linen] armour
5 and worthy generous] fit for the purest

But yet to be so nice, and stand, professed,
All truth, was held a pedantry at best;
Invidious by the men; and by the fair
A thing at once to dote on and beware.
What bliss to meet his flatteries, eye to eye!
But could he not, then, tell one little lie?

At length, our hero found, to take his part,
A lovely girl, a quick and virgin heart,
One that believed what any friend averred,
Much more the whisp'rer of earth's sweetest word.
He loved her for her cordial, trusting ways,
Her love of love, and readiness to praise;
And she loved him because he told her so,
And truth makes true love doubly sweet to know.

It chanced this lady in relation stood
To one as beautiful, but not so good,
Who had been blazed, for what indeed she was,
By a young lord, over his hippocras,
Her lover once, but now so far from tender,
He swore he'd kick her very least defender.
The world looked hard for some one of her kin
To teach this spark to look to his own skin;
But no one came: the lady wept for spite:
At length her cousin asked it of the knight.

The knight looked troubled to the last degree,
Turned pale, then red, but said it could not be.
With many sighs he said it, many pray'rs
To be well construed—nay, at last with tears:
And owned a knight might possibly be better,
Who read the truth less nicely to the letter;
But 'twas his weakness—'twas his education,—
A dying priest had taught him, his relation,
A kind of saint, who meant him for the church,
And thus had left his breeding in the lurch;
The good old man! he loved him, and took blame,
(He owned it) thus to mix his love with shame:
'But oh reflect, my sweet one,' cried the youth,
'How you yourself have loved me for my truth;
How I love you for loving it, and how
Secure it makes us of our mutual vow.
To feel this hand, to look into those eyes,—
It makes me feel as sure as of the earth and skies.'

'I did love, and I do,' the lady cried,
With hand but half allowed, and cheek aside;
'But then I thought you took me at my word,
And would have scorned what I pronounced absurd.

My cousin's wronged; I'm sure of it; do you
Be sure as well, and show what you can do:
Let but one mind be seen betwixt us two.'

In vain our hero, while his aspect glowed
To hear these lovely words, the difference showed
'Twixt her kind wishes and an ill desert:
The more he talked, the more her pride was hurt,
Till raised from glow to glow, and tear to tear,
And pique to injury, she spoke of fear.

'Fear!' cried the knight, blushing because he blushed,
While sorrow through his gaze in wonder rushed;
'Had I been present when this lord was heard,
I might perhaps have stopped him with a word;
One word (had I suspected it) to show
How ignorant you were of what all know;
And with what passion you could take the part
Of one, unworthy of your loving heart:
But when I know the truth, and know that he
Knew not, nor thought, of either you or me,
And when I'm called on, and in open day,
To swear that true is false, and yea is nay,
And know I'm in a lie, and yet go through it,
By all that's blest I own I cannot do it.
Let me but feel me buckled for the right,
And come a world in arms, I'm still a knight:
But give my foe the truth, and me the fraud,
And the pale scholar of the priest is awed.'

'Say not the word,' the hasty fair one cried:
'I see it all, and wish I might have died.
Go, Sir, oh go! a soldier and afraid!
Was it for this you loved a trusting maid?
Your presence kills me, Sir, with shame and grief.'—
She said; and sunk in tears and handkerchief.

'Ah, Mabel,' said the knight, as with a kiss
He bowed on her dropped head, 'you'll mourn for this.'
He looked upon her glossy locks, admired
Their gentleness for once, and with a sigh retired.

From day to day Sir Hugh has paced his floor,
Looked out of window, listened at the door,
Wrote twice; wrote thrice; learnt of her health; took up
His lute, his book; filled, and forgot, a cup;
Tried all but pride, and found no comfort still:
Loved him she had, but more had loved her will.

It chanced a short time after, that the king
Proclaimed a joust at the return of spring:

The suburb was all hammers, boards, and crowd ;
The knights and tailors pleased, the ladies proud ;
All but our hero, and the cousins twain,
Who nursed their several sullenness of pain,
And tore in secret much their mental hair ;
The ladies that they had no lovers there,
The gentle knight in amorous despair.
The lord who had denounced the light one's name,
Seeing no step to vindicate her fame,
And hearing of her cousin's broken vow,
Would laugh, and lift his shoulders and his brow,
And talk of tricks that run in families ;
And then he'd lift his glass, and looking wise,
Drink to the health of ' Truth betwixt two Lies '.
Two flustered fools, though brave, and men of birth,
There were, who joined in this unseemly mirth ;
Fellows who knew, and knew it to their shame,
The worth of one, and chaff of t'other dame.
These clubbed their jealousies, revenge, and spite,
Till broad the scandal grew, and reached the knight.

Our lover heard with mingled rage and joy,
Then rose from out his grief, and called his boy,
(A pretty page with letter-bearing face,)
And wrote his mistress to implore her grace ;
Her grace and pardon to implore, and some
Small favour for the battle, now to come,—
A glove, a string, aught but a cruel No,
To plume his next day's pounce upon the foe.
The page returns with doubt upon his eyes,
And brings a packet which his lord unties,
And speaks the while, ' My lady saw me not,
But sends this answer to the note she got.'
With trembling hands the string is cut, they lift
A lid of pasteboard, and behold——a shift !

CANTO II

' Now whether shame she means me, or my bliss,'
The knight he cries, ' thank her for this, for this ! '
And as he spoke, he smothered up a kiss :—
' To-morrow sees me panoplied indeed,
And blessed be the thought shall clasp me while I bleed !

Next day the lists are set, the trumpets blown,
And grace requested for a knight unknown.
Who summons, and to mortal fight defies,
Three lordly knights for most unlordly calumnies.

144 ' My lady wrote not, saw me not,' he said
145 this] that she got] instead
146 ' This string,' exclaims the knight,—' Cut it.' They lift

What calumnies they are, he need not tell;
Their names and consciences will serve as well.
The names are then resounded through the place,
And tow'rds the entrance turns the universal face.

With scorn and rage the sturdy gallants hear,
And ask what madman wants a sepulchre;
But when the stranger, with his face unshown,
Rides in, accoutred in a shift alone,
(For no defence his body had beside)
The doubtful laughter in amazement died.
'Twas clear the champion would be drenched with wounds,
Yet see how calm he rides the accustomed rounds.
His mould is manly as the lawn is frail,
A shield is on his arm, his legs and thighs in mail;—
The herald's laws forbid a wounded steed;—
All strain their eyes, and on the shift they read,
Written in black, and answering to the part
The motto spoke of, 'It has touched her heart.'

To admiration deep th' amazement turns,
The dumbness to discourse, which deeply burns;
Till the four parties to their posts fall in,
And soft eyes dazzle, ere the blows begin.

No stint or measure in his gallantry
The stranger knew; but took at once all three:
The trumpets blew their blast of bloody weather,
The swords are out, the warriors rush together,
And with such bulk and tempest comes the knight,
One of the three is overborne outright,
Saddle and man, and snaps his wrist. The wretch
Proclaims his rage and torture in a screech.
The three had thought to save the shift, and bring
The wearer down, for laughter to the king:
But seeing what they see, and both on fire
To reach him first, they turn and charge in ire,
And mix the fight; and such a storm succeeds
Of clatt'ring shields, and helms, and hurtling steeds,
With such a toil pell-mell, now that, now this,
Above, beneath, and rage of hit and miss,
And horses half on ground, or staring high,
And crouching skill, and trampling sov'reignty,
That never was beheld a sight so fit
To baffle and turn pale the gazer's wit.
Nathless such skill the marv'llous knight displayed,
The shift some time was spotless as the maid;
Till a great gush proclaiming blood was drawn,
Redder and redder grew the dainty lawn,

18 no . . . had] on his trunk at least was naught

And drenched and dripping, not a thread there stood,
But what was bathed in his benignant blood.
Sudden he turned; and whirling like a wheel,
In both their teeth sent round the whistling steel;
Then with a jovial wrist, he flashed it down,
And cleft the right man's shoulder to the bone;
Who fell, and like the first was borne aside:
'Is it a devil, or a saint?' they cried:
A tenderer murmur midst the ladies ran:
With tears they blessed 'the angel of a man'.

The gallant lord was now the only foe,
And fresh he seemed: the knight could not be so;
In that last blow his strength must have been summed;
His arm appears unhinged, his brain benumbed;
And as the sword seems carving him to death,
At ev'ry gash the crowd draw in their breath.
Sudden the blades are snapped; the clubs of steel
Are called; the stranger is observed to reel;
Then grasps with both his hands the saddle-bow,
And bends for breath; the people cry 'No! No!'
And all the court unconsciously arise:
The ladies on the king turn weeping eyes,
And manly pray'rs are mixed with sobs and cries.
The monarch was about to part the fight,
When, his club brought, sore passion seized the knight,
Who grasped it, raised it like an iron frown,
And rising in his stirrups, sent it down:
It met the other's, taking heavier pains,
And dashed it, club and helmet, in his brains.
A stifled shriek is heard, the victim falls,
The victor too: 'Help! Help!' the monarch calls;
A shout, half terror, shakes the suburb walls.

His helm unloosed, they recognize the face
Of the best knight that ever bore disgrace,
Now seeming dead, and gone to his long rest
In comfort cold of that hard-hearted vest.
The loveliest ladies kiss him as he lay,
Then watch the leech, who cuts his vest away,
And clears his wounds. The weeping dames prepare
Linen and balms, and part his forlorn hair,
And let upon his face the blessed air.

Meanwhile the tidings to his mistress come,
Who clasps her hands and for a while is dumb;
Then owns the secret why the shift was sent,
But said he far exceeded what she meant.
Pale and despairing to the spot she flies,
Where in his death-like rest her lover lies,

And prays to be let in :—they let her in :
She sees his hands laid straight, and his pale chin,
Nor dares advance to look upon his face,
Till round her come the ladies in the place,
Who comfort her, and say she must complete
The cure, and set her in the nurse's seat.

All day she watched, all night, and all next day,
And scarcely turned her face, except to pray,
Till the third morn ; when, breathing with a moan,
And feeling the soft hand that clasped his own,
He woke, and saw the face that had not ceased
To haunt his thoughts, in forest or at feast,
Visibly present, sweet with begging fears,
And eyes that loved him through remorseful tears.
Ah ! love is a soft thing ; and strongest eyes
Might answer, as his did, with wells of balmy rise.

What need I say ? a loitering cure is his,
But full of sweets, and precious memories,
And whispers, laden from the land of bliss.
Sir Hugo with the lark has left his bed ;
'Tis June ; 'tis lover's month ; in short, they wed.
But how ? like other people, you suppose,
In silks and state, as all good story goes.
The bridegroom did, and never looked so well,
Not e'en when in the shift he fought pell-mell ;
But the fair bride, instead of things that bless
Wedding-day eyes, displayed a marvellous dress,—
Marvellous, and homely, and in open sight ;
The people were so moved, they wept outright.

For lo ! with hair let loose about her ears,
And taper in her hand the fair appears,
And naked feet, a rosy saint at shrift,
And round her bosom hangs the ruddy shift :
Tattered it hangs, all cut and carved to rags ;
Not fairer droop, when the great organ drags
Its thunders forth, a church's hundred flags.
With glimmering tears she hastens to his feet,
And kneels and kisses in the public street,
Then takes his hand, and ere she will arise,
Entreats for pardon at his gracious eyes ;
And hopes he will not scorn her love for life,
As his most humble and most honoured wife.

Awhile her lord, with manly deference, stood
Wrapt in the sweetness of that angel mood ;
Then stooped, and on her brow his soul impressed,
And at the altar thus the bride was dressed.

140 and kisses] to kiss them

THE PALFREY

[First published, as a separate volume, in 1842; reprinted 1844–60. The poem in 1842 was entitled 'The Palfrey, A Love-Story of Old Times', and was preceded by 'L'Envoy' (see p. 77), which was dated Kensington, April the Fifth.

Only the first two paragraphs of a long prose preface to the 1842 edition were retained in subsequent editions; for some extracts see the notes to this volume. Text 1844–60.]

PART FIRST

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily well the palfrey goes;
He carrieth laughters, he carrieth woes,
Yet merrily ever the palfrey goes.

'Tis June, and a bright sun burneth all,
Sir William hath galloped from Hendon Hall
To Kensington, where in a thick old wood
(Now its fair Gardens) a mansion stood,
Half like fortress, and half like farm,
A house which had ceased to be threatened with harm.
The gates frowned still, for the dignity's sake,
With porter, portcullis, and bit of a lake;
But ivy caressed their warm old ease,
And the young rooks chuckled across the trees,
And burning below went the golden bees.
The spot was the same, where on a May morn
The Rose that toppeth the world was born.

Sir William hath galloped, and well was bent
His palfrey to second a swift intent;
And yet, having come, he delayeth his knock,
E'en though a sweet maiden counteth the clock
Till she meet his eye from behind the chair,
Where sitteth Sir Guy with his old white hair.
But the youth is not rich; and day by day
Sir Guy groweth cold, and hath less to say,
And daunteth his wit with *haws* and *hums*,
Coughing with grandeur, and twirling his thumbs,
Till visiting turneth to shame and gall,
And Sir William must speak what endangereth all.

Now for any deed else, in love or in war,
Knight bolder was none than the knight De la Barre,
(So styled by the king, from a traitor tall,
Whom he pitched over barriers, armour and all);
Short distance made he betwixt point and hilt;
He was not a man that at tourney and tilt
Sat bowing to every fair friend he could spy,
Or bearing his fame with a fine cold eye;
A hundred sweet eyes might be watching his own;
He thought but of two, and of steeds to be thrown;

And the trumpets no sooner blew mights to mights,
Than crash went his onset and down went knights.

And thus in his love for sweet Anne de Paul,
Though forced to some stealths, 'twas honest withal:
He wooed, though the old man ever was by,
With talk such as fixeth a maiden's eye,
With lore and with legends, earnest of heart,
And an art that applied them, sprung out of no art,
Till stealth for his sake seemed truth's own right,
And at an old casement long closed, one night,
Through boughs never dry, in a pathless nook,
Love's breathless delight in his vows she took.
Ah! never thenceforth, by sunniest brook,
Did the glittering cherry-trees beat the look
Of the poor-growing stems in the pathless nook.

But, alas! to plead love unto loving eyes,
And to beg for its leave of the worldly wise,
All humility sweet on the one side lies,
And all on the other that mortifies.

Sir William hath swallowed a sigh at last,
Big as his heart, and the words have passed:
'I love your daughter, Sir Guy,' quoth he,
'And though I'm not rich, yet my race may be;
A race with a scutcheon as old as the best,
Though its wealth lies at Acre in holy rest.
Mine uncle, your friend, so blithe and old,
Hath nobody nigher to leave his gold:
The king hath been pleased to promise my sword
The picking of some great Frenchman's hoard;
And sire, meantime, should not blush for wife;
Soft as her hand should fare her life;
My rents, though small, can support her state,
And I'd fight for the rest, till I made them great.
Vouchsafe to endure that I seek her love:
I know she resembles the blest above;
Her face would paint sweeter a monarch's bower,
Though glory and grace were in every flower:
But angels on monarchs themselves look down,
And love is to love both coffer and crown.'

Sir William ended, he scarce knew why,
(But 'twas pity of self, to move pity thereby,)
With a sad, perchance with an abject sigh,
And stooped and kissed the hand of Sir Guy:
Steady and sharp was the old man's eye.

'Sir William, no doubt, is a bold young knight,'
Quoth he, 'and my daughter a beauty bright;

49 glittering] cheeks of the *1842*.

And a beauty bright and a bold young man
Have suited, I wot, since the world began.
But the man that is bold and hath money beside,
Cometh best armed for a beauteous bride.
The court will be riding this way next week,
To honour the earl's fat chimney reek;
And softly will many a bold bright eye
Fall on the face no face comes nigh.
You speak of mirth, and you speak of age,
Not in a way very civil or sage.
Your kinsman, the friend whom you call so old,
But ten years less than myself hath told:
And I count not this body so ancient still,
As to warrant green years to talk of my will.
Let him come if he please (I shall greet the friend)
And show me which way his post-obits tend,
And then we can parley of courtings best;
Till when, I advise you to court his chest.'

Sir William he boweth as low as before,
And after him closeth the soft room-door,
And he moaneth a moan, and half staggereth he;
He doubteth which way the stairs may be.
But the lower his bow, and the deeper his moan,
The redder the spot in his cheek hath grown,
And he loatheth the kiss to the hard old hand.

'May the devil,' thought he, 'for his best new brand,
Pluck it, and strike to his soul red-hot!
Why scorn me, and mock me? and why, like a sot,
Must I stoop to him, low as his own court-plot?
Will any one tell us,—will Nature declare,—
How father so foul can have daughter so fair?
But her mother of angels dreamt in her sorrow,
And hence came this face—this dimpled May-morrow.'

And as he thought thus, from a door there stole
A hand in a tremble, a balm to his soul;
And soft though it trembled, it close wrung his,
And with it a letter;—and gone it is.

Sir William hath dashed in the forest awhile,
His being seems all a hasty smile:
And there, by green light and the cooing of doves,
He readeth the letter of her he loves,
And kisseth, and readeth, again and again;
His bridle is dropped on his palfrey's mane,
Who turneth an ear, and then, wise beast,
Croppeth the herbage,—a prudent feast:

97 post-obits] leavings *1842*.

For Sir William no sooner hath read nine times,
Than he deemeth delay the worst of crimes:
He snatcheth the bridle, and shakes it hard,
And is off for his life on the loud green sward;
He foameth up steep, and he hisseth in stream,
And saluteth his uncle like one in a dream.

'Sir William, Sir William, what chase is this?
Have you slain a fat buck, or stolen a kiss;
And is all the world, on account of his wife,
After poor dripping Sir William's life!'

'Most honoured of kinsmen,' Sir William cried,
'Nought have I stolen, but hope of a bride;
Her father, no Christian like her, but a Jew,
Would make me disburse; which grieveth her too.
You know who she is, but have yet to know,
What a rose in the shade of that rock could grow;
What fulness of beauty on footstalk light;
What a soul for sweet uncle to love at sight.
Ah! Sir, she loveth your own blithe fame,
And dareth, she saith, in your sister's name
Entreat me the loan of some fields of corn,
Which her dowry shall buy on the bridal morn.
I blush, dear uncle; I drop mine eyelids;
Yet who should blush when a lady bids?
'Tis lending me bliss; 'tis lending me life;
And she'll kiss you withal, saith the rosy wife.'

'Ah, ha,' quoth Sir Grey, with his twinkling eyes:
'The lass, I see, is both merry and wise;
I call her to mem'ry, an earnest child,
Now looking straight at you, now laughing wild:
'Tis now—let me see—five long years ago,
And that's a good time for such buds to blow.
Well, dry your outside, and moisten your in;
This wine is a bud of my oldest bin;
And we'll talk of the dowry, and talk of the day,
And see if her bill be good, boy, eh?'

Sir Grey didn't say, You're my sister's son,
I have left you my gold, and your work is done,—
He hated to speak of his gold, like death;
And he loved a good bill as he loved his breath;
And yet, for all that, Sir Grey, I trow,
Was a very good man, as corn-dealers go.

So the lover hath seized the new old hand,
And kissed it as though it had given the land,
And invoked on its bounty such bliss from above,
Thought he, 'Of a truth I *am* mean in love.'

But free was his fervour from any such vice;
For when obligation 's more fitting than nice,
We double the glow of our thanks and respect,
To hide from th' obliger his own defect.

'That palfrey of thine 's a good palfrey, Will;
He holdeth his head up, and danceth still,
And trippeth as light by the ostler's side,
As though just saddled to bear your bride;
And yet, by Saint Richard, as drenched is he
And as frothed, as though just out of the sea:
Methinks I hear him just landed free,
Shaking him and his saddle right thunderously.
And he starteth at nothing?'
'No more than the wall.'
'And is sure of his footing?'
'As monarch in hall.
He 's a thunder in fight, and a thief on the road,
So swiftly he speedeth, whatever his load!
Yet round the wolf's den half a day will he hover,
And carrying a lady, takes heed like a lover.'
'And therefore Sir William will part with him never?'
'Nay, uncle, he will;—for ever and ever.'
'And what such a jewel may purchase, I pray?'
'Thanks, thanks, dearest uncle, and not saying Nay.
Now prythee deny me not grace so small:
The palfrey in truth is comely withal,
And you still shall lend him to bear my bride;
But whom, save our help, should he carry beside?'
'I'm vexed.'
'For pity.'
'I'm grieved.'
'Now pray.'
''Tis cheap,' thought the uncle, 'this not saying Nay.'

PART SECOND

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily ever the palfrey goes;
Nought he carrieth now but woes,
And yet full well the palfrey goes.

Sir Grey and Sir Guy, like proper old boys,
Have met, with a world of coughing and noise;
And after subsiding, judiciously dine,
Serious the venison, and chirping the wine.
They talk of the court, now gathering all
To the sunny plump smoke of Earl-Mount Hall:
And pity their elders laid up on the shelves,
And abuse every soul upon earth but themselves.

Only Sir Grey doth it rather to please,
And Sir Guy out of honest old spite and disease:
For Sir Guy hath a face so round and so red,
The whole of his blood seemeth hanging his head,
While Sir Grey's red face is waggish and thin,
And he peereth with upraised nose and chin.

Nathless, Sir Grey excepteth from blame
His nephew Sir Will, and his youthful fame;
And each soundeth t'other, to learn what hold
The youth and the lady may have of his gold.
Alas! of his gold will neither speak,
Tho' the wine it grew strong, and the tongue grew weak,
And when the sweet maiden herself appears,
With a breath in her bosom, and blush to her ears,
And the large thankful eyes of the look of a bride,
Sir Grey recollecteth no creature beside:
He watcheth her in, he watcheth her out;
He measureth her ankle, but not with his gout;
He chucketh, like chanticleer over a corn,
And thinks it but forty years since he was born.

'Why, how now, Sir Grey? methinks you grow young:
How soon are your own wedding bells to be rung?
You stare on my daughter, like one elf-struck.'

'Alas! and I am,—the sadder my luck:—
Albeit, Sir Guy, your own shoulders count
Years not many more than mine own amount,
And I trust you don't feign to be too old to wed?'

'Hoh! hoh!' quoth Sir Guy; ''that was cunningly said.'
(Yet he felt flattered too, did the white old head.)

'What *are* years?' continued Sir Grey, looking bold;
'There are men never young, and men never old.
Old and young lips may carol in tune;
Green laugheth the oak 'gainst the brown mid June.
Lo! dapper Sir Kit, with his large young wife;
His big-legged babes are the pride of his life.'

Sir Guy shook his head.
'And the stout old lord,
Whose wife sitteth front him so meek at his board.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth Sir Guy, 'and stuffeth so fast,
His eyesight not reaching the lady's repast.'

'Well, well,' quoth Sir Grey—
'Ill, ill,' quoth Sir Guy;
'The children of old men full well I descry;
They look, by Saint Christendom! old as themselves
Are dwarfed; are half withered; they grin like elves.

'They may,' quoth Sir Grey, 'when both parents are old,
Or when the old parent is wrinkle-souled;
But not when he 's hearty and merry as we.
You grieve me, Sir Guy. Oh! 'tis doleful to see
How vainly a friend may come here for a bride,
Though he loveth the daughter, and father beside.'

'Your pardon, your pardon, dear friend,' crieth Guy:
'What, you? What, Sir Grey with his ever-bright eye?
We talked of the old, but who talked of Sir Grey?
But speak ye right soberly? mean what ye say?'

'Ay, truly I do,' with a sigh crieth Grey;
'As truly as souls that for Paradise pray.
And hark ye, dear friend, you'll miss your sweet Anne,
If she weddeth, I wot, some giddy young man.
He'll bear her away, and be loved alone,
And wish, and yet grudge, your very tomb-stone.
Now give her to me, I'll give her my gold,
And I'll give to yourself my wood and my wold.
And come and live here, and we'll house together,
And laugh o'er our cups at the winter weather.

'A bargain! a bargain!' cried old Sir Guy,
With a stone at his heart, and the land in his eye;
'Your hand to the bargain, my dear old friend:
My "old" did I call thee? My world without end.
I'll bustle her straight; and to keep all close,
You shall carry her with you, ere creature knows,
Save Rob, and Sir Rafe, and a few beside,
For guests and for guards to the travelling bride;
And so, ere the chattering court come down,
Wed her at home in your own snug town.'

Now a murrain, I say, on those foul old men!
I never, myself, shall see fifty again,
And can pity a proper young-blooded old fellow,
Whose heart is green, though his cheek be yellow;
For Nature, albeit she never doth wrong,
Yet seemeth in such to keep youth too long:
And 'tis grievous when such an one seeth his bliss
In a face which can see but the wrinkles in his.
Ah! pray let him think there are dames not young,
For whom the bells yet might be handsomely rung.
'Tis true, grey-beards *have* been, like Jove's of old,
That have met a young lip, nor been thought too bold.
In Norfolk a wondrous old lord hath been seen,
Who at eighty was not more than forty, I ween;

58 Your pardon, your pardon] Gramercy, gramercy *1842*.

And I myself know a hale elderly man,
In face and in frolic a very god Pan.
But marvels like these are full rare, I wis:
And when elders in general young ladies would kiss,
I exhort the dear souls to fight and to flee,
Unless they should chance to run against me.

Alas! I delay as long as I can,
For who may find words for thy grief, sweet Anne?
'Tis hard, when young heart, singing songs of to-morrow,
Is suddenly met by the old hag, Sorrow.
She fainteth, she prayeth, she feeleth sore ill;
She wringeth her hands; she cannot stand still;
She tasteth the madness of wonder and will;—
Nor, sweet though she was, had she yielded at last,
Had Sir Guy not his loathly old plethora cast
In the scale against love and its life-long gains,
And threatened her fears for his bursting veins.
'I'll wed him,' she wrote to Sir William;—'yes;
But nothing on earth—' and here her distress
Broke off, and she wept, and the tears fell hot
On the paper, and made a great starry blot.
Alas! tears and letter burn under the eye
Of watchful, unmerciful, old Sir Guy;
And so on a night, when all things round,
Save the trees and the moon, were sleeping sound,
From his casement in shadow he sees his child,
Bent in her weeping, yet alway mild,
The fairest thing in the moon's fair ray,
Borne like some bundle of theft away;
Borne by a horde of old thieves away,
The guests and the guards of false Sir Grey.

She prayed, but she spake out aloud no word;
She wept, but no breath of self-pity was heard:
Her woe was a sight for no dotards to see;
And yet not bereft of all balm was she;
One balm there was left her, one strange but rare,
Nay, one in the shape of a very despair,
To wit, the palfrey that wont to bear
The knight De la Barre on his daily way
To her, and love, and false Sir Grey.
Him it had borne, her now it bore;
And weeping sweet, though more and more,
And praying for its master's bliss
(Oh! no true love will scoff at this,)
She stooped and gave its neck a kiss.

PART THIRD

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily still the palfrey goes;
He goes a path he never chose,
Yet still full well the palfrey goes.

Could the sweet moon laugh, its light
Had surely been convulsed that night,
To see fifteen old horsemen wag
Their beards, to one poor maiden's nag;
Fifteen old beards in chat and cough,
Rumbling to keep the robbers off,
And ever and aye, when lanes grew close,
Following each the other's nose,
And with the silver beam she cast
Tipped, like every tree they passed.
The owls they seemed to hoot their folly
With a staring melancholy.

After jealous sort, I wis,
Culled Sir Guy these guests of his,
Not a soul so young as he
Gracing all his chivalry:
Six there were of toothless fame,
With each his man, of jaws as tame;
Then, his own, the palsiest there;
And last, Sir Guy's, with whitest hair:
And each had snugged him for the night
In old flapped hat, and cap as white,
In double cloak and threefold hose,
Besides good drink to warm his toes,
And so they jog it, beard and nose,
And in the midst the palfrey goes;
Oh! ever well the palfrey goes;
He knows within him what he knows,
And so, full well the palfrey goes.

But in his hamlet housed apart,
How fared meantime Sir William's heart?
Oh, when the sun first went to bed,
Not richer looked the sun's own head,
Nor cast a more all-gladdening eye:
He seemed to say, 'My heav'n is nigh.
For he had heard of rare delights
Between those two old feasting knights,
And of a pillion, new and fair,
Ordained to go some road as rare;
With whom? For what sweet rider's art?
Whose, but the dancer's at his heart,
The light, the bright, yet balmy she,
And who shall fetch her home but he?
Who else be summoned speedily
By the kind uncle full of glee
To fetch away that ecstasy?
So ever since that news, his ear,
Listening with a lofty fear
Lest it catch one sound too late,
Stood open like a palace gate,
That waits the bride of some great king,
Heard with her trumpets travelling.
At length a letter. Whose? Sir Guy's,
The father's own. With reverent eyes,
With heart impatient to give thanks,
And tears that top their glimmering banks,
He opens, reads, turns pale as death;
His noble bosom gasps for breath;
His Anne has left his love for gold,
But in her kindness manifold
Extorted from his uncle's hoard
Enough to leave him bed and board.
Ah! words like those were never Anne's;
Too plainly they the coarse old man's;

33 sun's own] golden *1842*.

But still the letter; still the fact;
With pangs on pangs his heart is racked.
Love is an angel; has no pride;
She'll mourn his love when he has died:
Yet love is truth; so hates deceit;
He'll pass, and scorn her, in the street.
Now will he watch her house at night
For glimpse of her by some brief light,
Such as perhaps his own pale face
May show: and then he'll quit the place.
Now he will fly her, hate, detest,
Mock: make a by-word and a jest:
Then he hates hate; and who so low
As strike a woman's fame! No, no;
False love might spite the faithless Anne,
But true was aye the gentleman.

Thus paceth he, 'twixt calm and mad,
Till the mid-watch his chamber sad;
And then lies down in his day-dress,
And sleeps for very weariness,
Catching and starting in his moan,
And waking with a life-long groan.
Sometimes he dreams his sorrow makes
Such weeping wail, that as he wakes,
He lifts his pitying hand to try
His cheek, and wonders it is dry.
Sometimes his virgin bride and he
Are housed for the first time, and free
To dwell within each other's eyes;
And then he wakes with woful cries.
Sometimes he hears her call for aid;
Sometimes beholds her bright arrayed,
But pale, and with her eyes on earth;
And once he saw her pass in mirth,
And look at him, nor eye let fall,
And that was wofull'st dream of all.
At length he hears, or thinks he hears,—
(Or dreams he still with waking ears?)
A tinkle of the house's bell!
What news can midnight have to tell?
He listens. No. No sound again.
The breeze hath stirred the window pane;
Perchance it was the tinkling glass;
Perchance 'twas his own brain, alas!
His own weak brain, which hears the blood
Pulse at his ears,—a tingling flood,
Strange mantler in as strange a cup.
Yet hark again!—he starts, leans up;
It seems to fear to wake a mouse,
That sound;—then peals, and wakes the house.

But first, to end what I began,
The journey of sweet houseless Anne.

PART FOURTH

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merry and well the palfrey goes;
You cannot guess till time disclose,
How perfectly well the palfrey goes.

Ah! dream Sir William what he might,
Little he dreamt the truth that night.
Could but some friend have told him all,
How had he spurred from Hendon Hall,
And dashed among the doting set,
Who bore away that soft cheek wet!
How had the hills by which they go,
Re-echoed to his dire 'Hallo!'
Startling the waking farmers' ears
With thoughts of thieves and murderers,

And scattering wide those owlish men,
While close he clasped his dove again.
But where I left them, safe go they,
Their drowsy noses drooped alway
To meet the beard's attractive nest,
Pushed upwards from the muffled breast.
Drowsy they nod, and safe they go;
Sir Grey's good steeds the country know,
And lead the rest full soft and well,
Till snore on snore begins to swell,
Warm as owl-plumage, toned as bell;
True snores, composed of spices fine,
Supper, fresh air, and old mulled wine.
At first they wake with start and fright,
And sniff and stare with all their might,
And sit, one moment, bolt upright:
But soon reverts each nodding crown:
It droops, it yields, it settles down;
Till in one snore, sincere and deep,
The whole grave train are fast asleep.
Sir Grey, the youngest, yields the last:
Besides he held two bridles fast,
The lady's palfrey having shown
Much wish to turn up lanes unknown.
Even sweet Anne can war not long
With sleep, the gentle and the strong;
And as the fingers of Sir Grey
By fine degrees give dulcet way,
And leave the happy beast his will,
The only creatures waking still
And free to go where fancy leads,
Are the twice eight bit-mumbling steeds.
Some few accordingly turn round,
Their happy memories homeward bound,
And soon awake their jolted lords,
Who bless themselves from bandit hordes,
And thinking they have only lagged,
Are willingly half jelly-bagged.
The rest,—the palfrey meek as any,—
Jog still onward with the many;
Passing now by Kilburn rill,
And now by Hampstead's leaf-stirred hill,
Which lulls them still as they descend
The sylvan trough of sweet North-end
And till they reach thy plot serene
And bowery granges, Golders-green.

Now Golders-green had then a road
(The same as that just re-bestowed)
Which crossed the main road; and went straight
To Finchley, and Sir Grey's own gate;
And thither (every sleeper still
Depending on his horse's will,)
Thither, like sheep, turns every head
That follows where the sagest led,—
All but the palfrey's. He, good beast,
From his new master's clutch released,
And longing much his old to see,
His stalls, and all his bounty free
(For poor Sir William's household ways
Were nobler than the rich Sir Grey's,)
Goes neither to the right nor left,
But straight as honesty from theft,
Straight as the dainty to the tooth,
Straight as his lady's love and truth,
Straight for the point, the best of all,
Sir William's arms and Hendon Hall.

Not far from where we left them all,
Those steeds and sires, was Hendon Hall,
Some twice four hundred yards or so;
And steeds to stables quickly go.
The lady wakes with the first start;
She cries aloud; she cowers at heart;
And looks around her in affright
On the wide, lonely, homeless night;
Then checks, as sharply as she may
(Not yet aware how blest his way,)
Her eager friend; and nighly faints,
And calls on fifty gentle saints,
And, if she could, would close her eyes,
For fear of thieves and sorceries,

79 four] nine *1842*.

87 eager] yearning *1842*.

Of men all beard and blood, and calls
Over lone fields, and lighted palls,
And elves that ever as you go,
Skip at your side with mop and mow,
With gibbering becks and moony stares,
Forcing your eyes to look on theirs.
And see! the moon forsakes the road;
She lifts her light to whence it flowed:
Has she a good or ill bestowed,
That thus her light forsakes the road?
The owls they hoot with gloomier cry;
They seem to see a murder nigh:
And how the palfrey snorts and pulls!
Now Mary help poor wandering fools!
The palfrey pulls, and he must go;
The lady's hand may not say No,
And go he does; the palfrey goes;
He carrieth now no longer woes;
For she, e'en she, now thinks she knows—
Sweet Anne begins to think she knows
Those gathering huts, those poplar rows,
That water, falling as it flows,
This bridge o'er which the palfrey goes,
This gate, at which he stops, and shows
His love to it with greeting nose.
Ah! surely recollects she well
All she has heard her lover tell
Of this same gate, and that same bell:
And she it was, you guess full well,
That pulled, and pulled again that bell;
And down her love has come pell-mell
With page, and squire, and all who ran,
And was the first to find his Anne,—
Was a most mad and blissful man,
Clasping his fainting, faithful Anne.

PART FIFTH

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes;
His work is done, you may suppose.
No:—double burden now he knows,
Yet well for ever the palfrey goes.

The bells in many a giddy ring
Run down the wind to meet the King,
Who comes to feast, for service done,
With Earl de Vere at Kensington,
And brings with him his constant grace
Queen Eleanor, that angel's face.

In many-footed order free
First ride his guards, all staid to see;
In midst of whom the trumpets blow,
Straight as power and glory go;
And then his lords and knights, each one
A manly splendour in the sun;
And then his lofty self appears,
Calmer for the shouts he hears,
With his Queen the courteous-eyed,
Like strength and sweetness side by side;
And thus, his banner steering all,
Rides the King to Earl-Mount Hall.

Meantime, ere yet the sovereign pair
Were threading London's closer air,
An humbler twain, heart-linked as they,
Were hearing larks and scenting hay,
And coming too, to Earl-Mount Hall
Through many a green lane's briery wall,
Many a brier and many a rose,
And merrily ever the palfrey goes,

92 lighted] walking *1842*.

Merrily though he carrieth two,
And one hath sometimes great ado
To sit while o'er the ruts he goes,
Nor clasp the other doubly close,
Who cannot choose but turn, and then—
Why, if none see, he clasps again.
'Ah,' thinks the lady, as she looks
Through tears and smiles with half-rebukes,
'Ah, *must* my father break his heart?
For surely now we never part.'

Behind, some furlong off, and 'twixt
Those winding oaks with poplars mixed,
Come two upon a second steed,
Male, too, and female; not indeed
The female young and fair as t'other:
She is the page's honoured mother.
Much talk they on the road;—at least
Much talks the mother; while the beast
Pulls at the hedges as he goes,
Pricking oft his tossing nose;
And the page, though listening, sees
Newts in the brooks and nests in trees.
Lastly a hound, tongue-lolling, courses
To and fro 'twixt both the horses,
Giving now some weasel chase,
And loving now his master's face,
And so with many a turn and run
Goes twenty furlongs to their one.

This riding double was no crime
In the first great Edward's time;
No brave man thought himself disgraced
By two fair arms about his waist;
Nor did the lady blush vermilion,
Dancing on the lover's pillion.
Why? Because all modes and actions
Bowed not then to Vulgar Fractions;
Nor were tested all resources
By the power to purchase horses.

Many a steed yet won had he,
Our lover, in his chivalry;
For, in sooth, full half his rents
Were ransoms gained in tournaments;
But all, save these, were gone at present.—
Ah! the green lane still was pleasant.

Hope was theirs. For one sweet hour
Did they, last night, in bliss devour
Each other's questions, answers, eyes,
Nor ever for divine surprise
Could take a proper breath, much less
The supper brought in hastiness
By the glad little gaping page;
While rose meantime his mother sage
To wait upon the lady sweet,
And snore discreetly on the seat
In the oriel of the room,
Whence gleamed her night-cap through the gloom.
Then parted they to lie awake
For transport, spite of all heart-ache:
For heaven's in any roof that covers,
Any one same night, two lovers;
They may be divided still;
They may want, in all but will;
But they know that each is there,
Each just parted, each in prayer;
Each more close, because apart,
And every thought clasped heart to heart.

Alas! in vain their hearts agree:
Good must seem good, as well as be;
And lest a spot should stain his flower
For blushing in a brideless bower,
Sir William with the lark must rise,
And bear,—but whither bear?—his prize:
Not to Sir Grey's, for that were scorn;
Not to Sir Guy's, to live forlorn;
Not to some abbey's jealous care,
For Heaven would try to wed her there;
But to a dame that served the Queen,
His aunt, and no mean dame I ween,—
A dame of rank, a dame of honour,
A dame (may earth lie green upon her!)

42 page's] male's most *1842*.

81 oriel] window *1842*.

That felt for nature, love, and truth,
And hated old age pawing youth:
One that at no time held wrong right,
Yet somehow took a dear delight
By secret measures, sweet and strong,
In giving right a zest of wrong.
To her Sir William brings his Anne
Three hours before the feast began,
But first has sent his page to spy
How day has dawned with old Sir Guy.
The page scarce vanished, reappears,
His eyes wide open as their ears,
And tells how all the beards are there:
All;—every mump of quivering hair,
Come back with groan, and back with stare,
To set Sir Guy upon the rack,
And find the lady *not* come back.

'Now God bless all their groans and stares,
And eke their most irreverend hairs!'
Cries the good dame, the Lady Maud,
Laughing with all her shoulders broad:—
'My budget bursteth sure with this!
This were a crowning galliardise
For king himself to tell in hall,
Against his lords' wit groweth small.'
And rustling in her vestments broad,
Forth sails the laughing Lady Maud
To tell the King and tell the Queen;
But first she kissed sweet Anne between
The sighing lips and downcast eyes,
And said, 'Old breaking hearts are lies.'

Three hours have come, three hours have gone;
King Edward, with his crownet on,
Sits highest where the feast is set;
With wine the sweetest lips are wet;
The music makes a heaven above,
And underneath is talk of love.

The King looked out from where he sat,
And cried 'Sir Guy de Paul!' Thereat
The music stopped with awe and wonder,
Like discourse when speaks the thunder;
And the feasters, one and all,
Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.

'How chanceth it, Sir Guy de Paul,
Your daughter graceth not the call
To the feast at Earl-Mount Hall?
My friends here boast her like the Queen:
What maketh such a face unseen?'

'Sir,' quoth Sir Guy, 'a loyal breast
Hath brought a man here, sore distressed.
My daughter, through device, 'tis feared,
Of some false knight, hath disappeared.'

'Hah!' quoth the King, 'since when, I pray?
They tell me 'twas but yesterday
That she was marked, for two long hours,
Praying behind her window-flowers.'

'Alas! sir, 'twas at night.—Forgive
My failing speech. I scarcely live
Till I have sought her, high and low,
And know, what then the King shall know.'

'Now God confound all snares, and bring
Base hearts to sorrow!' cried the King;
'Myself will aid thee, and full soon.
Ho! master bard, good Rafe de Boon,
Pinch thy fair harp, and make it tell
Of those old thieves who slept so well.'

The minstrel bowed with blushing glee;
His harp into his arms took he,

And roused its pulses to a mood
Befitting love and hardihood.
Then, with his ready wit sincere,
He sang to every tingling ear,
How fifteen brave old beards, one night,
Bore off one lady in a fright;
With what amazing knees they kept
Their saddles, and how fiercely slept;
And how a certain palfrey chose
To leave them to their proud repose,
And through the wildering night-time bear
The lady to her lover's care.
He named no names, he drew no face,
Yet not a soul mistook the case;
Till by degrees, boards, tap'stries, rafters,
Echoed the King's and feasters' laughters;
And once again, all Earl-Mount Hall
Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.

But how the laughter raged and screamed,
When lo! these fifteen beards all streamed
In at the great door of the hall!
Those very grey-beards, one and all,
By the King's command in thrall,
All mounted and all scared withal,
And scarlet as Sir Guy de Paul!
By heavens! 'twas 'merry in the hall,'
When every beard but those 'wagged all.'

Out spoke the King with wrathful breath,
Smiting the noise as still as death:
'Are these the suitors to destroy
My projects with new tales of Troy?
These the bold knights and generous lords
To wed our heiresses and wards?
Now, too, while Frenchman and while Scot
Have cost us double swords, God wot!
Are these replenishers of nations?
Begetters of great generations?
Out with them all! and bring to light
A fitter and a fairer sight.'
Queen Eleanor glanced down the hall,
She pitied old Sir Guy de Paul,
Who, while these doters went their way,
Knew neither how to go nor stay,
But sate bent close, his shame to smother,
Rubbing one hand upon the other.
A page she sent him, bright and mild,
Who led him forth, like his own child.

Out went the beards by a side door;
The great one rolled apart once more,
And, as the King had given command,
In rode a couple, hand in hand,
Who made the stillness stiller:—he
A man to grace all jeopardy;
And all a lovely comfort, she.
The stalwart youth bestrode a steed,
A Barbary, the King's own breed;
The lady graced her palfrey still,
Sweet beast, that ever hath his will,
And paceth now, beside his lord,
Straight for the King at the high board,
Till sharp the riders halt, and wait
The speaking of the crowned state,—
The knight with reverential eyes,
Whose grateful hope no claim implies:
The lady in a bashful glow,
Her bosom billowing to and fro.

'Welcome! Sir William de la Barre,'
The monarch cried; 'a right good star
For ladies' palfreys led astray;
And welcome his fair flower of May.
By heavens! I will not have my knights
Defrauded of their lady rights.
I give thee, William de la Barre,
For this thy bride and that thy scar
Won from the big-limbed traitor Pole,
The day thou dashedst out half his soul

And lett'st his ransom free, for ruth
(For which thou wert a foolish youth,)
All those good meadows, lately his,
Down by the Brent, where thy hall is,
And all thy rights in that same hall,
Together with the osieries all
That skirt the streams by down and dale,
From Hendon into Perivale.
And now dismount. And hark ye, there,
Sir Priest, my chaplain Christopher,
(See how the honest body dries
The tears of claret in his eyes !)—
Come and betroth these friends of mine,
Till at the good Earl's chapel shrine
Thy holy magic make them one :
The King and Queen will see it done.
But first a royal health to all
The friends we leave in this fair hall ;
And may all knights' and ladies' horses
Take, like the palfrey, vigorous courses ! '

With princely laughter rose the King,
Rose all, the laughter echoing,
Rose the proud wassail, rose the shout
By the trumpets long stretched out ;
You would have thought that roof and all
Rose in that heart-lifted hall.

On their knees are two alone ;
The palfrey and the barb have gone :
And then arose those two beside,
And the music from its pride
Falls into a beauteous prayer,
Like an angel quitting air ;
And the King and his soft Queen
Smile upon those two serene,
Whom the priest, accosting bland,
Puts, full willing, hand in hand.
Ah scarcely even King and Queen
Did they then perceive, I ween,
Nor well to after-memory call,
How they went from out that hall.
What more ? Sir Guy, and then Sir Grey,
Died each upon a fine spring day ;
And, in their hatred of things small,
Left him, now wanting nothing, all :
(All which, at least, that mighty claw
Permitted them, yclept the law.)
The daughter wept, and wept the more
To think her tears would soon be o'er ;
Sir William neither wept nor smiled,
But graced the father for the child,
And sent, to join the funeral shows,
Bearing scutcheons, bearing woes,
The palfrey ; and full well he goes ;
Oh ! merrily well the palfrey goes ;
Grief great as any there he knows,
Yet merrily ever the palfrey goes.

L'ENVOY

To HER, who loves all peaceful glory,
Therefore laurelled song and story ;
Who, as blooming maiden should,
Married blest, with young and good ;
And whose zeal for healthy duties
Set on horseback half our beauties ;
Hie thee, little book, and say—
(Blushing for leave unbegged alway ;
And yet how beg it for one flower
Cast in the path of Sovereign Power ?)
Say that thy verse, though small it be,
Yet moved by ancient minstrelsy
To sing of youth escaped from age,
Scenes pleasant, and a Palfrey sage,
And meditated, morn by morn,
Among the trees where she was born,
Dares come, on grateful memory's part,
Not to Crowned Head, but to Crowned Heart.

295–6 *om. 1842.* 311 rare *before* zeal *1842.*

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS[1]

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, May 1836; reprinted with slight alterations 1837, (in Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours*); 1844-60. Text 1844.]

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, 'Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there.'

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
'By God!' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose from where he sat:
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like that.'

GODIVA

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, March 1850; reprinted 1855-60.]

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER

John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turned aside;

[1] See notes.

3 benches, and . . . pride] benches round, the ladies by their side *1836*.
8 beams] bears *1836*. 11 whisking] whizzing *1836*.
23 God] Heav'n *1860*. said] cried *1836*.
Title. Hunter] Hunter, of Edinburgh *1850*.

His lady to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born;
She said—the people will be kind; they love a gentle deed;
They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close in penitence and prayer;
The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard
Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer-bird;
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath blessed the lady's pious will;
Then down the stairs she comes undressed, but in a mantle still;
Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are;
The door is passed; the saddle pressed; her body feels the air;
Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then how every listener feels, the palfrey's foot that hears!
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears;
The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature born to rescue men forbid:
He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of poverty:
No unaccustomed deed she did, in scorn of custom's self,
She that but wished the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf.
Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy preached of old.

They say she blushed to be beheld, e'en of her ladies' eyes;
Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewildered sighs.
A downward look; a beating heart; a sense of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she passed;
A prayer, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glowed,
These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind his heart with more? Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress?
In fancy still she holds her way, forever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreathed upon;
The step, that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,
Though yet, alas! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

CAPTAIN SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN

[First published as a separate volume, with Dedication to Brougham, Advertisement (see notes, at end), and *Remarks*, 1835; reprinted separately in 1839 (the editor has not been able to see this edition), and in 1849 with two additional prefaces (see notes, at end) and a number of notes, but without the Dedication; reprinted, slightly abridged, in the *Poetical Works* 1844 (with the Dedication) and, unabridged, in 1857, 1860 with most of the *Remarks on the Duty of considering the Horrors and the alleged Necessity of War* from 1835 and the notes from 1849. Text 1835.]

I

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD MARCHED TO WAR

Captain Sword got up one day,
Over the hills to march away,
Over the hills and through the towns;
They heard him coming across the downs,
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,
Which his drums sent before him into the street.
And lo! 'twas a beautiful sight in the sun;
For first came his foot, all marching like one,
With tranquil faces, and bristling steel,
And the flag full of honour as though it could feel,
And the officers gentle, the sword that hold
'Gainst the shoulder heavy with trembling gold,
And the massy tread, that in passing is heard,
Though the drums and the music say never a word.

And then came his horse, a clustering sound,
Of shapely potency, forward bound,
Glossy black steeds, and riders tall,
Rank after rank, each looking like all,
Midst moving repose and a threatening charm,
With mortal sharpness at each right arm,
And hues that painters and ladies love,
And ever the small flag blushed above.

And ever and anon the kettle-drums beat
Hasty power midst order meet;
And ever and anon the drums and fifes
Came like motion's voice, and life's;
Or into the golden grandeurs fell
Of deeper instruments, mingling well,
Burdens of beauty for winds to bear;
And the cymbals kissed in the shining air,
And the trumpets their visible voices reared,
Each looking forth with its tapestried beard,
Bidding the heavens and earth make way
For Captain Sword and his battle-array.

He, nevertheless, rode indifferent-eyed,
As if pomp were a toy to his manly pride,
Whilst the ladies loved him the more for his scorn,
And thought him the noblest man ever was born,
And tears came into the bravest eyes,
And hearts swelled after him double their size,
And all that was weak, and all that was strong,
Seemed to think wrong's self in him could not be wrong,
Such love, though with bosom about to be gored,
Did sympathy get for brave Captain Sword.

So, half that night, as he stopped in the town,
'Twas all one dance going merrily down,
With lights in windows and love in eyes,
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
But all the next morning 'twas tears and sighs;
For the sound of his drums grew less and less,
Walking like carelessness off from distress;
And Captain Sword went whistling gay,
'Over the hills and far away.'

II

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD WON A GREAT VICTORY

Through fair and through foul went Captain Sword,
Pacer of highway and piercer of ford,
Steady of face in rain or sun,
He and his merry men, all as one;
Till they came to a place, where in battle-array
Stood thousands of faces firm as they,
Waiting to see which best could maintain
Bloody argument, lords of pain;
And down the throats of their fellow-men
Thrust the draught never drunk again.

It was a spot of rural peace,
Ripening with the year's increase,
And singing in the sun with birds,
Like a maiden with happy words—
With happy words which she scarcely hears
In her own contented ears,
Such abundance feeleth she
Of all comfort carelessly,
Throwing round her, as she goes,
Sweet half-thoughts on lily and rose,
Nor guesseth what will soon arouse
All ears—that murder's in the house;
And that, in some strange wrong of brain,
Her father hath her mother slain.

Steady! steady! The masses of men
Wheel, and fall in, and wheel again,
Softly as circles drawn with pen.

Then a gaze there was, and valour, and fear,
And the jest that died in the jester's ear,
And preparation, noble to see,
Of all-accepting mortality;
Tranquil Necessity gracing Force;
And the trumpets danced with the stirring horse;
And lordly voices, here and there,
Called to war through the gentle air;
When suddenly, with its voice of doom
Spoke the cannon 'twixt glare and gloom,
Making wider the dreadful room:
On the faces of nations round
Fell the shadow of that sound.

Death for death! The storm begins;
Rush the drums in a torrent of dins;
Crash the muskets, gash the swords;
Shoes grow red in a thousand fords;
Now for the flint, and the cartridge bite;
Darkly gathers the breath of the fight,
Salt to the palate, and stinging to sight;
Muskets are pointed they scarce know where;
No matter: Murder is cluttering there.
Reel the hollows: close up! close up!
Death feeds thick, and his food is his cup.
Down go bodies, snap burst eyes;
Trod on the ground are tender cries;
Brains are dashed against plashing ears;
Hah! no time has battle for tears;
Cursing helps better—cursing, that goes
Slipping through friends' blood, athirst for foes'.
What have soldiers with tears to do?—
We, who this mad-house must now go through,
This twenty-fold Bedlam, let loose with knives—
To murder, and stab, and grow liquid with lives—
Gasping, staring, treading red mud,
Till the drunkenness' self makes us steady of blood?[n]

[Oh! shrink not thou, reader! Thy part's in it, too;
Has not thy praise made the thing they go through
Shocking to read of, but noble to do?]

No time to be 'breather of thoughtful breath'
Has the giver and taker of dreadful death.

109–19 *om. 1844.*

See where comes the horse-tempest again,
Visible earthquake, bloody of mane!
Part are upon us, with edges of pain;
Part burst, riderless, over the plain,
Crashing their spurs, and twice slaying the slain.[n]
See, by the living God! see those foot
Charging down hill—hot, hurried, and mute!
They loll their tongues out! Ah-hah! pell-mell!
Horses roll in a human hell;
Horse and man they climb one another—
Which is the beast, and which is the brother?[n]
Mangling, stifling, stopping shrieks
With the tread of torn-out cheeks,
Drinking each other's bloody breath—
Here 's the fleshiest feast of Death.
An odour, as of a slaughter-house,
The distant raven's dark eye bows.[n]

Victory! victory! Man flies man;
Cannibal patience hath done what it can—
Carved, and been carved, drunk the drinkers down,
And now there is one that hath won the crown;—
One pale visage stands lord of the board—
Joy to the trumpets of Captain Sword!

His trumpets blow strength, his trumpets neigh,
They and his horse, and waft him away;
They and his foot, with a tired proud flow,
Tattered escapers and givers of woe.
Open, ye cities! Hats off! hold breath!
To see the man who has been with Death;
To see the man who determineth right
By the virtue-perplexing virtue of might.
Sudden before him have ceased the drums,
And lo! in the air of empire he comes.

All things present, in earth and sky,
Seem to look at his looking eye.

III

OF THE BALL THAT WAS GIVEN TO CAPTAIN SWORD

But Captain Sword was a man among men,
And he hath become their playmate again:
Boot, nor sword, nor stern look hath he,
But holdeth the hand of a fair ladye,
And floweth the dance a palace within,
Half the night, to a golden din,

127–36 om. 1844.

Midst lights in windows and love in eyes,
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
And ever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that's thanked, and the look that's adored.

There was the country-dance, small of taste;
And the waltz, that loveth the lady's waist;
And the galopade, strange agreeable tramp,
Made of a scrape, a hobble, and stamp;
And the high-stepping minuet, face to face,
Mutual worship of conscious grace;
And all the shapes in which beauty goes
Weaving motion with blithe repose.

And then a table a feast displayed,
Like a garden of light without a shade,
All of gold, and flowers, and sweets,
With wines of old church-lands, and sylvan meats,
Food that maketh the blood feel choice;
Yet all the face of the feast, and the voice,
And heart, still turned to the head of the board;
For ever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that's thanked, and the look that's adored.

Well content was Captain Sword;
At his feet all wealth was poured;
On his head all glory set;
For his ease all comfort met;
And around him seemed entwined
All the arms of womankind.

And when he had taken his fill
Thus, of all that pampereth will,
In his down he sunk to rest
Clasped in dreams of all its best.

IV

ON WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE THE NIGHT AFTER THE VICTORY

'Tis a wild night out of doors;
The wind is mad upon the moors,
And comes into the rocking town,
Stabbing all things, up and down,
And then there is a weeping rain
Huddling 'gainst the window-pane,
And good men bless themselves in bed;
The mother brings her infant's head
Closer, with a joy like tears,
And thinks of angels in her prayers;
Then sleeps, with his small hand in hers.

Two loving women, lingering yet
Ere the fire is out, are met,
Talking sweetly, time-beguiled,
One of her bridegroom, one her child,
The bridegroom he. They have received
Happy letters, more believed
For public news, and feel the bliss
The heavenlier on a night like this.
They think him housed, they think him blest,
Curtained in the core of rest,
Danger distant, all good near;
Why hath their 'Good night' a tear?

Behold him! By a ditch he lies
Clutching the wet earth, his eyes
Beginning to be mad. In vain
His tongue still thirsts to lick the rain,
That mocked but now his homeward tears;
And ever and anon he rears
His legs and knees with all their strength,
And then as strongly thrusts at length.
Raised, or stretched, he cannot bear
The wound that girds him, weltering there:
And 'Water!' he cries, with moonward stare.[n]

['I will not read it!' with a start,
Burning cries some honest heart;
'I will not read it! Why endure
Pangs which horror cannot cure?
Why—Oh why? and rob the brave,
And the bereaved, of all they crave,
A little hope to gild the grave?']

Askest thou why, thou honest heart?
'Tis *because* thou dost ask, and *because* thou dost start.
'Tis because thine own praise and fond outward thought
Have aided the shows which this sorrow has wrought]

A wound unutterable—O God!
Mingles his being with the sod.

['I'll read no more.'—Thou must, thou must:
In thine own pang doth wisdom trust.]

His nails are in earth, his eyes in air,
And 'Water!' he crieth—he may not forbear.
Brave and good was he, yet now he dreams
The moon looks cruel; and he blasphemes.

['No more! no more!' Nay, this is but one;
Were the whole tale told, it would not be done

228–42, 247–53 om. 1844.

From wonderful setting to rising sun.
But God's good time is at hand—be calm,
Thou reader! and steep thee in all thy balm
Of tears or patience, of thought or good will,
For the field—the field awaiteth us still.]

'Water! water!' all over the field:
To nothing but Death will that wound-voice yield.
One, as he crieth, is sitting half bent;
What holds he so close?—his body is rent.
Another is mouthless, with eyes on cheek;
Unto the raven he may not speak.
One would fain kill him; and one half round
The place where he writhes, hath up-beaten the ground.
Like a mad horse hath he beaten the ground,
And the feathers and music that litter it round,
The gore, and the mud, and the golden sound.
Come hither, ye cities! ye ball-rooms, take breath!
See what a floor hath the Dance of Death![n]

The floor is alive, though the lights are out;
What are those dark shapes, flitting about?
Flitting about, yet no ravens they,
Not foes, yet not friends,—mute creatures of prey;
Their prey is lucre, their claws a knife,
Some say they take the beseeching life.
Horrible pity is theirs for despair,
And they the love-sacred limbs leave bare.[n]
Love will come to-morrow, and sadness,
Patient for the fear of madness,
And shut its eyes for cruelty,
So many pale beds to see.
Turn away, thou Love, and weep
No more in covering his last sleep;
Thou *hast* him:—blessed is thine eye!
Friendless Famine has yet to die.[n]

A shriek!—Great God! what superhuman
Peal was that? Not man, nor woman,
Nor twenty madmen, crushed, could wreak
Their soul in such a ponderous shriek.
Dumbly, for an instant, stares
The field; and creep men's dying hairs.

O friend of man! O noble creature!
Patient and brave, and mild by nature,
Mild by nature, and mute as mild,
Why brings he to these passes wild

256–64 *om. 1844.* 275–311 *om. 1844.*
279 and weep No more] nor weep | More *1844–60.*

Thee, gentle horse, thou shape of beauty?
Could he not do his dreadful duty,
(If duty it be, which seems mad folly)
Nor link thee to his melancholy?

Two noble steeds lay side by side,
One cropped the meek grass ere it died;
Pang-struck it struck t'other, already torn,
And out of its bowels that shriek was born.[n]

Now see what crawleth, well as it may,
Out of the ditch, and looketh that way.
What horror all black, in the sick moonlight,
Kneeling, half human, a burdensome sight;
Loathly and liquid, as fly from a dish;
Speak, Horror! thou, for it withereth flesh.
'The grass caught fire; the wounded were by;
Writhing till eve did a remnant lie;
Then feebly this coal abateth his cry;
But he hopeth! he hopeth! joy lighteth his eye,
For gold he possesseth, and Murder is nigh!'[n]

O goodness in horror! O ill not all ill!
In the worst of the worst may be fierce Hope still.
To-morrow with dawn will come many a wain,
And bear away loads of human pain,
Piles of pale beds for the 'spitals; but some
Again will awake in home-mornings, and some,
Dull herds of the war, again follow the drum.
From others, faint blood shall in families flow,
With wonder at life, and young oldness in woe,
Yet hence may the movers of great earth grow.[n]
Now, even now, I hear them at hand,
Though again Captain Sword is up in the land,
Marching anew for more fields like these
In the health of his flag in the morning breeze.

Sneereth the trumpet, and stampeth the drum,
And again Captain Sword in his pride doth come;
He passeth the fields where his friends lie lorn,
Feeding the flowers and the feeding corn,[n]
Where under the sunshine cold they lie;
And he hasteth a tear from his old gray eye.[n]
Small thinking is his but of work to be done,
And onward he marcheth, using the sun:
He slayeth, he wasteth, he spouteth his fires
On babes at the bosom, and bed-rid sires;[n]
He bursteth pale cities, through smoke and through yell,

For ll. 336–9

He bursteth the gates of an agonized town,
And the doors of shrieking homes go down, *1844*.

And bringeth behind him, hot-blooded, his hell.
Then the weak door is barred and the soul all sore,
And hand-wringing helplessness paceth the floor,
And the lover is slain, and the parents are nigh—[n]

Oh God! let me breathe, and look up at thy sky!
Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
Round about goeth the golden sun.

V

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS GREAT VICTORIES, BECAME INFIRM IN HIS WITS

But to win at the game, whose moves are death,
It maketh a man draw too proud a breath:
And to see his force taken for reason and right,
It tendeth to unsettle his reason quite.
Never did chief of the line of Sword
Keep his wits whole at that drunken board.
He taketh the size, and the roar, and fate,
Of the field of his action, for soul as great:
He smiteth and stunneth the cheek of mankind,
And saith, 'Lo! I rule both body and mind.'

Captain Sword forgot his own soul,
Which of aught save itself resented control;
Which whatever his deeds, ordained them still,
Bodiless monarch, enthroned in his will:
He forgot the close thought, and the burning heart,
And prayers, and the mild moon hanging apart,
Which lifteth the seas with her gentle looks,
And growth, and death, and immortal books,
And the Infinite Mildness, the soul of souls,
Which layeth earth soft 'twixt her silver poles;
Which ruleth the stars, and saith not a word;
Whose speed in the hair of no comet is heard;
Which sendeth the soft sun, day by day,
Mighty and genial, and just alway,
Owning no difference, doing no wrong,
Loving the orbs and the least bird's song,
The great, sweet, warm angel, with golden rod,
Bright with the smile of the distance of God.

Captain Sword, like a witless thing,
Of all under heaven must needs be a king,
King of kings, and lord of lords,
Swayer of souls as well as of swords,

360 lifted *1849–60*.

Ruler of speech, and through speech, of thought;
And hence to his brain was a madness brought.
He maddened in East, he maddened in West,
Fiercer for sights of men's unrest,
Fiercer for talk, amongst awful men,
Of their new mighty leader, Captain Pen,
A conqueror strange, who sat in his home
Like the wizard that plagued the ships of Rome,
Noiseless, showless, dealing no death,
But victories, winged, went forth from his breath.

Three thousand miles across the waves[1]
Did Captain Sword cry, bidding souls be slaves:
Three thousand miles did the echo return
With a laugh and a blow made his old cheeks burn.

Then he called to a wrong-maddened people, and swore[2]
Their name in the map should never be more:
Dire came the laugh, and smote worse than before.
Were earthquake a giant, up-thrusting his head
And o'erlooking the nations, not worse were the dread.

Then, lo! was a wonder, and sadness to see;
For with that very people, their leader, stood he,
Incarnate afresh, like a Cæsar of old;[3]
But because he looked back, and his heart was cold,
Time, hope, and himself for a tale he sold.
Oh largest occasion, by man ever lost!
Oh throne of the world to the war-dogs tost!

He vanished; and thinly there stood in his place
The new shape of Sword, with an humbler face,[4]
Rebuking his brother, and preaching for right,
Yet ay when it came, standing proud on his might,
And squaring its claims with his old small sight;
Then struck up his drums, with ensign furled,
And said, 'I will walk through a subject world:
Earth, just as it is, shall for ever endure,
The rich be too rich, and the poor too poor;
And for this I'll stop knowledge. I'll say to it, "Flow
Thus far: but presume no farther to flow:
For me, as I list, shall the free airs blow."'

Laughed after him loudly that land so fair,[5]
'The king thou sett'st over us, by a free air
Is swept away, senseless.' And old Sword then
First knew the might of great Captain Pen.
So strangely it bowed him, so wildered his brain,
That now he stood, hatless, renouncing his reign;

[1] The American War [H. *1849–60*]. *386 to end of v. om. 1844.*
[2] The French War [H. *1849–60*].
[3] Napoleon [H. *1849–60*].
[4] The Duke of Wellington, or existing Military Toryism [H. *1849–60*].
[5] The Glorious Three Days [H. *1849, 1860*].

Now muttered of dust laid in blood; and now
'Twixt wonder and patience went lifting his brow.
Then suddenly came he with gowned men,
And said, 'Now observe me—*I'm* Captain Pen:
I'll lead all your changes—I'll write all your books—
I'm everything—all things—I'm clergymen, cooks,
Clerks, carpenters, hosiers,—I'm Pitt—I'm Lord Grey.'

'Twas painful to see his extravagant way;
But heart ne'er so bold, and hand ne'er so strong,
What are they, when truth and the wits go wrong?

VI

OF CAPTAIN PEN, AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH CAPTAIN SWORD

Now tidings of Captain Sword and his state
Were brought to the ears of Pen the Great,
Who rose and said, 'His time is come'.
And he sent him, but not by sound of drum,
Nor trumpet, nor other hasty breath,
Hot with questions of life and death,
But only a letter calm and mild;
And Captain Sword he read it, and smiled,
And said, half in scorn, and nothing in fear,
(Though his wits seemed restored by a danger near,
For brave was he ever), 'Let Captain Pen,
Bring at his back a million men,
And I'll talk with his wisdom, and not till then.'
Then replied to his messenger Captain Pen,
'I'll bring at my back a *world* of men.'

Out laughed the captains of Captain Sword,
But their chief looked vexed, and said not a word,
For thought and trouble had touched his ears
Beyond the bullet-sense of theirs,
And wherever he went, he was 'ware of a sound
Now heard in the distance, now gathering round,
Which irked him to know what the issue might be;
But the soul of the cause of it well guessed he.

Indestructible souls among men
Were the souls of the line of Captain Pen;
Sages, patriots, martyrs mild,
Going to the stake, as child
Goeth with his prayer to bed;
Dungeon-beams, from quenchless head;
Poets, making earth aware
Of its wealth in good and fair;

And the benders to their intent,
Of metal and of element;
Of flame the enlightener, beauteous,
And steam, that bursteth his iron house;
And adamantine giants blind,
That, without master, have no mind.

Heir to these, and all their store,
Was Pen, the power unknown of yore;
And as their might still created might,
And each worked for him by day and by night,
In wealth and wondrous means he grew,
Fit to move the earth anew;
Till his fame began to speak
Pause, as when the thunders wake,
Muttering in the beds of heaven:
Then, to set the globe more even,
Water he called, and Fire, and Haste,
Which hath left old Time displaced—
And Iron, mightiest now for Pen,
Each of his steps like an army of men—
(Sword little knew what was leaving him then)
And out of the witchcraft of their skill,
A creature he called to wait on his will—
Half iron, half vapour, a dread to behold—
Which evermore panted and evermore rolled,
And uttered his words a million fold.
Forth sprang they in air, down raining like dew,
And men fed upon them, and mighty they grew.

Ears giddy with custom that sound might not hear,
But it woke up the rest, like an earthquake near;
And that same night of the letter, some strange
Compulsion of soul brought a sense of change;
And at midnight the sound grew into a roll
As the sound of all gatherings from pole to pole,
From pole unto pole, and from clime to clime,
Like the roll of the wheels of the coming of time;—
A sound as of cities, and sound as of swords
Sharpening, and solemn and terrible words,
And laughter as solemn, and thunderous drumming,
A tread as if all the world were coming.
And then was a lull, and soft voices sweet
Called into music those terrible feet,
Which rising on wings, lo! the earth went round
To the burn of their speed with a golden sound;
With a golden sound, and a swift repose,
Such as the blood in the young heart knows;
Such as Love knows, when his tumults cease;
When all is quick, and yet all is at peace.

And when Captain Sword got up next morn,
Lo! a new-faced world was born;
For not an anger nor pride would it show,
Nor aught of the loftiness now found low,
Nor would his own men strike a single blow:
Not a blow for their old, unconsidering lord
Would strike the good soldiers of Captain Sword;
But weaponless all, and wise they stood,
In the level dawn, and calm brotherly good;
Yet bowed to him they, and kissed his hands,
For such were their new lord's commands,
Lessons rather, and brotherly plea;
Reverence the past, quoth he;
Reverence the struggle and mystery,
And faces human in their pain;
Nor his the least that could sustain
Cares of mighty wars, and guide
Calmly where the red deaths ride.

'But how! what now?' cried Captain Sword;
'Not a blow for your general? not even a word?
What! traitors? deserters?'

'Ah no!' cried they;
'But the 'game's' at an end; the 'wise' won't play.'

'And where's your old spirit?'

'The same, though another;
Man may be strong without maiming his brother.'

'But enemies?'

'Enemies! Whence should they come,
When all interchange what was but known to some?'

'But famine? but plague? worse evils by far.'

'O last mighty rhet'ric to charm us to war!
Look round—what has earth, now it equably speeds,
To do with these foul and calamitous needs?
Now it equably speeds, and thoughtfully glows,
And its heart is open, never to close?'

'Still I can govern,' said Captain Sword;
'Fate I respect; and I stick to my word.'
And in truth so he did; but the word was one
He had sworn to all vanities under the sun,
To do, for their conq'rors, the least could be done.
Besides, what had *he* with his worn-out story,
To do with the cause he had wronged, and the glory?

519 good *before* lord's *1849–60*.
521 still *before* the *1844*. *after* past *1849–60 have* O brothers
544 vanities] tyrannies *1844*. 545 their conq'rors] the people *1844*.

No! Captain Sword a sword was still,
He could not unteach his lordly will;
He could not attemper his single thought;
It might not be bent, nor newly wrought:
And so, like the tool of a disused art,
He stood at his wall, and rusted apart.

'Twas only for many-souled Captain Pen
To make a world of swordless men.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

[Written in (perhaps for) Mrs. S. C. Hall's album. First printed in S. C. Hall's *Book of Gems*, vol. iii, 1838. Reprinted 1840 (D. L. Richardson's *Selections from the British Poets*, Calcutta), 1844–60.]

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAFFÀR

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, February 1850; reprinted 1855–60.]

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY

Shelley, take this to thy dear memory;—
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

Jaffàr, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Hàroun, sullen with mistrust

Title. Abou ben Adhem and the Angel *1844. For the extract from D'Herbelot given in 1844 see notes at end of book.*

Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.
All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

'Bring me this man,' the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. 'Welcome, brave cords!' cried he;
'From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr?'

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, 'Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgement shall be master still.
Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.'

'Gifts!' cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed 'This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr.'

THE BITTER GOURD

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, April 1850, with seven introductory lines to the Duke of Devonshire, for which see notes; reprinted 1855–60.]

Lokman the wise, therefore the Good (for wise
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
Gave him one day, to see how he would treat
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
The sage received what stretched the donor's eyes;

And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
To feast and gloat on, every morsel chewed;
And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
Till all the nauseous favour disappeared.

Vexed, and confounded, and disposed to find
Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
'Lokman!' exclaimed his master,—'In God's name,
Where could the veriest slave get soul so tame?
Have all my favours been bestowed amiss?
Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this?'

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—
'Have I received,' he answered, 'at thine hands
Favours so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
And could I not accept one bitter fruit?'

'O Lokman!' said his lord (and as he spoke,
For very love his words in softness broke),
'Take but this favour yet:—be slave no more:—
Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor:
Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-abhorred;—
'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord.'

THE INEVITABLE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, January 1850; reprinted 1855–60.]

INSCRIBED TO JOHN FORSTER

Forster, whose voice can speak of awe so well,
And stern disclosures, new and terrible,
This were a tale, my friend, for thee to tell.
Seek for it then in some old book; but take
Meantime this version, for the writer's sake.

The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with face
Yet undiscerned, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wanted, who could be,
How dare, unushered, beard such privacy,
Whether 'twas some great Spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he should thus daunt the king

16 How can a slave himself become so tame? *1850.*

(For the ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze),
All this the courtier would have asked ; but fear
Palsied his utterance, as the man drew near.

The stranger seemed (to judge him by his dress)
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim ; but the steps he took
Belied it with strange greatness ; and his look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.

He wore a cowl, from under which there shone,
Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
A face, not of this earth, half veiled in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of doom,
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Rebuke, and staggering, and astonishment,
With sense of change, and worse of change to be,
Sore sighing, and extreme anxiety,
And feebleness, and faintness, and moist brow,
The past a scoff, the future crying 'Now!'
All that makes wet the pores, and lifts the hair ;
All that makes dying vehemence despair,
Knowing it must be dragged it knows not where.

Th' excess of fear and anguish, which had tied
The courtier's tongue, now loosed it, and he cried,
'O royal master! Sage! Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing ;
Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

Solomon wished, and the man vanished. Straight
Up comes the terror, with his orbs of fate.

'Solomon,' with a lofty voice said he,
'How came that man here, wasting time with thee ?
I was to fetch him, ere the close of day,
From the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
'Angel of Death, there will the man be found.

WALLACE AND FAWDON

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1850; reprinted 1855–60.]

PART THE FIRST

WALLACE with his sixteen men
Is on his weary way;
They have hasting been all night,
And hasting been all day;
And now, to lose their only hope,
They hear the bloodhound bay.

The bloodhound's bay comes down the wind,
Right upon the road;
Town and tower are yet to pass,
With not a friend's abode.

Wallace neither turned nor spake;
Closer drew the men;
Little had they said that day,
But most went cursing then.

Oh! to meet twice sixteen foes
Coming from English ground,
And leave their bodies on the track,
To cheat King Edward's hound.

Oh! to overtake one wretch
That left them in the fight,
And leave him cloven to the ribs,
To mock the bloody spite.

Suddenly dark Fawdon stopped,
As they neared a town;
He stumbled with a desperate oath,
And cast him fiercely down.

He said, 'The leech took all my strength,
My body is unblest;
Come dog, come devil, or English rack,
Here must Fawdon rest.'

Fawdon was an Irishman
Had joined them in the war;
Four orphan children waited him
Down by Eden Scawr.

But Wallace hated Fawdon's ways,
That were both fierce and shy;
And at his words he turned, and said,
'That 's a traitor's lie.

'No thought is thine of lingering here,
A captive for the hound;
Thine eye is bright; thy lucky flesh
Hath not a single wound;
The moment we depart, the lane
Will see thee from the ground.'

Fawdon would not speak nor stir,
Speak as any might;
Scorned or soothed, he sat and loured,
As though in angry spite.

Wallace drew a little back,
And waved his men apart;
And Fawdon half leaped up and cried,
'Thou wilt not have the heart!'

Wallace with his dreadful sword,
Without further speech,
Clean cut off dark Fawdon's head,
Through its stifled screech:

Through its stifled screech, and through
The arm that fenced his brow;
And Fawdon, as he leaped, fell dead,
And safe is Wallace now.

Safe is Wallace with his men,
And silent is the hound;
And on their way to Castle Gask
They quit the sullen ground.

PART THE SECOND

WALLACE lies in Castle Gask,
Safely with his men;
Not a soul has come, three days,
Within the warder's ken.

Safely with his men lies Wallace,
Yet he fareth ill;
There is fever in his blood;
His mind may not be still.

66 Safely] Resting *1850*.
71 is fever] are tumults *1850*. 72 And pangs upon his will *1850*.

It was night, and all were housed,
Talking long and late;
Who is this that blows the horn
At the castle-gate?

Who is this that blows a horn
Which none but Wallace hears?
Loud and louder grows the blast
In his frenzied ears.

He sends by twos, he sends by threes,
He sends them all to learn;
He stands upon the stairs, and calls,
But none of them return.

Wallace flings him forth down stairs;
And there the moonlight fell
Across the yard upon a sight,
That makes him seem in hell.

Fawdon's headless trunk he sees,
With an arm in air,
Brandishing his bloody head
By the swinging hair.

Wallace with a stifled screech
Turned and fled amain,
Up the stairs, and through the bowers
With a burning brain:

From a window Wallace leaped
Fifteen feet to ground,
And never stopped till fast within
A nunnery's holy bound.

And then he turned, in gasping doubt,
To see the fiend retire,
And saw him not at hand, but saw
Castle Gask on fire.

All on fire was Castle Gask;
And on its top, endued
With the bulk of half a tower,
Headless Fawdon stood.

Wide he held a burning beam,
And blackly filled the light;
His body seemed, by some black art,
To look at Wallace, heart to heart,
Threatening through the night.

Wallace that day week arose
From a feeble bed;
And gentle though he was before,
Yet now to orphans evermore
He gentlier bowed his head.

85 flings] flung *1850*.

KILSPINDIE

[First published in *Household Words*, Sept. 4, 1852; reprinted 1855–60.]

King James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chase,
When he was ware of a banished man
Returned without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal;
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
'Yonder is my Grey-steel.'

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turned to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the king was young,
Had pleased him like the grim Grey-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleased him by his sword that cropped
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
That as he was King crowned,
No Douglas evermore should set
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

19,20 *For an unfinished poem on 'Grey-steel' see p.* 648.

'A boon! a boon!' Kilspindie cried;
'Pardon that here am I:
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die.'

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The King he neither spoke nor looked,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong;
The King shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself,
'He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine.'

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distressed;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The King has entered Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and asked
Some water for his thirst.

But they had marked the monarch's face,
And how he kept his pride:
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, severed still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie crossed him too.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN

[First published in *Household Words*, Sept. 18, 1852; reprinted 1855–60.]

With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there, like the thunder:
And so it fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier frowning;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirred,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings:
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he angered? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbours, and those silent heights ascended.
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprize,
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended;
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps; but 'twas the piled snow, falling;
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age,
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm, as when the rocks were first set ringing.
Fresh from their unimaginable mould
They might have seemed, save that the storms had stained them
With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold
In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrained them.
Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now they saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled
By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet noises!
O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall?
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
Compared with Nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But Heaven and Earth abide their time, and smile.

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER

A DRAMATIC PARABLE

[First published in *Household Words*, March 30, 1850; reprinted 1855, 1857.]

SCENE.—*The inside of a tent, in which the patriarch* ABRAHAM *and a* PERSIAN TRAVELLER, *a Fire-Worshipper, are sitting awhile after supper.*

Fire-Worshipper (*aside*). What have I said, or done, that by degrees
Mine host hath changed his gracious countenance,
Until he stareth on me, as in wrath!
Have I, 'twixt wake and sleep, lost his wise lore?
Or sit I thus too long, and he himself
Would fain be sleeping? I will speak to that.
(*Aloud.*) Impute it, O my great and gracious lord,
Unto my feeble flesh, and not my folly,
If mine old eyelids droop against their will,
And I become as one that hath no sense
E'en to the milk and honey of thy words.—
With my lord's leave, and his good servant's help,
My limbs would creep to bed.

Abraham (*angrily quitting his seat*). In this tent, never.
Thou art a thankless and an impious man.

Fire-W. (*rising in astonishment*). A thankless and an impious man!
Oh, sir,
My thanks have all but worshipped thee.

Abraham. And whom
Forgotten? like the fawning dog I feed.
From the foot-washing to the meal, and now
To this thy crammed and dog-like wish for bed,
I've noted thee; and never hast thou breathed
One syllable of prayer, or praise, or thanks,
To the great God who made and feedeth all.

Fire-W. Oh, sir, the god I worship is the Fire,
The god of gods; and seeing him not here
In any symbol, or on any shrine,
I waited till he blessed mine eyes at morn,
Sitting in heaven.

Abraham. Oh, foul idolator!
And darest thou still to breathe in Abraham's tent?
Forth with thee, wretch: for he that made thy god,
And all thy tribe, and all the host of heaven,
The invisible and only dreadful God,
Will speak to thee this night, out in the storm,
And try thee in thy foolish god, the fire,
Which with his fingers he makes lightnings of.
Hark to the rising of his robes, the winds,
And get thee forth, and wait him.

[*A violent storm is heard rising.*

Fire-W. What! unhoused!
And on a night like this! me, poor old man,

A hundred years of age!
Abraham (*urging him away*). Not reverencing
The God of ages, thou revoltest reverence.
Fire-W. Thou hadst a father:—think of his grey hairs,
Houseless, and cuffed by such a storm as this.
Abraham. God is thy father, and thou own'st not him.
Fire-W. I have a wife, as aged as myself,
And if she learn my death, she'll not survive it,
No, not a day, she is so used to me,
So propped up by her other feeble self.
I pray thee, strike us not both down.
Abraham (*still urging him*). God made
Husband and wife, and must be owned of them,
Else he must needs disown them.
Fire-W. We have children,
One of them, sir, a daughter, who, next week,
Will all day long be going in and out,
Upon the watch for me; she too, a wife,
And will be soon a mother. Spare, O spare her!
She 's a good creature, and not strong.
Abraham. Mine ears
Are deaf to all things but thy blasphemy,
And to the coming of the Lord and God,
Who will this night condemn thee.
[ABRAHAM *pushes him out, and remains alone, speaking.*
For if ever
God came at night-time forth upon the world,
'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge winds,
The cataracts of hail, and rocky thunder,
Splitting like quarries of the stony clouds,
Beneath the touching of the foot of God.
[*A tremendous crash of thunder, nearly overhead, ending in awful mutterings.*[1]
That was God's speaking in the heavens,—that last
And inward utterance coming by itself.
What is it shaketh thus thy servant, Lord,
Making him fear, that in some loud rebuke
To this idolator, whom thou abhorrest,
Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth quakes
Beneath my feet, and God is surely here.
[*A dead silence; and then a still small voice.*
The Voice. Abraham!
Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and who is it that speaks
So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn
And dare to face thy presence?
The Voice. Who but He
Whose mightiest utterance thou hast yet to learn?
I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham;
I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake;
But I am in the still small voice.
Where is the stranger whom thou tookest in?

[1] *om. 1850.*

Abraham. Lord, he denied thee, and I drove him forth.
The Voice. Then didst thou do what God himself forbore.
Have I, although he did deny me, borne
With his injuriousness these hundred years,
And couldst thou not endure him one sole night,
And such a night as this?
Abraham. Lord! I have sinned,
And will go forth, and if he be not dead,
Will call him back, and tell him of thy mercies
Both to himself and me.
The Voice. Behold, and learn!

[*The voice retires whilst it is speaking; and a fold of the tent is turned back, disclosing the* FIRE-WORSHIPPER, *who is calmly sleeping, with his head on the back of a house-lamb.*

Abraham. O loving God! the lamb itself 's his pillow,
And on his forehead is a balmy dew,
And in his sleep he smileth. I, meantime,
Poor and proud fool, with my presumptuous hands,
Not God's, was dealing judgements on his head,
Which God himself had cradled!—Oh, methinks
There 's more in this than prophet yet hath known,
And Faith, some day, will all in Love be shown.

BALLADS OF ROBIN HOOD

(FOR CHILDREN)

[First published in *The Indicator*, November 15 and 22, 1820 (No. 1 in *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1820). Reprinted 1855–60. Texts of first editions.]

ROBIN HOOD A CHILD

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said,
'It were a shame and a sin,
For fear of getting a wet head,
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn.'

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
And so he has grasped her gown;
And now looking back, they have lost the view
Of merry sweet Locksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
And therewithal as bold;
To say he was his mother's joy,
It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
Came smoothly clipped, and sleek,
But ran into a curl somehow
Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle, too,
The noble Gamelyn bare,
And often said, as his mother knew,
That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
Would twinkle at his sight,
And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
Between his locks so white:

For Robin already let him see
He should beat his playmates all
At wrestling, and running, and archery,
Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
And would set the old helmets bobbing:
If his uncle asked about the noise,
'Twas 'If you please, sir, Robin.'

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
He'd come and sit at his knee,
And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys,
And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
'Twas nothing there but sport and game,
And holiday folks all:
The servants never were to blame,
Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
And now they hear the rooks;
And there it is,—the old abode,
With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
And they looked at one another;
Says Robin, 'I'll knock as I'm used to do
At uncle's window, mother.'

And so he picked up some pebbles and ran,
And jumping higher and higher,
He reached the windows with *tan a ran tan*,
And instead of the kind old white-haired man,
There looked out a fat friar.

'How now,' said the fat friar angrily,
'What is this knocking so wild?'
But when he saw young Robin's eye,
He said, 'Go round, my child.

'Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you all.'
'He'll tell us all!' thought Robin;
And his mother and he went quietly,
Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
And tenderly said, 'I fear
You know not the good squire's no more,
Even Gamelyn de Vere.

'Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
He changed but yesternight:
'Now make us way,' the lady said,
'To see that doleful sight.'

'Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
And has made us his holy heirs:'
The lady stayed not for all he said,
But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
Weeping all the way,
Until they came where the lord of that land
Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look,
With the lids over each eye-ball;
And Robin and she wept as plenteously,
As though he had left them all.

'I will return, Sir Abbot of Vere,
I will return, as is meet,
And see my honoured brother dear
Laid in his winding sheet.

'And I will stay, for to go were a sin,
For all a woman's tears,
And see the noble Gamelyn
Laid low with the De Veres.'

The lady went with a sick heart out
Into the kind fresh air,
And told her Robin all about
The abbot whom he saw there:

And how his uncle must have been
Disturbed in his failing sense,
To leave his wealth to these artful men,
At hers and Robin's expense.

Sad was the stately day for all
But the Vere Abbey friars,
When the coffin was stript of its hiding pall,
Amidst the hushing choirs.

Sad was the earth-dropping 'dust to dust,'
And 'our dear brother here departed';
The lady shook at them, as shake we must,
And Robin he felt strange-hearted.

That self-same evening, nevertheless,
They returned to Locksley town,
The lady in dumb distress,
And Robin looking down.

They went, and went, and Robin took
Long steps by his mother's side,
Till she asked him with a sad sweet look
What made him so thoughtful-eyed.

'I was thinking, mother,' said little Robin,
And with his own voice so true
He spoke right out, 'That if I was a king,
I'd see what those friars do.'

His mother stooped with a tear of joy,
And she kissed him again and again,
And said, 'My own little Robin boy,
Thou wilt be a King of Men.'

ROBIN HOOD'S FLIGHT

Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now,
Has been gone from her earthly home;
And Robin has paid, he scarce knew how,
A sum for a noble tomb.

The churchyard lies on a woody hill,
But open to sun and air:
It seems as if the heaven still
Were looking and smiling there.

Often when Robin looked that way,
He looked through a sweet thin tear;
But he looked in a different manner, they say,
Towards the Abbey of Vere.

He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
He felt not for its pride;
He had youth, and strength, and health,
And enough for one beside.

But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek,
How it sunk away,
And how she used to grow more weak
And weary every day:

And how, when trying a hymn, her voice
At evening would expire,
How unlike it was the arrogant noise
Of the hard throats in the quire:

And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey door
But kept them as they were:

And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down,
With their trappings and things as fine as the king's,
Though they wore but a shaven crown.

And then bold Robin he thought of the King
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in the year.

And thinking thus, as Robin stood,
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in old Shere Wood,
Of one who looked around.

'And what is Will doing?' said Robin then,
'That he looks so fearful and wan?'
'Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man.'

'A weary man,' said Will Scarlet, 'am I,
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fletchers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good.

'Here in this forest where I have been
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green,
Have carried you about.'

'And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me?
Why not to Robin, Will?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still;

'And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come,
While Robin can find in his pocket or bin
A penny or a crumb.

'Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile;
And kindle a fire for me.'
And into the wood for half a mile,
He has vanished instantly

Robin Hood, with his cheek on fire,
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer, with one leap higher,
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight,
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean:

'Oh, what hast thou done, dear master mine,
What has thou done for me?'
'Roast it, Will, for excepting wine,
Thou shalt feast thee royally.'

And Scarlet took and half roasted it,
Blubbering with blinding tears,
And ere he had eaten a second bit,
A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
And they listened and kept still,
For Will was feeble, and knelt by the meat;
And Robin he stood by Will.

'Seize him, seize him!' the Abbot cried
With his fat voice through the trees;
Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
And Will jumped stout with his knees.

'Seize him! seize him!' and now they appear,
The Abbot and foresters three:
''Twas I,' cried Will Scarlet, 'that killed the deer:'
Says Robin, 'Now let not a man come near,
Or he 's dead as dead can be.'

But on they came, and with an embrace
The first one the arrow met;
And he came pitching forward and fell on his face
Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that Abbot vain,
But 'Seize him!' still he cried,
And as the second turned again,
An arrow was in his side.

'Seize him, seize him still, I say,'
Cried the Abbot, in furious chafe,
'Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
Even priests will not be safe.'

A fatal word! for as he sat,
Urging the sword to cut,
An arrow stuck in his paunch so fat,
As in a leathern butt:

As in a leathern butt of wine,
Or dough, a household lump,
Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
Stuck that arrow with a dump.

'Truly', said Robin without fear,
Smiling there as he stood,
'Never was slain so fat a deer
In good old Gamelyn's wood.'

'Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,'
Said he that stood apart,
'As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee out
Of the forest with all my heart.

'And I pray thee let me follow thee
Anywhere under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here with me,
Nor without thee can I.'

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought;
And then into a leafy dell
The three slain men they brought.

Ankle deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the treen;
The Abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill;

And Robin caught a sudden sight
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sunset bright;
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land,
And the churchyard where it lay;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's,
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said, with one of his pleasant smiles,
'Now show us three men bolder.'

And so they took their march away,
As firm as if to fiddle,
To journey that night and all next day,
With Robin Hood in the middle.

ROBIN HOOD AN OUTLAW

[First published 1855; reprinted 1860.]

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold,
Under the greenwood tree;
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air,
Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men,
Who joined him laughing-eyed;
They sent against him thirty more,
And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train
That grew in Gamelyn wood,
Whether they came with these or not,
Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town
Would speak him an ill word;
The friars raged; but no man's tongue,
Nor even feature stirred;

Except among a very few,
Who dined in the Abbey halls;
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew
His true friends from his false.

There was Roger the monk, that used to make
All monkery his glee;
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turned
His face but tenderly;

With one or two, they say, besides—
Lord! that in this life's dream
Men should abandon one true thing,
That would abide with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever,
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, *I* never will,
False world, be false for thee;
And, oh Sound Truth and Old Regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS LIVED IN THE WOODS

[First published 1855; reprinted 1860.]

Robin and his merry men
Lived just like the birds;
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
And whistles and songs as words.

All the morning they were wont
To fly their grey-goose quills
At butts, or trees, or wands and twigs,
Till theirs was the skill of skills.

With swords, too, they played lustily,
And at quarter-staff;
Buffets oft their forfeits were,
Fit to twirl a calf.

Friends who joined the sport were bound
Those hazards to endure;
But foes were lucky to carry away
What took a year to cure.

The horn was then their dinner-bell;
When, like princes of the wood,
Under the state of summer trees,
Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and good ale or wine,
Except when luck was chuff;
Or grant 'twas Adam's ale; what then?
Their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and jest, and song,
And Harry's harp went round;
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
For pleasure at the sound.

Tingle, tangle! said the harp,
As they footed in and out:
Good Lord! was ever seen a dance
At once so light and stout?

A pleasant sight, especially
If Margery was there,
Or little Cis, or laughing Bess,
That tired out six pair.

Or any other merry lass
From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
A singing through the trees.

Only they say the men were given
Too often to take wives,
And then, 'twixt forest and a shop,
Lead strange half-honest lives.

But all the country round about
Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
Than fagots from the wood.

Nor ever would he suffer harm,
To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
No fright to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unliked,
Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
Makes pale a woman's lip.

And then, oh then, Maid Marian came
From her proud brother's hall,
With a world of love and tears,
And smiles behind them all.

They built her bowers in forests three,
To flit from one to t'other,
And Robin and she reigned as pleasant to all,
As faithful to one another.

Only upon the Normans proud,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy, no doubt,
(Which made the dish to curse,)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And a priest was a pig in grain,
But a bishop was a baron of beef,
To cut and come again.

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief.

See here now is a plump new coin,
And here 's a lawyer's cloak,
And here 's the horse the bishop rode,
When suddenly he woke.

Well, ploughman, there 's a sheaf of yours
Turned to yellow gold :
And, miller, there 's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold.

And you there, Wat of Herefordshire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

CARACTACUS

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xiv, 1825. Reprinted in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, August 27, 1834.]

From the Isle of the West the captive came,
Downcast his eyes, but not with shame ;
The soldier is sad at the captive's chain,
As he thinks of his own far home again :
The fortune of battle hath chained his hand,
And led him away to a southern land ;
But his lofty soul is unconquered still—
Fetters cannot subdue that brave one's will ;
Though his chain is deep in his dungeon floor,
And the bolts are brass of his triple door,
And darkness is round him, and racks are nigh,
His heart is not craven, he fears not to die.

From his western isle to the Roman gate,
To swell out a triumph's long-drawn state,
At the van of the conqueror's chariot bound,
'Mid the jeer of the crowd and the soldiers round,
Had that warrior been led ;—his face was pale,
But his blue eyes were bright, and his limbs were hale ;
His stature was lofty, his carriage bore
The impress proud of his native shore,
That the haughty Roman, though conqueror he,
Looked not with more kingly majesty.

O 'tis the hero's crown, if he fall
From the height of power in a victor's thrall,
To preserve the unshaken heart, and bear
Bravely the suffering that waits him there;
While the coward will fly to the dagger or bowl,
From the agony harrowing up the soul;
When each new breath is a torture higher,
Each moment of time an age in fire;
The last glance of glory extinguished, forgot,
Man, life, and creation one hideous blot—
Loud paeans the deeds of the conqueror swell,
But who will the captive's triumph tell?

From his dungeon gloom to the glare of day
Is Caractacus led by his guards away.
His wrists are linked with an iron chain,
But he hears its clank with unaltered mien;
For his courage is firm as that man's should be
Who has learned to conquer adversity.
On his brow at times a deep thought made
A hue pass over of darker shade;
Mayhap 'twas a gleam of his island earth,
His green meads of Severn and native hearth.
In blood to the last he had done and dared,
And the Roman had deeply his vengeance shared;
While, though vanquished, 'twas only by those who gave
To the universe law, and to freedom a grave.

Claudius sat on the world's proud throne,
Round him his glittering warriors shone;
Lord of a thousand victories, he
Concentred his empire's majesty;
That empire which stretches from Afric's pyres
To the icy North's impassive fires;
While Iberia and Mesopotamia display
The arc of its rising and setting day.
Purple and gold was the robe he wore,
With its rich folds piled on the marble floor.
Perfumes in clouds of incense arose,
Bearing the odours of amber and rose
To the ceilings of fretwork and ribs of gold,
And paintings rich that their wreaths enfold.
The victor's bay bound the emperor's brow,
And shaded the lightning that flashed below
From a deep eye, dark as a winter midnight,
When the hidden thought rushed from its depth to light.
The adamant lip and the moveless limb,
Seem to comport with none but him.
Guards and patricians stand around,
And the lictors mark the imperial bound.

Sudden the tramp of feet draws nigh,
The portal arch fixes every eye.
All is still as eternity within,
Without is a rattling fetter's din,
At intervals clanking as it draws near,
Its sound of captivity, suffering, and fear.
He comes! he comes! to the Roman gaze
That meets him in silence and in amaze,
The Briton comes, with his stature tall,
Like a lion entrapped in the hunter's thrall,
That looks on his bondage and seems to say—
'I'm a sovereign born—I am one to-day!'
He turned not his head from the victor's throne,
For his sight was placed upon him alone.
The grandeur around, and the southern's pride,
Drew not his princely glance aside.
Though his palace afar on his native plain
Was a rude hut built on the wild champaign;
Though earth was the floor, and mud the wall,
To him 'twas more worth than that gilded hall.
The wolf's rough hide o'er his shoulders cast
Caught the butterfly courtier's smile as he past,
But his carriage crushed the vain sneer ere it broke,
For his limbs were knit like his native oak—
It would humble the stoutest Roman there,
One grasp of his iron arm to dare.

'I am conquered, a prisoner, my crown is with thee;
I fought that my country, my race might be free.
If this be a crime in a Roman eye,
Lictors, lead me forth, for this will I die.
Let to-morrow enthrone me in power again,
Again will I combat, although it be vain,
Thee, Claudius, or thine, and will gloriously die,
As honour requires in our far country;
There we brand a slave with a curse of scorn,
And deem none noble but the blessed free-born.
What would'st thou with me?—I have nothing now
Save my own stern will that the world shall not bow!'
Thus the captive said, and the Roman cried:—
'Go, his chains unloose, lest the universe wide,
While it sees us the victor in battle, may know,
We're vanquished in greatness of soul by a foe!'

NARRATIVE MODERNIZATIONS

DEATH AND THE RUFFIANS

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER

[First published 1855; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

Three drunken ruffians, madly believing Death to be an embodied person, go out to kill him. They meet him in the shape of an old man, who tells them where Death is to be found; and they find him accordingly.

In Flanders there was once a desperate set
Of three young spendthrifts, fierce with drink and debt,
Who, haunting every sink of foul repute,
And giddy with the din of harp and lute,
Went dancing and sat gambling day and night,
And swilled and gorged beyond their natures' might,
And thus upon the devil's own altar laid
The bodies and the souls that God had made.

So horribly they swore with every word,
They seemed to think the Jews had spared our Lord,
That rent his body; and the worse they swore,
And scoffed, and sinned, they did but laugh the more.

Their doors were ever turning on the pin
To let their timbrellers and tumblers in,
Sellers of cakes and such-like;—every one
A devil's own help to see his business done,
And blow up fires, far better, Sirs, made less,
Out of the accursed fuel of excess.

These wretches, having lost one night at play,
Were drinking still by the sad dawn of day,
When hearing a bell go for some one dead,
They cursed, and called the vintner's boy, and said,
'Who 's he that has been made cold meat to-night?
Ask the fool's name, and see you bring it right?

The boy who had been sick, and in whose head
Something had put strange and grave matter, said,
'Nay, Sirs, 'twas Hob the smith. You know him well;
A big-mouthed, red-haired man; you called him Hell.
Last evening he was sitting, bolt upright,
Too drunk to speak, when in there came a wight
Whom men call *Death*, that slayeth high and low;
And with his staff Death felled him at a blow,

And so, without one word, betook him hence.
He hath slain heaps during the pestilence.
And, Sirs, they say, the boldest man had best
Beware how he invites so grim a guest,
Or be prepared to meet him, night and day.
'Tis what, long since, I've heard my mother say.'

'Ay,' quoth the vintner, 'every word you hear
Is true as gospel. He hath slain this year,
And barely with his presence, half the place.
God grant we meet not with his dreadful face.'

'God grant a fig's end,' exclaimed one. 'Who 's he
Goes blasting thus fools' eyes? Let 's forth, we three,
And hunt him out, and punch the musty breath
Out of his bones, and be the death of Death.'

'Twixt rage and liquor staggering forth they flung,
And on their impious oaths their changes rung,
And then would pause, and gathering all the breath
Their shouts had left them, cry out, 'Death to Death!'

They had not gone a furlong, when they met,
Beside a bridge that crossed a rivulet,
A poor old man, who meekly gave them way,
And bowed, and said, 'God save ye, Sirs, I pray.'

The foremost swaggerer, prouder for the bow,
Said, 'Well, old crawler, what art canting now?
Why art thou thus wrapped up, all save thy face?
Why livest so long, in such a sorry case?'

The old man began looking steadfastly
Into the speaker's visage, eye to eye,
And said, 'Because I cannot find the man,
Nor could, though I had walked since time began,
No, not the poorest man, nor the least sage,
Who would exchange his youth for mine old age:
And therefore must I keep mine old age still,
As long as it shall please the Almighty's will.
Death will not rid me of this aching breast;
And thus I walk, because I cannot rest,
And on the ground, my mother Nature's gate,
I knock with mine old staff, early and late,
And say to her,—Dear mother, let me in.
Lo! how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
When shall I sleep for good? Oh, mother dear,
The coffin which has stood this many a year
By my bedside, full gladly would I give
For a bare shroud, so I might cease to live;—
And yet she will not do me, Sirs, that grace;
For which full pale and wrinkled is my face.

'But, Sirs, in you it is no courtesy
To mock an old man, whosoe'er he be,
Much less a harmless man in deed and word.
The Scripture, as in church ye may have heard,
Saith,—'To an old man, hoar upon his head,
Ye shall bow down.' Therefore let this be said
By poor me now—Unto an old man do
Nought which in age ye'd not have done to you.—
And so God guard ye, Sirs, in weal or woe.
I must go onward, where I have to go.'

'Nay,' t'other cried, 'Old Would-be-Dead and Gone,
Thou partest not so lightly, by Saint John.
Thou spakest but now of that false villain Death,
Who stoppeth here a world of honest breath:
Where doth he bide? Tell us, or by the Lord,
And Judas, and the jump in hempen cord,
As surely as thou art his knave and spy,
We'll hang thee out, for thine old rheums to dry.
Thou art his privy nipper, thou old thief,
Blighting and blasting all in the green leaf.'

'Sirs,' quoth the old man, 'spare, I pray, your breaths:
Death ye would find, and this your road is Death's.
Ye see yon spread of oaks, down by the brook;
There doth he lie, sunned in a flowery nook.'

Death sunning in a flowery nook! How flies
Each drunkard o'er the sward, to smite him as he lies!

They reach the nook: and what behold they there!
No Death, but yet a sight to make them stare;
To make them stare, not out of mortal dread,
But only for huge bliss and stounded head;
To wit, poured forth, countless and deep and broad,
As if some cart had there discharged its load,
A bank of florins of fine gold,—all bright,
Fresh from the mint, plump, ponderous. What a sight!
They laughed, they leapt, they flung to earth, and rolled
Their souls and bodies in the glorious gold;
And then they sat and communed; and the worst
Of all the three was he that spoke the first.

'God's life!' quoth he; 'here 's treasure! here 's a day!
Hush;—look about. Now hark to what I say.
This store that luck hath sent us, boys,—ho! ho!
As freely as it came, shall it not go?
By G—, it shall: and precious nights we'll spend.
Who thought friend Death would make so good an end.
This is a wizard's work, to 'scape us, hey?
No matter. 'Tis hard gold, and well shall pay.

But how to store it, Sirs, to get it housed ?
Help must be shunned. Men's marvel would be roused.
Wherefore I hold that we draw lots, and he
To whom it falls betake him suddenly
To town, and bring us victuals here, and wine,
Two keeping watch till all the three can dine ;
And then at night we'll get us spades, and here,
In its own ground, the gold shall disappear.'

The lots are drawn, the youngest thief sets off ;
And then the first, after a little cough,
Resumed—' I say,—we two are of one mind ;
Thou know'st it well ; and *he* but a mean hind.
'Twas always so. We were the merry men,
And he the churl and sot. Well, mark me then.
This heap of money, ravishing to see,
The fool supposes must be shared by three.
But—hey ? Just so. You think, as wise men do,
That three men's shares are better shared by two.'

' Yet how ? ' said t'other.

' How ! ' said he :—' 'tis done,
As easily as counting two to one.
He sitteth down ; thou risest as in jest,
And while thou tumblest with him, breast to breast,
I draw my dirk, and thrust him in the side :
Thine follows mine ; and then we two divide
The lovely gold. What say'st thou, dearest friend ?
Lord ! of our lusty life were seen no end.'

The bond was made. The journeyer to the town
Meantime had in his heart rolled up and down
The beauty of the florins, hard and bright.
' Christ Lord ! ' thought he, ' what if I had the right
To all this treasure, my own self alone !
There 's not a living man beneath the throne
Of God that should be half so blest as I.'
And thus he pondered, till the Enemy,
The Fiend, who found his nature nothing loth,
Whispered him, ' Poison them. They're villains both.
Always they cheat thee ; sometimes beat thee ; oft
Carp at thy brains. Prove now whose brains are soft.'

With speed a shop he seeketh, where is sold
Poison for vermin ; and a tale hath told
Of rats and polecats that molest his fowl.
' Sir,' quoth the shopman, ' God so guard my soul,
As thou shalt have a drug so pure and strong
To slay the knaves that do thy poultry wrong,

That were the hugest creature on God's earth
To taste it, stricken would be all his mirth
From out his heart, and life from out his sense,
Ere he could drag his body a mile hence.'

The cursed wretch, too happy to delay,
Grasping the box of poison, takes his way
To the next street, and buys three flasks of wine.
Two he drugs well against his friends shall dine,
And with a mark secures the harmless one,
To drink at night-time till his work be done;
For all that night he looks to have no sleep,
So well he means to hide his golden heap.
And thus thrice armed, and full of murderous glee,
Back to the murderous two returneth he.

What needeth more? for even as their plan
Had shaped his death, right so hath died the man;
And even as the flasks in train were set,
His heirs and scorners fall into his net.

'Ace thrown,' quoth one, smiling a smile full grim;
'Now for his wine, and then we'll bury him.'

And seizing the two flasks, each held his breath
With eyes to heav'n, and deep he drank his death.

CAMBUS KHAN

A FRAGMENT

1823

[First published as 'The First Canto of the Squire's Tale of Chaucer, Modernized' in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823; reprinted 1855, 1857, 1860. Text 1823. In 1841 a version longer and much closer to the original was printed in *The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized*.]

Of Cambus, the great Tartar king,
And his fair flower blossoming;
And what came riding in the hall,
When he held his festival.[1]

At Sarra, in the land of Tartary,
There dwelt a king, the best beneath the sky;
In prime of life he was a valiant man,
And Cambus was he called, the noble Khan.
Nowhere, in all that region, had a crown
Been ever worn with such entire renown.

[1] *Argument. 1855–60 omit the quatrain and substitute:*
A stranger brings to the King of Tartary, while he is feasting, certain wonderful presents, among which is a brazen horse, which the monarch rides.
2–3 the best . . . valiant man] and with the Russ warred he, Through which there perish'd many a doughty man; *1855–60.*

Hardy he was, and wise, true to his word,
He kept his oath as stoutly as his sword,
His presence marked so well the soul within,
Men trembled when they heard his pomp begin;
And yet his ways were gentle and benign,
But there seemed something in his star, divine;
For not more fresh was he for arms anew,
Than sure to beat where'er his trumpets blew;
And therewithal he ever kept a state
So fit to uphold a throne so fortunate,
That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble king, this Tartar, Cambus Khan,
Had by the late Queen Elfeta, his wife,
Two sons, named Cambalu and Algarsife,
And a dear daughter, Canace by name,
Whose perfect beauty puts my pen to shame.
If you could see my heart, it were a glass
To show perhaps how fair a thing she was;
But when I speak of her, my tongue appears
To fail me, looking in that face of hers.
'Tis well for me that I regard not those,
Who love what I do, as my natural foes;
Or when I think how dear she is to be
To one that will adorn this history,
And how her heart will love him in return,
My paper, sooner than be touched, should burn:
But she knows nothing of all this at present,
She 's only young, and innocent, and pleasant;
And sometimes by her father sits and sighs,
On which he stoops to kiss her gentle-lidded eyes.

And so befel, that when this Khan supreme
Had twenty winters borne his diadem,
He had the feast of his nativity
Cried throughout Sarra, as it was wont to be.
It was in March; and the young lusty year
Came in with such a flood of golden cheer,
That the quick birds, against the sunny sheen,
What for the season and the thickening green,
Sung their affections loudly o'er the fields:
They seemed to feel that they had got them shields
Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.

7–14 Hardy he was, and true, and rich, and wise,
Always the same; serene of soul and eyes;
Piteous and just, benign and honourable,
Of his brave heart as any centre stable; *1855–60.*

39 had] bade *1855–60.*
40 Cried throughout . . . it was] Be cried through . . . 'twas *1855–60.*

High is the feast in Sarra, that they hold;
And Cambus, with his royal vestments on,
Sits at a separate table on a throne;
His sons a little lower on the right;
His daughter on the left, a gentle sight;
And then his peers, apart from either wall,
Ranged in majestic drapery down the hall.
The galleries on two sides have crowded slants
Of ladies leaning over and gallants;
And o'er the doorway, opposite the king,
The proud musicians blow their shawms and sing.

But to relate the whole of the array
Would keep me from my tale a summer's day;
And so I pass the service and the cost,
The often-silenced noise, the lofty toast,
And the glad symphonies, that leaped to thank
The lustre-giving Lord, whene'er he drank.
Suffice to say that, after the third course,
His vassals, while the sprightly wine 's in force,
And the warm music mingles over all,
Bring forth their gifts, and set them in the hall;
And so befel, that when the last was set,
And while the king sat thus in his estate,
Hearing his minstrels playing from on high
Before him at his board deliciously,
All on a sudden, ere he was aware,
Through the hall door and the mute wonder there,
There came a stranger on a steed of brass,
And in his hand he held a looking-glass;
Some sparkling ring he wore; and by his side
Without a sheath a cutting sword was tied;
And up he rides unto the royal board:
In all the hall there was not spoke a word:
All wait with busy looks, both young and old,
To hear what wondrous thing they shall be told.

The stranger, who appeared a noble page,
High-bred, and of some twenty years of age,
Dismounted from his horse: and kneeling down,
Bowed low before the face that wore the crown;
Then rose, and reverenced lady, lords, and all,
In order as they sat within the hall,
With such observance, both in speech and air,
That certainly, had Roustan's self been there,
Or Hatem Tai, with his old courtesy,
Returned to earth to show what men should be,

56 Full as flow'r-shows, of ladies and gallants *1855–60.*
67 warm] proud *1855–60.* 90 Roustan's] Kubla's *1855–60.*
91 Or sage Confucius with his courtesy *1855–60.*

He could not have improved a single thing:
Then turning lastly to address the king,
Once more, but lightlier than at first, he bowed,
And in a manly voice thus spoke aloud:—

'May the great Cambus to his slave be kind!
My lord, the king of Araby and Ind,
In honour of your feast, this solemn day,
Salutes you in the manner he best may,
And sends you, by a page whom he holds dear,
(His happy but his humble messenger)
This steed of brass; which, in a day and night,
Through the dark half as safely as the light,
O'er sea and land, and with your perfect ease,
Can bear your body wheresoe'er you please.
It matters not if it be foul or fair;
The thing is like a thought, and cuts the air
So smoothly, and so well observes the track,
The man that will may sleep upon his back.
All that the rider needs, when he would turn,
Or rise, or take him downwards, you may learn,
If it so please you, when we speak within,
And does but take the writhing of a pin.

'This glass too, which I hold, such is its power,
That if by any chance, an evil hour
Befel your empire or yourself, 'twould show
What men you ought to know of, friend and foe;
And more than this, if any lady's heart
Be set on one that plays her an ill part,
Or is in aught beneath her love and her,
Here she may see his real character,
All his new loves, and all his old pursuits:
His heart shall all be shown her, to the roots.
Therefore, my lord, with your good leave, this glass,
And this green ring, the greenest ever was,
My master, with his greeting, hopes may be
Your excellent daughter's here, my lady Canace.
The virtues of the ring, my lord, are these—
That if a lady loves the flowers and trees,
And birds, and all fair Nature's ministers;
And if she bear this gem within her purse,
Or on her hand, like any other ring,
There 's not a fowl that goes upon the wing,
But she shall understand his speech or strain,
And in his own tongue answer him again.
All plants that gardens or that fields produce,
She shall be also skilled in, and their use,

107 it] skies *1855–60.* 118 and] or *1855–60.*

Whether for sweetness or for stanching wounds:
No secret shall she miss, that smiles in balmy grounds.

'Lastly, my lord, this sword has such a might,
That let it meet the veriest fiend in fight,
'Twill carve throughout his armour the first stroke,
Were it as thick as any branched oak;
Nor could the wound be better for the care
Of all the hands and skills that ever were;
And yet, should it so please you, of your grace,
To pass the flat side on the wounded place,
Though it were ready to let out his soul,
The flesh should close again, the man be whole.

'Oh heart of hearts! that nobody shall break!
Pardon me, sir, that thus my leave I take
Even of a sword, and like a lover grieve,
But its own self, unbidden, will not leave
The hand that wields it, though it smote a block
The dullest in the land, or dashed a rock;
And this my master hopes may also be
Acceptable to Tartary's majesty,
With favour for himself, and pardon, Sir, for me.'

The Khan, who listened with a gracious eye,
Smiled as he stopped, and made a due reply,
Thanking the king, his brother, for the great,
Not gifts, but glories, added to his state,
And saying how it pleased him to have known
So young an honour to his neighbour's throne.
The youth then gave the proper officers
The gifts; who, 'midst the music's bursting airs,
Laid them before the king and Canace,
There as they sate, each in their high degree:
But nothing that they did could move the horse;
Boys might as well have tried their little force
Upon a giant with his armour on:
The brazen thing stood still as any stone.
The stranger hastened to relieve their doubt,
And touched his neck, and led him softly out;
And 'twas a wonder and a joy to see
How well he went, he stept so tenderly.

Great was the press that from all quarters came
To gaze upon this horse of sudden fame;
And many were the struggles to get close,
And touch the mane to try if it hung loose,
Or pat it on the shining flanks, or feel
The muscles in the neck that sternly swell;
But the Khan's officers forbade, and fear
E'en of the horse conspired to keep the circle clear.

153 Even] E'en *1855–60.*

High was the creature built, both broad and long,
And with a true proportion to be strong;
And yet so 'horsely' and so quick of eye,
As if it were a steed of Araby;
So that from tail to ear there was no part
Nature herself could better, much less art;
Only the people dreaded to perceive
How cold it was, although it seemed alive;
And on all sides the constant wonder was
How it could move, and yet was plainly brass.

Of magic some discoursed, and some of powers
By planets countenanced in kindly hours,
Through which wise men had compassed mighty things
Of natural wit to please illustrious kings;
And some fell talking of the iron chain
That fell from heaven in old king Argoun's reign;
And then they spoke of visions in the air,
And how this creature might have been made there;
Of white lights heard at work, and fiery fights,
Seen in the north on coldest winter nights,
And pale traditions of Pre-Adamites.

Much did the talk run also on the sword,
That harmed and healed, fit gift for sovereign lord.
One said that he had heard or read somewhere,
Of a great southern king with such a spear;
A chief, who had for mother a sea-fairy,
And slew a terror called the Sagittary.
As to the glass, some thought that it might be
Made by a certain clear congruity
Of angles and reflections, as a pond
Shows not its sides alone, but things beyond;
Iskander set one, like a sleepless eye,
O'er a sea-town, its twin security,
In which the merchant read of storms to come,
Or saw his sunny ships blown softly home.
But most the ring was talked of: every one
Quoting that other ring of Solomon,
Which, wheresoe'er it married, brought a dower
Of wisdom, and upon the hand put power.
A knowledge of the speech of birds was known
To be a gift especially its own,
Which made them certain that this ring of green
Was part of it, perhaps a sort of skin
Shed for some reason as a serpent's is;
And here their reasoning was not much amiss.

203 made] born *1855–60.* 213 that it might be] the secret lay *1855–60.*
214 In what geometers and others say, *1855–60.*
218 its twin security] far seen, and studied nigh *1855–60.*
220 saw] hail'd *1855–60.*

The wiser sort pondered and doubted: folly
Determined every thing, or swallowed wholly;
The close and cunning, foolishest of all,
Feared that the whole was diabolical,
And wished the stranger might not prove a knave
Come to find out what liberal monarchs gave,
And ruin with his very dangerous horses
People's eternal safety, and their purses.
For what surpasses vice to comprehend,
It gladly construes to the baser end.
Some wits there were began at last to doubt
Whether the horse could really move about,
And on their fingers' ends were arguing,
When lo! their subject vanished from the ring;
Vanished like lightning; an impatient beast!
But hark! I hear them rising from the feast.

The dinner done, Cambus arose; and all
Stood up, prepared to follow from the hall:
On either side they bend beneath his eye:
'Before him goeth the loud minstrelsy;'
And thus they pace into a noble room,
Where dance and song were waiting till they come
With throng of waxen lights that shed a thin perfume.
But first the king and his young visitor
Go where the horse was put, and close the door;
And there the Khan learns all about the pin,
And how the horse is hastened or held in,
And turned, and made to rise or to descend,
And all by a mere thumb and finger's end.
The stranger further tells him of a word,
By which the horse, the instant it is heard,
Vanishes with his sparkling shape, like light,
And comes again, whether it be day or night.
'And, sir,' said he, 'my master bade me say
The first time I was honoured in this way,
(For on the throne you might prefer, he said,
To wave such speeches from a crownèd head)
That one like you were fitter far than he
To ride the elements like a deity,
And with a speed proportioned to your will
Shine on the good, and fall upon the ill;
For he, too sensual and too satisfied
With what small good lay near him, like a bride,
Was ever but a common king; but you
A king, and a reforming conqueror too.'

Glad is great Cambus, both at this discourse,
And to be master of so strange a horse,

239 surpasses] it puzzles
267 speeches from a crowned] plain confessions from crown'd *1855–60.*

And longs to mount at once, and go and see
His highest mountain tops in Tartary,
Or look upon the Caspian, or appear
Suddenly in Cathay, a sparkling fear.
And any other time he would have gone,
So much he longed to put his pinions on,
But on his birthday 'twas not to be done;
And so they have returned and joined the guests
Who wait the finish of this feast of feasts.

But how shall I describe the high delight,
And all the joys that danced into the night?
Imagine all that should conclude a feast
Given by a mighty prince, and in the east,
And all was here, from song to supper stand,
As though it had arisen from fairy-land.
The feast before it was a thing of state;
But this the flowery top, and finish delicate.
Here were the cushioned sofas, the perfumes,
The heavenly mirrors making endless rooms;
The last quintessences of drinks, the trays
Of coloured relishes dressed a thousand ways;
The dancing girls, that bending here and there,
With asking beauty lay along the air;
And lighter instruments, guitars and lutes,
Sprinkling their silver graces on the flutes;
And all the sounds, and all the sweets of show,
Feeling victorious while the harpings go.
Not all the lords were there, only the best
And greatest, all in change of garments drest;
And with them were the wives they thought the loveliest.
You must not judge my Tartars by the tales
Of nations merely eastern, and serails:
The eastern manners were in due degree,
But mixed and raised with northern liberty;
And women came with their impetuous lords,
To pitch the talk and humanize the boards,
And shed a gentle pleasure in the place,—
The smooth alternate with the bearded face;
As summer airs divide the blustering trees,
And sway them into smiles and whispering gentleness.

Our young Ambassador conversed with all,
But still attendant on the sovereign's call,
Who, like the rest, whatever the discourse,
Was sure to turn it to the gifts and horse;

281 sparkling] starry *1855–60.*
302 Sprinkling their graces on the streaming flutes *1855–60.*
308 my] our
316–17 As airs in spring come soft among the trees
And what was bluster turn to whispering ease. *1855–60.*

Till, to the terror of some lovers, word
Was given to fetch the mirror and the sword;
The ring meanwhile being handed round, and tried
Upon fair fingers with a fluttering pride.
Some longed to have the birds awake, and some
Were glad enough the tattling things were dumb.
'Good God!' thought one, and seemed to faint away,
'What (ah! my Togral!) would the parrot say?'
'And what!' conceived another, 'would the jay?
I've often thought the wretch was going to speak,
He trolls the shocking words so in his beak:
I'm sure the very first would make me shriek.'
Cambus, as sage as he was valiant, thought
There was no need to have the creatures brought;
Nor, when the mirror came, would he permit
That any but himself should read in it;
For which, as he perceived, but mentioned not,
Full thirty ladies loved him on the spot.
As to the sword, he thought it best to try
So masculine a thing in open sky;
Which made him also choose to take a course
Over the towers of Sarra on his horse.
So issuing forth, he led into the air,
Saluting the sweet moon which met him there,
And forth the steed was brought; you would have said,
It knew for what, so easily 'twas led,
And leant with such an air its lively head.
But when at rest, still as before it stood,
As though its legs had to the ground been glued.
Some urged it on, some dragged, and some would fain
Have made it lift a foot, but all in vain.
And yet when Cambus whispered it, a thrill
Flashed through its limbs, nor could its feet be still,
But rocked the body with a sprightly grace,
As though it yearned aloft, and weighed it for the race.

The youth had talked of armour like an oak,
And how the sword would joint it with a stroke.
The Khan had no convenient foe at hand,
To see what sort of carving he would stand,
But in the moon there stood some oaken trees,
And suddenly, he struck at one of these:
Back, like a giant, fell its towering size,
And let the light on his victorious eyes.
The blow was clearly the sword's own, and yet
The Khan, as if inspired, felt proud of it,
And leaping on the horse as suddenly,
He touched the pin, and bade the fair good bye,
And 'midst their pretty shrieks, went mounting to the sky.

328 Good God] Great heaven *1855–60.*
329 Togral] Khojah *1855–60.*
356 weighed it] waited *1855–60.*
360 would] could *1855–60.*

Cambus ascended such a height so soon,
It seemed as if he meant to reach the moon;
And you might know by a tremendous shout,
That not a soul in Sarra but looked out;
But the fierce noise made some of them afraid,
That it might startle even a brazen head,
And threatening looks were turned upon the youth,
Who glowed and said, 'By all the faith and truth
That is, or can be, in the heart of man,
Nothing can happen to the noble Khan:
See, he returns!' And at the word, indeed,
They saw returning the descending steed;
Not round and round, careering; but at once,
Oblique and to the point, a fervid pounce.
For to say truth, the noble Khan himself,
Though he had fought on many a mountain shelf,
And drooped through deserts, and been drenched in seas,
Felt somewhat strange in that great emptiness,
And was not sorry to relieve his court,
By cutting his return some fathom short:
Such awful looks has utter novelty
To dash and to confuse the boldest eye.

The Khan returned, they all go back again
To their warm room, but do not long remain:
For late, and long, and highly-wrought delight
Cannot, at will, resume its giddy height;
And so, his story told, and flatterers paid,
He kindly waved his gaping court to bed;
For that they did gape, ladies e'en and lords,
Our bard, a courtier, specially records;
By which we must suppose that courtiers then,
In some respect, resembled natural men.
Yet still in bed, and dozing oft between,
Their fading words recalled what they had seen:
Still of the ring they mumbled, and the glass,
And what amazing things might come to pass:
And when they slept, a thousand souls that night
Were riding on the horse with all their might;

392 all go back] hasten all *1855–60.*
396 flatterers paid] praises spread *1855–60.*
397 From mouth to mouth, he wav'd his court to bed *1855–60.*
398–401 *om. in 1855–60.*
For ll. 406–9, *1855–60 read:*

And when they slept (for suppers produce dreams,
And join'd with dinners, mount them to extremes)
A hundred vapour-headed souls that night
Went riding their own brass with all their might:
They skim, they dive, they shoot about, they soar,
They say,—'Why rode I not this way before.
Strange! not to think of such a perfect goer!
What leg that crosses brass would stoop to horseflesh more?

They skim, they dive, they shoot about, they soar,
And wonder that they never rode before.

Aye: such, quoth the wise wit, is human life:
We dream of joy, and wake, and find one's wife:
Nay: quoth the wiser wit, the best way then
Is to wake little, and go sleep again.
Wake much, if life go right: if it go wrong,
Learn how to dream with Chaucer all day long:
Or learn still better, if you can, to make
Your world at all times, sleeping or awake;
The true receipt, whether by days or nights,
To charm your griefs, and double your delights.
Fancy and fact differ in this alone;
One strikes us like a thought, one like a stone;
But both alike can bring into our eyes
The tears, and make a thousand feelings rise
Of smarting wrongs or pleasant sympathies.
E'en Fact, the little, worldly gentleman,
Must get from poor starved Fancy all he can;
Talks, dresses, dines, has notions, makes a stir,
Endures himself, nay loves himself, through her;
And cannot clothe even his ungrateful scorn,
But in the web she weaves from night till morn.

See—like the others, whom I've sent to bed,
The horse itself is put out of my head:
Ring, sword, and mirror, all of them depart,
While the dear kind one clasps me to her heart;
And I intend to have a dream divine,
With arm across her, and her hand in mine.
Like all, however, when we've rested well,
We'll meet again; and talk of what befel
The lady of the ring within a warbling dell.

411 joy] mirth *1855–60.* 413 go] to *1855–60.*
421 us . . . stone] our spirit, and our substance one *1855–60.*
For ll. 425–39, *1855–60 read:*

But sleep thou too, my pen. At morn we'll tell
What sweet and sad new knowledge there befell

NARRATIVE IMITATIONS

[First printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, February and May, 1858; reprinted 1860.]

THE TAPISER'S TALE

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF CHAUCER

THE PROLOGUE

THE Carpenter, whan that his tale was done,
Which sette us nigh on sleepyng everych one,
Al be it sorely smote us pilgryms gay,
Who gat us too moche comfort by the way,
Lookéd as big and highe, as thof his lore
Gaf him Saint Joseph for his auncestor.
Him seeméd, thof his eyne were somedele wry,
Which in wise head breedeth humilitee,
As he had been yborn and designate,
By that same mark, to setten all things straight;
And because termés of one craft he knew,
Which, save of carpenters, are known of few,
That he ne wanted nought to bringe to schoole
All craftés else, and rap hem with his rule.

Oure Host, good Harry Bailey, colde not bide
The mannés folie; and right loude he cryed,
'By corpus, and by bell, and holy Luke,
Ful bitter and right foule is the rebuke
Thy tale hath given, Maister Carpentere,
To all the good and worthie sinners here.
God pardon me for saying worthie and good
Of anie sort of men or multitude,
For gentle and simple we are sinners all,
Albeit some be grete and some be smalle,
And sinnes of carpenteres none may espie,
Save by some helpe of gymlet for the eie.
But that which made thy bitternesse so strong,
Sir Joyner, was, it was so veray long;
For sette ye case, there colde be made of physick
A draughte as long, who wolde not beare his tizzic,
Blotches, or blaines, and rot in veray bonés,
Sooner than draine swiche potion all at onés?
Thou shouldst have thought, how often thou hast wishéd
The sermon done while that thy meate was dishéd;
For at swiche times men care but for their shinnes
Of beef or pork, and nothing for their sinnes.'

And thereupon whiles laughen all yfere,
Oure Host he turnd him to the Tapisere,
And said, 'Sir Tapisere, as ay tis mete
That long and bitter end in short and swete,
In Goddés name telleth us sodenlie
Some littel mirthe or lovely tragedie,
Some veray lumpe of sugar of a tale,
Or ellés certés we all fainte and fayle,
And may not ride but sick into the town.
Grete choyce of tales hast thou, as is reasoun,
Seeing what store thy needle hath ytold
In wol and flax; yea, and in cloth of gold;
What griesly gestés and sweete histories
Of Judiths, and of Jaels, and Sir Guys,
Of Arthurs, Esthers, Troy and Seneca,
Saint Theseus, and the grete Duke Joshua,
With hundreds moe than I may telle or think,
John Prester, and the lovely Tree of Drink;
And what, I note, so pleaseth clerkly pen,
Susanna and the twey false aldermen.
Therefore, say on. Only, in anie sort,
Deare and belovéd Tapisere, be short.'

The Tapisere, who was a worthy man,
Said, 'I wold do my beste,' and so began.

THE TALE

Within a mile or twey of Bethlem toun,
As holy bookés maketh mencioun,
Lyeth a feeld men clepe Feeld Floridus;
For al so sicker as in May with us
The feeldés ben daysies and cuppés alle,
Which n'are but brighté weedés, chepe and smalle,
This feeld, though it lye lone as anie plaine,
And tended is of nought save sunne and raine,
Bloometh with roses all, both redde and whyte,
That everych yere men runnen to the sighte;
Ne marvel is it, though a wondrous thing,
For it is Goddés owné gardening;
For these were the first roses ever made;
And why they were, sirs, now shall it be sayd.

In oldé dayés of King Gomerus,
Which was the first king after Noachus,
There bode in Bethlem a poore orphan mayd,
Gladsome by kind, by change of fortune staid,
Who wrongfully, by gealous frenesie,
Was brought to judgment for unchastitie,

And maugre all her true, beseechynge breth,
Was dampned to the dredful fiery deth,
The likest helle on erthe, even the stake.

Oh puré blood, swiche feendlich thirst to slake!
Alas for the soft flesche and gentil herte!
Alas, why colde she not fro life asterte
Softlie and sodenlie, with no moe care!
Alas, that strongé men, which wol not beare
The prycking of a thorne, but they must curse,
And rage, and ban, and shew themselven worse
Than manie a Pagan, yet, sirs, can desire
To put a poore young creature to the fire!
I n'ot how they colde beare the nights and dayes,
That wasted her with frights and with amaze
For constant thinking of that passe of helle.
Beare it I may not, I, nor you it telle;
And so I hasten th' executioun.

Come is the daye, and crowded by the toun
Is Felon's Feeld, all save the stakés place,
And there full soone is seen the simple face,
All redde at first, then whyte, and nothing stern,
That fro the spinning-wheele was tane to burn.

And 'Oh, grete God!' thus dumbly prayeth she,
'That willest me to beare this miserie
For some just cause, though it I may not finde
In the remembraunce of my feeble minde,
I praye thee adde it not to mine offence
If speedilie I wolde be burnéd hence,
And ask the grace thereto at mannés hand.'

And, with the wordes, a littel from her stand
She yearnéd to the man that readie stood
To put the lighted torche unto the wood,
And said, 'Hast thou a wife, or female child?'
And he said, 'Both.' And she in a sort smiled
For comfort of the kindred of the man,
And said, 'For their sakes I beseeche thee than,
That thou wilt put the wood a litel higher
About me, that the sooner by the fire
I may be reachéd in the throat and breth,
And so be ended.' And the man of deth,
The whiles he graunted her the dredfull grace,
For veray pity turned away his face,
And swiftly as he colde the fagots lit.
But manie in the croud colde bearen it
No moe, mothers and wivés in speciall,
But gat them holpen back unto the wall:

They felt the unborn babe stir at their hertes;
So piteous swete, and void of ill desertes,
She lookéd, somedele shrinking at the flame;
Then hid her face, not to behold the same,
And bowed her hed, and shope her for to die.

But what is this, that maketh heavenlie
The aire, with smell of flowrés strange and new,
As if from veray Paradise it blew,
Or Heaven has opend, flowr-like, on the place?
And lo! the stake; and lo! the blissful face;
All blissful is the face, but now so lorne,
For, of the fagots, all just lit beforne
Are turnd to trees of roses, redde and brighte,
And all, not lit, are turnd to roses whyte!
Her foes are gone, feeble with dredfull feare;
And all the croud, whiles such as standen neare
Drawe back to make moe wyde the holy ring,
Fall downe to kneelynge and to worshippynge:
And there she standeth, shining all abrede,
Like to an angell, paradysd in dede.

THE SHEWE OF FAIRE SEEMING

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

ARGUMENT

WISDOM, *upon his wondrous stage,*
Doth shewe his scenes to youth;
Which WORLDLY WISDOM, *fault-finding*
Stirreth to further truth.

I

A FAIRE old house, less statelie than serene,
Nigh to a towne, yet deepe within a glade,
And looking on a lawne of gladsome greene,
Whence crept a path to manie a thoughtful shade,
WISDOM whilere his gentle dwelling made.
A little brooke, neare beehives not a few,
Glimmered in front; beside whose streame there played
Children, the which it pleased him much to view;
And bright, the streame beyond, a beauteous garden grew.

II

There ofte, at breake of day, be seene he might,
Drawing sweet balsams from the bitterest flowers;
Or, at his doore, by the starres' booke at night,
Reading of endlesse, angell-wingèd houres

For he held converse with celestiall powers,
From which he sole true name of wizard bore;
And among other giftes and goodly dowers,
Sights could he shewe, most faire, to aide his lore,
And also sights most uglie, for to urge it more.

III

What, weighed with him, were wizards every one,
So called, but fooles, tricking and tricked withal?
As Merlin, he that was a devil's son,
Yet in a trap set by his dame did fall;
Or that same slaine Maugis, faulse cardinall;
Or Faustus, selling to the sire of lies
His worthlesse selfe, whence neither gained at all.
Wizard is *wiseard*; and the onlie wise
Is he, whose setting sun is heavenlie as its rise.

IV

And who such lore could teache as Wisdom's selfe?
Therefore did Heaven itselfe, from all he sawe,
And all he found in knowledge on his shelfe,
Give him unearthlie power sights forth to drawe
Of spirituall thinges, bound to obey no lawe
Of like compulsion, or be seene of eyes,
Save theirs whom he would grace, or would adawe,
With beauteous cherishment, or dread surprise:
And ever they came soft, and swiftlie, servant-wise.

V

His house's largest roome, as was his wont,
Making kinde schoole for youthes of budding age,
He, with these sights and shewes therein, would daunt
Their hastie wills, and reverent thoughts engage
Setting all forth upon a very stage:
For much the stage he loved, and wise theâtre,
Counting it as a church, in which the page
Of vertuous verse found the sole dispensator,
That could, with doubling force, make auditor spectator.

VI

At lessons thus high taught in sagest schoole,
Smiling approofe as each before him rose,
A would-be sib, who secretly its rule
Deemed fond, and for small tricks took those great shewes,
(His name was WORLDLY WISDOM) one day chose
To sit; and though as in approofe he sat,
'Twas in such sort as one that inly knowes
More than he heares; and though commending that,
Hath something still in store, to raise a caveat.

VII

The chosen youthes, who that day sat athirst
For new shewes promised them on Wisdom's stage,
Were such as nighed unto the time, when first
They left, to seeke the worlde, his safer page,
And felt their bloods warming to kindlie rage
For all that manlie was, and good, and faire.
Alas! too truly fitted to assuage
That thirst the shewes were found, for sad they were;
The more for seeming glad, when first they came from aire.

VIII

From aire they came, soft sliding, without pace,
And unto musick fitting each in tone;
And as they, one by one, stood fixed in place,
Voices of friends invisible made known
Their names with zeale, in which much love was shewn,
With great avisement of their vertues rare.
The names were faulse, and not the names alone,
Ne faulser than their fronts and faces were;
And foule was all their substance, as their seeming faire.

IX

The first was Honesty, a chapman plaine,
With manlie cheare, half smiling and half stayed,
To shewe that he one measure for his gaine
And one for equall dealing kept in trade.
His clothing stout had all for use been made;
Which to keepe cleane, and make it last the more,
O'er all his front an apron he had laid;
And in his heavie hand from Chepe he bore
A cornucopia long, whose mouth shewed piled up store.

X

Awhile he stood, as making gentle suit
For custom, which the youthfull gazers all
Had fain accorded, so faire looked his fruit,
So closely packed, and marked at price so small,
And he himself fellow so good withal:
And scarce could they forbeare to cry aloud,
And call him to them as from publicke stall;
Till recollecting he was shewe avowed
Of magic crafte, they whist, and stilled their joyous crowd.

XI

With loutings then, and visage still in view,
Like to a player's congee on the stage,
He backward stepped, as one his path that knew,
And so would finish: but the wizard sage
Sternly him stopped, like a right archimage,

And bade him in his going turne about:
On which the man, with looks at first of rage,
Then of remonstrance, then refusal stout,
Then fear and abject reverence, turned him to go out.

XII

But what a change was then! and how the back
Belied the front of that same chapman plaine!
For it was all one rotten pedlar's pack,
On which there swarmed in heapes grubs close as grain;
And like a Janus he had faces twain,
Of which the hindmost was a beetle's face
Made bigger, such as rolleth dirt with pain;
Whiles up to that same cornucopia's grace
Of shewe in front, there ran one vile long hollow place.

XIII

Then voices very different from those first
That praised the man, and gave him noble name,
Cried out 'DISHONESTY!' and him accurst
As one that pilled the poore, and did great shame
Unto true HONESTY, and wrongfull blame;
And all those youthes, the which had put their trust
In his full horne, and longed to buy the same
Not more for feast, than joy in one so just,
Felt scorne and shame, and banned his loathly trunk and bust.

XIV

He went; and in his place presented was
One, in those youthes that seemed to take great pride,
And by those first fond tongues, as with true cause,
By name of JUST LAUDATION was outcried
With lusty loudness, that dissent defied.
A doctor's gowne he wore, his right that shewed
To judge in schooles, and speake of scholars tried;
And ever as he came, his visage glowed
With greeting so entranced, as worldes of praise bestowed.

XV

Not olde he was, ne was his gowne in sooth
Much overnewe, but somewhat bare of thread;
Which yet he wore, as one that cared for truth
Much more than treasure, ne would fain be fed
With feast, provided he got noble bread
Out of the sweat of a free-judging brow,
Which looked unto deedes done, not sayings sed;
And then he spoke, and owned he knew not how
To call halfe-knowledge whole, ne unto halfe-worth bow.

XVI

'Therefore,' he sed, 'he praised their teacher sage,
And eke the sires that sought a guide so rare
To save the leaders of th' ensuing age
From erring into byewayes seeming faire;
Which were but swamp, and sandiland, and snare;
Ne should the height of some of those great sires,
Much less their wealth, or here and there an heir
Worthy their worth, stay laud that truth requires:
Wealth were a curse indeed, that marred such just desires.'

XVII

The youthes, and those same heirs in speciall,
Albeit they but late a sight had seene,
Which warned them how they fell againe in thrall
Of a first view of what might double been,
Fell not in thrall alone, but transport clean
With all which JUST LAUDATION had them told.
They roared; they ramped, they glorified, I ween,
Their foolish selves thrice over in their bold
Praise of his praise, untill they shamed their teacher old.

XVIII

Who now in ire (if sage in ire could be)
Cried to that maddener of his boyish rout,
'Begone, base trier of my masterie,
And in thy going turne thy lie about,
And shewe them what, for every senseless shout
Will make them wish they had been shorn of ears.'
The liar turned; and they, withouten doubt,
Wished themselves neither hearers then, ne seers,
Ne dared a glance aside at their like blushing peers.

XIX

For lo! this shape, like to the former shape,
Was double-visaged; and the face in view
Was all a masse of mockery and jape,
With tongue out-lolling, winking eyes askew,
And filthy slaver, of toad-eating hue;
And all the while, as it would ever dine,
And hugged itself on thoughts of dishes new,
It patted, betwixt grunt and fondling whine,
Stomach, which still to feast it sought occasion fine.

XX

And 'PARASITE!' exclaimed those tongues of truth,
The wiles the falsehood took his twofold way.
Ne hiss, ne breath, was heard from all those youth,
Such load of shame upon their spirits lay,
And sense of future biting of that day:

Till taking pity in his secret thought
On that so plaine remorse which did them fray,
The gentle wizard straight before them brought
The third of those strange shapes which so their looking sought.

XXI

Which so their looking sought, but this the most,
And most obtained, and sweetest seemed to eyes,
Ne one feare brought of what those two had cost
To their misjudging haste with dread surprise,
Which bade them henceforth trust no outward guise:
For this a damsel was, and seemed a may,
So made of all that maketh ecstasies,
That when her unseen ushers LOVE did say,
Her look at once bore memory, sense, and soul away.

XXII

A loose light vest of blue she wore, with hood
O'er half her locks; and with a lavish glee
She shook from out its sleeves, as in a flood,
Heaps of red roses, which the lovely she
Then danced among with joyous impulse free:
And then she stood, and as in some sweet want
Of friend to finish her felicity,
Warbled a song, learnt where the Sirens haunt,
Of 'Hither, love, oh hither! Let no feare thee daunt.'

XXIII

Up sprang the youthes, and would have rent the roofe
With raptures fiercer far than all before,
Had not the sire, with swifter shrill reproofe,
Cried out, and turned the halfe-born stifled roar
Into a sound far liker that of yore,
When its last groan the brazen bull out-gave
For what its human, burning bowels bore;
For now was seen a sight, that nearly drave
Youth's life-delighted selfe to wish itselfe in grave.

XXIV

The Love was turned; its hood, and more, gone clean,
Shewing that second face, which in those two
Vile shapes before had so detested been;
But more detested far was now the view;
For whereas those, being mockeries, almost knew
Some touch of comic, this was tragic all,
Nay, sadder still for want of sadness due,
Being stone-hard, like face cut forth in wall,
And more indifferent-eyed than mute at funerall.

XXV

Nathless both sad and sick, though hard it was,
Als angered, though corpse-cold, and seeming dead.
Pale snakes, entwined with strings of coin, alas!
Writhed foul, though little felt, about its head;
And for the ghastlier anti-life, instead
Of back, and substance, and where heart should be,
The trunk, like to a tray disfurnishéd,
Was front alone, and hollow now to see,
Like trunk of dread Elle-Maiden, haunting Germany.

XXVI

'Detestable, and miserable, and faulse!'
The Master cried,—'Go,—into nothing go.'
And like to shadows fading upon walles,
But with a gesture faint of mop and mow
At what might have seemed comfort worded so,
The shape sank backward, gaping death-bed-wise.
The youthes dumb-stricken sate, slain of that shewe
In pride and courage, ne scarce lifted eyes,
Ne breathed, save when as thought took sad reliefe in sighs.

XXVII

What first was Love, was now called Loathednesse,
Though unto some it was known of neither name;
And some confused it with a Piteousnesse
By heartlesse men brought into heart-felt shame,
And forced to beare its owne and others' blame:
But these be riddles needing not recall
Into such thoughts as here avisement claim:
In good sad time youth will be taught them all;
May Wisdom give them then this knowledge integrall.

XXVIII

As right reproofes least looked for, latest given,
And followed by no theme of alien force,
Best take and best keepe root in conscience riven,
And in and in still bite with sweet remorse,
Wisdom would fain have left his shewes that course,
But that his namesake, Worldly Wisdom hight,
With voice once softe and sleke, now vinous hoarse,
Broke forth, whenas was finished that third sight,
In wordes heavy at heart, though seeming gay and light.

XXIX

'Behold!' he cried: 'see, see! here see, good youths,
In these plaine shewes, the good of great plaine speaking:
Here Wisdom hath indeed told wisdom-truths,
Here whineth not in words pining and peaking,
Well wotting such be gullery all, and gleeking.

Lo, Honesty! what is it? false pretences:
Lo, Praise of others! what is that? self-seeking:
Lo, Love desired! what but the honest senses?
When done with, what but emptinesse and worse offences?

XXX

'Certes of arts a master great is here:
High proofes he bringeth of his wondrous skill,
And his quick servants causeth to appeare
Quaint monitors 'gainst honeysops that still
Must tice poore youth, and turne to bitter pill.
Nathless, methinks, in these his goodly meanes
To bless his youthes, and mould them to his will,
And make them saints and angells in their teens,
Something is missed, 'twixt true and false that intervenes.

XXXI

'Truth, as men say, is gold; and true it is;
And gold, as eke 'tis said, needeth alloy
For a great sake; to wit, expediency's;
Else 'tis so hard, it worketh much annoy,
And hindereth commerce all, and social joy.
Therefore a wisdom beyond WISDOM's self,
To wit, beyond his letter, simple and coy,
Ordainéd hath, despite of ghost and elf,
His book at such nice times should be laid up on shelf.

XXXII

'For, maugre these his makings of dread faces,
Faces we all must make, in sense and reason;
To say not so, were to beat all grimaces:
For who one face to loyalty and treason,
To court and mob, or in and out of season,
Like to a very vice could keepe in screw,
And not make true men yearn to twist his weason?
No cheat am I; yet I, not only two,
But twenty faces have, and none unfit to view.'

XXXIII

Ah, luckless wordes! and luckless wight! for lo!
By some new cunning of great Wisdom's art
Poor WORLDLY WISDOM by some sudden blow
Was sent about, and with the hinder part
Of his owne head made all the gazers start:
They shuddered! then laughed out; and evermore
Laughed and laughed on, each from his very heart,
Untill their breaths grew scant, and sides grew sore,
And all the room seemed rolling in the huge uproar.

XXXIV

For the poore wretch was nothing but a dish
With a mouth over it, and two blind eyes;
In sensual living had been all his wish,
And this was all was left him of his prize.
He saw not heart, ne hope, ne fields, ne skies,
Ne loved or tasted aught, except his dinner,
And that with tooth grown dull. He held it lies
To say that old age ever was a winner
Of any least thing else. God pity him a sinner!

XXXV

In that last thought, through WISDOM's gentle moving,
Fell, and so died, the stormy merriment,
The whiles, as if at their late scorn's reproving,
The small mean vision withered up and went,
Like one to nothingness by nature bent,
Soon as the laugh was not upon his side.
'Well worth your scorn and scoff was his intent
To make believe, my children,' Wisdom cried,
'That because faulse is faulse, all truth is nullified.

XXXVI

'All those faire fronts ye sawe were masks alone
Whate'er they seemed, or still may daily seeme
'Twixt man and man in fleshly vision shewne;
For wheresoe'er cometh deceit extreme,
Cometh of what it looks nought but the dreame,
And only the Soul's Face, which ay is hid
Save by the single-minded, dares forth beame
In one sole front. Those which to turn I bid,
Were all Soul's Faces, forced to shewe them as they did.

XXXVII

'Thus I but warned of falsehood; bid ye guard
'Gainst foolish deeming all that glistens gold;
But not the lesse its fierie trial hard
The true ore stands, when melts the baser mould.
No: nor the lesse, as the sage did of old,
May true men buy and sell, and sager shine
For knowing gain's good uses manifold.
Praiser of youth was Socrates divine;
But blaming too when wrong, gave praise its value fine.

XXXVIII

'And Love?—What wise man knoweth not how true
And single-faced loveliest true love can be?
How sure to meete the face it answereth to,
In mirth with smiles, smiling how totally!
In griefe with teares, soothing how helpfully!

For surest of sure things is helpe in love.
But now your eyes shall learne, and grieve not.—See
Beholde, for sample, one faire household dove,
One of our England's angels, not yet called above.'

XXXIX

While thus he spoke, lo! Wisdom's stage became
A plot of grass within a bowery nook,
In which, as though she round her felt the same
There walked a youthfull ladie with a book,
Loving now that, now bird, now bud, now brook,
The more for what in the sweete page she red,
As you might guesse by her referring look.
'' 'Tis Sidney's sister,' Wisdom softly sed :—
' With brother's love begins the love that well shall spred.

XL

' With brother's love, and love of parents good,
And love of all that with celestiall aire
Fills home, begins the love that is endued
With gifts to make another's home as faire.
There seeke your Sirens; finde your first loves there,
And earne them soone, and love them first and last.
There only, or with grief-taught sweetnesse rare,
Shapes will ye finde, in whose one mould are cast
Fair Seeming and True Being, bound in substance fast.

XLI

' See, in her bower waiteth a spinning-wheele,
And, 'tis a herbal nigheth the guitar.
She studieth to clothe the poor, and heale,
And blithely then singeth, as though her star
Shone on a worlde of peace without a jar;
Grave looks in her are sweete as gay in others,
And gay in her true as their gravest are:
Hence flowereth she, pride of the flower of brothers,
Hence will be pride and flower of dearest wives and mothers.'

XLII

Here the sweet ladie, turning as he spoke,
Her gentle steps in walking to retrace,
Oh! what a transport in the youthes awoke,
Simply at witnessing no second face!
They waited not to note the shape and grace;
They loved the very falling of her haire;
Nay, deemed its ribbon of celestiall race.
Her coming had been all that was most faire;
Her going beat all comings, angells' though they were.

356 seeke] seek ye *1860*.

XLIII

No shout ensued ; no noise ; nought save a murmur
Of their entrancèd souls, each unto each ;
None needed more their faith in love made firmer ;
Here fairest faire was found without impeach ;
Here an earth-heaven, which if they might not reach
(So high a star in place was Sidney's sister),
Nathless of heaven the like they might beseech :
Therefore, in thought, each with deare worship kissed her,
When, as in cruell dreame, lo ! suddenlie they missed her.

XLIV

Missed her ; for now as suddenlie there rose
The deepe church-organ's gently-gathering might,
With which the sage was duly wont to close
Teachings, harmonious with good and right.
Rose then his schoole, and parted for the night
Each to his thoughts, sweete as those notes, and strong ;
And as they went, the great heaven-opening sight
Of th' order-keeping stars, never yet wrong,
Shewed to what great sweete ends all firme good thoughts belong.

POLITICAL AND CRITICAL POEMS

POLITICS AND POETICS

OR, THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF A JOURNALIST UNHAPPILY SMITTEN WITH THE LOVE OF RHYME

[First published in *The Reflector*, No. II, 1811; reprinted in the second edition of *The Feast of the Poets*, 1815, with the note: 'These lines were omitted in the first edition, on account of the general indifference of the versification; but, as they have been thought to resemble that mixture of fancy and familiarity, which the public have approved in the 'Feast of the Poets', and as they involve also the anticipation of an event in the writer's life, which afterwards took place, and which he can look back upon, thank Heaven, without blushing for the manner in which he anticipated it, they are here for the greater part reprinted.' Reprinted 1857, 1860. Text 1815.]

Again I stop;—again the toil refuse!
Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse,
Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
Between my studious face and politics.
Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate?
Look round, look round, and mark my desperate state,
Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
That might have quelled the Lesbian bard of old,
And made the blood of Dante's self run cold?

Lo, first the table spread with fearful books,
In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks;
Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints,
Lives, snatched a moment from the public prints;
Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
That rags are wealth, and reformation ruin,
Journals, and briefs, and bills, and laws of libel,
And, bloated and blood-red, the placeman's annual Bible.[n]

Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
My poor old Homer shows his living head;
Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight;
Horace alone (the rogue!) his doom has missed,
And lies at ease upon the Pension List.

Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
Imps ever grinning, sit my daily cares;
Distaste, delays, dislikings to begin,
Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
Here the Blue Daemon keeps his constant stir,
Who makes a man his own barometer;

There Nightmare, horrid mass! unfeatured heap!
Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep;
And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
Frowns Head-ache, scalper of the studious poll;
Head-ache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.

Chief of this social game, behind me stands,
Pale, peevish, periwigged, with itching hands,
A goblin double-tailed, and cloaked in black,
Who, while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.[n]
Around his head flits many a harpy shape,
With jaws of parchment, and long hairs of tape,
Threatening to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
With their own venom, into foul despite.
Let me but name the court, they swear and curse
And din me with hard names; and what is worse
'Tis now three times that I have missed my purse.[n]

No wonder poor Torquato went distracted,
On whose galled senses just such pranks were acted;
When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
With dungeons and with doctors hemmed him round.

Last, but not least, (methinks I see him now!)
With stare expectant, and a ragged brow,
Comes the foul fiend, who—let it rain or shine,
Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
Is sure to come,—the Devil, who comes for copy,[1]

* * * * * * * *

But see! e'en now the Muse's charm prevails;
The shapes are moved, the stricken circle fails;
With backward grins of malice they retire,
Scared by her seraph looks and smiles of fire.
That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
The bursting sunshine smites the windowed floor;
Bursts too on every side the sparkling sound
Of birds abroad; th' elastic spirits bound;
And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around:
Away, ye clouds; dull politics, give place;
Off, cares, and wants, and threats, and all the race
Of foes to freedom and to laurelled leisure!—
To-day is for the Muse, and dancing Pleasure.

[1] *For seventeen lines printed in* Reflector *between ll. 58 and 59 see notes.*
59 But . . . the Muse's] Yet . . . thy wondrous *1860* (=*1857 throughout*).
62 by her] at thy *1860*. 70 laurelled] graceful *1860*.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
Where through the quivering boughs the sunbeams shoot
Their arrowy diamonds upon flower and fruit,
While stealing airs come fuming o'er the stream,
And lull the fancy to a waking dream!
There shouldst thou come, O first of my desires,
What time the noon had spent its fiercer fires,
And all the bow'r, with chequered shadows strewn,
Glowed with a mellow twilight of its own.
There shouldst thou come, and there sometimes with thee
Might deign repair the staid Philosophy,
To taste thy fresh'ning brook, and trim thy groves,
And tell us what good task true glory loves.

I see it now!—I pierce the fairy glade,
And feel th' enclosing influence of the shade.
A thousand forms, that sport on summer eves,
Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
And every air seems hushing the delight,
And the calm bliss, fixed on itself awhile,
Dimples the unconscious lips into a smile.

Anon strange music breathes;—the fairies show
Their pranksome crowd; and in grave order go
Beside the water, singing, small and clear,
New harmonies unknown to mortal ear,
Caught upon moonlight nights from some nigh-wandering sphere.
I turn to them, and listen with fixed eyes,
And feel my spirits mount on winged ecstacies.

In vain.—For now, with looks that doubly burn,
Shamed of their late defeat, my foes return;
They know their foil is short;—and shorter still,
The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
Their ghastly rites, and sadden all the room.
O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
Cabals, misstatements, noise of private ends,
Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling vapours,
With dire necessity to read the papers,
Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
Costs, pityings, warnings, wits; and worse than all,
(Oh for a dose of Thelwall or of poppy!)
The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy!
Full in the midst, like that Gorgonian spell,
Whose ravening features glared collected hell,

76 fuming] whispering *1860*. 94–100 *om. 1860*. 102 defeat] defect *1860*.

The well-wigged pest his curling horror shakes,
And a *fourth* snap of threatening vengeance takes!
At that dread sight the Muse at last turns pale,
Freedom and Fiction's self no more avail,
And lo! my Bower of Bliss is turned into a jail!

What then? What then? my better genius cries:—
Scandals and jails! All these you may despise.
The enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
Dares to give up its darling liberty,
Lives wheresoe'er its countrymen applaud,
And in their great enlargement walks abroad:
But toils alone, and struggles every hour,
Against the insatiate, gold-flushed Lust of Power,
Can keep the fainting Virtue of thy land
From the rank slaves that gather round his hand.
Be poor in purse, and law will soon undo thee;
Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee.

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
Harsh politics! and once more bid adieu
To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
Their sun-streaked fruits and fairy-painted flowers;
Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurelled shades;
Farewell, ye sparkling brooks and haunted glades,
Where the trim shapes that bathe in moonlight eves,
Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
And every air seems hushing the delight.

Farewell, farewell, dear Muse, and all thy pleasure!
He conquers ease, who would be crowned with leisure.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS

[First published in *The Reflector* No. IV, 1811; reprinted with dedication to Thomas Mitchell and many alterations in 1814; again reissued with new preface 1815; reprinted 1832 (with new preface), 1844, 1857, 1860. Text 1815. In the footnotes *R* stands for *Reflector*.]

T'OTHER day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by starts,
He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England had all been rung in.
'I think,' said the God, recollecting, (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam as I may my pen,)
'I think—let me see—yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago now as that Buckingham there:

119 at last] herself *1860*. 128 every] hour by *1860*.
4 had all been rung in] a session had seen *R.*, *1832–60*.
7 is] was *R.*, *1860*. 8 long ago now as] far back as the time of *1860*.

And yet I can't see why I've been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is,
That since Dryden's fine verses, and Milton's sublime,
I have fairly been sick of their sing-song and rhyme.
There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to say;
But the rogue had no industry,—neither had Gray:
And Thomson, though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself weary, or bloated his wits.
But ever since Pope spoiled the ears of the town
With his cuckoo-song verses, half up and half down,
There has been such a doling and sameness,—by Jove,
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.
However, of late as they've roused them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing 's done there nowadays without eating,
See what kind of set I can muster worth treating.'
So saying, the God bade his horses walk for'ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard:
For Gordon's he made; and as Gods who drop in do,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room window.
And here I could tell, if it wasn't for stopping,
How all the town shook as the godhead went pop in,
How bright looked the poets, and brisk blew the airs,
And the laurels took flow'r in the gardens and squares;—
But fancies like these, though I've stores to supply me,
I'd better keep back for a poem I've by me,
And merely observe that the girls looked divine,
And the old folks in-doors exclaimed 'Bless us, how fine!'
Apollo, arrived, had no sooner embodied
His essence ethereal, than quenching his godhead,
He changed his appearance—to—what shall I say?
To a young gallant soldier returning in May?
No—that 's a resemblance too vapid and low:—
Let 's see—to a finished young traveller?—No:

11 fine verses] true English *R.* 12 sing-song] reason *R.* 14 rogue] dog *R.*, *1832–60.* 15 best in his indolent fits] dear to my heart, was too florid *1832–60.* 16 weary] stupid *R.* 16 To make the world see that their own taste was horrid *1832–60.* 17 But . . . spoiled the ears] So . . ., my pet bard *1832–60.*
18 with his cuckoo-song] Set a tune with his *1832–60.*
half . . . half] one . . . one *R.*
19 doling and sameness] whining or prosing *R.* 23 nothing's done there nowadays] nothing in England is done *1860.* 24 what kind of set] how many souls *R.* 26 dive] drive *1860.*
27 For Gordon's he made] Tow'rds the Shakspeare he shot *R.*, Then made for Mivart's *1860.*
Gods who drop in do] nothing could hinder *R.*
28 smack on his legs through the] still as his beams through a *1860.* 29 if it wasn't for stopping] were I given to spin it *1832-60.* 30 went pop in] came in t *1832–60.* 31 bright looked the poets] the poets' eyes sparkled *R.* 32 took flow'r] shot up *R.*, *1832–60.* 33 like these] so grave *R.* 35 And merely] And shall merely *R.* 37–50 *om. in 1832–60.* 37–74 *not in R.* 40 young gallant] gallant young *1814.*

To a graceful young lord just stept out of his carriage?
Or handsome young poet, the day of his marriage?
No,—nobody's likeness will help me, I see,
To afford you a notion of what he could be,
Not though I collected one pattern victorious
Of all that was good, and accomplished, and glorious,
From deeds in the daylight, or books on the shelf,
And called up the shape of young Alfred himself.
  Imagine, however, if shape there must be,
A figure sublimed above mortal degree,
His limbs the perfection of elegant strength,—
A fine flowing roundness inclining to length,—
A back dropping in,—an expansion of chest,
(For the God, you'll observe, like his statues was drest)
His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,
His curls in a cluster,—and then such a face,
As marked him at once the true offspring of Jove,
The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love;
For though he was blooming, and oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,
Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.
  I wouldn't say more, lest my climax should lose;—
Yet now I have mentioned those lamps of the Muse,
I can't but observe what a splendour they shed,
When a thought more than common came into his head:
Then they leaped in their frankness, deliciously bright,
And shot round about them an arrowy light;
And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,
A curl fell athwart them and darkened their lustre,
A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,
Like the sun through a tree, when he 's setting in flame.
  The God, then, no sooner had taken a chair,
And rung for the landlord to order the fare,
Than he heard a strange noise and a knock from without,—
And scraping and bowing, came in *such* a rout!

51 If you'd fancy, however, what Phoebus might be *1832–60.* 52 A figure sublimed] Imagine a shape *1832–60.* 53–6 *om. in 1860.* 55 back dropping in] presence that spoke *1832–57.*

57–8 Compounded of ardency, dignity, grace,
All fire, yet all self-possession; with face *1860.*

59 As marked] That showed *1860.* 60 all . . . all] full . . . full *1860.* 61 blooming . . . oval] beardless . . . blooming *1860.* 62 And had deigned in his dress to be classic and Greek *1860.* 63 the reach of past ages] a reach far remoter *1860.* 66 those] these *1860.*

68 thought] warmth *1860.*
came into his head] enforced what he said *1860.*

69–70 Then the light which before flashed in glimpse and in glance,
Seemed to gather more substance, and burn in advance; *1860.*

75 The God, then] Apollo *R.*

There was Arnold, and Reynolds, and Dibdin, and Cherry,
All grinning as who should say, 'Shan't we be merry?'
And Hook, who had come with an absolute tear up,
And sweet Billy Dimond, a-patting his hair up.
The God, for an instant, sat fixed as a stone,
Till recov'ring, he said in a good-natured tone,
'Oh, the waiters, I see;—ah, it's all very well,—
Only one of you'll do just to answer the bell.'
But lord! to see all the great dramatists' faces!
They looked at each other, and made such grimaces!
Then turning about, left the room in vexation,
And Hook, they say, couldn't help mutt'ring 'Damnation!'
'Twas lucky for Colman he wasn't there too,
For his pranks would have certainly met with their due,
And Sheridan's also, that finished old tricker;—
But one was in prison, and both were in liquor.
The God fell a-laughing to see his mistake,
But stopped with a sigh for poor Comedy's sake;
Then gave mine host orders, who bowed to the floor,
And presented three cards that were brought to the door:
Apollo just gave them a glance with his eye,
'Spencer—Rogers—Montgom'ry,'—and putting them by,
Begged the landlord to give his respects to all three,
And say he'd be happy to see them to tea.
'Your Majesty, then,' said the Gaius, 'don't know
That a person named Crabbe has been waiting below?
He has taken his chair in the kitchen, they say.'
'Indeed!' said Apollo, 'Oh, pray let him stay:
He'll be much better pleased to be with 'em downstairs,
And will find ye all out with your cookings and cares:—
But mind that you treat him as well as you're able,
And let him have part of what goes from the table.'
A soft, smiling voice then arose on the ear,
As if some one from court was about to appear:—
'Oh, this is the room, my good friend? Ah, I see it is;—
Room, sure enough, for the best-bred of deities!'
Then came a whisper,—and then was a hush,—
And then, with a sort of a look of a blush,
Came in Mr. Hayley, all polished confusion,
And said, '*Will* Apollo excuse this intrusion?

79 There was Reynolds, and Arnold, Hook, Dibdin and Cherry *R.*
There were all the worst play-wrights from Dibdin to Terry *1832–60.*
81 And mighty dull Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up *R., 1814.*
With men of light comedy lumb'ring like bears up *1832–60.*
82 And men of deep tragedy patting their hairs up *1832–60.* 90 And Hook, hey say] And one, I'm told *R.*
91 And Colman, they say, fairly muttered 'Damnation!' *1832–57.*
Their faces said plainly, 'Well, this *is* damnation!' *1860.*
91–4 *om. in 1832–60.* 96 poor Comedy's] the poor drama's *1860.* 98 And had scarcely backed out, and shut gently the door *1832–60.* 99–133 *om. in 1832–60.* 105 He 's been looking about him this hour, I daresay *R.* 111–33 *in 1814, 1815 only.*

I might have kept back,—but I thought 'twould look odd,—
And friendship, you know,—pray, how *is* my dear God?'
A smile, followed up by a shake of the head,
Crossed the fine lip of Phoebus, who viewed him, and said,—
'I'll give you a lesson, Sir, quite your own seeking,
And one that you very much want—on plain speaking.
Pray, have you to learn,—and at this time of day,
That your views on regard have been all the wrong way?
One ten thousandth part of the words and the time
That you've wasted on praises instead of your rhyme,
Might have gained you a title to this kind of freedom;
But volumes of endings, lugged in as you need 'em,
Of *hearts* and *imparts*, where's the soul that can read 'em?'
So saying, his eye so alarmingly shone,
That ere it could wink, the poor devil was gone.
A hem was then heard, consequential and snapping,
And a sour little gentleman walked with a rap in.
He bowed, looked about him, seemed cold, and sat down,
And said, 'I'm surprised that you'll visit this town:—
To be sure, there are one or two of us who know you,
But as for the rest, they are all much below you.
So stupid, in gen'ral, the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;
So that what with their taste, their reformers, and stuff,
They have sickened myself and my friends long enough.'
'Yourself and your friends!' cried the God in high glee;
'And pray, my frank visitor, who may you be?'
'Who be?' cried the other; 'why really—this tone—
William Gifford's a name, I think, pretty well known!'
'Oh—now I remember,' said Phoebus;—'ah true—
My thanks to that name are undoubtedly due:
The rod, that got rid of the Cruscas and Lauras,—
That plague of the butterflies,—saved me the horrors;
The Juvenal too stops a gap in one's shelf,
At least in what Dryden has not done himself;
And there's something, which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example, that conquered neglect.
But not to insist on the recommendations
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit just now is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known.'
So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
And the sour little gentleman blessed himself out.

134 A hem was then] When a hemming was *1832–60.* 138 one or two] two or three *R.* 144 cried] said *1860.*

149–51 The Anti-La Cruscan that writes the review:—
The rod, though 'twas no such vast matter, that fell
On that plague of the butterflies,—did very well; *1832–60.*

152–3 *om. in 1832–60.*

Next came Walter Scott with a fine weighty face,
For as soon as his visage was seen in the place,
The diners and barmaids all crowded to know him,
And thank him with smiles for that sweet pretty poem!
However, he scarcely had got through the door,
When he looked adoration, and bowed to the floor,
For his host was a God,—what a very great thing!
And what was still greater in *his* eyes,—a King!
Apollo smiled shrewdly, and bade him sit down
With 'Well, Mr. Scott, you have managed the town;
Now pray, copy less,—have a little temerity,—
Try if you can't also manage posterity.
All you add now only lessens your credit;
And how could you think too of taking to edite?
A great deal 's endured, where there 's measure and rhyme;
But prose such as yours is a pure waste of time,—
A singer of ballads unstrung by a cough,
Who fairly talks on, till his hearers walk off.
Be original, man; study more, scribble less;
Nor mistake present favour for lasting success;
And remember, if laurels are what you would find,
The crown of all triumph is freedom of mind.
And here,' cried Apollo, 'is one at the door,
Who shall prove what I say, or my art is no more.
Ah, Campbell, you're welcome:—well, how have you been,
Since the last time I saw you on Sydenham-green?
I need not ask after the plans you've in view;
'Twould be odd, I believe, if I hadn't them too:
But there 's one thing I've always forgotten to mention,—
Your versification,—pray give it invention.
A fancy like yours, that can play its own part,
And clip with five fingers the chords of the heart,
Should draw from itself the whole charm of its song,
Nor put up with notes, that to others belong.'
The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore, coming in, caught the Deity's eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, 'Show me a sight
That can give a divinity sounder delight,
Or that earth should more prize from its core to the poles,
Than the self-improved morals of elegant souls.

162–369 *For these 208 lines 1832, 1844, and 1857 substitute twenty lines, and 1860 thirteen lines, four lines being common to 1832 (= 1844), 1857 and 1860. For these see the notes at end.* 162 fine weighty face] look of high meaning *R.* 163 was seen n the place] the tavern was seen in *R.* 166 he . . . door] the moment his enses he found *R.* 167 When *not in R.* floor] ground *R.* 178 unstrung] subdued *R.* 183 triumph] effort *R.* 185 my art is] I'm rophet *R.*

192–5 A talent, like your's, to create or combine,
The Goldsmiths and others, at least, should decline;
Their streamlets are sweet; but the true liquid fire
And depth of our English runs backward much higher. *R.*

Repentant I speak it,—though when I was wild,
My friends should remember the world was a child,—
That customs were diff'rent, and young people's eyes
Had no better examples than those in the skies.
But soon as I learnt how to value these doings,
I never much valued your billings and cooings;
They only make idle the best of my race;
And since my poor Daphne turned tree in my face,
There are very few poets, whose caps or whose curls
Have obtained such a laurel by hunting the girls.
So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight beyond measure,
To find how you've mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet, whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits, of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain;
And never should poet, so gifted and rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care,
But love the fair Virtue, for whom it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of heaven.'
He spoke with a warmth, but his accent was bland,
And the poet bowed down with a blush to his hand,
When Byron relieved him by taking his place,
Which he did with so kind yet unconscious a face,
So ardent a frankness, yet modest an ease,
As much as to say 'Now for me, if you please,'—
That Apollo took *his* hand, and earnestly said,
'Pray how came misanthropy into *your* head?
I suspect (it is true), that in all which you tell us
Of robbers, and rakes, and such terrible fellows,
There 's something mere scorn could have never devised,
And a sorrow-wise charity roughly disguised;
But you must not be always indulging this tone;
You owe some relief to our hearts and your own;
For poets, earth's heav'n-linking spirits, were born,
What they can, to amend,—what they can't, to adorn;
And you hide the best proof of your office and right,
If you make not as I do a contrast with night,
And help to shed round you a gladness and light.
So remember; and as to the style of your song,
And to straight-forward speaking, 'twill come before long:
But the fact is, that what with your courts and your purses,
I've never done well with you lords who write verses:
I speak not of people like Sheffield or Lansdowne,
Whom some silly Body of Poetry hands down,—
But Rochester raked himself into his grave;
A poor sceptred scoundrel slew Surrey the brave;
And Sackville stopped short of his better ambition,
And lost a great name in the *shrewd* politician.

207 valued] favoured *R.* 224–58 *in 1815 only.*

I wouldn't divorce, mind, the muse from the state;
Great poets have been politicians as great;
Let both be combined as becomes a true Briton,
And laurels add weight to the bench that you sit on;
I love a free spirit; its fancy is free;
But so much the more you and I must agree.'
He smiled; and his Lordship shook hands as before,
And was turning about to say something to Moore,
When all on a sudden, there rose on the stairs
A noise as of persons with singular airs;
You'd have thought 'twas the Bishops or Judges a-coming,
Or whole court of Aldermen hawing and humming,
Or Abbot, at least, with his ushers before,
But 'twas only Bob Southey and two or three more.
Bob walked at the head with a tattered bay crown,
And looked such a compound of courtier and clown,
Such a thing of pure nature that *should* have been true,
With such an assumption of tenfold his due,
That a jerk took the eye-brows of every one there
With a pleasant suspense 'twixt a smile and a stare;
When io, as poor Bob was collecting his wit,
The thing on his head, as if seized with a fit,
Began crackling, and splitting, and writhing about,
And so in a flash and a vapour went out.
I waive all attempt to describe how he coloured,
Winced, capered, and twirled, and cried 'What 's this?' and 'Oh Lord!'
With all his dilemmas, made worse by their chuckles,
'Twixt easing his temples, and burning his knuckles:
The circle, half-dying, scarce knew what to do,
With all their good breeding, and handkerchiefs too,
And Apollo, who laughed till the tears in his eyes
Had quenched the dread sparkle that caused the surprise,
Said, 'Nay, don't be frightened;—there, help him a seat;
'His head 's in no danger from that sort of heat.'
Then breathing his laugh off, the God raised his chest,
And looked with a pained sort of pride at the rest;
For Coleridge had vexed him long since, I suppose,
By his idling, and gabbling, and muddling in prose;
And Wordsworth, one day, made his very hairs bristle,
By going and changing his harp for a whistle.

263 Or at least my Lord Colley with all his grand brothers,— *R.*
264 two or three more] three or four others *R.*
265–86 *For these twenty-two lines in 1815 on Southey R. and 1814 have the following four:*

As soon as he saw him, Apollo seemed pleased:
But as he had settled it not to be teazed
By all the vain rhymers [dreamers *1814*] from bed-room and brook,
He turned from the rest without even a look.

289–90 And as to that Wordsworth! he'd been so benurst,
Second childhood with him had come close on the first. *R.*

The bards, for a moment, stood making a pause,
And looked rather awkward, and lax round the jaws,
When one began spouting the cream of orations
In praise of bombarding one's friends and relations;
And t'other some lines he had made on a straw,
Showing how he had found it, and what it was for,
And how, when 'twas balanced, it stood like a spell!—
And how, when 'twas balanced no longer, it fell!—
A wild thing of scorn he described it to be,
But he said it was patient to heaven's decree:—
Then he gazed upon nothing, and looking forlorn,
Dropt a *natural* tear for *that wild thing of scorn*!
Apollo half laughed betwixt anger and mirth,
And cried, 'Was there ever such trifling on earth?
What! think ye a bard's a mere gossip, who tells
Of the ev'ry-day feelings of every one else,
And that poetry lies, not in something select,
But in gath'ring the refuse that others reject?
Must a ballad doled out by a spectacled nurse
About Two-Shoes or Thumb, be your model of verse;
And your writings, instead of sound fancy and style,
Look more like the morbid abstractions of bile?
There is one of you here, who, instead of these fits,
And becoming a joke to half-thinkers and wits,
Should have brought back our fine old pre-eminent way,
And been the first man at my table to-day:
But resolved as I am to maintain the partitions
'Twixt wit and mere wildness, he knows the conditions;

291–2 These worthies [heroes *1814*], however, long used to attack,
Were not by contempt to be so driven back,
But followed the God up, and shifting their place,
Stood full in his presence, and looked in his face. *R., 1814.*

304 was . . . trifling] were . . . asses *R.*

Between 304 *and* 305 *R. and 1814 each insert four lines, of which the first two are common to both:*

It is not enough that this nonsense, I fear,
Has half turned [Has hurt *1814*] the fine head of my friend Robert here,
But another bright promise must fairly be lost, *R., 1814.*
And the gifts of a God by this madman be crost. *R.*
But the very best promise bred up in the school,
Must shew himself proudest in playing the fool. *1814.*

309–84 *For these seventy-six lines R. has eight lines only:*

Depart and be modest, ye driv'llers of pen,
My feasts are for masculine tastes, and for men.'
Then turning to Bob, he said, 'Sit down, I beg;'
But Billy grew sulky and stirred not a peg;
While Sam, looking soft and politely dejected,
Confessed with a tear, that ''twas what he expected,
Since Phoebus had fatally learnt to confide in
Such prosers as Johnson and rhymers as Dryden.'

[*The last four of these lines appear also, with a difference, in 1814.*]

313–14 There is one of you here,—'twas of him that I spoke,—
Who, instead of becoming a bye-word and joke, *1814.*

And if he retains but a spark of my fire,
Will show it this instant,—and blush,—and retire.'
He spoke; and poor Wordsworth, his cheeks in a glow,
(For he felt the God in him) made symptoms to go,
When Apollo, in pity, to screen him from sight,
Threw round him a cloud that was purple and white,
The same that of old used to wrap his own shoulders,
When coming from heaven, he'd spare the beholders:
'Twas culled from the east, at the dawning of day,
In a bright show'ry season 'twixt April and May.
Yet the bard was no sooner obeying his king,
And gliding away like a shadow of spring,
Than the latter, who felt himself touched more and more
Tow'rds a writer whose faults were as one to five score,
And who found that he shouldn't well know what to say,
If he sent, after all, his best poet away,
Said, 'Come, my dear Will,—imperfections apart,—
Let us have a true taste of our exquisite art;
You know very well you've the key to my heart.'
At this the glad cloud, with a soft heaving motion,
Stopped short, like a sail in a nook of the ocean;
And out of its bosom there trembled and came
A voice, that grew upwards, and gathered like flame:
Of nature it told, and of simple delights
On days of green sunshine, and eye-lifting nights;
Of summer-sweet isles and their noon-shaded bowers,
Of mountains, and valleys, trees, waters, and flowers,
Of hearts, young and happy, and all that they show
For the home that we came from and whither we go;
Of wisdom in age by this feeling renewed,
Of hopes that stand smiling o'er passions subdued,
Of the springs of sweet waters in evil that lie;—
Of all, which, in short, meets the soul's better eye
When we go to meek nature our hearts to restore,
And bring down the Gods to walk with us once more.
You may think what effect was produced by this strain:
Apollo put on all his graces again,
With face just inclining, and smiles that agreed;
And Scott looked as who should say 'Lofty indeed!'
And Campbell, as if 'twould be stupid to doubt it;
And Bob, as if he, forsooth, knew all about it;

327–84 *For these fifty-eight lines 1814 has ten lines only, of which the last four are repeated from R. (see previous page):*

The bard, like a second Aeneas went home in't,
And lives underneath it, it seems, at this moment.
Apollo then turning and smoothing his frown,
Bade Southey take warning, and let him sit down;
But the rest of Bob's friends, too ambitious to flinch,
Stood fixing their faces, and stirred not an inch;
While Sam *&c., as in R., but reading* sigh *for* tear.

The sixth line of this passage became l. 383 *in 1815.*

And Byron, as though he were wrapt in his place;
And Moore, as if pleasure had burst on his face;
And all cried at last, with a passion sublime,
'This, this is the Prince of the Bards of his Time!'
So the cloud rolled apart, and the poet came forth,
And took his proud seat as was due to his worth;
And Apollo, who felt all his spirits restored,
And wouldn't, for trifles, make gaps at his board,
Twitched Coleridge's ear, who stood yawning askew,
And said, 'There, you lazy dog, sit you down too.'
'And now,' said the God,—but he scarcely had spoken,
When bang went the door—you'd have thought it was broken;
And in rushed a mob with a scuffle and squeeze,
Exclaiming, 'What! Wordsworth, and fellows like these!
Nay then, we may all take our seats as we please!'
I can't, if I would, tell you who they all were;
The names have escaped me; but Wharton was there,
Besides a whole host of pretenders and slaves,
And parsons turned bullies, and brief-begging knaves.
The God smiled at first with a turn tow'rds the fire,
And whispered 'There, tell 'em they'd better retire;'
But lord! this was only to set all their quills up;
The rogues did but bustle; and pulling their frills up,
Stood fixing their faces, and stirred not an inch;
Nay, some took their snuff out, and joined in a pinch.
Then wrath seized Apollo; and turning again,
'Ye rabble,' he cried, 'common-minded and vain,
Whate'er be the faults which true bards may commit,
(And most of 'em lie in your own want of wit,)
Ye shall try, wretched creatures, how well ye can bear
What such only witness, unsmote with despair.'
He said; and the place all seemed swelling with light,
While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright;
And clouds, burning inward, rolled round on each side,
To encircle his state, as he stood in his pride;
Till at last the full Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!
Then a glory beamed round, as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods;

373 Wordsworth] Coleridge *1860*.

376–8 But a whole shoal of fops and of pedants were there,
All the '*heart* and *impart*' men, and such as suppose
They write like the Virgils, and Popes, and Boileaus! *1832–60*.

With the second of these lines compare l. 131 *in 1814, 1815*.

386–8 *One line only in R. and 1814*:

'Whatever,' he cried, 'were the faults of such men,'

389 creatures] mortals *R., 1814*.
390 such only witness] Dryden has witnessed *R., 1814*.
398 the sound of deep] wraths of loud *1860*.

And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their skies,
Came thronging about with intentness of eyes,—
And the Nine were all heard, as the harmony swelled,—
And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture upheld,—
And all things, above, and beneath, and around,
Seemed a world of bright vision, set floating in sound.
That sight and that music might not be sustained
But by those who a hold on true feeling had gained ;
And even the bards who had graciousness found,
After gazing awhile, bowed them down to the ground.
What then could remain for that feeble-eyed crew ?
Through the door in an instant they rushed and they flew,
They rushed, and they dashed, and they scrambled, and stumbled,
And down the hall staircase distractedly tumbled,
And never once thought which was head or was feet,
And slid through the hall, and fell plump in the street.
So great was the panic that smote them to flight,
That of all who had come to be feasted that night,
Not one ventured back, or would stay near the place ;
Even Croker declined, notwithstanding his face ;
And old Peter Pindar turned pale, and suppressed,
With a death-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest.
But Phoebus no sooner had gained his good ends,
Than he put off his terrors, and raised up his friends,
Who stood for a moment, entranced to behold
The glories subside and the dim-rolling gold,
And listened to sounds, that with ecstasy burning
Seemed dying far upward, like heaven returning.
Then 'Come,' cried the God in his elegant mirth,
'Let us make us a heav'n of our own upon earth,

399–404 And faces of terrors celestial, that brought
Overwhelming compulsions and burdens of thought.
Yea, pleasures of heav'n turn'd horriblest pains,
And all which demands from potentiallest brains
Long reverent approach to the outermost bounds
Of a Presence Divine, whom its glory surrounds. *1860.*

405 that music] those terrors *1860.*

406 those, who a hold [glory *1814*] like Dryden's had gained *R., 1814.*
those who [such as *1860*] in wonder's great school had been trained *1832–60.*

407 bards] four *R., 1814.* 409 feeble-eyed] feeble-souled *1860.* 412 hall staircase distractedly] round staircase like lunatics *R.* 415 that smote them to flight] they struck with their fright [flight *1860*] *R., 1814, 1860.* 417 back] up *1814, R.* 418 Croker] Ireland *1844–60.* 419–20 *om. in 1832–60.*

Between ll. 420–1 *R. has six lines :*

But Wordsworth can scarcely yet manage to speak
And Coleridge, they say, is excessively weak ;
Indeed he has fits of the painfulest kind :
He stares at himself and his friends, till he 's blind ;
Then describes his own legs, and claps each a long stilt on ;
And this he calls *lect'ring* on 'Shakspeare and Milton'.

427 in his elegant mirth] who resumed and restored *1860.* 428 All the ease that could bless mortal guests at his board *1860.*

And wake with the lips, that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music,—congenial souls.'
So saying, he led through the door in his state,
And seating the poets, cried 'Laurels for eight!'
No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there,
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Lord Byron's with turk's-cap and cypress was mixed,
And Scott's with a thistle, with creeper betwixt;
And Wordsworth's with celandin, aloe, and pine;
And, Bob, penny-royal and blow-ball with thine;
Then Sam's with mandragoras, fearful to wear;
With willow Tom Campbell's, and oak here and there;
And lastly, with shamrock from tear-bedewed shores,
And with vine-leaves and Jump-up-and kiss-me, Tom Moore's.
Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams,
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,—
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream ere he dined;
For the God had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turned to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muskat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac,
No, nor Lachryma Christi, though clearly divine,
Nor Montepulciano, though King of all Wine.
Then as for the fruits, you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;
And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the God blushed a beautiful red.
'Twas magic, in short, and deliciousness all;—
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall,
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turned,
The service with opal and adamant burned,
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould,
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame:—
In a word, so completely forestalled were the wishes,
E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.
It can't be supposed I should think of repeating
The fancies that flowed at this laureat meeting;
I haven't the brains, and besides, was not there;
But the wit may be easily guessed, by the chair:

429 And] Let us *1860*. 430 That divinest of music] Earth's best bit of heaven *1860*. 431 door in his state] dining-room door *R., 1814*; door without state *1860*. 432–42 *For these eleven lines 1832, 1844, and 1857 substitute thirteen, and 1860 substitutes eleven, quite different lines, the first five of which are common to 1832–60. For these see the notes.* 432 eight] four *R., 1814*. 435–41 *For these seven lines R. and 1814 have three lines for which see notes:* 453 No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine *1832–60*.

Suffice it to say, it was keen as could be,
Though it softened to prettiness rather at tea.
I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The mem'ry of Shakespeare was toasted with nine;
When lo, as each poet was lifting his cup,
A strain of invisible music struck up:—
'Twas a mixture of all the most exquisite sounds
To be heard upon earthly or fanciful grounds,
When pomps or when passions their coming declare,
Or there 's something at work in the moonshiny air;
For the trumpet sprang out, with a fierce-flowing blast,
And the hautboys lamentingly mingled, and passed,
Till a smile-drawing sweetness stole in at the close
With the breathing of flutes and the smoothing of bows,
And Ariel was heard, singing thinly and soft,
Then with tricksy tenuity vanished aloft.
The next name was Chaucer,—and part of the strain
For the glorious old boy was played over again.
Then 'Milton!' they cried, with a solemner shout,
When bursting at once in its mightiness out,
The organ came gath'ring and rolling its thunder;
Yet wanted not intervals, calmer of wonder,
Nor stops of low sweetness, like winds when they fall,
Nor voices Elysian, that came with a call.
Last followed my Spenser, (I wish I'd been there!)
And the light-neighing trumpet leaped freshly on air,
With preludes of flutes as to open a scene,
And pipes with coy snatches that started between,
Till sudden it stopped,—and you heard a dim strain,
Like the shell of old Triton far over the main.
'Twould be tedious to count all the names as they rose,
But none were omitted, you'll eas'ly suppose,
Whom Fancy has crowned with one twig of the bay,
From old Gawin Douglas to Shenstone and Gray.

473–4 *om. in 1832–60.*
476 The mem'ry of Shakspeare was] Our four great old [greatest *1860*] poets were *1832–60.*
477–506 *For these thirty lines R. has six lines, and 1832–60 two lines, as below:*

To Chaucer were five, and to Spenser one more,
And Milton had seven and Dryden had four;
Then follow'd the names in a cursory way,
Of Fletcher, of Otway, of Collins, and Gray,
Of Cowley, Pope, Thomson, and Cowper, and Prior,
And one or two more of a genuine fire. *R.*

Then others with six or with three, as it fitted,
Nor were those who translate with a gusto omitted *1832–60.*

489–90 *om. in 1814.*
491 The next name was Milton, and six was the shout *1814.*
497 I wish I'd been there!] with five to his share *1814.*
506 Gawin Douglas to Shenstone] father Chaucer to Collins *1814.*

I mustn't forget though, that Bob, like a gander,
Would give 'a great genius',—one Mr. Landor;
And Walter looked up too, and begged to propose
A particular friend of his,—one Mr. Rose:
But the God looked at Southey, and shrugging his shoulder,
Cried, 'When, my good friend, will you try to grow older?'
Then nodding to Scott, he said, 'Pray be as portly
And rich as you please, but a little less courtly.'
So, changing the subject, he called upon Moore,
Who sung such a song, that they shouted 'Encore!'
And the God was so pleased with his taste and his tone,
He obeyed the next call, and gave one of his own,—
At which you'd have thought,—('twas so witching a warble,)
The guests had all turned into listening marble;
The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of bloom,
As the breath of the Deity circled the room;
And the wine in the glasses went rippling in rounds,
As if followed and fanned by the soft-wingèd sounds.
  Thus chatting and singing they sat till eleven,
When Phoebus shook hands, and departed for heaven;
'For poets,' he said, 'who would cherish their powers,
And hoped to be deathless, must keep to good hours.'
So off he betook him the way that he came,
And shot up the north, like an arrow of flame;
For the Bear was his inn; and the comet, they say,
Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.
  The others then parted, all highly delighted;
And so shall I be, when you find me invited.

507-10 *In 'The Liberal' No. III, 1823, p. 134, a proposed alteration of these lines is given:*

Then, says Bob, 'I've a toast,' and got up like a gander:
Says Phoebus 'Don't spoil it with prosing: its Landor.'
And Walter look'd up too and begg'd to propose—
'I'll drink him with pleasure,' said Phoebus,—'it's Rose.'

507–14 *For these eight lines 1832 (= 1844) substitutes four lines, and 1860 five, of which the first two lines are common to 1832, 1844, 1860:*

At [On *1860*] this, Southey begging the Deity's ear—
'I know,' interrupted Apollo, ''tis Frere:' *1832–60.*
And Scott put a word in, and begged to propose—
'I'll drink him with pleasure,' said Phoebus, ''tis Rose.' *1832, 1844.*
And Walter looked up too, and begged to propose—
'No, no,' answered Phoebus, 'I cannot add Rose;
Yet I love the man too;—here's a health to his prose.' *1860.*

507 Then says Bob, 'If the chair will not think me a gander *R.* 508 would] I'll *R.* 511 shrugging] clapping *R.* 515 So, changing the subject] Then talking of lyrics *1832–60.* 521 brighter] brightest *1860.* 525 chatting and] in wit and in *R.* 529 the way that he came] their eyes looking forth *1860.* 530 As like a long meteor he shot up the north *1860.* 533–4 *om. in 1860 which adds a postscript of thirty-four lines, for which see the notes.*

TO A SPIDER RUNNING ACROSS A ROOM

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Thou poisonous rascal, running at this rate
O'er the perplexing desert of a mat,
Scrambling and scuttling on thy scratchy legs,
Like a scared miser with his money-bags;
Thou thief—thou scamp—thou hideous much in little,
Bearing away the plunder of a spital,—
Caitiff of corners,—doer of dark deeds,
Mere lump of poison lifted on starved threads,
That while they run, go shuddering here and there,
As if abhorring what they're forced to bear,
Like an old bloated tyrant, whom his slaves
Bear from the gaping of a thousand graves,
And take to some vile corner of a court,
Where felons of his filthy race resort,—
I have thee now;—I have thee here, full blown,
Thou lost old wretch, benighted by the noon!
What dost thou say? What dost thou think? Dost see
Providence hanging o'er thee, to wit, me?
Dost fear? Dost shrink with all thine eyes to view
The shadowing threat of mine avenging shoe?
Now, now it comes;—one pang,—and thou wilt lie
Flat as the sole that treads thy gorged impurity.
Yet hold:—why should I do it? why should I,
Who in my infidel fidelity,
Believer in the love, though not the wrath,
Have spared so many crawlers o'er my path,—
Why should I trample here, and like a beast,
Settle this humblest of them all and least?
The vagrant never injured me or mine,
Wrote no critiques, stabbed at no heart divine,
And as to flies, Collyer himself must dine.
Flies may be killed as speedily as mutton,
And your black spider's not your blackest glutton.
The vermin's a frank vermin, after all;
Makes no pretence to a benignant call;
Does not hold up a hideous white hand,
To tickle grandams to his promised land;
Nor pulls white handkerchiefs from out his blackness,
To wipe the tears,—that gave a surfeit slackness.
He's not the Laureat, not my turned old Bob;
Not Bull the brute, nor Gazetteer the grub:
He does not 'profess Poetry', like Mill;
Music, like Buzby; nor, what's higher still,
'Moral Philosophy', like wicked Will.
He swells, I grant, and 'tis with poison too;
But not, toad-eating Muddyford, like you:

He plunders, and runs off, but not like Theod.,
To make amends by slandering for King Ehud:
He skulks; but 'tis not as 'dear Ally' does,
To pry and pounce on females, and keep close
At fingers only that can pull a nose.
Honest the rogue is, in his way,—hey, Groly?—
And does not call his snares and slaughters 'Holy';
Nor like the Russian that insulted Spain,
Cry 'Manners', and affect the gentleman.
He holds to what he is, like her that bore him,
A spider, as his father was before him.
'Twas Cowl, not he, that by old Gizzard's fire,
Born of a man, turned reptile and mere liar,
And changed his shape with his own fright, as mothers,
Their tender burthen incomplete, change others.
And have I spared the very worst of these
A thousand times, and all for their own ease,—
Let them crawl on, and winked at Gizzard's self,
To tread out thee, poor emblematic elf?
Thee, whose worst vice is, that thy hang-dog looks
Remind us of his face, not of his books,
For all the poison, clubbed from all thy race,
Could not do that: you're safe from that disgrace.
Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,
Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick,
Now, because prose had felled him just before;
Then, to oblige the very heart he tore;
Then, from conniving to suppose him human,
Two-legged, and one that had a serving-woman;
Then, because some one saw him in a shiver,
Which shewed, if not a heart, he had a liver;
And then, because they said the dog was dying,
His very symptoms being given to lying?
Have I done this? Have I endured e'en Murrain,
Whom even his own face finds past enduring,
Trying to slip aside from him, and cut him,
When honest men ask questions that don't suit him?
Have I let strut, behind their dunghill screens,
All the brisk crowers in Scotch magazines,
Who take for day their crackling Northern Lights,
And scream, and scratch, and keep it up o' nights,
Braggarts with beaten plumes, and sensual hypocrites?
Him too who feeds them, and in whom there run
All Curll's and Osborne's melted brass in one,
(Blackguard, thought wrong by the young trade, but wronger
By those whose consciences have eaten longer,)—
Have I spared him, when, with a true rogue's awe
Not of the truth or justice, but the law,
He lay before my feet, and proffered me
His rascal money for indemnity?

In scorn I let him go, just taught, it seems,
How to call people more ingenious names;
For which, I own, I merit the reproofs
Of all the world, but those who read his huffs.

Go, you poor wretch,—I mean the spider; go,
And take care how you bite Sir Hudson Lowe.

ULTRA-CREPIDARIUS

A SATIRE ON WILLIAM GIFFORD

[First published as separate pamphlet 1823; not reprinted.]

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.—POPE.

Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth or Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court.—BUTLER.

'Tis now about fifty or sixty years since,
(The date of a charming old boy of a Prince)
Since the feathered god Mercury happened to lose
A thing no less precious than one of his shoes:
I say no less precious, because in the mention
The artist has made of this very invention,
(Old Homer, who furnished the gods with such things)
He says, 'twas immortal, of gold, and had wings.
The latter indeed are as famous as Love's,
And they rivalled in hue even Venus's doves;
For at every fresh turn, and least touch into light,
Which the clear God of Eloquence took in his flight,
They varied their colours in fifty directions,
And perfectly dazzled with brilliant reflections.

'I wonder,' said Mercury,—putting his head
One rosy-faced morning from Venus's bed,—
'I wonder, my dear Cytherea,—don't you?—
What *can* have become of that rogue of a shoe.
I've searched every corner to make myself certain,
And lifted, I'm sure, ev'ry possible curtain,
And how I'm to manage, by Jove, I don't know,
For manage I must, and to earth I must go.
'Tis now a whole week since I lost it; and here,
Like a dove whom your urchin has crippled, my dear,
Have I loitered, and fluttered, and looked in those eyes,
While Juno keeps venting her crabbed surprise;
And Apollo, with all that fine faith in his air,
Asks me daily accounts of Rousseau and Voltaire,
And Jove (whom it 's awkward to risk such a thing with)
Has not enough thunder to frighten a king with.

So—there then—now don't look so kind, I beseech you,
Or else I shall stay a week longer, you witch you—
I can't ask the gods; but I'll search once again
For this fugitive shoe, and if still it 's in vain,
I must try to make something a while of sheer leather,
And match with a mortal my fair widowed feather.'

So saying, the God put a leg out of bed,
And summoned his winged cap on to his head;
And the widow in question flew smack round his foot,
And up he was getting to end his pursuit,
When Venus said softly (so softly, that he
Turned about on his elbow)—'What! go without *me*?'

Now the fact was, that Venus, who always would please a
Fine wit, had been reading the New Eloisa,
And having prodigiously felt and admired it,
Couldn't but say so to him who inspired it.
Therefore, to take the due steps for expressing
Her sense of such very well-worded caressing,[1]
She had sent down to earth this same Shoe with an errand
To get a new pair at Ashburton [2] for her, and
Not think of returning without what it went for,
Unless by its master especially sent for.
The Shoe made a scrape; and concluding the thing
Had been settled 'twixt her and his master, took wing;
And never ceased beating through sunshine and rain,
Now clasped in a cloud, and now loosened again,
Till it came to Ashburton, where something so odd
Seemed to strike it, it could not help saying, 'My God!'

I know not precisely how much of this matter
Was mentioned, when Mercury sparkled round at her;
But Venus proposed, that as one Shoe was fled,
Her good easy virtue should help him instead.
'You know, love,' said she, ''tis as light as a feather;
And so I'll be guide, and we'll go down together.'

I leave you to fancy how little he checked her:
They chalked out their journey, got up, took their nectar;
And then, with his arm round her waist, and his eyes
Looking thanks upon hers, came away from the skies.
I cannot, I own, say he came much the faster,
How earnest soever he looked and embraced her;
But never before, though a God of much grace,
Had he come with such fine overlooking of face;
And as she travelled seldom herself in this style,
With a lover beside her, and clasped all the while,
'Tis said that the earth was remarkably moved:
Even marriers for money imagined they loved:

Yes, inanimate things fell exchanging caresses,
Till Princes embraced their own legal Princesses:
Not one pair of birds or respectable brutes,
Nay, not one of gloves, but, they say, followed suits,
And the bishops but walked in the steps of their boots.

All felt but one Shoe.—O ye gods from above,
Who descended that day with your wit and your love,
Assist now my theme, which grows dark at the touch,
That I neither may honour nor hate it too much!
Yes, all but one Shoe: not the shoe that was missing,
For that one, as much as lay in it, loved kissing;
But one, which as Venus and Mercury put up
Somewhere at Ashburton, nigh tripped her sweet foot up.

The kind Goddess (one of whose charmingest qualities
'Tis, at a small thing, to reckon how small it is)
Laughed, and said, 'Well, who'd have thought this of you,
With that drag in your aspect, my poor little Shoe?
Here, come kiss my foot, as a proof we agree:'
But the Shoe huffed,—as who should say, 'Don't talk to me.'
'It wants comprehension,' said Mercury, 'surely,
And yet there seems life in it, though it looks poorly.
Int'rest, I dare say, will make something of it:
My strange little friend, don't you know your own profit?'
'Aye, aye, well enough,' said the Shoe in a tone
Of uneasy contempt, 'twixt a creak and a groan;
'I was made for a Squire; and my instinct has told me,
That if through the dirt with discretion I hold me,
My service, some day, will be under an Earl,
Which I think 's something higher than you and your girl.'

At this, the two Deities set up a shout,
Which made all the neighbours leap up and look out:
For they thought 'twas the players with music at least,
Or that London, or Heaven, was come from the east.
But the Shoe, deaf and blind to all beautiful things,
Scarce showed more emotion than if 'twere a king's:
It did, indeed, slightly perk up its two straps,
Like the ears of an ass, when he 's sulky, and snaps.

The lovers perceived that it knew not their rank,
Or 'twould no more have spurned 'em than kicked at the bank
'Twas this that amused 'em. 'But pray, Sir,' said they,
'What induced your high Heel-tap to get in our way?'
'Why, I can't bear,' returned this most cross-grained of leathers,
'To look at your shoe there, tricked out in such feathers.
Why need any shoe be more gifted than I?
There was just such another'—(here Venus looked sly,
And Hermes guessed all she'd omitted to say)—
'Here was just such another came mincing this way.

And would fain have come in for some shoes for a lady;
But no, no; I trod on his toes with a 'Hey-day!'
On which the fop gave me a cuff with his quill,
And whisked away laughing; but I'll pay him still.'

'You had better be quiet,' said Hermes, 'for stuff,
Such as yours, can no more wage war with his cuff
Than the monster with Perseus, who fell on him, plumed.'
'*I* know,' said the Shoe, as it fretted and fumed.
'You do?' said the God; 'then with such an example
How monsters should treat the fair sex, would you trample
Or offer to do it (for so it now seems)
On a foot which surpasses a lover's best dreams?'

'I hate your surpassings, and loves, and all that,'
Cried the Shoe, screaming weak like a leather-toed bat;
'And since you will have it, I tell you, you fop,
That I'd kick the best shoe ever stepped into shop.'

But now the God, angered, shot into that leather
A terrible sense of who stood there together,
And while it slunk, shaking, half into itself,
Denounced it in words, that shall die on no shelf:—

'Vile Soul of a Shoe,—that with decent self-knowledge
Had honoured the good man that made thee at college,
And walked through the world, if with not many graces,
At least in good steps and calm classical places,
My very stray slipper that passed thee, and hit,
Might have done thee some good, for it brushed thee with wit;
But every thing, even Adversity fails,
To refine the grain in thee: the calf-skin prevails.
Attend then my curse, while thou shrinkest into thee,
And let the ambition thou spoilest, undo thee.

'As soon as I finish my words, thou shalt be,
Not a man, for thou canst not, but human to see:
Thy appearance at least shall be taken for human,
However perplexing to painter or woman.
In ev'ry thing else, thou shalt be as thou art,
A thing made for dirty ways, hollow at heart.
Serve an Earl, as thou say'st; and, in playing the shoe,
Let the stories told of thee, malicious or true,
Only lead thee hereafter to scandalize too.[3]
But let not an Earl stop thy progress; go higher,
And at every new step show addition of mire,
Like one, who, in climbing a loose-moulded hill,
Finds his foot growing heavier and dirtier still,
Strain after all those, who ascend to the crown;
But all who are falling, assist to kick down:

Then getting at top, gape with sycophant joy,
And poking about for becoming employ,
Make signs thou art ready, with pliable span,
To clasp any foot, that would trample on man.
But despair of those nobler ascents, which thou'lt see
Stretching far overhead with the Delphian tree,—
Holy ground, to climb up to whose least laurelled shelf
Thou would'st have to change natures, and put off thyself.
Stop, and strain at the base; yet, to ease thy despair,
Do thy best to obstruct all the feet that come there,
Especially younger ones, wingèd like mine,
Till bright, up above thee, they soar and they shine.[4]
Should even the graves, such as lie near the spot,
Of critics and note-makers, help thee a jot,
Be sure to pretend that the heap 's of no use,
And repay those who gave thee a lift with abuse.[5]
Dig into their errors, their merits conceal,
And then shudder to think that the dead can not feel.
All things, in short, petty and fit, say and do,
Becoming a man with the soul of a shoe.
Boast thy origin once, because good common-place
Has pronounced such behaviour a merit and grace;
But after that once, be consistent, and show
A great horror of lowness, because it is low:
Pick out for thy path, through the region of letters,
The very worst tracks that dishonoured thy betters;
Like boys, who to get a sensation and splutter,
Prefer, to the pavement, a kick through the gutter:
Thus, edit no authors but such as unite
With their talents a good deal of dirt or of spite;
Ben Jonson, because he was beastly and bluff;
And Massinger,—mince through his loathsomer stuff;
And Persius,—"let him be writ down" Imitated,
And say to poor Juvenal, "Thou art translated."
These Latins will help too thy fondest of *penchants*,
And swell thy large hate with the hates of the ancients.
But as for such writers as Shakespear and others,—
Low fellows, who treated all men as their brothers,
Base panders, whose heads ran on love and a wood,
Blasphemers, who thought the great Jupiter good,
Who had right to be naked, and yet not ashamed,—
Be sure to inform us, that they may be damned.[6]
I hear some one say, "Murrain take him, the ape!"
And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape;
An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,
Who'd fain be a coxcomb, and calls himself Murray.
Adorn thou his door, like the sign of the Shoe,
For court-understrappers to congregate to;
For Southey to come, in his dearth of invention,
And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;

For Croker to lurk with his spider-like limb in,
And stock his lean bag with way-laying the women;
And Jove only knows for what creatures beside
To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,
And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights
In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights.
Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;
And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,
For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughterly,
Be its hue leathern, and title the *Quarterly*.
Much misconduct it; and see that the others
Misdeem, and misconstrue, like miscreant brothers;[7]
Misquote, and misplace, and mislead, and misstate,
Misapply, misinterpret, misreckon, misdate,
Misinform, misconjecture, misargue; in short,
Miss all that is good, that ye miss not the Court.
Count the worth of a mind, not from what it produces,
But what it will take to fall in with abuses.
Is any one ardent, sincere, independent?
What distancing virtue! Pray try make an end on't.
Does any discover what you never could?
Pretend it' s a trifle no gentleman would.
Does a true taste appear for the authors you edit?
Take pains, by your scorn, to show you never had it.
In short, be the true Representative Tool
Of a whole "Court of Coblers" got up into rule.
Alas for the country of Harley and Prior!
But office shall then be a shop so entire
For any dull fellow to keep that can serve,
While Britons, turned beggars, are told to go starve,
That a whole set of dunces,—yes, Pope, thine own band,
Thy *Dunciad* itself, shall rule over the land!
As gutters dive down to re-issue in ditches,
Thy divers for pay shall emerge with new riches.
Then quality's fools, long be-libelled in vain,
In the Stuarts, the Georges, and "Jenkies" shall reign:[8]
Then Cymons (not Greek, nor yet mended by Cupid)
Shall lord it with faces triumphant as stupid:[9]
Happy Page shall be Best, well aware of his fury,[10]
Concanen be Croker,[11] and Lintot be Murray:[12]
In Southey poor Blackmore, beginning to doat,
Shall not only turn a new stave, but his coat:
The Wards and the Welsteds shall pamper their spleens,
And club in Scotch papers and Scotch Magazines:[13]
And finally, thou, my old soul of the tritical,
Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,
Quarterly-scutcheoned, great heir to each dunce,
Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.[14]
In one thing alone display nothing in common
With dunce any more than with genius,—hate woman.'

(Here Venus entreated, and fain would have gone,
But the God only clapsed her the more, and went on :)
'Hate woman, thou block in the path of fair feet;
If Fate want a hand to distress them, thine be it;
When the Great, and their flourishing vices, are mentioned,
Say people "impute" 'em, and show thou art pensioned;
But meet with a Prince's old mistress *discarded*,
And *then* let the world see how vice is rewarded.'

He said. The poor Shoe, turning restless and wan,
Gave a groan, and began struggling up into man.
First the straps, falling stiffly, and thrusting the ground,
Became arms, by whose help it arose, turning round;
Then the toe split in two, and increasing in size,
Undertook to support him as legs and as thighs;
And lastly from out of the quartering there looked
A face at once lachrymose, rude, and rebuked.
Such a face! Such a spirit! For what is a face,
But what the soul makes it, for worth or disgrace?

Like a rogue from a regiment be-drummered and fifered,
It slunk out of doors, and men called the thing GIFFORD.

THE BOOK OF BEGINNINGS

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823; not reprinted.]

Αρχετε, Μωσαι φιλαι, αρχετ' αοιδας.—THEOCRITUS.

Begin, dear Muses, *but* begin.

I

'TWENTY sweet summers I will tie together,'
Said the rejoicing bridegroom in the play,
Who was to have one month of honied weather,
And then, to please the tyrant, die next day.
The vile, hard-hearted——yet I don't know either—
However, what I was about to say
Was this,—that in these light poetic spinnings,
I tie together twenty sweet beginnings.

II

Exordiums are my theme.—Thou great 'O thou!'
Whoe'er thou art, whom poets thou by thousands,
Whether thou sit'st upon the Olympian brow
Of epic bard, or wonderest at the cow's hands
Of rude invoker, rhyming any how,
Allow me to be clerk for both advowsons;
For if my own rhyme 's nothing of itself,
It sings of others worthy of thy shelf.

III

I want, in fact, to finish a whole poem
At once; and to write properly, I find
I can't have flow'rs as quickly as I sow 'em
Something will still take place, not to my mind,
Some weakness, lameness, some hard buddings (blow 'em !),
Some graftings, which I hate to leave behind:
So I must take my time with such grave matters,
And sow, meanwhile, my cresses in these tatters.

IV

I must have light refreshment, relishes quick,
Fruits that I can dispatch with a brief eating,
And yet that I can eat too in the thick
Of trees and gardens; sketches of one sitting,
But then of looks, at which a painter's stick
Might feel the life return to it, ev'n to beating.
When I want more, I go and wrap me round
In Milton's, Chaucer's, Spenser's holy ground.

V

I'm like a knight of old. I'm fierce to-day,
Desperate and grim, in middle of the fight;
Nothing will serve me but to hack my way
At kings and chieftains, tramplers of the right:
Anon, I'm gentle as a morn of May,
Am all for flow'rs, and loving dreams at night,
And must go waken blossoms in the bushes,
Warblings of birds, and worlds of rosy blushes.

VI

See,—the word 'May' disturbed my simile,
And took me with it, like a lass-led boy.
I meant to say, that as the knight would be
Now all for fighting, and the terrible joy
Of riding plumed battle like a sea,
And now would be rapt off, far from annoy,
Into the arms of fairies and their bowers,
So frown and smile my party-coloured hours.

VII

So when my turn comes to repose, I read
My magic books, and then with a bird's eye
Dart me far off, as he does to his bed,
Now to some piping vale of Arcady,
Now to some mountain-top, which I've heard said,
Holds the most ghastly breath in Tartary;
And then I'm cradled 'twixt my Apennines,
Spying the blue sky through the yellow vines.

VIII

And then I'm all with Ovid and his changes,
Or all with Spenser and his woods, or all
With Ariosto and his endless ranges,
Riding his Hippogriff, till I grow too small
For eye to see:—then lo! I'm by the Ganges,
Quick as that fatal wight, who gave a call
To Solomon to send him out o' the way
Of Death, and met him there that very day.

IX

And then again I'm playing fast and loose
With girls, in isles that stud the Grecian sea:
And then I'm in old Greece, and Oedipus
Holding his blind eyes up, creeps quietly
By his dear daughter's side, whom I would choose,
Were I a god, my worshipped wife to be:
And then I'm in the valley, 'wonder deep',
Where the cold waters lull old Sleep to sleep.

X

And then I'm all for Araby, my first love;
I'm Giafar, I'm a 'genie', I'm a jar;
I'm Sindbad in some very horrid grove,—
Which is delicious: I'm the Calendar,
Who with the lady was *one* hand and glove;
I am the prince, who shot his bow so far,
And found that cellar, with a stock divine
Of lips to kiss, still redder than the wine.

XI

And then I take a pen, plucked from the wing
Of the rich hour, and let my fancy flow,
Dipping delighted in my ebony spring,
(For Sindbad would have called my ink-stand so);
And first of all (which you will think a thing
Not needing to be mentioned, but 'tis though,
For it 's my subject, and I hold me in,
Not to have done too quickly) I *begin*!

XII

Beginnings are high moments. I appeal
To you, musicians, when you're all prepared
To pour some storm of harmony you know well;
Painters, to you, when after studying hard,
You've got a subject, that you're sure you feel;
Readers, to you, when suddenly your regard
Is cast upon a packet, square, tight, brown,—
'Ah, you mean books?'—I do,—the new from town.

XIII

'Dinner on table' after a long walk
Has its exordium: so has going to sleep,—
Fading by fine degrees from a friend's talk:
Reaching a wood is not to be held cheap,
After a ride through sun, and dust, and chalk:
But the beginning the most sweet and deep,
The first of firsts,—ah, you know what it is,—
Is the first trembling, touching, trusting kiss.

XIV

I give up that. But not the breathing wood,
Entered, with hat off, after sun and dust;
Not going to sleep in smiling gratitude;
Nor meal that we approach, as walkers must;
Not cutting string from books; nor subject good,
Hit on by fingered pencil; nor the gust
Of Philharmonic winds, waked all at once,
Touch like a bard's pen, tilted for the nonce.

XV

Gravely I feel it, lightly though I say.
All bards have felt it, great as well as small,
And show the proud delight with which they lay
Their hand to pen. Lo, listen first of all,
To Homer, opening his triumphant way!
What Horace says of modesty withal
And meek beginnings, must be read *cum grano*
Or what becomes of arms *virumque cano*?

XVI

The opening, like the ending, must be settled
By nature and the occasion. Homer, treating
Of the wise wanderer, and how well he battled
Through his long ills by patient wit (and cheating),
As calmly brings him in; but when the high-mettled
And fierce Achilles is to give us greeting,
He strikes a trumpet up in his first line,
Fit for the coming of a wrath divine.

XVII

Beginnings please us, some for the mere style,
Some for the sentiment, and some for both.
All should be musical; and most, the while,
Seem full of a sure pleasure, nothing loth,
Whether their business be to mourn or smile,
Whether the Delphic voice be sweet or wroth:
For 'tis a task so noble, that of verse,
It aye must taste the pleasure it confers.

XVIII

Hesiod's Theogony commences well,
He puts the Muses first with such delight,
Their bathings, and their dances amiable,
And that delicious voice they send at night
Over the mountain-tops on which they dwell,
Like choral nuns, and take a hymning flight.
He heard them under Helicon, he says,
A shepherd; and they filled his hand with bays.

XIX

E'en Burns's holly must submit to this,
True as it is, and blithe with berries red;
For Hesiod really passed those nights of his
Under the mountain with its laurelled head,
Where those fair birds were thought to live in bliss.
But fancies are facts too:—let that be said.
Besides, we've Fairy-land. The Muse, I grant her,
Kept house in Greece; but then we've Tam o' Shanter.

XX

Dante's first lines are simple, grave, sincere,
Too full of awe for show:—Milton's the same.
Dryden's Religio Laici takes my ear
With an exordium, that should put to shame
All the monotonous lines we hold so dear,
Time-beaters for dull heads. Think not I blame
Nevertheless the glorious Rape o' the Lock,
The airiest wit that ever raised a joke.

XXI

Pope was a true-born poet, modified
By his infirm complexion and small sphere;
But then so great in that, that he could hide
Scores of us dwarfs in our savannahs here:
His rooms were not mere rooms, but worlds beside
Of spirits, who hung pearls in every ear.
Wit, lover, friend, his lays were like his lawns;
His face, as rich and sensitive as a fawn's.

XXII

Yet what is fit for miniature, may not suit
With oils, and lets more trifling copiers pass.
But to return. The learned will think me a brute,
But I must own, such is my taste, alas!
For what is natural, and new to boot,
That I could wish it proved (granting it was
As foreign to his subject too as Pegu),
That Virgil did begin with *Ille ego.*

XXIII

The bard was a dear lover of the woods,
He loved their loving nymphs, he loved their dreams;
Glens and philosophy were his two great goods;
And when he thought of quitting his mild streams
For seats of war and their ensanguined floods,
It was as natural he should turn his beams
Once more to look on what he left, as men,
When the drum calls them, kiss their wives again.

XXIV

Lucretius opens nobly with his hymn
To Venus, and her warm Daedalian sway:
You bask in it; nor wonder that Mars grim
Doats on her face in that devouring way.
I like all poets, who thus seem to swim
Into their subject, proud of the sweet play:
The lordly swan, let out on his own river,
Feels not the dimpling with a sweeter shiver.

XXVI [1]

'Ladies, and cavaliers, and loves, and arms,
And courtesies, and haughty deeds I sing,
What time the Moors of Africa in swarms
Came o'er the sea with Agramant their king,
And did such harm in France, and blew the alarms
He made in his young rage, vowing to bring
To fierce account, for his old father slain,
The illustrious Roman emperor, Charlemagne.'

XXVII

So enters on his task, with gallant joy
The Ferrarese, whose very name's a pleasure.
Nor scarcely less charms he, who chose to employ
His time in polishing another's treasure:
He brings his wine, like the Idaean boy;
Like pleasant friendship, comes he on our leisure;
For our own sakes he comes, as well as his,
Touching a brilliant lute;—and here he is:—

XXIX [2]

'Gallants in love, and ladies touched as they,
Who love to hear delightful things, and new,
Benignly lend your gentle ears, I pray,
To the high story I'm preluding to;

[1] Stanza xxv is Ariosto's Italian, which xxvi translates.
[2] Stanza xxviii is Berni's Italian, which xxix translates.

And you shall hear the great, the glorious way,
In which a thousand wonders were gone through
By County Orlando, for a loving glance,
What time the Emperor Charles was king in France.'

XXX

'Tis music truly,—'tis a myrtle tree,—
Incense lit up,—a bunch of heart's-ease roots:
Remember too, these rhymes of Italy
Once on a time were really sung to lutes:
Petrarch sung his: and such a taste had he,
Not only in voice, which warbled like a flute's,
Or rather was brimful of liquid power,
But his own airs were sung in every bower.

XXXI

Our only lyrist, now-a-days, in the sense
Of Greece and Tuscany, is Thomas Moore:
But all should write, as under influence
Of modulated sounds and their full store;
And then, and only then, they may commence
With their 'O Thou's',—'I sing's',—and harps of yore;
And this reminds me of that prelate merry,
Who has a name so militant, Forteguerri.

XLI [1]

'A certain freak has got into my head,
Which I can't conquer for the life of me,
Of taking up some history little read,
Or known, and writing it in poetry.
My Muse is no Sun's daughter, be it said;
She has no harp of gold and ebony:
She is a little clown, one of your singers
Who sport it to the snapping of the fingers.

XLII

'And yet for all she has been used to keep
Within the woods, drinks water, and eats nuts,
She 's fain to sing of arms and soldiership,
And loves, and lofty cuttings of one's throats:
So that, if any time she makes a slip,
You must not give her very savage cuts;
Because she never studied. Her degrees
Have all been taken underneath the trees.

XLIII

'But she must sing of warriors and amours,
Because of late so many noble swains
Have come down to this Arcady of ours,
Who've been through all the sciences and their reigns:

[1] Stanzas xxxii–xl are Forteguerri's Italian, which xli–xlix translate.

There are your poets, there your orators,
Not to be found on any other plains!
Now she being used to hear them, the vain thing,
Has got it in her head, she too can sing.

XLIV

'But, as you'll find, she will embroil herself
Often and often with geography,
Just like an ant poking about a shelf
Midst plaister, dust, and bits of cookery:
Or as the painter did, who in a gulf
Of fine blue water put a cypress-tree,
And made his craggy mountains produce whales:
Such, very probably, will be her tales.

XLV

'But you must not abuse her for all that,
Nor keep on finding fault, and teazing her:
The little simpleton was never pat
At things that render histories fine and clear;
She never read Greek books, never looked at
Latin ones, nay, knows not one's own, poor dear!
She never knew the fine things, new or old,
Done by the mind divine and harp of gold.

XLVI

'All that she sings is for her own pure pleasure,
Including, it is true, the hearer's too:
She neither knows nor cares for rules and measure;
Deaf to the blames or praises, false or true,
Which makes such holes in other people's leisure,
Making this bite his nails, and that look blue,
And t'other claw his head and tear his hair,
For rhymes that may look pretty here and there.

XLVII

'You'll find her also (she is such a romp)
Leaping, like frog, about her on all sides;
And yet you mustn't set her down *non comp.*,
For every Muse has feathers which she hides,
Enabling her at will to frisk and jump;
And in the twinkling of an eye she glides,
Now here, now there; and so in occupation
Holds all that witness her divine flirtation.

XLVIII

'Thus we shall see, amidst the rage of arms,
Midst blood and slaughter and huge overthrow,
That in a wink she'll turn with all her charms
To love and joy, and then get up and go

To church, and talk of shrines and saints in swarms;
And then she'll whisk me to the sea-shore, lo!
And tell us of the tears and the sad shock
That Ariadne met with on the rock.

XLIX

'But see,—her hand is placed upon her reed;
She preludes *sotto voce*,—she composes;—
Don't you look yet;—she'll blush,—she will indeed;
Her little cheeks will be all over roses;
'Tis but a touch of bashfulness, soon fled;
When once begun, there's nothing she refuses.
Now she begins;—there,—now then let us go
Near where she sits,—but softly,—on tip-toe.'

L

The reason why I turn this toy so long,
Is, that I took it up but t'other day.
It spins, as it proceeds, too coarse a song;
But then refines, and makes a pretty play
Of giddy colours. You may think it wrong
To say, he came to scoff, but stayed to pray;
But the fact is, our laugher at romance
Grew fond of his wild partner in the dance.

LI

How could he help it, seeing that she had
Through all her laughing ways so sweet an eye,
Such stories for him, grave as well as glad,
And unaffected tears, when grief went by;
A face, as Chaucer said, 'sweet, glad, and sad'?
I'm none of those who take to misery
To rouse a callous palate; but the very
Profoundest want of mirth's profoundly merry.

LII

Our lively prelate, living in a sphere
Of hypocrites, and courtiers, and gay nothings,
And having got perhaps he scarce knew where,
Was much inclined to laugh at high and low things;
But being in his nature kind, sincere,
And much a man, for all his lordly clothings,
He grew in love with his romantic shelves,
And only mocked the hypocrites themselves.

LIII

Tyrannous ills, that patriots would pull down,
Slaveries, and slaughters, inequalities
Extreme and insolent, and of use to none,
Cause tears indeed, that from all human eyes

Brave hands should seek to wipe; but if but one
Huge, glaring, broad-eyed mirth laughed in our skies,
'Twould dry up all kind things, tears, smiles, and flowers,
And make our hearts as withered as our bowers.

LIV

Alas! I need not speak in the behalf
Of tears, the very best, I who have long
Seen what a cup the world consents to quaff,
Doing sweet smiles and sacred nature wrong:
'Tis Melancholy's laugh, and Mockery's laugh,
I speak of; and ev'n they utter a strong
And shuddering voice against the ills they clasp,
E'en while they kiss the beldams, and cry 'Grasp!'

LV

But I digress; so here I stop; for *Finis*
Coronat opus,—'a good end's a crown';
A maxim, that in my mind so divine is,
That heartily, and with 'devocioun',
As Chaucer says, I wish that every Highness
And Majesty (but ours) may soon lie down,
And treat their realms with the sole coronations
That give a perfect finish to their stations.

BLUE-STOCKING REVELS

OR, THE FEAST OF THE VIOLETS

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, July 1837; reprinted 1844–60. Text 1844. For variants from 1837 see notes at end of volume.]

CANTO I

Showing what sort of rebuke Apollo gave his nymphs, and how gods furnish houses.

Lo! I, who in verse flowing smooth as the wine
('Modest youth!') once recorded a dinner divine,
And showed the great god of the sun entertaining
With wit and cracked walnuts the poets then reigning;
Now sing, in a dance fitter still for the crupper
Whose wings bore me thither, a more divine supper;
For *that* was of man, though of Phoebus; but *this* is
Of Phoebus, and woman, and blue-stocking blisses.

The god, you must know then, like other bright souls,
Attends not to ev'ry dull curfew that tolls,
But often pays visits at night-time, and sits
Conversing till morning with beauties and wits

In guise of some talker renowned,—my Carlyle,
Jeffrey, Wilson, or Wordsworth ;—joy listens the while ;—
And in case he 's too late for Aurora, they say,
Some proxy, I know not who, brings up the day ;
Which is likely ;—for after a night such as that,
The day, you may notice, is terribly flat.

Well ; the eve of last May-day, his work being done,
Apollo sat playing his lute in the sun,
As backward his car in the deep began sinking ;
And round it the Water-Nymphs, with their eyes winking,
Plashed, patting the horses, and loos'ning the reins,
While the lute through the lustre sent flooding its strains,
When lo ! he saw coming towards him, in pairs,
Such doves of Petitions, and loves of sweet Pray'rs,
All landing, as each touched his chariot, in sighs,
And begging his aid in behalf of bright eyes,
That it made him look sharper, to see whence they came :—
The windows on earth, at the flash of that aim,
Burst suddenly all into diamonds and flame.

' By Jove ! ' said Apollo, ' well thought on.—I've dined
With the Poets :—'tis now highly proper, I find,
To descend (and with finger-tips here he fell trimming
His love-locks celestial) and sup with the Women.'

He said ; and some messages giving those daughters
Of Ocean,—arch-eyed,—buxom dancers in waters,—
They gave him some answer (I never heard what)
Which they paid for, i'faith, with a dance on the spot ;
For shaking his locks, and a pleasant frown casting,
He thrust his car back with his foot everlasting,
And sprang up in air with a bound so divine,
As soused their sweet souls in the roar of the brine.
Then laughing the laugh of the gods, he rose higher,
And higher, and higher, on the whirl of his fire,
Lark mighty ; till choosing his road, like the dove
Which bears at its warm bosom letters of love,
He shot, all at once, in a long trail of light,
Like the star that comes liquidly through the soft night,
And stood in a ' House to Let ', facing Hyde Park,
' Unfurnished ; '—but not so, ye gods, before dark !

O Seddon ! O Gillow ! O Mr. Morell !
O Taprell and Holland ! O Minter ! O Snell !
O ev'ry one else, dear to new-married spouses,
Don't speak any more of your fitting up houses ;
Don't mention your *Sèvres*, your *buhls, or-moulus*,
And for ever henceforth have no customers, Hughes :
Quench the light of your lustres, great Perry and Co. :
Ye Bantings, be counted extremely so-so :

14 Wilson, or Wordsworth] Coleridge, or Wilson *1860*.

Nay, hold your tongue, Robins; amaze us no longer
In paragraphs, 'coming it' stronger and stronger:
Cease roaring in great A, and wheedling in small;
And thou, even thou, greatest gusto of all,
Tasteful shade of magnificent, house-warming Guelph,
Turn about in thy tomb, and say, 'Laid on the shelf!'

The house not an instant had felt the god's presence,
When something—I know not what—but a quintessence
Of fragrance and purity hallowed the place,
Some spirit of lilies, and crystal, and grace.
His height he had stooped, as he entered the door,
Towards the human; but still his own costume he wore,
Or at least a Greek vest; and be sure he wore bay;
In short, was a kind of Apollo d'Orsay.
Then gliding from room to room, like a slow bee,
Half a foot from the floor, his lute went playing he,
And the sound was a magical charm to invest
Whatsoever he looked on with all he liked best;
Nor indeed was it strange that his lute should do this,
When Amphion, you know, built a city with his.

Thus the ball-room, whose wainscot was stucco before,
Rose in arches of flowers, midway from the floor,
All dabbled with dew-drops, and stirred with a breath;
While the rest (for no cold could give shoulders 'their death',
Where Phoebus was present) was all a fair sight
Of iv'ry, and cushions of silk, bridal white:—
(More colours for these would flow in with the ball:)
And betwixt the fair couches were services small
Of ices, and creams, and clear jellies, smooth-souled,
The very tip-ends of refreshment and cold.

Then the drawing-room—What, think ye, hung the walls there?
Cloth of gold? No, of sunbeams. 'Twas made of his hair.
The immense window-curtains, Calypso's own woollen,
Like clouds to the sunset, hung gorgeously sullen.

But as to the supper-room! O thou Aladdin,
Thy genii had found it a thing to go mad in;
Such wealth (which yet somehow fell soft on the eyes)
Branched it over with jewels of wonderful size,
All carved into fruit, thick and leafy, and all
Encrusting white marble, as vines do a wall.
The fruit, colour's minions, like ecstasy shone;
While the marble, most fair, and yet mellow of tone,
Came cooling the warmth, the rich masses between;
But the ceiling was one mighty sapphire serene,
From the centre of which, and their stamens of gold,
Lilies shed such a light, as 'twas peace to behold.

And forth, from all sides, issued tap'stry and table,
And sopha, with pictures of loveliest fable,
And portraits, with eyes that seemed happy to come,
Of wits and sweet women; and every room
Had music, unseen in it, waiting to play;
A note now and then, would come chuckling away,
As though with its rapture it vainly was striving;—
And hark! the burst comes! the fair guests are arriving.

But first, I must tell you who formed the spectators;—
Imprimis, the Poets, the happy Translators,
The Wits, the Physicians (they say that the godhead
To Knighton, Smith, Elliotson, specially nodded);
All Artists, all *Archers* (a bright blushing stare
Put a bud in the cheeks of their green-gownèd fair);
The Musicians, the Singers (of course the chief only);
And lastly (for fear any heart should feel lonely,
Although with a god,—and to crown it besides
With the sweetest of glories, *home*-glory), all prides
Were consulted, of husbands, and friends, and relations,
And lovers, and children.—Of all adorations
Commend me to that, which enwrapt ev'ry feature
In love tow'rds the god, for this household good-nature.

'Well said!' cries the reader; 'but stop, Mr. Poet;—
The god's invitation—pray how could they know it?
We hear of no message; no list had enrolled 'em.'
'Tis true; 'twas not wanted; their *Geniuses* told 'em;—
The Spirit that 's born with us, but becomes visible
Solely with those to such suppers admissible.
Beauteous it was, to see each how he led
His charge by the hand, with the flame on his head,
She walking, he gliding. It gave her such grace,
As made the crowd happy to look in her face
(For never did crowd gather yet at a door so);
The plain became handsome, the handsomest more so,
If plain any face can be called that has eyes
Such as almost all brain with its deep look supplies:
The music ceased playing, as each was presented;
And Silence, with sighs, 'twas so ultra-contented,
Felt tears in the eyes of its rapture, to see
How they kissed the god's hand, and their eyelids kissed he;
And then, on each entrance, there poured forth again
Some characteristic and exquisite strain,
And thus came each charmer of verse, or of story,
In a sort of sweet tempest of pleasure and glory.

I tell not the dresses. Suffice it that Titian
Had owned himself conquered at *this* exhibition;
So rich were the colours! such autumn! such May!
For spirits and years made them more or less gay;

And the elder in orange and russet came, queenly;
The younger in lily and rose, sprinkled greenly:
The buxom, uniting both tastes, filled the doors
With their shoulders and frills, *à la Louis Quatorze*;
O with robes *à l'antique*, and with crowns from their graperies:
Blest were the eyes that beheld their broad draperies!

CANTO II

How the Visitors were presented to Apollo, and what sort of a Ball he gave them.

Now as to the names (how much less than the natures,
And writings, and beauties!) of all the dear creatures,
I boast not to mention the whole of them;—nay,
I live so sequestered, so out of the way,
That perhaps I don't know them,—perhaps shall omit
Some bud of such promise, such sweet virgin wit,
Or for want of due reading, shall fail in due notice
Of some such delight of all earth's epiglottis,
That when I am told what I've done, I shall tear
From my head, in pure anguish, whole masses of hair:
You will think it a barber's shop all round my chair,
And yet, when I vow that I'll seize all occasion
Of loading 'the love' with my best reparation,
My 'startling', 'intense', 'truly new', 'soul-subduing',
And other fond truths of impartial reviewing,
I fancy I hear her, in tones of caresses,
Exclaim, 'God preserve his dear elderly tresses!'

Lo! first then (for not in stern order of fame,
But in blest alphabetical order they came,
Though she that first entered, well headed the dears)
Mrs. Adams, rare mistress of thought and of tears;
Then Aikin judicious;—discreet Mrs. Austin,
Whose English her German you'll never find lost in;—
And Madame d'Arblay, mighty grave all the while,
Yet at heart smitten still betwixt fun and a style,
And longing to tell us more ladies' distresses
'Twixt lords, and vulgarians, and debts for their dresses.
So deep was her curtsey, the hoop that she wore
Seemed fairly conveying her right through the floor.

But up she swam round, and Miss Baillie succeeded:
No queen could have come with such pages as she did;
For who, do you think, held her train up?—The Passions:
They did indeed; all too in elegant fashions.
The god in his arms with gay reverence locked her,
For two sakes,—her own, and her brother's, the doctor.

A young lady then, whom to miss were a *caret*
In any verse-history, named, I think, Barrett,

(I took her at first for a sister of Tennyson)
Knelt, and received the god's kindliest benison.
—'Truly,' said he, 'dost thou share the blest power
Poetic, the fragrance as well as the flower;
The gift of conveying impressions unseen,
And making the vaguest thoughts know what they mean.'

'Lady Blessington!' cried the glad usher aloud,
As she swam through the doorway, like moon from a cloud:
I know not which most her face beamed with,—fine creature!
Enjoyment, or judgment, or wit, or good-nature.
Perhaps you have known what it is to feel longings
To pat silken shoulders at routs, and such throngings;—
Well, think what it was at a vision like that!
A Grace after dinner! A Venus grown fat!
Some 'Elderly Gentleman' risked an objection;
But this only made us all swear her 'perfection'.
His arms the host threw round the liberal bodice,
And kissed her, exactly as god might do goddess.

Betham, Blackwood, Bowles, Bray, and Miss Browne too, were there;
What a sweet load of B's! But then what a despair!
For I know not their writings. (I'm tearing my hair!)

Cary Burney came next, so precise yet so trusting,
Her heroines are perfect, and yet not disgusting.
'However,' said Phoebus, 'I can't quite approve them:
Conceit follows close on the mere right to love them.'

Then came Fanny Butler, perplexed at her heart
Betwixt passion and elegance, nature and art;
The daughter of sense and of grace, yet made wroth
With her own finer wit by o'er-straining at both.
Phoebus smiled on her parents, who stood there in sight,
And quoted some lines from her play about 'Night'.

Marg'ret Cullen succeeded, whose novels one lives in,
Like one of her hamlets, where talk never gives in;
Dear, kind-hearted, arch-humoured, home-loving dame;
And to sum up all eulogy,—worthy her name.
'You make me sleep sometimes', quoth Phoebus, ''tis true;
But I do even that, let me tell you, with few.'

'Lady Dacre.'—'Twas pleasant to see the god raise,
In honour of her and of Petrarch, his bays.
'And how go your own wingèd horses?' quoth he:
Then he asked after Margaret Gillies and Mee,
Seyffarth, Carpenter, Robertson, Barrett, and Sharp,
The Corbaux, the Chalons:—in short, more than his harp
Has strings to outnumber, or haste can disclose;
And looked at the gall'ries, and smiled as they rose:
For they all sat together, in colours so rare
They appeared like a garden, enchanting the air;

But what pleased me hugely, he called to my wife,
And said, 'You have done Shelley's mood to the life'.
Some lady musicians completed the bower,
At head of whom earnestly gazed Betsy Flower.

At the sight of Miss Edgeworth, he said, 'Here comes one,
As sincere and as kind as lives under the sun;
Not poetical, eh?—nor much giv'n to insist
On utilities not in utility's list
(Things, nevertheless, without which the large heart
Of my world would but play a poor husk of a part),
But most truly, within her own sphere, sympathetic,
And that's no mean help tow'rds the practic-poetic.'
Then, smiling, he said a most singular thing,—
He thanked her for making him 'saving of string'!!
But for fear she should fancy he didn't approve her in
Matters more weighty, praised much her 'Manœuvring';
A book, which if aught could pierce craniums so dense,
Might supply cunning folks with a little good sense.
And her Irish (he added) poor souls! so impressed him,
He knew not if most they amused or distressed him.

No fault had Miss Ferrier to find with her lot;
She was hailed by the god as the 'lauded of Scott'.

'Mrs. Gore.' Phoebus opened his arms, with a face,
In the gladness of which was the coming embrace.
'For her satire,' he said, 'wasn't evil, a bit;
But as full of good heart, as of spirits and wit;
Only somewhat he found, now and then, which dilated
A little too much on the fashions it rated,
And heaps of "Polite Conversation" so true,
That he, once, really wished the three volumes were two;
But not when she dwelt upon daughters or mothers;
Oh, then the three made him quite long for three others;
And poor "Mrs. Armytage", warning exaction,
Sits arm-chaired for ever, a dread petrifaction.
Then how much good reading! what fit flowing words!
What enjoyment, whether midst houses or herds!
'Twas the thinking of men with the lightness of birds!'

Never praised be prose-love in a style so poetic.—
Then he kissed Mrs. Gillies by right sympathetic,
And somebody smiling, and looking askance,
He said, '*Honi soit*, my friend, *qui mal y pense*;
What in gods is a right and confirms a good fame,
Were in you a presumption. The same's not the same.'
And with this profound speech, and a bow to the dame
(Whom he thanked for 'Cleone', and 'Gentile and Jew',
And for other things far more didactic and blue,
But advised for the future, to preach reformation
With all of her sweets, and no exacerbation)

He raised Mrs. Hall from her rev'rence profound,
Saying, 'Nonsense, my dear; clasp me honestly round:—
For the gods love the pleasure you take, 'tis so hearty,
In all sorts of characters, careless of party.'

And now came Miss Hamilton. Phoebus presented
A look to her curtsey so little contented,
It seemed less for poetess fit than for beldam!
In fact, she provoked him by writing so seldom.

Mrs. Hoffland he tenderly welcomed and styled
'Good motherly soul'; and benignantly smiled
On the close cap of Howitt. These Muse Quakeresses
Are Noes (he said) turned to the sweetest of Yesses.

Lo! Jameson accomplished; and Lamb, the fine brain,
(News of Charles in Elysium brought balm to its pain;)
And Landon, whose grief is so dulcet a treasure,
We'd weep to oblige her, but can't for the pleasure.

'Ah! welcome home, Martineau, turning statistics
To stories, and puzzling your philogamystics!
I own I can't see, any more than dame Nature,
Why love should await dear good Harriet's dictature!
But great is earth's want of some love-legislature.

'And Mitford, all hail! with a head that for green
From your glad village crowners can hardly be seen.'
And with that he shone on it, and set us all blinking:
And yet at her kind heart sat tragedy, thinking.

Then Montagu,—Eleanora Louisa!
Was ever name finer, 'twixt Naples and Pisa?
But not in name only, the lady hath merit;
Her thoughts have an eye, and the right inward spirit.

And dear Lady Morgan! Look, look how she comes,
With her pulses all beating for freedom, like drums,—
So Irish, so modish, so *mixtish*, so wild,
So committing herself, as she talks, like a child,
So trim yet so easy, polite yet big-hearted,
That truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted.
She'll put on your fashions, your latest new air,
And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare:—
Mrs. Hall may say 'Oh', and Miss Edgeworth say 'Fie',
But my lady will know all the what and the why.
Her books, a like mixture, are so very clever,
The god himself swore he could read them for ever;
Plot, character, freakishness, all are so good;
And the heroine's herself, playing tricks in a hood.
So he kissed her, and called her 'eternal good wench';
But asked, why the devil she spoke so much French?

'Mrs. Norton.' The god, stepping forward a pace,
Kissed her hand in return, with respect in his face,
But said, 'Why indulge us with nothing but sighs?
You best prove your merits when cheerful and wise:
Be still so; be just to the depth of your eyes.'
Then he turned to us all, and repeated in tones
Of approval so earnest as thrilled to one's bones,
Some remarks of hers (bidding us learn them all too)
On the art of distinguishing false love from true.
After which, as he seated her near him, he cried,
''Twas a large heart, and loving, that gave us this guide.'

Well advanced, at this juncture, with true loving eyes,
Mrs. Opie, delightful for hating 'White Lies'.
'Good Temper', too, prince of the Lares (God bless him), owes
Thousands of thanks to her nice duodecimos.
—'What! and *you* too must turn Quakeress, must you?'
Cried Phoebus;—'well, spite of your costume I'll trust you:
Though truth, you dear goose, as all born Quakeresses
Will tell you, has nothing in common with dresses:
Besides, 'tis blaspheming my colours and skies:—
However, it shows you still young, and that 's wise;
And since you must needs have no fault, let us see
If you can't mend it somehow, betwixt you and me.'
He said; and threw round her a light of such love,
As turned her slate hues to the neck of the dove.

Enter Pardoe all spirits, and Porter all state,
But sweet ones, like ladies whom knights made elate,
(The latter wore some foreign order, whose name
I forget; but it well graced the chivalrous dame.)
Then hearty good Roberts; and Roche (dear old deathless
Regina, whose lovers my boyhood made breathless,)
And Shelley, four-famed,—for her parents, her lord,
And the poor lone impossible monster abhorred.
(So sleek and so smiling she came, people stared,
To think such fair clay should so darkly have dared;
But Apollo the very name loved so, he turned
To a glory all round her, which shook as it burned,
And a whirlwind of music came sweet from the spheres);—
Then his shape he resumed, with the bay round his ears,
And on Sheridan smiled, name with wit ever found,
And on Somerville, head most surprisingly crowned;
For instead of the little Loves, laughing at colleges,
Round it, in doctors' caps, flew little Knowledges!
Then came young Twalmley, nice sensitive thing,
Whose pen and whose pencil give promise like spring;
Then Whitfield,—then Wortley,—and acridly bright
In her eyes, but sweet-lipped, the slaves' friend, Fanny Wright.

216 the bay] a bay *1860.*

And now came the dance; for, lo! catching up two,
Since the guests had all come, Phoebus made, as he flew,
A grace and a beauty of waiving decorum
(For wit and warm heart carry all things before 'em)
And leading the way, swept them off to the ball,
Into which he plunged instantly, music and all;
For the band felt his coming, and gave such a rare
Storm of welcome, as seemed to blow back his bright hair;
And so he came whirling it, gods! how divinely!
The hearts of the whole room, I warrant, beat finely:
In fact, hadn't he himself kept their wits sound,
The room, the whole evening, had seemed going round:
But, what was amazing, he so danced with all,
He sufficed for the total male part of the ball!
Not as dancer theatrical, making a show
(Bah!—shocking to think of—Excessively *no*!)
But gentleman-god-like, and all *comme-il-faut*.
Now with one, now with t'other he danced, now with *ten*!
For your god in his dancing is several men.
Fanny Butler he waltzed with; he jigged it with Morgan;
With Hall he developed the rigadoon organ;
To Pardoe he showed Spain's impassioned velocity;
Norton, the minuet's high reciprocity.
—Then he took Landon, ere she was aware,
Like a dove in a whirlwind, and whisked her in air;
Or as Zephyr might catch up some rose-haunting fay,
Or as Mercury once netted Flora, they say:
And then again, stately, like any *Sultaùn*
With his Queen, he and Blessington trod a *pavaùn*,—
Which meaneth a 'peacock dance'. Truly 'twas grand to see
How they came spreading it, *pavoneggiàndosi*!
—Up, at the sight, rose the oldest at last,
And joined in a gen'ral dance, 'furious and fast',
With which the god mingled, like fire in a wheel,
Pervading it, golden; till reel after reel,
Bearing sheer off its legs with them giddy three-score,
They spun to the supper-room, clean through the door.
Then quoth Madame d'Arblay, panting much from her journey,
'Well—*this* beats my father himself, Doctor Burney!!'

CANTO III

Of the supper that Apollo gave his visitors, and with what sort of spectacle and of after-course he amazed them.

You remember those supper-room walls, made of flowers,
Which beat whatsoever for dead paramours
The lords of the east in white temples have done,
Where in emeralds and rubies fond epitaphs run?
Well,—a gallery lurked sweetly behind them; and there
We spectators, scarcely knowing what took us, or where,

6 scarcely] scarce *1860*.

Got somehow, as soon as the guests had down sat 'em,
And found ourselves gazing most snugly down at 'em.

And thus as they sat before supper, to rest 'em,
Fresh airs through the rooms came increasing, and blest 'em;
So sweet, all grew silent, exchanging rapt looks;
And the silence ran thick with a bubbling of brooks.—

Not long:—for commingling, by finest degrees,
With the stir of the foliage, and swell of the breeze,
A concert arose,—so delicious, so new,
So earnest, so fond, so appealing to *you*,
The notes seemed to bathe in the tears which they drew.

Then there issued (get Vincent Novello, some day,
To show you the strain, for he took it away)
A world-heavy gust, like all organs in one,
Or as though had swept earthward the roar of the sun,
Or the face of some god with his thunder-loud tresses,
Who comes like a terror, stays gently, and blesses,
And leaves us secure in the strength of humility.
—Phoebus however, with host-like civility,
Tried them no farther with godhead so grave:
To his sprites, on the sudden, blithe orders he gave,
And quoting the line about 'lips being fed',
(Which applied not alone to one heaven, he said,
For ambrosia and nectar sustained the realms upper)
There rose, veiled in mist, to soft music, a supper.

Very beauteous the mist was,—thin, white, with a bloom;
An odour of violets filled the whole room;
Ever trembled the music; and as the mist cleared,
First, bunches of violets gently appeared,—
Then silver,—then gold,—then the tops of decanters
Of diamond,—then peaches, those cheek-like enchanters,
And other fruit, some in white baskets, and some
Enleafed on the bough, with a dew on the plum;
Then dishes, half seen, fit to make a physician
Turn glutton, from dairies and pastures Elysian;
The peaches hung over them, ready to drip;
And now the guests sat, and the mirth was let slip,
And white went the fingers from foliage to lip.
Then the music came sweet over all, like the sound
Of their fame; and behind ev'ry lady stood, crowned
With the flame on his forehead, her Genius, who went
To and fro with his pinions, on messages bent
'Twixt her friends and herself, some sweet fruit or sweet word;
And aye at the table sweet laughter was heard.
But the best of it was, the god's wit so embraced
The whole room with its kindness and exquisite taste,
Every guest seemed to feel his arm round her own waist.

And well might seem palpable all which he said!
For as Pallas leaped armed out of Jupiter's head,
So gods, when they please, utter *things*, and not *words*!
'Tis a fact!—solid visions!—clouds, armies, trees, herds:—
You see them—nay, feel them. Thus, talks he of roses?
They come, thick and globy, caressing your noses.
Of music? 'tis heard: of a sword? you may grasp it:
Of love, and the bosom you long for? you clasp it.

Conceive then the joy, when in toasting the women
Whom wit hath made deathless, *we saw them all swim in*!
Each crossing the end of the room!—What a sight!
The guests thrust their chairs back at first, in a fright.
I declare I beheld them so plainly, it took
All the self-command in me (so sweet was her look)
Not to jump from the gallery, and kiss Mrs. Brooke.
Lady Winchelsea cost me still more to go through it;
But at Lady Ann Barnard, I said 'I *must* do it.'

I cannot name all who thus issued from air,
As the god made us see them;—but Sappho was there,
As brown as a berry, and little of size;
But lord! with such midnight and love in her eyes!
Aspasia's however we thought still more loving:
Heart sat in their pupils, and gentlest approving.
We saw (only fancy it!) Pericles hand her;
And both (I can testify) looked up at Landor.
Of Romans (whose women more startle than lull us)
Came none but the dame that's bound up with Tibullus;
But France furnished many, and Italy fair;
The laurel looked sweet in their wild flowing hair.
Colonna came noble, in widow's black gown;
And Stampa, who worshipped a living renown;
Navarre's fair Boccaccio; the Rope-maker too;
Deshoulières, kind and pensive; De Launay the true;
Sévigné, good mother, a little too fussy;
But how, when she will, she beats Walpole and Bussy!
Old selfish Du Deffand, more knowing than wise;
And Genlis didactic, and D'Houdetot's eyes;
And De Staël, mighty mistress, *par Napoleoni*,
(For so he would make her,) and dear Riccoboni;
Then Newcastle's Duchess, fantastic but rare;
And Behn and Centlivre, that plain-spoken pair;
And Wortley, who, had she been bred in a harem,
Had turned it, infallibly, all harum-scarum;
And sweet Brooke aforesaid, all covered with May,
And Lady Ann, lovely for 'Auld Robin Gray';
And dearest dear Winchelsea, whom I prefer,
After all, she so jumps with me, even to her:
(For although Lady Ann loved maternity, *she*
Loved love and the trees so, she might have loved me:)

But I see high-born Devonshire, who with such pith
Wrote of Tell and his platform; and poor Charlotte Smith,
Whose muse might have blessed so her nooks and old houses,
Had lawyers not plagued her, and debts of her spouse's:
And Tighe, her own Psyche: and Elliott, sweet Jane,
Who made the lone dairies mourn Flodden again;
And Radcliffe, fear-charmed, ever breathlessly creeping
Through castles and corridors, frightful to sleep in:
Then Barbauld, fine teacher, correcting impatience,
Or mounting the stars in divine meditations;
Thrale, Brunton, Trefusis, her heart pit-a-patting,
And Hemans, behind her grand organ-loft chatting;
With others I can't well remember at present,
Except Hannah More, looking very unpleasant.

You'll fancy there could not have possibly been
A sight now, which females would sooner have seen
Than all this; and in truth, when you mark, in a street,
How they turn and inspect ev'ry bonnet they meet,
And how light, in comparison, seem to hold men,
'Tis a point I shall leave to some weightier pen.
Only pray be assured, that whatever the case,
It tells not a jot to our sex's disgrace;
And for this simple reason,—that *us* they are sure of,
But each other's claims are not quite so secure of.
Thus much I can swear,—that what followed this show
Was a sight made their cheeks with new gratitude glow,
And that half the dear souls fell in love on the spot,
And with posthumous men too! gallants living not!
Alas! did I say so? Oh impious misgiving!
Than Shakspeare and Petrarch pray who are more living?
Whose words more delight us? whose touches more *touch*?
For these were the shapes that now passed us,—all such
As the sex should most long to see, out of all story,—
The men that have done them most honour and glory.

First, Homer Andromache brought, like his child;
And beside them was Helen, who blushingly smiled;—
Old trav'ller was he, and he walked with a sword.
Then Antigone came with the Samian lord,
Close-clinging, yet gentle.—Then Petrarch appeared,
Looking still on the face by down-looking endeared;
First exalter of animal passion with mind.
Him followed, still modestly keeping behind,
With book under arm, and in scholarly gown,
(Oh! ill have the gross understood his renown!)
Boccaccio, with faces a martyr might bless,
Griselda's among them, the patient excess.
Her look was the sweetest that never knew laughter:
And backward she turned tow'rds the shape that came after,

Great Chaucer. As humbly as maiden went he.
Young queens held their diadems of him in fee;
Young mothers and beauties, clear angels of earth;
I know not which graced them most, sorrow or mirth.

Great Cervantes was next, fine romance-loving soul
(For his very jest loved it), with whom came a shoal
Of such blithe and sweet beauties, some courtly, some nurst
In Arcadia, I thought they were Shakspeare's at first;
But when *he* came, good Lord! what a heaven upon earth
Of young beauty was there! what sweet sorrow and mirth!
What most womanly women! what passion all beauteous
With patience! What love irrepressibly duteous!
What players at boyhood, as sweet as in gown!
What bosoms, where care might for ever lie down!
Did heav'n keep a boarding-school, these were its blushers!—
But Shakspeares would never have done for the ushers.

The women at table, I thought, at this sight,
For pure, tongue-tied bliss would have fainted outright;
But Apollo in pity dismissed it; and brought
Richard Steele on the carpet, the heart of light thought;
Who passed, with his wit and his wig, midst a bevy
Of hoops and bright eyes, as if bound for a levee;
Some cheeks were among them, more sweet for a sprinkle
Of tears; and the dupe of that horrid beast, Inkle.
Steele led by the hand his own wife in the crowd,
And as if reassuring her, kissed it, and bowed.

In *discourse* of this kind, and such rapturous expressions
As perfectly scorned all the old self-possessions,
(For really I can't say which rattled most gaily,
Dear frank Lady Morgan, or quiet Miss Bailey;
Though somebody said, that tow'rds three, Mrs. Hall
Was, beyond any question, the merriest of all;
And I'm told that Miss Edgeworth became so vivacious,
The damsels from boarding-school whispered, 'My gracious!')
In talk of this kind, and a world of sweet will,
Which turned all our heads ('tis in mine dancing still)
The delight ran its rounds, till 'twas time to break up;
When Apollo, instead of the old parting cup,
(Which with ladies might not have been quite so decorous)
Exclaimed, 'Set the new parting dishes before us'.

No sooner exclaimed than accomplished. Behold
Ev'ry guest had a cover of exquisite mould,
Rich yet simple, of porcelain. Angelica's self
Had had twice her attractions, with one on her shelf.
The sides were all painted, not only with Muses
And Loves, but with Lares and sweet Household Uses:
Good Temper was laying a cloth for Good Heart,
And the Graces were actually making a tart!

Each cover for knob had a ruby, heart-shaped ;
And the whole stood on legs, with white elegance draped,—
Legs bewitching, most feminine, tipped with a shoe ;
And the stockings (mark that !) were a violet blue.

All the room fell a whispering ;—'What can they be ?'
'Is it sweets ?'—'concert tickets ?'—'It cannot be tea ?'
'I'd give millions to know,' said Miss Porter. 'And I,'
Said Miss Barrett, 'my head.' Said Miss Landon, 'I'd die.'
'You may see it *ex pede*,' said Mrs. Gore, chuckling :
''Tis something dressed *à la Sir John—à la Suckling*.'

And 'twas so.—O Suckling, O gallant Sir John,
Thou gentleman poet, first plume of the *ton* ;
Who the reign of two Charleses by anticipation
Didst mingle in one with thy cordial flirtation ;
Fresh painter of 'Weddings', great author of rare
'Poet-Sessions', and *petit-soupés* to the fair ;
Unto whom thou didst make happy milliner-loves
With *bijou* for the sweetmeats, and dishes of gloves,
And sent'st home the darlings in flutters of fan
At the wit of the thought of the exquisite man !
O *facile princeps* of 'wit about town',
What a bay clips thee now ! What a crown above crown !
Homer's self had but men for his copiers ; but thee
Homer's very god copies, thou great *bel esprit* !

The genius that stood behind each lady's chair,
From her dish took the cover ; when forth, in glad air,
Leaped a couple of small merry Loves, who displayed
What d'ye think ?—a new girdle ? a busk ? a new braid ?
No ;—the sweetest blue stockings that ever were made.
The blue was a violet, fresh as first love ;
And the garters were blush-colour, mingled with dove.

To describe the 'sensation' produced by this sight,
The dismays, pretty doubtings, the laughs, the delight,
Were a task I should never have done, if I told ye,
And haste does not let me ; for lo and behold ye !
As doves round a house-top, in summer-time blue,
Take a sudden stoop earthwards, and sweep from the view,
So the Loves, one and all, rising first with a clapping
Of pinions, passed by us, tempestuously flapping ;
Then stooped, quick as lightning, and gliding right under
The table, all vanished !—A shriek of sweet wonder
Rose sudden and brief, as of fear come and gone ;
And 'twas felt thro' the room, that the stockings were *on* !

Mute, curious, respectful (for all were inspired
With the feelings so nice an occasion required)
We sat for some moments, as still as Apollo's
Own table ; till sweet, as when breath fills the hollows
Of organs, mild waking,—he uttered what follows :—

'Dear souls with fine eyes (may they never be kissed
By a fool!), fear no more the mistakes that exist
With regard to these footings of yours, and their blue;
Fear no more the confusion of false and of true;
Strange confusion at any time, seeing its grounds!
For who, in his taste, sweet and bitter confounds?
And whence rose it? An authoress, once on a time,
Could discover, it seems, no such wonderful crime
In the legs of an honest old soul at her party,
Who came in his blue stockings, ancient and hearty,—
(Ben Stillingfleet namely, fine-hearted old codger!
A loving old bachelor,—real Sir Roger;)
But coxcombs (themselves a pedantical crew)
Palmed, in spite, upon *her*, the old gentleman's blue;
And thence, by as clever and handsome transition,
Assumed it of all in like lettered condition.
As nicknames, however, are things we've a dread of
In heaven itself, they're so hard to get rid of,
And as the best way to divert their abuse
(If we use them at all) is to give them *right* use,
I hereby ordain, that in future the word
Be confined to the masculine, vain, and absurd,
And that all real women, ev'n though they may speak
Not with Sappho's eyes only, but even her Greek,
All the flow'rs of the flock, the true breathers of sweets,
Take their name from the queen of the sylvan retreats;
From the hue which but now had your eyes fixed upon it,--
The Violet,—charmer of all that light on it.
"No Blue," 'twill be said, "is the she who so bears her;
She 's VIOLET:—happy the bosom that wears her."'

Here somebody happening to cough where we sat,
Phoebus threw up a frown at us none could look at,—
An eye of so sudden a flame, and tremendous,
I thought he was going to 'flare-up' and end us;
But seeing us all look submissive, he shone
With the former mild beams in his hair, and went on:—

'And in truth, it depends on yourselves, darling creatures,
Which shade of the hue shall illustrate your natures;
For though ye set out with the right one, nay, though
I myself, as I now do, the blessing bestow,
Yet the stockings themselves, I must tell you, are *fated*,
And just as they're worn, will be loved or get hated;
Remaining *true violet*,—glimpses of heaven,—
As long as you're wise, and your tempers are even;
But if you grow formal, or fierce, or untrue,
Alas, gentle colour! sweet ankle, adieu!
Thou art changed; and Love's self at the changing looks *blue*
Seize the golden occasion then.—You, who already
Are gentle, remain so; and you, who would steady

Your natures, and mend them, and make out your call
To be men's best companions, be such, once for all.
And remember, that nobody, woman or man,
Ever charmed the next ages, since writing began,
Who thought by shrewd dealing sound fame to arrive at,
Had one face in print, and another in private.

'UNAFFECTEDNESS, GENTLENESS, LOVINGNESS.—This
Be your motto. And now give your teacher a kiss.'

He said: and the whole house appearing to rise,
Rooms and all, in a rapture of love, tow'rds the skies,
He did really, by some divine privilege of his,
Give and take of the dames an ubiquitous kiss;
Which exalted us all so, and rapt us so far,
We undoubtedly touched at some exquisite star;
Very likely the morning star, Venus's own,
For the odour proclaimed it some violet zone:
And to prove 'twas no dream, any more than the bedding
Which Prince Camaralzaman had, or Bedreddin,
I woke, just as they did, at home, about seven,
The moment Miss Landon was saying 'Good Heaven!'

ULTRA-GERMANO-CRITICASTERISM

[First published, ? 1860.]

WOULD you make blazes
Of ultra-reflectiveness
Get a few phrases
Of *ob* and *sub*-jectiveness.

Take for your subject
The art of some poet
And be your whole object
To show that you know it.

Make all you read on him
Seem what *you* thought of it:
Palm your own creed on him,
Though he knew nought of it:

Rave on 'aesthetics',
'Profundity', 'purity';
Damn the dull critics,
And die of obscurity.

POLITICAL SATIRES, 1814–1830

THE ST. JAMES'S PHENOMENON

BEING A SURPRISING NEW BALLAD, ON A MOST WONDERFUL CREATURE NOW EXHIBITING IN WESTMINSTER

[First published in *The Examiner*, March 20, 1814. Reprinted 1860.]

Good people all, attend now,
And I'll tell ye of such a monster,
As shall make your eyes
Be double their size,
And the hats that ye have on stir.

I'm aware there've been before this
As pretty frights as may be,
Two sisters in one,
And babes like a tun,
And much worse things than they be.

For I've heard of an unlegged body
That went about on castors,
And a head that would come
Bolt into a room,
And cry, 'How now, my masters!'

But Lord! all these were handsome
To the one I'm going to mention;
To whom a shark
Is a perfect spark,
And an ogre deserves a pension.

Hard by St. James's Palace
You may see this prince of shockings,
But not before three,
For at one, d'ye see,
He begins to put on his stockings.

His head, or else what should be
In the place that 's on his shoulders,
Is nothing but hair
Frizzed here and there,
To the terror of all beholders.

That it has a mouth, is clear from
His drinkings and his vap'rings;
But all agree
That he cannot see,
For he'll take a pig for *a* prince.

To tell you what his throat is,
Is a matter a little puzzling;
But I should guess,
That more or less,
It was forty yards of muslin.

His shoulders are very curious,
And really none of the wildest;
For both are made
Of cane inlaid;
And here, they say, he 's mildest.

Of his fingers a tailor tells me
(For one here and there the truth picks)
That the right, when they span,
Are a lady's fan,
And the left a start of tooth-picks.

His legs are just like barrels
With butts of leather on 'em;
Yet some declare
That without great care
He can't stand long upon 'em.

Title. A surprising new ballad on a most strange and wonderful creature now exhibiting in Westminster. Part I. *1814.*
46 fingers] hands *1814.* 49 Are] Is *1814*

But his body,—his body 's the wonder,
For a lady who touched the surface,
Look'd pale and said,
'Twas a positive bed!—
I wish you had seen *her* face.

His organs of digestion
Make a noise like the wheels of mangles;
His tongue 's a skin,
And hollow within;
And his teeth are dice at angles.

For the rest there 's no deciding;
But it 's fully believed on all hands,
That his brains are veal,
And his heart of steel,
And his blood rum-punch and hollands.

N. B. Behave respectful;
For if he thinks you flout him,
He 's got a big
Old Judge's wig,
Wherewith he lays about him.

A SURPRISING NEW BALLAD

PART II

[*The Examiner*, March 27, 1814.]

In the middle a place, where the pasty—*was not*.—GOLDSMITH.

[WE had written some more stanzas of this ballad in an hour of relaxation, and were doubting whether we were not dwelling too long on the subject, when some strange, vehement letters we received about it, determined us, upon the whole, to give it up. Epistles of this kind have generally been a signal to us to go on,—at least, when we could satisfy ourselves that they were not written for that very object;—but to confess the truth, we were beginning to suspect that the subject, to use a familiar phrase, was *infra dig.*, besides a pretty good conviction that it was really a work of supererogation; and though, in playing with the lighter weapons of much greater wits of old times, we have had no fear of dipping them in a grossness which we detest and of which nobody has accused us, yet if one person, who writes like a friend, seems to think that we are doing an unnecessary thing, calculated to give a wrong kind of pain, we are ready to desist in a moment, and to turn our pleasantry, such as it is, to other subjects. At the same time, we cannot but be amused with one bitter Correspondent, who it seems, has a very flattering ill opinion of our poetical powers in general, and who accuses the Ballad in question with resembling the meanest things that are sung about the streets. This will remind our readers of what the Irish Bishop remarked upon *Gulliver's Travels*, which, for his part, he said, he could not help thinking, looked very much like a pack of falsehoods.]

57 who] who'd *1814*. 58 pale] shock'd *1814*. 68 brains] vitals *1814*.

Note to Part I in *1814*:

[Part Second, giving an account of this extraordinary creature's ways and habits, will be published in the next *Examiner*.]

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE BUTCHER

OR

HERE'S A BLOCK FOR YOUR CUTS

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 12, 1819, signed HARRY BROWN. The verses are an almost literal transcript of an incident reported in the previous week's *Examiner*; not reprinted.]

LISTEN, Lordings, great and small,
Both Marquises and Mayors;
And I will tell you a merry jest
Would tumble a man down stairs.

I sing not of great Robin Hood,
How he a butcher became,
And went a-selling his sheep like eggs
In merry Nottingham.

Nor how he lured the proud Sheriff
Into the greenwood shade,
And served him up the dearest dish
For which he ever paid.

And yet I sing of a butcher bold
As ever killed a calf,
And of as dished a head of a town
As ever made food for laugh.

THE MAYOR he sat in his golden chair
All in London town;
Never was there proud Lord Mayor
So wondrously set down.

The clerks and things were round about
All according to rule;
And before him was the crownèd mace,
And behind the mace was the Fool.

And the Mayor he talked of wondrous things,
(Don't giggle now;—you shouldn't—)
How paupers might employ themselves,
And yet how printers couldn't:

And how we should have all been burnt
And slaughtered in our beds,
If on his shoulders he had not
The savingest of heads

And how accordingly he saved
Each loyal precious limb,
And put the future fire all out,
Though Reformers put out him.

And as the Lord Mayor he sat thus
Talking of this and more,
He was aware of the strangest noise,
That ever perplexed a door.

And in he came, with his eyes of flame,
The butcher to praise the Mayor;
And all the people his presence felt,
Like a mad bull's in a square.

'I can't contain,' the butcher he cried;
'I can't contain any longer!'
And at every word that butcher roared,
His voice grew stronger and stronger.

They say your Lordship is an ass,
Which makes me stamp and swear;
But I told 'em one and all, the dogs,
That you were a damned fine May'r;

'A devilish clever Mayor,' said I;
'For damme, it made me hot;
And I said, that however you might speak,
You knew that *what* was *what*.'

'Thank'ye, thank'ye'; the Mayor he said;
'Thank'ye, thou butcher so mild;
Only take care that in my cause
You kill neither woman nor child.'

'Oh, blood and wounds!' the butcher he cried,
'I don't know what I may do;
For they not only call your Lordship an ass,
But a damned old scoundrel too!

'Think o' that—hey—think o' that!'
And the butcher like Falstaff puffed;
'I couldn't bear the vagabonds,
So I kicked 'em and I cuffed:

I kicked their shins, and I cuffed their skins,
Both back and eke belly;
And I told 'em, damme, once for all,
You were no more fool than I.'

And the butcher measured 'em all with his eyes,
As he might do with a sextant,
And shrugged his shoulders, as who should say,
'Is there no more virtue extant?'

'Thank'ye, thank'ye,' said the Mayor,
As quick as tongue could stir;
'But I pray thee, for my gentle sake,
Be cool, thou hot butcher.

'Be cool, I pray; for many a day
Have I been called a fool.'
'The dev'l you have?' said that big butcher,
'And yet I'm to be cool!

'Blood and wounds! What then, I suppose,
My thanks would have been the same,
If I had kicked them to t'other world,
And made every devil lame?

'Oh, ho! Oh, ho!'—and saying so,
The butcher he tumbled out;
And presently that silent room
Heard a most enormous shout.

And so God save the Mansion-House,
And eke the Common-weal,
And keep us from Butchers, both great and small,
Who would cut us up like veal.

LAWYERS' LAMENT, OR THE FEES IN DANGER

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 26, 1819, signed HARRY BROWN; not reprinted.]

Fee! Faw! Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Toutes les *Fées* en demeurèrent dans une grande consternation.
La Princesse Printanière.

MOURN, all ye Graces, Loves, and Sports;
I mean, all ye that haunt the Courts.
Ye legal Sports, more fine than funny;
And all ye Loves—of taking money;
And all ye Graces, frank and free,
Who ever keep the Rule of Three,
Holding out on either side
Your hands, too dear to be denied;
And as the Indian boasted him,
Barefaced, every precious limb.

Mourn, mourn for your approaching ills,
Shed tears of ink, and shake your quills;
For lo! those charming friends of yours,
Those little shapes and mighty doers,
Those cousins of the mining elves,
(Those precious hums, betwixt ourselves,)
Those friends with whom you were so thick,
The Fees, the little Fees, are sick!
In several places, far and near,
Some droop, some die, nay disappear;
Like birds of passage, strangely gone;
Or locusts, which the saints fed on.
In vain the mourners, all in sables,
Consult their books, and thump their tables;
In vain they toss their hands about,
And wait, and keep a sharp look out:
In vain one smiles, as if at ease,
And says that he '*expects*' his fees:

While others, with bewildered stares,
As vainly stand 'demanding' theirs.
The Fees, the Fees, quick-eared no more,
Are not forthcoming, as before:
But as the lofty bard has told
Of those great exiled gods of old,
The 'oracles' are all struck dumb,
And now are thought an 'hideous hum'.'
You know (betwixt ourselves) that Fees,
Like other ancient deities,
With all their ushers and assistants,
Depend on faith for their existence;
And so my countrymen of late,
Not being in the happiest state,
And finding that on all occasions,
Even of bloody decimations,
Their pockets must be picked to please
The very slaughterers, and appease
Some Faws and Fums which they call Fees,
Have chosen flatly to deny 'em,
Rather than so be ruined by 'em;
And thus the worship's null and void:
A Fee denied 's a Fee destroyed.
There 's one man, ev'n before the Mayor,
Denies the Fees; and they're not there.
Another, down at Chester, cries,
Fees! Don't tell me your precious lies.
Another, when he 's shown a book
To turn him, bids them mend their look.
At Lancaster and Manchester,
It makes the very benches stir
To hear the angry dogs blaspheme:
But then the Fees—it ruins them.

Oh sweeter far in your vagaries
Than the tricks of elves and fairies,
Doubly dear, departing Fees,
Pocket-blessing fitnesses,
More convenient to be handled
Than the best god ever dandled,
Chinese Bonze, or old house Idol,
Or, young Romish flogger, thy doll;
Must ye then be at the mercy
Of the poorest lips that curse ye?
Must ye, when a mouth says Nay,
From our fond hands fade away?
Fade from our expecting touch?
Pious claw, and poor-house clutch?
Surely (and I say it, loathing)
People soon will swear for nothing!
Tell the truth, and be unwilling
To buy the privilege with a shilling!
Be accused, nor pay the score!
Be absolved, yet pay no more!
Nay, your holiest clerks, O Fees,
Soon will miss ye by degrees.
Not alone will scorners flout ye,
Children will be born without ye!
Youths and damsels will form ties,
Yet think no more of *Fees* than *Fies*!
Yea, the dead man wear his pall,
And you be not the all in all!

REVEREND MAGISTRACY

A CARICATURE, VERY LIKE

[First published in *The Examiner*, October 24, 1819, signed HARRY BROWN; not reprinted.]

'ETHELSTAN (Saxon) a *precious* STONE.'—CAMDEN.
'Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane! Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane!'—*Fête des Foux.*

SCENE—A passage to a Court of Justice. Enter from his tea and toast, a Reverend Magistrate, walking up with his stately body of divinity through an avenue of half-starved weavers, &c. As he goes along, he looks numberless eloquent things on each side of him; which the hunger-sharpened acuteness of the multitude thus understands:

YES, blackguards; it *is* ETHELSTONE;
And whosoever saith he'll stun
Your ears is right. To death he'll stun
All traitors.

For he's the first of Justices;
And nothing but mere dust he sees
In those who eat dry *crustises*
And 'tatoes.

Yes, rabble; I *am* Reverend;
My loyal sermons never end;
And yet they have a clever end,
Ye rogues ye!

And if there's any one of ye
Shall giggle, *I'll* make fun of ye,
Ay, every mother's son of ye,
Ye dogs ye!

SCENE 2nd.—The Court. Two suspected Reformers are brought in for an assault; one of whom is discharged for want of evidence; while the other denies having committed the assault, though he allows he was on the spot where it was said to have taken place.

I fancy you're a downright—eh—
Blackguard, who'd set the crown right—eh—
And what is more, my gown right—eh—
And bottle.

D'ye know what'll become of ye,
All the Reforming scum of ye?
The gallows waits for some of ye!
Ye'll throttle!

Here two more men are brought in on a similar charge.

What, two more, eh? *I'll* scoff ye, Sirs.
Attendants. Lord, no, Sir! These are officers.

Ethelstone. Oh, I beg pardon. Coffee, Sirs,
To wake me.
Attendants. And here 's another score of 'em ;
Deny, Sir, all that 's swore of 'em.
Ethelstone. Of course. I'll hear no more of 'em,
Deuce take me.

The police-officers are dismissed ; and the assaulted man dies a few days afterwards.

Three poor boys, of very tender years, are brought in by a police-officer, for sleeping in brick-kilns.

Ethelstone. Brick-kilns ! Oh, ho ! you'd warm it, eh ?
Why, what a gross enormity !
What spiritual deformity !
It 's hell-like.
The loyal wants no weather-bed,
Hot brick-kiln or hard heather-bed ;
But lays him on his feather-bed,
All swell like.

The mother of one of the boys entreats forgiveness for him, telling the Reverend Magistrate that the boy is a very good little boy, and that she has a numerous family.

Ethelstone. If there 's no room to sleep at home,
Or if with cold ye creep at home,
Yet still they'd all best keep at home ;
Mind *that* now :
For if they're still caught tripping, eh—
I'll order them a stripping, eh—
And then a good warm whipping, eh—
That 's *flat* now.

[*Aside*] Comfort 's no poor man's business ;
He ought to place all his in us ;
Pay tithes, and leave off quizzing us,
Nor gall thus :
But if they will thus generate,
Like those they ought to venerate,
They must be thinned at any rate,
Says MALTHUS.

A NEW CHAUNT,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THOSE TRULY TAKING SINGERS, THE HEAD CHORISTERS IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL; BY THEIR MOST DEVOTED AND HUMBLE BEADSMAN, HARRY BROWN.

[N.B. To the lovers of Social Order and Holy Altars. This new and edifying chaunt is to be sung to the tune of 'Moderation', in the profane play intituled the Iron Chest, in case it chanceth not to inspire the harmonious Muse of Master Samuel Wesley, Master Vincent Novello, or some other grave and witty musician, learned upon the organ-pipe.]

[First published in *The Examiner*, November 7, 1819; not reprinted.]

FIRST of all, in order to give a convenient finish to our impudence and collusion,
We'll buy and sell seats so openly, that it shall put no true gentleman to confusion;
And we'll put soldiers all about instead of constables, like our good promise making friend the Prussian;
And keep all good and knowing things to ourselves, like a close Rosicrucian;
And swear nobody should ever get children, but those who starve other people's, each like a true Malthusian;
And pin down the great body of Englishmen as if it were GULLIVER, each like a super-eminent Lilliputian;
And be so extremely irresponsible, that it will be no sort of use to ask us why we pull down
The Constitution—Constitution;
And so pull down the Glorious Constitution.
And when we have done all this, should the people still object, we'll threaten *them* with retribution;
And we'll put unpopular speeches into the Prince's mouth, to give our own unpopularity a convenient division if not diminution;
And having taxed away the people's dinners, we'll tax away their tea, in order to bring their remaining courage to a conclusion;
And if they dare nevertheless to meet again, we'll deliver them with a vengeance,—namely, up to execution;
Man, woman, and child,—not a soul that comes in our way shall that pretty review shun;
And we'll make the Prince thank us for it without knowing anything of the matter, and delay and deny justice, and treat every approach to the throne as an intrusion;
And we'll give a kick to some old Whig lord by way of beginning, and have a Revolution—Revolution—
And so we'll have a Glorious Revolution.

MEMORY AND WANT OF MEMORY

OR

RATHER NO THAN YES

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 27, 1820; not reprinted.]

COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF

YOUR name 's Majocchi ?—' Signor, si.'
You swear on what 's before ye
To tell the truth impartially ?
' O yes, Sair—Si, Signore.'

You swear, the Queen—' Oh Signor, si '—
Would shock both Whig and Tory,
Would shock Lord A, and shock Lord B ?
' O yes, Sair—Si, Signore.'

You swear she is—' Oh Signor, si '—
Deserving the pillory,
She loves so very illegally ?
' I do, Sair—Si, Signore.'

You swear, 'fore George—' Oh Signor, si '—
You knew her dormitòry,
And caught her playing up old G— ?
' I did, Sair—Si, Signore.'

You swear, of course—' Oh Signor, si '—
She bath'd on open shore, eh,
Stood on her head, eat fire, smoked me ?—
' Just so, Sair—Si, Signore.'

You swear, you swear—' Oh Signor, si '—
That through a double floor, eh,
You've seen her *think* adulterously ?
' Ver' true, Sir—Si, Signore.'

I think, my Lords—' Oh Signor, si '—
That nothing 's wanting more, eh,
To show the Queen 's as bad as we,
Aye, beats his sacred Majesty ?—
' The thomper—Si, Signore.'

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT

Now look at me—' Oh Signor, si '—
Pray who gives you your board O,
And when did you last take your tea ?
' Oh, Sair—Non mi ricordo.'

You say the Queen—' Oh Signor, si '—
Slept so and so on board O,
Where might the other bed-rooms be ?
' Oh, Sair—Non mi ricordo.'

You knew the maids—' Oh Signor, si '—
Now when the ship was moored O,
Where did *they* sleep ? Or Captain P. ?
Or Briggs ? ' Non mi ricordo.'

What, still *Non mi* ? ' Oh Signor, si '—
Well : how did you afford O,
When out of place, to live so free ?
' Questo non mi ricordo.'

You lived on air ? ' Oh Signor, si—
No, no !—Upon my vord O,
You put soach cònfuse into me,
That '—What ?—' Non mi ricordo.'

You said the Queen—' Oh Signor, si '—
Was good—quite made to charm ye—
' Yes,—No ; No,—Yes ; more I than me—
Non posso ricordarmi.'

Now look at me—' Oh Signor, si '—
Was ever brute abhorred O,
Or did you ever live and be ?—
' I—I—Non mi ricordo.'

My Lords, I think—'Oh Signor, oh!'—
That there is not a Lord here
Wants more of all this Yes and No,
Which does, it must be owned, outgo
All practice of the *Courts below*,
And Devil's own Recorder.

HARRY.

NON MI RICORDO

Most people have a favourite phrase,
Which they think comprehensive,
To swear by or to save their wits,
Not liking what 's expensive.

Some say By George and some By Gosh,
Some put their trust in Goles,
And many of superior rank
Delight to damn their souls.

These are for Blood, and those for Faith,
These Keep it up, those Go it;
Th' Italians, when they *Si* and *No*,
Much *Oh* it, and *Non so* it.

But lord! of all the precious words,
That ever memory stored O,
Commend me to that pregnant phrase
Divine, *Non mi ricordo*.

Sometimes it means 'I do forget,'
Sometimes it means 'I don't,'
And very often it will stand
For 'rather not' or 'won't.'

Sometimes (which is remarkable)
It signifies a waistcoat,
Including also pantaloons,
One's pair of shoes and best coat.

Sometimes it means a dinner, and
Sometimes it means a breakfast,
Implying that the eater should
Be hung up by the neck fast.

Sometimes it means a woman 's bad
And never sleeps alone-a,
Yet when again examined, it
Shall call her *Donna buona*.

Sometimes it means a man is blind
And runs against th' Exchequer,
And then again it signifies
To see through a two-decker.

Sometimes it stands for one that lies,
Sometimes for day and night,
Sometimes for having cash from Brown
To swear that black is white.

Sometimes it is ingratitude,
Sometimes expresses fear,
And then it goes for something hot
And for a pot of beer.

Sometimes with very little help
It means both No and Yes,
Or something rather less than more
Or rather more than less.

Sometimes it stands for such a time
Betwixing and betweening,
That being well interpreted
It means it has no meaning.

It means a thief, it means some beef,
It means a shabby villain;
It means 'mine host o' the Garter' here,
Who longs to bring his Bill in.

In short, it means that Mr. Brougham
Has laid *Non mi ricordo*
As flat upon the Parliament boards,
As ever raf was floored O.

BROWN.

AN EXCELLENT SCOTCH PARODY

TO BE SUNG BY ALL LOYAL AND LOVING NORTH BRITONS, FROM MAIDEN KIRK TO JOHN O' GROATS

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 3, 1820; not reprinted.]

AIR.—*Tibby Fowler o' the Glen*
There 's ower mony wooing at her.

CARY BRUNSWICK o' the Guelph
There 's ower mony swearing at her;
Cary Brunswick o' the Guelph,
There 's ower mony swearing at her;
Swearing at her, spying at her,
Lying at her, what 's the matter?
Merry elf! It 's for the pelf,
That a' the louts are swearing at her.

Scores come east, and scores come south,
A' came rowing o'er the water,
A', puir sauls! to speak the truth;
So three and forty 's swearing at her,
Swearing at her, trothing at her,
Oathing, loathing, cloathing at her;
Filthy brutes! it 's for new boots,
That a' the rogues are swearing at her.

Fie upon the filthy louns!
There 's ower mony swearing at her;
Fifteen came frae German towns;
There 's *eight and fifty* swearing at her;
Swearing at her, mumbling at her,
Tumbling at her, canna hit her;
Tawdry louns! its for new gowns,
The hizzies a' are swearing at her.

Be a lassie ne'er sae kind,
Gin a King but frown upon her,
She might live till ninety-nine,
E'er a courtier wad smile on her;
Swearing at her, getting fatter,
Turning from her, crying 'Damn her!'
Church and King! a pretty thing,
Wi' sic an anti-christian clatter!

Be a lassie ne'er sae foul,
Gie her but the name o' Regent,
And were her throne a cutty-stool,[1]
E'en Church wad be her maist obedient;
Booing at her, wooing at her,
Praying, Yea-ing, Nay-ing at her,
Were she fatter than King Batter,
They wad a' be dressing at her.

HARRY BROWN.

[1] A stool of repentance, on which Scotchmen, who are too poor to imitate princes with impunity, are made to stand in a symbolical sheet. [H.]

CORONATION SOLILOQUY

OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

[First published in *The Examiner*, July 29, 1821, as 'A Lesson for Kings'; reprinted 1860 'from a revised and augmented copy, superseding the first imperfect sketch, and never before published'. Text, 1860. For earlier version, see Notes.]

To the tune of

Amo, amas,
I love a lass
As cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender.
Horum quorum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum, divo;
Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, harum, genitivo.

O'KEEFE.

I

Rego, regis,
Good God, what's this?
What, only half my Peeries!
Regas, regat,
Good God, what's that?
The voice is like my deary's!
Oh, no more there;
Shut the door there;
Harum, scarum, strife O!
Bags, Bags, Sherry Derry, periwigs,
and fat lads,
Save us from our wife O!

II

I decline a
C. Regina,
Rex alone's more handsome:
Oh what luck, Sir,
Exit uxor!
Rursus ego a man *sum.*
Glory, glory!
How will story
Tell how I was gazed at!
Perfect from my pumps, to the plumes
above my hat-band,
All are me amazed at!

III

Yes, my hat, Sirs,
Think of that, Sirs,
Vast, and plumed, and Spain-like:
See my big,
Grand robes; my wig
Young, yet lion-mane like.
Glory! glory!
I'm not hoary;
Age it can't come o'er me:
Mad caps, grave caps, gazing on the
grand man,
All alike adore me.

IV

I know where
A fat, a fair,
Sweet other self is doting:
I'd reply
With wink of eye,
But fear the newsman noting.
Hah! the Toying,
Never cloying,
Cometh to console me:
Crowns and sceptres, jewellery, state
swords,—
Who now shall control me?

V

Must I walk now!
What a baulk now!
Non est regis talis.
O, for youth now!
For in truth now,
Non sum eram qualis.
Well, well, roar us,
On before us,

Harum, flarum, stout O,
Stately, greatly, periwig and trumpets,—
Oh, could I leave but my gout O!

VI

What a *dies*!
How it fri-es!
Handkerchiefs for sixty.
Approbatio!
Sibilatio!
How I feel betwixt ye!
Curlies, burlies,
Dukes and earlies,
Bangs and clangs of band O!
Shouty, flouty, heavy rig, and gouty,
When shall I come to a stand O!

VII

Bliss at last!
The street is passed;
The aisle—I've dragged me through it:
Oh the rare
Old crowning chair!
I fear I flopped into it.
Balmy, balmy,
Comes the psalmy;
Bland the organ blows me;
Crown down coming on a periwig that fits me,
All right royal shows me!

VIII

Oh how *bona*
My *corona*!
Sitting so how *dulcis*!
My *oculus* grim,
And my *sceptrum* slim,
And proud, as I hold it, my pulse is!
Shout us, chorus;
Organs, roar us;
Realms, let a secret start ye:—
Dragon-killing George on the coin is myself,
And the dragon is Bonaparte.

IX

And yet alas!
Must e'en *I* pass
Through hisses again on foot, Sirs!
Oh pang profound!
And I now walk crowned,
And with sceptre in hand to boot, Sirs!
I go, I go,
With a fire in my toe,
I'm bowing, blasting, baking!
Hall, O Hall, ope your doors, and let your guest in;
Every inch I'm à—king.

X

But now we dine!
Oh word divine,
Beyond what e'en has crowned it!
Envy may call
Great monarchs small,
But feast, and you dumbfound it.
Brandy, brandy,
To steady me handy
For playing my knife and fork, O!
Green fat, and devilry, shall warrant me ere bed-time,
In drawing my twentieth cork O!

XI

Hah, my Champy!
Plumy, trampy!
Astley's best can't beat him!
See his frown!
His glove thrown down!
Should a foe appear, he'd eat him!
Glory, glory,
Glut and glory,—
I mean poury,
Glut and poury,—
Poury, mory,
Splash and floory,
Crown us, drown us, *vivo*!
Cram dram, never end, plethora be d—ned, man;
Vivat Rex dead-alive O!

CROKER'S MOUNTINGS

[Being three favourite Glees sung with great applause during the present Irish Voyage of Recovery; and written by Mr. HARRY BROWN in honour of that illustrious Godfather of rising Situations.[1]]

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 19, 1821; not reprinted.]

Tune—*Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*
And Phoebus 'gins to rise.

FIRST GLEE

HARK! Mrs. Clarke or her gate-bell rings,
And we must 'gin to rise,
Our mouths to water at those things
Which fall in showers for Spies:
And winking yellow-boys begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that petty bin,
My salary sweet, arise.

SECOND GLEE

Hark! the clerk at *my* gate rings,
And we must 'gin to rise,
To taste those pretty breakfast-things
The Admiral-tea supplies.
E'en widows without pay begin
To ope their tear-shut eyes:
With everything that brazen bin,
My precious limbs, arise.

THIRD GLEE

Hark! the bark to the boatswain rings,
And we must 'gin to rise
To place our person near the King's,
Who now for Dublin hies.
(No matter who the devil begin
To ope all sorts of eyes:)
With everything that double bin,
My Dublin boy, arise.

A-HANGING WE WILL GO

A NEW SONG BY MR. HARRY BROWN, SUNG BY THE R******R AND C****N S******T AT THE JUDGES' DINNERS

TUNE—*A-Hunting we will go.*

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1821; not reprinted.]

THE Dusky Knight[2] puts down the cry
That bids the wretched hope;
The blood-hounds catch his jovial eye,
The hangman winds his rope.
And a-hanging we will go,
A-hanging we will go;
A-hanging we will go, will go,
And a-hanging we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
My dear, Sir JOHN no pity knows,
I must be hung to-day:
For a-hanging he will go,
He 's always saying so;
He'd as lief hang us all as a crow, a crow,
So a-hanging he will go.

In vain the ladies beg reprieves
For little boys untaught;
Your little boys are d—d great thieves,
I hope they'll all be caught:
For a-hanging they shall go,
Like onions all of a row;
Like herrings dangling to and fro,
A-hanging they shall go.

[1] 'We called them "Croaker's Mountains."'—*Voyage to the North Pole* [H.]
[2] Commonly called by the less poetical *Black Jack*—perhaps for a triple reason. [H.]

Says Mrs. Fry, Friend John, be calm;
Thou art in ill condition :—
Says John, it 's all d—d nonsense, Ma'am ;
We want an Inquisition ;
That a-hanging we may go,
And never a body know,
Like Jacks in the kitchen below, below,
While the joints a-trembling go.

At last the very Juries rise,
And beg to state a reason :
You shan't, good Mr. Sergeant cries ;
Here 's burglary and treason !
What ! not a-hanging go !
We will, Mr. Foreman and Co.
Whether you like it or no, or no,
We 'll still a-hanging go.

Let others for their wine prepare
With devil or hung beef,
We like a still more devilish fare,
A delicate hung thief :
For a-drinking we must go,
And hanging makes dry, you know ;
So a-hanging and drinking we'll go, we'll go,
Till the Devil himself says no.

THE DOGS

[First published in *The Liberal*, Vol. I, 1822 ; not reprinted.]

'I at this time got a post, being for fatigue, with other four. We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's Hounds. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at the time ; as we got our own fill, while we broke the biscuit—a thing I had not got for some days. When thus engaged, the Prodigal Son was never once out of my mind ; and I sighed, as I fed the Dogs, over my humble situation and my ruined hopes.'—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regt. during the War in Spain.*

I

I sing a matter of some sixty dogs,
That dined in the Peninsula on biscuit.
Under the old regime the French eat frogs ;
Under the new some Englishmen would frisk it
If they had any thing besides their fogs.
I'd thank Apollo therefore to touch his kit,
While I strike up a dance, that I've a notion
Will set the whole of Puppydom in motion.

II

Attend then to me, puppies of all sorts,
All by whom hangs a tale, including you,
The blacker kind, who practise in the courts,
And from the back of whose strange curls hang two :
And you, of whom I hear such bad reports
In these great times, ye poor inferior crew,
Ye Men—do you too listen to my song :
I mean to show you that your claims are wrong.

III

And you, red-coated dogs, not commonly
So called, for ye are men,—but ye alone,
Who only when the drum sounds fidget ye,
And rise like men ; and soon as it is done,

Fall to the earth like proper puppies, *quae*
Ventri obedientia sunt, and prone,
As Sallust has it,—hear what your Bard says,
And then (I ask no better) go your ways.

IV

And thou, thou other lucky dog, and diner,
Who from the Frenchman's biscuit-guiding hand
Munch'd out side faces of Voltaire, none finer,
Look from the dog-star down, that rules thy land!
'Twas thine to eat, no king's bitch *embonpoint-er*,
When good-old-times'-men's legs could hardly stand:
And then thou bit'st, as some would say, for snacks,
Men out of countenance behind their backs!

V

Nor thou, great Duke of Wellington, disdain
To hear about the curs, for they are thine:
Nay, pardon my poor words, my common strain,
Disdain thou can'st not, though the strain is mine:
The subject will excuse me for my brain:
To write 's but human, but of dogs divine.
I shamefully forgot, great Sir, that when
Dogs are to be considered, what are men?

VI

Many a jolly dog has been renowned,
Especially for eating people's dinners:
E'en men have merit when like them they're found
To hold well out, and make their masters winners:
But all the dogs on earth, cur, whelp, and hound,
To these I speak of, have but been beginners.
Even the pack recorded by Herodotus
Knuckles before them; I declare to God it does.

VII

Herodotus says only that there were
Four villages allotted for their dog's-meat;
A handsome pension, I allow: but here
Warriors stand by, wanting, like proper rogues, meat,
Bread being even for a few too dear,
While the Duke's hounds to their respective progs meet.
Warriors, mind—hollow squares—without whom, marry! an
Arbiter I could name had now been carrion.

VIII

Yes, 'Heav'n be praised! Thanks to our lucky stars!
Thanks to our wounds!' the five fatigued men said,
'This day, the happiest one of all our wars,
This day, this glorious day, we dine on bread!'

For why? 'For why? look at these glorious scars.
This one, and this, and this upon my head;
To-day's our turn, by reason of these wounds,
To break up biscuit for the General's hounds.'

IX

'Good God!' says one, 'I fancy the bread here!
I think it's one o'clock—I think it's two—
I think I see my company appear—
Ah! Jowler, boy—and Towler, how-d'ye-do?—
And then the biscuit comes—excuse this tear,
But I'm to break it—oh, if you but knew—
But never mind—*I* know, and that 's enough
To make me think no biscuit bad or tough.

X

'A word, Sir, in your ear—The other day,
I longed to eat a piece of the Duke's horse.
Another time, beside a ditch, there lay
Something,—I hate to think of it—but worse:
All said,—but never mind what people say—
The man who eat of it, felt no remorse.
'Twasn't, he said, like biscuit; and 'twas true:
But that was for the dogs—the happy few.

XI

'*We* are but human beings,—common men;
They are uncommon puppies, real riches;
We do but fight, and fight, and fight again;
They sometimes take surprising leaps o'er ditches:
We only are of use to the Duke, when
Unoccupied with his delightful bitches:
They are his ornaments, his dogs, his *dulce*,
More fit to pat than our poor linsey-woolsey.

XII

'Again, we only saved his officers;
They sometimes got them taken by the French;
Our names were always in dispatches; theirs
Were modest, and kept back, like any wench;
In short, we had the impudence, the bears!
(For which our necks I own deserve a wrench)
To save the Duke from Old Mortality:
They, blessed creatures, saved him from ennui.

XIII

'Accordingly 'twas just that we should fight,
Hack, hew, stick, kick, be kicked, stuck, hacked and hewed,
Drowned also, lose our shoulder-blades and sight,
Our legs, arms, knee-pans, comforts, friends, and blood,

And then have nothing, Sir, to eat at night:
And, on the contrary, 'twas right and good
That the Duke's puppies, being no such sinners,
Should, like good boys, go in and have their dinners.'

XIV

Thus spoke the Soldier from the Frith of Forth,
Who wrote the 'Journal' t'other day; which see
He did not say it *all*—he 's 'frae the North,'—
But then his inward man spoke, if not he.
However, what 's a common soldier worth?
Or fifty thousand such, 'twixt you and me?
The man may stuff him with his native fogs:
But where, I want to know, where are the dogs?

XV

Other great brutes concerned in that campaign
Are kept before the public: others have
Their lives and deeds recorded, to a sprain,
Their genealogies, and faces brave,
Their huntings too, and when they'll hunt again,
And how in drawing-rooms the dogs behave:
I've seen a Paris print of one o' the brutes
Betwixt two ladies, actually in boots.

XVI

Now those I speak of are not less than they,
Be sure of that: just as great brutes they are:
Have as good coats and faces, have their day,
At least have had, and should have time to spare;
Live just such lives, now hunting down one's prey,
Now all agog for their respective fair;
And above all, though men should want a dinner,
The dev'l a bit will *they* grow any thinner.

XVII

The best of us are proud of being thought
To have the qualities of dogs like these:
The Duke himself, I doubt not, might be caught,
Doing things equally well formed to please.
I wouldn't swear, that if you went and bought
A horn, or whistled 'Molly', or 'Green Pease',
You wouldn't see him come, through thick and thin,
Leaping and panting to you, all a-grin.

XVIII

King Charles was famous for a breed of puppies,
Which was kept up; and is so, I've no doubt on't;
Lord Chesterfield most tenderly brought up his,
And would have made his son one, but he couldn't:

In Naples a dog's music beats Galuppi's,
Though music comes next to it, which it shouldn't;
For next to pointers, guns, and such resources,
Long before anything like men, come horses.

XIX

'Talk', cries a wag, 'of parting with one's studs,
In decency to Irish famishings,
At least of lessening them! Why, d—n their bloods,
Or rather no bloods, for they've no such things,
(In fact they are but two such precious floods,
In horses' families, and those of kings)
I'd not have giv'n them What's-his-name's "quietus".
And stopt one gilded oat from Incitatus.'

XX

Heliogabalus and his horse's mention
May render this suspected—for its reading;
I own it seems some Irishman's invention,
Light in the head perhaps, for want of feeding:
But then it somehow meets one's apprehension
In times of human starving and brute breeding:
And as to learning, you would cease to stare
If you took up the Racing Calendar.

XXI

There (not to waste the family-head in books)
A youth may learn much Latin appellation;
Much French too, and Italian, if he looks,
Besides the sense, sly supererogation!
There he may learn, how Dolthead matched the Duke's,
And Blacklegs was thrown out by Acclamation:
How Olive was own cousin to Old Cupid,
And how Legitimate was got out to Stupid.

XXII

But what he'll find, which is the best of all,
Is how completely there the human creatures
Are cast in shade, I mean in general,
By the dear horses and their Houyhnhnm natures:
The Gullivers obey their proper call,
And wait aloof, and doat upon their features;
By no means the worst thing they do, poor rogues!
And this again reminds me of my dogs.

XXIII

My dogs! Yes, mine—every one's dogs—the nation's,
For were they not of extreme use to it?
Did they not give the Great Lord relaxations,
When taken with his *minor* slaughtering fit?

And had they not their proper mastications,
Of which occasional Scotchmen filched a bit ?
' Can such things overcome us like a summer
Cloud,' and but serve to make us all the dumber !

XXIV

I like that patriot in Tiberius' days,
Who having proposed to make him absolute,
Apologized for such presumptuous ways ;
But said, that being man, it did not suit
With his free soul to dread the court's dispraise,
And in the commonwealth's great cause be mute.
There was another such as bold to Cromwell ;
Fellows I much prefer to Kettledrumle.

XXV

I'll be as free : there 's not a stick at court
Shall beat me in a thing I have to say ;
Tailors shan't cut me out, nor tongues cut short,
Envying my very independent way ;
Croker himself shall cry out ' That 's your sort ',
And loads of ' lofty Scotchmen ' cry Huzza !
At least if they do not, 'twill only show
How far one's rivals' jealousy can go.

XXVI

'Tis true, the Duke, at my free proposition,
May think fit to be modest, like a woman ;
May say his brutes are not of that condition
To warrant it, being only more than human ;
And that base men might get up a petition;
To all which I should humbly answer, ' True, mun ; '
But then, though more than both, a Prince himself
Is proud to be called jolly dog, and Guelph.

XXVII

There was a prince in Italy, called Can Grande,
Which means Great Dog, the lord too of Verona,
A mighty petty sovereign, and a dandy,
Who in his wit once threw a bard a bone a-
Cross his high board, which made 'em every man die.
The bard agreed 'twas princely. I have known a-
Nother, of whom the people used to say,
A greater puppy never had his day.

XXVIII

I do propose then, that a deputation
First wait upon the dogs and bring them out,
To glad the eyes of public admiration ;
It being a shame that beasts so cared about,

And by such hearts, and not before the nation.
Only conceive the enthusiastic shout
That would be raised at sight of their sweet faces,
In all their pride of jowl, in public places!

XXIX

Fancy the beasts, or any one of them,
At Drury-Lane, or in an Opera-box:
The proper masters have accomplished him,
The dancing ones I mean, and such-like folks!
He rises, bows, looks mutual esteem;
The band strikes up; and players and 'hearts of oaks'
(Save here and there a Jacobinic growler)
Perform the national anthem of 'Old Towler'.

XXX

Then a procession, with the dogs all seated,
Is what I next propose. Rouge-Lion first
Prepares the way, looking extremely heated;
Sir William Curtis then, ready to burst
With beef and joy at being so finely treated.
He 's drest in dog-skin. May the man be curst
Who does not, as the King does (who 's no fool)
Count him the finest specimen of John Bull.

XXXI

Besides, he 's biscuit-baker. Next the trumpets
Appear, some blowing in F sharp and some in E;
And then the bishops, plump as plates of crumpets,
Singing the psalm beginning with 'Cur, Domine':
A kettle-drummer next with many a thump hits
His brass, to show, betwixt those Piccolomini
Of the Church Militant, and the state's forces,
The delicate connexion there of course is.

XXXII

Then come the soldiers,—but what 's this? How odd
And thin they look, unfit for such a show?
Excuse me: they look just as soldiers should;
They've had no dinners for this week or so;
Just to insinuate, by their want of blood,
The heroic privilege they have to go
Without their food, and if required, be starved,
Till all the puppies in the land are served.

XXXIII

Last come the dogs, the climax of the sight,
All in their coaches, all in due decorum,
All seated, a la 'Sifflé', bolt upright,
The Master of the Hounds being set before 'em.

They grin, they bow, look sidelong and polite;
The ladies at the windows all adore 'em,
See—there 's the King too bowing—and look! there is
Her Royal Highness Mrs. Wilmot Serres.

XXXIV

After processions, people have a feast:
The brutes of course must have theirs at Guildhall;
There 's precedent: so heralds say, at least.
'Twas merry formerly, when beards wagged all;
Now tails proclaim the pleasure of the beast:
The grace is said, the turtle groweth small,
The talk then rises, but let that be sunk;
As usual, after dinner, the King 's drunk.

XXXV

The glee succeeds of 'Glorious Apollo'
By Messrs. Southey and the Makingfaces;
'The Duke of York and Army' used to follow,
But now the soldiers better know their places:
The Duke of Wellington and his View Hollow
Is given, and 'May heav'n prosper all their graces':
Hip-Hip-Guildhall resounds through all its logs,
And Bread-street echoes back 'The Dogs! the Dogs'!

XXXVI

The puppy in the chair returns his thanks,
Like Doctor Johnson, 'in his bow-wow way':
Then Eldon (cursing, first of all, his shanks)
Gets up, and weeps to see this blessed day:
Then his gilt chain the new old Lord Mayor clanks;
Then Mr. Some-one has his blessèd say,
In which he proves that 'tis to save the nation
When puppies flourish during men's starvation.

XXXVII

I see all England flocking to the sight:
Peers quit their parks, the peasantry the poor-house;
Some drive, some die upon the road: it 's flight
All Scotland takes, like 'hairpies coming o'or uz:'
All Wales puts forth, to see to what a height
Arthur's great name can go, and join in chorus:
And missing England, as they pierce the fogs,
Ask where it 's gone:—cries Echo, 'To the Dogs'.

XXXVIII

But eager most, lo! lo! all Ireland comes—
All that is left of it at least,—sharp set
With hungry joy to think upon the crumbs,
And see how the brutes jollify, and get

A sight of their great Duke, who picks his gums;
And wonder if the Absentees have yet
Any similitude to human faces,
Seeing them countenanced like the canine races.

XXXIX

All eyes, a moment, even on that day,
Turn at the name of Ireland, to look at
The nation whom a king's nod made so gay:
Even some certain members cry 'What 's that'?
'Only the Irish,'—'Oh—the Irish—eh?
What do *they* want? I'd thank ye for some fat.'
'The Irish, eh? Send 'em the soldiery
And eighteen-pence. Hock, if you please, for me.'

XL

Such is the way to treat those sorry fellows,
Called fellow creatures: one should be above
One's fellows, as all true aspirers tell us,
And then we rank with dogs, and get the love
Of hearts enough to make a turnspit jealous.
So to return—The next thing that I move,
Is, that the puppies and their heirs for ever
Have settlements: for men may want, brutes never.

XLI

I say (to use the words of a great poet)
'That adequate provision should be made'
For all the race to have their biscuit to eat
For ever.—Next, that money should be paid
Into the hands of those here, that cry 'go it',
For kennels,—palaces I should have said,—
To be new built (*Mem.* workmen to be bustled)
Where every puppy may have his own household.

XLII

'Tis cheap,—these ways of doing public good,
The world can't do without 'em, take my word for it;
Besides, if the world could, could isn't should,
And those who say it is, are a base herd for it.
The Americans, for instance, have no food,
No cash, no ships, no land (although preferred for it),
No name; and all because they want such things
As puppies with huge pensions, Dukes, and Kings.

XLIII

Our dogs then have establishments: 'tis done:
Recorded too, of course, as others are,
In a new Red-book, which may bind in one
(Calf-gilt) the Sporting and Court Calendar.

Exempli gra: Establishment of Hun:
Comptroller,—No one; Baker and Purvey'r,
Sir William Curtis; Groom, Sir Hudson Lowe;
Surveyors of the Collars, George and Co.;

XLIV

Bed-maker, Mrs. Leech; Scratcher Extr'or'nary,
Right Honourable the Earl of Lauderdale;
Breakers of Bones and Biscuits, Men in or'nary;
Tickler and Tail-bearer (some spell it Tale)
J. W. Croker, chiefly when it's borne awry;
Chaplain (Church Dog-Vane, going with the gale)
The Reverend Nero Wilson; Scavengers,
The Beacons, Blackwoods, Bulls, and Gazetteers.

XLV

The names of their Canine-nesses—Prince, Jowler,
Jolly, and Folly, Tippler, Fop, and Tough,
Duke, Dundee, Slim, Fang, Whistler, Gamester, Growler,
Standfast, and Steady, Waterloo, Chance, Rough,
Charge, Trooper, Glutton, Hollo-boy, Old Towler,
Blucher, Spot, Shriek, Jump, Victor, Old Boy, Puff,
Rascal, Force, Bourbon, Throat, Spite, Promise, Viper,
Moonshine, and Betty, Riot, Rage, and Piper:

XLVI

Hungry, Old England, Hot, Shot, Scot, and Lot,
Old Soldier, Gaunt, and Grim, Seize-him-boy, Eat-'em;
Tally-ho, Thief, Fool, Devil, Brute, and Sot.
A pretty list. Ovid has one (see *Metam. Lib. Ter.*) but Ovid's pack of hounds was not
The moral, order-loving, plumb, legitim-
Ate hounds, that these are. These, to run the faster,
Eat but one's men, but those eat up their master.

XLVII

And at the last (for oh! indecent fate,
And envious! even dogs, like men, must die!)
But at the *last* (for ah! may it be late,
And every dog have many days, say I!)
Then with huge shouts, I vote that we translate,
Exalt, and raise them to the starry sky!
Men's pious notions have already given,
To welcome them, much brute renown to heav'n.

XLVIII

The Bull, Crab, Serpent, Scorpion, Wolf, are there,
The Lion and Unicorn, and glorious Goose;
Canis the Major too, by which it's clear
That army-rank with dogs is of old use:

Canicula stands next him, little dear!
Nay, things are there which absolute blocks produce.
The Altar 's next the Wolf: then, there 's the Chair,
The Cup, the Crown, and a strange Head of Hair.

XLIX

But what is most remarkable, the book
In which I study my astronomy
(The new Guide to the Stars by Henry Brooke)
Showed me a thing enough to make a stone o' me,
So very much astonished did I look.
I saw there, bright as the Duke's physiognomy,
His dogs, by some divine anticipation,
Shining already in their proper station.

L

It 's fact. The Dogs, the glorious dogs, are there
In soul at least, right claimants of the sky:
Betwixt his namesake Arthur and the Bear
The whole pack stands—'Canes *Venatici*':
And twixt the dogs and the above Head of Hair
Stands, as it ought to do, '*Cor Caroli*':
That is to say, the Heart of Charles the Second:
Were ever souls, bound heav'nwards finelier beaconed?

LI

So here I stop, covering beneath the sight
My fancy's cowering eyes, dashed with the blaze:
But don't, I beg of you, ye suns of night,
Ye flaming brutes, don't hide your precious ways.
Shine on, shine on, and be a burning light
To help us onward to our better days;
And show us (never to want proof again)
What very different things are brutes and men.

THE ROYAL LINE

[First published in *The Companion*, February 6, 1828; reprinted 1860.]

William I. The sturdy Conq'ror, politic, severe;
William II. Light-minded Rufus, dying like the deer;
Henry I. Beau-clerc, who everything but virtue knew;
Stephen. Stephen, who graced the lawless sword he drew;
Henry II. Fine Henry, hapless in his sons and priest;
Richard I. Richard, the glorious trifler in the East;
John. John, the mean wretch, tyrant and slave, a liar;
Henry III. Imbecile Henry, worthy of his sire;
Edward I. Long-shanks, well named, a great encroacher he;
Edward II. Edward the minion, dying dreadfully;
Edward III. The splendid veteran, weak in his decline;
Richard II. Another minion, sure untimely sign;

Henry IV. Usurping Lancaster, whom wrongs advance ;
Henry V. Harry the Fifth, the tennis-boy of France ;
Henry VI. The beadsman, praying while his Margaret fought ;
Edward IV. Edward, too sensual for a kindly thought ;
Edward V. The little head, that never wore the crown ;
Richard III. Crookback, to Nature giving frown for frown ;
Henry VII. Close-hearted Henry, the shrewd carking sire ;
Henry VIII. The British Bluebeard, fat, and full of ire ;
Edward VI. The sickly boy, endowing and endowed ;
Mary. Ill Mary, lighting many a living shroud ;
Elizabeth. The lion-queen, with her stiff muslin mane ;
James I. The shambling pedant, and his minion train ;
Charles I. Weak Charles, the victim of the dawn of right ;
Cromwell. Cromwell, misuser of his home-spun might ;
Charles II. The swarthy scape-grace, all for ease and wit ;
James II. The bigot out of season, forced to quit ;
William III. The Dutchman, called to see our vessel through ;
Anne. Anna, made great by conquering Marlborough ;
George I. George, vulgar soul, a woman-hated name ;
George II. Another, fonder of his fee than fame ;
George III. A third, too weak, instead of strong, to swerve ;
George IV. And fourth, whom *Canning* and Sir Will preserve.

HIGH AND LOW ; OR, HOW TO WRITE HISTORY

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 8, 1830 ; reprinted 1860.]

SUGGESTED BY AN ARTICLE IN A REVIEW FROM THE PEN OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN WHICH ACCOUNTS ARE GIVEN OF MASSANIELLO AND THE DUKE OF GUISE.

'I noticed a deserted corpse that lay in a corner, with a label attached to the breast. It was evidently one of the humblest citizens, and the address was "Rue St. Antoine". Honour to whom it was due! The Hampdens who saved Paris, and probably all France, from the paternal ordonnances of his Most Christian Majesty, were the canaille of St. Antoine, St. Denis, and St. Martin—men whom the chivalrous Sir Walter Scott would term the "brutal populace of a great town". His "high-born and high-bred" warriors never achieved a victory more beneficial to mankind. The freedom not only of France, but of all the Continent, was weighed in the balance against despotism, and prevailed by the efforts of soiled and swarthy artisans.'—*Letter from Paris, in* The Spectator [August 7, 1830].

THAT fisherman they talk of,—Massaniello,—
Was clearly, by his birth, a sorry fellow,
One of the raffs we shrink from in the street,
Wore an old hat,-and went with naked feet ;
Which made him fancy, the vain dog! he knew
More truths of poverty than I or you ;
Felt more for people's wrongs ; and loathed to see 'em,
For pure starvation, forced to sing *Te Deum*.
[For all reform is vanity or will ;
A modest man damns freedom, and sits still.]

So up this foppish Fisherman arose,
Got the poor fed, and helped himself to *cloès*,
And brought such wondering gallants to the block,
That writers for a court still feel the shock.
I cannot mention him myself, I own,
Nor paint the dread plebeian on his throne,
But fear must pelt his memory with a stone.

But mark, ye vain reformers, and beware;
Sore ills beset this new Dictator's chair:
Sore ills, and sore disputes; conspiring lords,
Fear to do wrong, daggers, and bowls, and cords;
Till vexed, and finding what a task he had,
And losing his nights' rest, the man went mad!
The people's head went mad! So dire a thing
It is, in men, to imitate a King!
Well,—being mad, of course he laid about him,
Till friends, like foes, were glad to do without him;
They killed him; kicked his body, which was funny;
And lords, from out of windows, threw them money.
So much for shoeless, hatless *Massaniello*,
Meaning 'Tom Lamb!' '*Tom Lamb!!*' Think of the fellow!!!

On t'other hand, commend me to the ease
And noble bearing of the Duke of Guise!
High-born and hot, respectable of course,
And one that sat most gracefully his horse.
So great a soul was Guise, that 'When', said he,
'God makes a person of my quality,
He stamps a something on him, 'twixt the eyes,
At which the heart within a tradesman dies.'
[Reader, if this be hard to understand,
Vide some Duke,—for instance, Cumberland.]
This Duke, so proper to direct the poor,
Not getting to be master, curst and swore,
Kicked the French flag, blasphemed till he was hoarse,
And uttered things (I'm loth to say it) coarse.
Something of this might possibly be true;
'Tis awful to reflect what rage can do;
But I suspect, that much of it was merely
A mode of venting his high mind sincerely;
Pure, sprightly oaths, and gentlemanly fire;
At least, th' accuser is a 'vulgar friar'.
I grant the Duke of Guise thought no great things
Of a few stabs, and petty poisonings:
'Tis curious, nowadays, when people scout 'em,
To see how quietly he talks about 'em:
But these were peccadilloes in those times,
Freaks of high birth, expediencies, no crimes:

31 A dog, enough to make a dandy bellow. *1830.*

Not like the vices of a low-born rabble,
Outcry, and want, and Famine's idiot babble.
Besides, 'his situation forced' our hero
To be a bit of Bloody-bones and Nero,
A thing in mobs which never can take place;
And then 'twas in the blood of all his race;
And if their son, poor fellow, was no wiser,
The reason was, 'he wanted an adviser'.

In short, give me, for a display of force,
A high-born, hacking blade upon a horse;
Who pummels the base many, that pretend
God made their skulls to any other end;
Not a low humanist, without a sou,
Who reads disgusting lessons to the few.

DOCTOR BAN

OR QUESTION FOR QUESTION

[First published, ? 1857, reprinted 1860.]

Terror's and wrath's brave champion, Doctor Ban,
Scorning us holders to the loving plan,
Asks if we 'take God for a gentleman?'

The scandal of the question match who can!
God's not, we own, to be defined by man;
But why must he resemble Doctor Ban?

EPISTLES

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON
ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ITALY AND GREECE

[First published in *The Examiner*, April 28, 1816; reprinted 1818.]

Dio ti dia, baron, ventura.—Pulci.

Since you resolve, dear Byron, once again
To taste the far-eyed freedom of the main,
And as the coolness lessens in the breeze,
Strike for warm shores that bathe in classic seas,—
May all that hastens, pleases, and secures,
Fair winds and skies, and a swift ship, be yours,
Whose sidelong deck affords, as it cuts on,
An airy slope to lounge and read upon;
And may the sun, cooled only by white clouds,
Make constant shadows of the sails and shrouds;
And may there be sweet, watching moons at night,
Or shows, upon the sea, of curious light;
And morning wake with happy-blushing mouth,
As though her husband still had 'eyes of youth';
While fancy, just as you discern from far
The coasts of Virgil and of Sannazar,
May see the Nymphs emerging, here and there,
To tie up at the light their rolling hair.

I see you now, half eagerness, half ease,
Ride o'er the dancing freshness of the seas;
I see you now (with fancy's eyesight too)
Find, with a start, that lovely vision true,
While on a sudden, o'er the horizon's line
Phoebus looks forth with his long glance divine,
At which old Ocean's white and shapely Daughters
Crowd in the golden ferment of the waters,
And halcyons brood, and there 's a glistering show
Of harps, midst bosoms and long arms of snow;
And from the breathing sea, in the God's eye,
A gush of voices breaks up to the sky
To hail the laurelled Bard, that goes careering by.

And who, thus gifted, but must hear and see
Wonders like these, approaching Italy?—
Enchantress Italy,—who born again
In Gothic fires, woke to a sphery strain,

And rose and smiled, far lovelier than before,
Copier of Greece, and Amazon no more,
But altogether a diviner thing,
Fit for the Queen of Europe's second spring,
With fancies of her own, and finer powers
Not to enslave these mere outsides of ours,
But bend the godlike mind, and crown it with her flowers.

Thus did she reign, bright-eyed, with that sweet tone
Long in her ears; and right before her throne
Have sat the intellectual Graces three,
Music, and Painting, and winged Poetry,
Of whom were born those great ones, thoughtful-faced,
That led the hierarchy of modern taste;—
Heavenly Composers, that with bow symphonious
Drew out, at last, music's whole soul harmonious;
Poets, that knew how Nature should be wooed,
With frank address, and terms heart-understood;
And Painters, worthy to be friends of theirs,
Hands that could catch the very finest airs
Of natural minds, and all that soul express
Of ready concord, which was made to bless,
And forms the secret of true amorousness.

Not that our English clime, how sharp soe'er,
Yields in ripe genius to the warmest sphere;
For what we want in sunshine out of doors,
And the long leisure of abundant shores,
By freedom, nay by sufferance, is supplied,
And each man's sacred sunshine, his fire-side.
But all the four great Masters of our Song,
Stars that shine out amidst a starry throng,
Have turned to Italy for added light,
As earth is kissed by the sweet moon at night;—
Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,
Spenser for flowers to fill his isles and vales,
And Shakspeare's self for frames already done
To build his everlasting piles upon.
Her genius is more soft, harmonious, fine;
Ours bolder, deeper, and more masculine:
In short, as woman's sweetness to man's force,
Less grand, but softening by the intercourse,
So the two countries are,—so may they be,—
England the high-souled man, the charmer Italy.

But I must finish, and shall chatter less
On Greece, for reasons which yourself may guess.
Only remember what you promised me
About the flask from dark-welled Castaly,—
A draught, which but to think of, as I sit,
Makes the room round me almost turn with wit.

Gods! What may not come true, what dream divine,
If thus we are to drink the Delphic wine!
Remember too elsewhere a certain town,
Whose fame, you know, Caesar will *not* hand down.

And pray, my Lord, in Italy take care,
You that are poet, and have pains to bear,
Of lovely girls, that step across the sight,
Like Houris in a heaven of warmth and light,
With rosy-cushioned mouths, in dimples set,
And ripe dark tresses, and glib eyes of jet.
The very language, from a woman's tongue,
Is worth the finest of all others sung.[1]

And so adieu, dear Byron,—dear to me
For many a cause, disinterestedly;—
First, for unconscious sympathy, when boys,
In friendship, and the Muse's trying joys;—
Next for that frank surprise, when Moore and you
Came to my cage, like warblers kind and true,
And told me, with your arts of cordial lying,
How well I looked, when you both thought me dying;—
Next for a rank worn simply, and the scorn
Of those who trifle with an age free-born;—

For early storms, on Fortune's basking shore,
That cut precocious ripeness to the core;—
For faults unhidden, other's virtues owned;
Nay, unless Cant's to be at once enthroned,
For virtues too, with whatsoever blended,
And e'en were none possessed, for none pretended;—
Lastly, for older friends,—fine hearts, held fast
Through every dash of chance, from first to last;—
For taking spirit as it means to be,—
For a stretched hand, ever the same to me,—
And total, glorious want of vile hypocrisy.

Adieu, adieu:—I say no more.—God speed you!
Remember what we all expect, who read you.

Hampstead, April 1816.

[1] *After l.* 95 *1816 has the following twelve lines:*

And yet alas, what charm could make you stay,
On whom the thought of one that 's far away
Shall ever wait, close as a lambent fire,—
An anxious angel face, pretending ire.
Nay, you may shake your head;—but pride scarce stirs
The lip, that yields again at thought of hers:
Nor shall that brow, whose haughty lamps of blue
Turn, almost dimm'd with unaccustomed dew,
Be long without the light that warm'd its bays,
Still less for clouds, that poisonous inks would raise,
And least of all, like Orpheus's of yore,
For having turned to gaze on her once more.

TO THOMAS MOORE

[First published in *The Examiner*, June 30, 1816, as 'Harry Brown to his cousin Thomas Brown, Jun., Letter I'; reprinted 1818.]

'Ωδε καλον βομβευντι ποτι σμανεσσι μελισσαι
——————————— ται δ' επι δενδρω
Ορνιθες λαλαγευντι· ———————————
——————— βαλλει δε και α πιτυς νψοθε κωνους.

Here, here sweetly murmur the bees,
Here talk the quick birds in the trees,
And the pines drop their nuts at their ease.
THEOCRITUS.

DEAR TOM, who enjoying your brooks and your bowers,
Live just like a bee, when he 's flushest of flowers,—
A maker of sweets, busy, sparkling, and singing,
Yet armed with an exquisite point too for stinging,—
I owe you a letter, and having this time
A whole series to write to you, send them in rhyme;
For rhyme, with its air, and its step-springing tune,
Helps me on, as a march does a soldier in June;
And when chattering to you, I've a something about me,
That makes all my spirits come dancing from out me.

I told you, you know, you should have a detail
Of Hampstead's whole merits,—heath, wood, hill, and vale,
And threatened in consequence (only admire
The metal one 's turned to by dint of desire)
To draw you all near me,—vain dog that I was,—
As the bees are made swarm by the clinking of brass.

(By the bye, this comparison, well understood,—
Is, modestly speaking, still better than good;
For a man who once kept them in London, they say,
Found out that they came here to dine every day.)

But at present, for reasons I'll give when we meet,
I shall spare you the trouble,—I mean to say treat;
And yet how can I touch, and not linger a while,
On the spot that has haunted my youth like a smile?
On its fine breathing prospects, its clump-wooded glades,
Dark pines, and white houses, and long-allied shades,
With fields going down, where the bard lies and sees
The hills up above him with roofs in the trees?
Now too, while the season,—half summer, half spring,—
Brown elms and green oaks,—makes one loiter and sing;
And the bee's weighty murmur comes by us at noon,
And the cuckoo repeats his short indolent tune,

9 chattering] chatting *1816*.

And little white clouds lie about in the sun,
And the wind 's in the west, and hay-making begun ?

Even now while I write, I'm half stretched on the ground
With a cheek-smoothing air coming taking me round,
Betwixt hillocks of green, plumed with fern and wild flowers,
While my eye closely follows the bees in their bowers.
People talk of '*poor* insects', (although, by the way,
Your old friend, Anacreon, was wiser than they);
But lord, what a set of delicious retreats
The epicures live in,—shades, colours, and sweets!
The least clumps of verdure, on peeping into 'em,
Are emerald groves, with bright shapes winding through 'em;
And sometimes I wonder, when poking down by 'em,
What odd sort of giant the rogues may think I am.
Here perks from his arbour of crimson or green
A beau, who slips backward as though he were seen:—
Here, over my paper another shall go,
Looking just like the traveller lost in the snow,—
Till he reaches the writing,—and then, when he 's eyed it,
What nodding, and touching, and coasting beside it!
No fresh-water spark, in his uniform fine,
Can be graver when *he* too first crosses the line:—
Now he stops at a question, as who should say 'Hey?'
Now casts his round eye up the yawn of an A;
Now resolves to be bold, half afraid he shall sink,
And like Giffard before him, can't tell what to think.

Oh the wretched transition to insects like these
From those of the country! To town from the trees!
Ah, Tom,—you who've run the gay circle of life,
And squared it, at last, with your books and a wife,—
Who in Bond-street by day, when the press has been thickest,
Have had all the 'digito monstror' and 'hic est',
Who've shone at great houses in coach-crowded streets,
Amidst lights, wits, and beauties, and musical treats,
And had the best pleasure a guest could befall,
In being, yourself, the best part of it all,—
Can the town (and I'm fond of it too, when I'm there)
Can the town, after all, with the country compare ?

But this is a subject I keep for my last,
Like the fruit in green leaves, which conclude a repast.—
Adieu. In my next you'll hear more of the town;
Till when, and for ever, dear Coz.

HARRY BROWN.

72 conclude] concludes *1816*.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, July 7, 1816, as 'Harry Brown to his Cousin Tom, Jun., Letter II'; reprinted 1818. Text 1818.]

Per me si va nella città dolente.—DANTE.
Through me you go into the city,—grieving. *1816, 1818.*
Tota hujus mundi concordia ex discordibus constat.—SENECA.
The whole of this world's music is made up of discords. *1816.*

Ridiculum acri
Plenius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.—HORACE.

When all your acrids will not do
To help you eat your troubles through,
A laugh shall cut the knot in two. *1816.*

WOULD you change, my dear Tom, your old mode of proceeding,
And make a dull end to a passage worth reading,—
I mean, would you learn how to let your wit down,
You'd walk some fine morning from Hampstead to town.

What think you of going by gardens and bowers,
Through fields of all colours, refreshed by night-showers,—
Some spotted with hay-cocks, some dark with ploughed mould,
Some changed by the mower from green to pale gold,—
A scene of ripe sunshine the hedges betwixt,
With here and there farm-houses, tree-intermixed,
And an air in your face, ever fanning and sweet,
And the birds in your ears, and a turf for your feet;—
And then, after all, to encounter a throng of
Canal-men, and hod-men, unfit to make song of,
Midst ale-houses, puddles, and backs of street-roads,
And all sorts of rubbish, and crashing cart-loads,
And so on, eye-smarting, and ready to choke,
Till you end in hot narrowness, clatter, and smoke!

'Tis Swift after Spenser, or daylight with candles,
A sea-song succeeding a pastoral of Handel's,
A step unexpected, that jars one's inside,
The shout-raising fall at the end of a slide,
A yawn to a kiss, a flock followed by dust,
The hoop of a beauty seen after her bust,
A reckoning, a parting, a snake in the grass,
A time when a man says, 'What! Come to *this* pass!'[1]

[1] *1816 has another forty-six lines.*

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, July 28, 1816, as 'Harry Brown's Letters to his Friends. Letter V. To his Cousin Thomas Brown, Jun. Letter 4'; reprinted, with omissions, 1818. Text 1818.]

THE BERKELEIAN SYSTEM

You know, my dear Tom, that the objects we see,[1]
Are not, on the whole, what we take 'em to be;
And that colour, shape, surface, are modifications,
At least more or less, of our purblind sensations.
A set now of needles, like certain smooth souls,
Are as rough, on inspection, as old iron poles;
The sun, to us dim little critics, Lord love us!
Seems hardly worth measuring, he 's so much above us;
And mountains, like lovers, whatever their hue,
When kept at a distance, are sure to look blue.

The thing is notorious. Nay, as for that matter,
To talk about *colour* is only to chatter;
For like a complexion put on for the night,
'Tis all but a business of optics and light;
And a pair of red garters, although 'twould be wrong to—
Are just, in the dark,—like the girl they belong to.

This truth, though it 's stale to the present deep age,
Had once such effect on a good mitred sage,
That mistrusting those brilliant deceivers the eyes,
He resolved to put faith in no sort of disguise;
And (how he contrived, I don't know, with St. Paul)
Concluded there really was nothing at all.
Friends, pictures, books, gardens, like things in romances,
To him were but fictions,—agreeable fancies;
And things not so pleasant, of course, such as aches,
Wounds, fractures, and thumps, were but cruel mistakes,
Did he cry, 'A thought strikes me', you turned round to know
What thought 'twas he spoke of, a kick or bon-mot;
Had your brains been displaced by a bullet of lead,
'Twas a painful idea had got into your head;
And did any one speak of a wreck on the ocean,
He fell, as the crew had done, into a notion.

[1] *1816 opens with eight and closes with forty-two lines, omitted in 1818.*

TO WILLIAM HAZLITT

[First published in *The Examiner*, July 14, 1816, as 'Harry Brown's Letters to his Friends. Letter III. To W. H. Esq.'; reprinted 1818, 1860 (part).]

> Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
> Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
> MILTON, Eleg. 7.
>
> Enjoying now the range of town at ease,
> And now the neighb'ring rural villages.

DEAR HAZLITT, whose tact intellectual is such
That it seems to feel truth, as one 's fingers do touch,—
Who in politics, arts, metaphysics, poetics,
To critics in these times, are health to cosmetics,
And nevertheless,—or I rather should say,
For that very reason,—can relish boy's play,
And turning on all sides, through pleasures and cares,
Find nothing more precious than laughs and fresh airs;—

One's life, I conceive, might go prettily down
In a due easy mixture of country and town;—
Not after the fashion of most with two houses,
Who gossip, and gape, and just follow their spouses,
And let their abode be wherever it will,
Are the same vacant, house-keeping animals still;—
But with due sense of each, and of all that it yields,—
In the town, of the town,—in the fields, of the fields;
In the one, for example, to feel as we go on,
That streets are about us, arts, people, and so on;
In t'other, to value the stillness, the breeze,
And love to see farms, and to get among trees.

Each his liking, of course,—so that this be the rule.—
For my part, who went in the city to school,
And whenever I got in a field, felt my soul in it
—*Spring* so, that like a young horse I could roll in it,
—*My* inclinations are much what they were,
And cannot dispense, in the first place, with air;
But then I would have the most rural of nooks
Just near enough town to make use of its books,
And to walk there, whenever I chose to make calls,
To look at the ladies, and lounge at the stalls.

To tell you the truth, I could spend very well
Whole mornings in this way 'twixt here and Pall Mall,
And make my gloves' fingers as black as my hat,
In pulling the books up from this stall and that:—
Then turning home gently through field and o'er style,
Partly reading a purchase, or rhyming the while,
Take my dinner (to make a long evening) at two,
With a few droppers-in like my Cousin and you,

1 Hazlitt] H** *1816.* 2 one's fingers do] pure matter of *1860.*

Who can season the talk with the right-flavoured attic,
Too witty, for tattling,—too wise, for dogmatic ;—
Then take down an author, whom one of us mentions,
And doat, for a while, on his jokes or inventions ;
Then have Mozart touched, on our bottle's completion,
Or one of your fav'rite trim ballads Venetian :—
Then up for a walk before tea down a valley,
And so to come back through a leafy-walled alley,
In which the sun peeping, as into a chamber,
Looks gold on the leaves, turning some to sheer amber :
Then tea made by one, who (although my wife she be),
If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe ;
Then silence a little,—a creeping twilight,—
Then an egg for your supper, with lettuces white,
And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night.

Now this I call passing a few devout hours
Becoming a world that has friendships and flowers ;
That has lips also, made for still more than to chat to ;
And if it has rain, has a rainbow for that too.

'Lord bless us !' exclaims some old hunks in a shop,
'What useless young dogs !'—and falls combing a crop.
'How idle !' another cries—'really a sin !'
And starting up, takes his first customer in.
'At least,' cries another, 'it 's nothing but pleasure ;'
Then longs for the Monday, quite sick of his leisure.
'What toys !' cries the sage haggard statesman,—'what stuff !'
Then fillips his ribband, to shake off the snuff,
'How profane !' cries the preacher, proclaiming his message ;
Then calls God's creation a vile dirty passage.
'Lips too !' cries a vixen,—and fidgets, and stirs,
And concludes (which is true) that I didn't mean hers.

Yet most of these sages, dear Will, would agree,
To get what they could out of you and of me,—
To stir up their jog-trotting dullness at times
With your cannonade reasoning, or dance of my rhymes.
They only would have us dig on like themselves,
Yet be all observation to furnish their shelves ;
Would only expect us (inordinate crew !)
To be just what they are, and delight them all too !
As well might they ask the explorers of oceans
To make their discoveries, as doctors do lotions ;
Or shut up some bees in the till with their money,
And look, on the Sabbath, to breakfast on honey.

The secret, in fact, why most people condemn,
Is not that men differ, but differ with them.
And yet if the world were put under their keeping,
Our only resource from a pond would be sleeping.

ll. 70 to end om. 1860.

I've thought of, sometimes, when amused with these cavils,
A passage I met with in somebody's travels,—
A merchant's,—who sailing from Greece to Triësté,
Grew vexed with the crew, and avowedly testy,
Because, as he said, being lazy and Greeks,
They were always for putting in harbours and creeks,
And instead of conveying him quick with his lading,
(As any men would, who had due sense of trading)
Could never come near a green isle with a spring,
But smack they went to it, like birds on the wing;
And taking their wine out, and strumming their lutes,
Fell drinking and dancing,—like so many brutes.

Ah, Will, there are some birds and beasts, I'm afraid,
Who if they could peep upon some of the trade,
And see them pale, sneaking, proud, faithless of trust,
Midst their wainscotted twilight, and bundles, and dust,
Would wonder what strange kind of nest and of blisses
The creatures had picked from a world such as this is.
Imagine, for instance, a lark at the casement
Stand glancing his head about, deep in amazement;
Then turning it up to the cloud-silvered skies,
Strikes off to the fields with the air in his eyes,
And heaving and heaving,—thrilled, quivering, and even,
Goes mounting his steps of wild music to heaven.

I blame (you'll bear witness) these tricksters and hiders
No more than I quarrel with bats or with spiders:—
All, all have their uses, though never so hideous;—
But bats shouldn't fancy their eyesight prodigious.

You see I can't mention the country again,
But I'm off like a Harlequin, plump through the pane.[1]

TO BARRON FIELD

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 11, 1816, as 'Harry Brown's Letters to his Friends. Letter VI. To B. F. Esq.'; reprinted 1818, 1860. Text 1818.]

Dear Field, my old friend, who love strait-forward verse,
And will take it, like marriage, for better, for worse,—
Who cheered my fire-side, when we grew up together,
And still warm my heart in these times and this weather;
I know you'll be glad to see, under my hand,
That I'm still, as the phrase is, alive in the land,
When you hear, that since meeting the bright-eyed and witty,
I've been asked to an absolute feast in the city!

[1] *1816 concludes:*

I forget I'm in town, and have letters to write
To my Cousin about it;—and so, Sir, goodnight.
(PS. No news of the Bourbons.—You've heard of the blight.)
(*Letter the 3rd*, to Thomas Brown, Jun. *Next week.*)

1 Field] F. *1816*. 8 asked to] at *1816*.

Yes, Barron, no more of the Nelsons and Jervises:
—*Dinner's* the place for the hottest of services;
—*There's* the array, and the ardour to win,
The clashing, and splashing, and crashing, and din;
With fierce intercepting of convoys of butter,
And phrases and outcries tremendous to utter,—
Blood, devils, and drum-sticks,—now cut it—the jowl there—
Brains, bones, head and shoulders, and into the sole there!
The veterans too, round you—how obviously brave!
What wounds and what swellings they bear to their grave!
Some red as a fever, some pallid as death,
Some ballustrade-legged, others panting for breath,
Some jaundiced, some jaded, some almost a jelly,
And numbers with horrid contusion of belly.

No wonder the wise look on dinners like these,
As so much sheer warfare with pain and disease.
Indeed, you may see by the gestures and grins
Which some dishes make, how they wait for one's sins;—
The gape of a cod-fish, and round staring eye,
The claws that threat up from a fierce pigeon pye,—
Don't they warn us, with signs at which heroes might shiver,
Of wounds in the midriff, and scars in the liver?
Even hares become bold in so desperate a case,
And with hollow defiance look full in one's face.

This made, t'other day, a physician declare,
That disease, bonâ fide, was part of our fare.
For example, he held that a plate of green fruit
Was not only substance, but colic to boot;
That veal, besides making an exquisite dish,
Was a fine indigestion, and so was salt fish;
That a tongue was most truly a thing to provoke,
Hasty-pudding slow poison, and trifle no joke.
Had you asked him accordingly, what was the fare,
When he dined t'other day with the vicar or may'r,
He'd have said, 'Oh, of course, every thing of the best,
Gout, head-ache, and fever, and pain in the chest.'
'Twas thus too at table, when helping the meat,
He'd have had you encourage the people to eat,—
As 'Pray, Sir, allow me,—a slice of this gout;
I could get no St. Anthony's fire—it's quite out.
Mr. P. there,—more nightmare? my hand's quite at leisure?
A glass of slow fever? I'm sure with great pleasure.
My dear Mrs. H., why your plate's always empty!
Now can't a small piece of this agony tempt ye?'
And then leaning over, with spoon and with smile,
'Do let me, Miss Betsy,—a little more bile?—
Have I no more persuasion with you too, Miss Virtue?
A little, I'm sure, of this cough couldn't hurt you.'

9 Barron] B . . *1816.*

Now all this is good, and didactic enough
For those who'd make bodies mere cushions to stuff:
Excess is bad always;—but there 's a relation
Of this same Excess, sometimes called Moderation,
Who wonders, and smiles, and concludes you a glutton,
If helped more than he is to turnips and mutton,—
A Southey in soups, who though changing his whim,
Would still have your living take pattern by him,—
In short, a Procrustes, who'd measure one's dishes,
As t'other did beds, to his own size or wishes.

Alas, we might ask every person we meet
To talk just as we do, as well as to eat,—
Enjoin the same rest to the brisk and tired out,
One repair to all tenements, shattered or stout,
One pay for all earnings, contents for all cases,
Nay, quarrel with people for difference of faces,
And turning beside us, with angry surprise,
Say, 'Why an't you like me, Sir,—nose, mouth, and eyes?'

Each his ways, each his wants; and then taking our food,
'Tis exercise turns it to glad-flowing blood.
We must shun, it is true, what we find doesn't suit
With our special digestions,—wine, water, or fruit;
But from all kinds of action one thing we may learn,—
That nature'll indulge us, provided we earn.
We study her fields, and find 'books in the brooks';
We range them, ride, walk, and come safe from the cooks.

Thus I look upon shoes whitened thickly with dust,
As entitling the bearer to double pye-crust;
A mere turnpike ticket 's a passport to lamb;
But a row up the Thames lands you safely at ham.

But here I must finish, or else I shall run
Through a world of blithe wisdom, and never have done.
And now, after all, why this subject to you,
To whom I am bidding a long, long adieu?
Why, because not content with two dinners, you see,
To take my leave of you, I needs must have three;
And so have insidiously got you to be a
True guest of a poet, and dine in idea.

So here, in your old friend the Barmecide's glass,
Is to you, dear Field, and your new-married lass.
May a breath from blue heaven your vessel attend,
As true to the last, as you've been to your friend;
And may all meet again to grow young in our joys,
And you and I, Barron, be happy old boys.

86 ham] Ham *1860*.
96 Field] F., *1816*.
ll. 89–100 *om.* *1860*.
100 Barron] B . . *1816*.

TO CHARLES LAMB

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 25, 1816, as 'Harry Brown's Letters to his Friends. Letter VII. To C. L.'; reprinted 1818, 1860 (part). Text 1818.]

O THOU, whom old Homer would call, were he living,
Home-lover, thought-feeder, abundant-joke-giving;
Whose charity springs from deep-knowledge, nor swerves
Into mere self-reflections, or scornful reserves;
In short, who were made for two centuries ago,
When Shakspeare drew men, and to write was to know;—

You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,
Without thinking of you and your visiting feats,
When you call to remembrance how you and one more,
When I wanted it most, used to knock at my door.
For when the sad winds told us rain would come down,
Or snow upon snow fairly clogged up the town,
And dun yellow fogs brooded over its white,
So that scarcely a being was seen towards night,
Then, then said the lady yclept near and dear,
'Now mind what I tell you,—the L.'s will be here.'
So I poked up the flame, and she got out the tea,
And down we both sat, as prepared as could be;
And there, sure as fate, came the knock of you two,
Then the lanthorn, the laugh, and the 'Well, how d'ye do?'

Then your palm tow'rds the fire, and your face turned to me,
And shawls and great-coats being—where they should be,—
And due 'never saw's' being paid to the weather,
We cherished our knees, and sat sipping together,
And leaving the world to the fogs and the fighters,
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of writers;
Of Shakspeare's coevals, all spirits divine;
Of Chapman, whose Homer's a fine rough old wine;
Of Marvell, wit, patriot, and poet, who knew
How to give, both at once, Charles and Cromwell their due;
Of Spenser, who wraps you, wherever you are,
In a bow'r of seclusion beneath a sweet star;
Of Richardson too, who afflicts us so long,
We begin to suspect him of nerves over strong;
In short, of all those who give full-measured page,
Not forgetting Sir Thomas, my ancestor sage,
Who delighted (so happy were all his digestions)
In puzzling his head with impossible questions.

But *now*, Charles—you never (so blissful you deem me)
Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella, to see me,

7 You'll not be surprised that I can't walk the streets *1816*.
16 L.'s] Lambs *1860*.

In vain have we hoped to be set at our ease
By the rains, which you know used to bring Lamb and pease;
In vain we look out like the children in Thomson,
And say, in our innocence, 'Surely he'll come soon'.

'Tis true, I do live in a vale, at my will,
With sward to my gateway, and trees on the hill:
My health too gets on; and now autumn is nigh,
The sun has come back, and there 's really blue sky,
But then, the late weather, I think, had its merits,
And might have induced you to look at one's spirits;
We hadn't much thunder and lightning, I own;
But the rains might have led you to walk out of town;
And what made us think your desertion still stranger,
The roads were so bad, there was really some danger;
At least where I live; for the nights were so groping,
The rains made such wet, and the paths are so sloping,
That few, unemboldened by youth or by drinking,
Came down without lanthorns,—nor then without shrinking.
And really, to see the bright spots come and go,
As the path rose or fell, was a fanciful show.
Like fairies they seemed, pitching up from their nooks,
And twinkling upon us their bright little looks;
Or if there appeared but a single, slow light,
It seemed Polyphemus, descending by night
To walk in his anguish about the green places,
And see where his mistress lay dreaming of Acis.

I fancy him now, coming just where she sleeps;
He parts the close hawthorns, and hushes, and creeps;—
The moon slips from under the dark clouds, and throws
A light, through the leaves, on her smiling repose.
There, there she lies, bowered;—a slope for her bed;
One branch, like a hand, reaches over her head;
Half naked, half shrinking, with side-swelling grace,
A crook's 'twixt her bosom, and crosses her face,—
The crook of her shepherd;—and close to her lips
Lies the Pan-pipe he blows, which in sleeping she sips;—
The giant's knees totter, with passions diverse;
Ah, how can he bear it! Ah, what could be worse!
He 's ready to cry out, for anguish of heart;
And tears himself off, lest she wake with a start.[1]

42 Lamb] L—— *1816*. . *ll.* 55 *to end om. 1860.*
[1] *1816 concludes with two lines, om. 1818:*
So much for the *streets* I gave out as my text;
But of these, my dear L., you must hear in my next.

SONNETS

QUIET EVENINGS

TO THOMAS BARNES, ESQ.

WRITTEN FROM HAMPSTEAD

[First published as 'Sonnet to T. B. Esq.' in *The Examiner*, February 14, 1813; reprinted 1814, 1815, 1832, 1844–60.]

DEAR BARNES, whose native taste, sòlid and clear,
The throng of life has strengthened without harm,
You know the rural feeling, and the charm
That stillness has for a world-fretted ear:—
'Tis now deep whispering all about me here
With thousand tiny hushings, like a swarm
Of atom bees, or fairies in alarm,
Or noise of numerous bliss from distant sphere.

This charm our evening hours duly restore,—
Nought heard through all our little, lulled abode,
Save the crisp fire, or leaf of book turned o'er,
Or watch-dog, or the ring of frosty road.
Wants there no other sound then?—Yes, one more,—
The voice of friendly visiting, long owed.

Hampstead, January 20, 1813.

Title *first added in 1844*.
5 whispering] working, *1813*.
1 Barnes] B—— *1813*.
6 a] the *1813*.

TO HAMPSTEAD

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 29, 1813; reprinted 1815, 1860.]

SWEET upland, to whose walks with fond repair
Out of thy western slope I took my rise
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air,—
If health, unearned of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

Wait then my coming, on that lightsome land,
Health, and the Joy that out of nature springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks;—but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And Honour, and the Muse with growing wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably.

Surrey Jail, August 27, 1813.

TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 7, 1814, as 'Sonnet to Hampstead. II'; reprinted 1815, 1860. Text 1815.]

They tell me, when my tongue grows warm on thee,
Dear gentle hill, with tresses green and bright,
That thou art wanting in the finishing sight
Sweetest of all for summer eye to see;—
That whatsoe'er thy charm of spire and tree,
Of dell wrapped in, or airy-viewing height,
No water looks from out thy face with light,
Or waits upon thy walks refreshfully.

It may be so,—casual though pond or brook:—
Yet not to me so full of all that 's fair,
Though fruit-embowered, with fingering sun between,
Were the divinest fount in Fancy's nook,
In which the Nymphs sit tying up their hair,
Their white backs glistening through the myrtles green.

Surrey Jail, August 1814.

4 Sweetest . . . eye] Freshest . . . eyes *1860*.
5 spire] tower *1814*, *1860*.
9 casual though] despite of *1860*.
11 fruit-] frail- *1860*.

TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, December 18, 1814, as 'Sonnet to Hampstead. IV'; reprinted 1815, 1860.]

Winter has reached thee once again at last;
And now the rambler, whom thy groves yet please,
Feels on his house-warm lips the thin air freeze;
While in his shrugging neck the resolute blast
Comes edging; and the leaves, in heaps down cast,
He shuffles with his hastening foot, and sees
The cold sky whitening through the wiry trees,
And sighs to think his loitering noons have passed.

And do I love thee less to paint thee so?
No: this the season is of beauty still
Doubled at heart,—of smoke with whirling glee
Uptumbling ever from the blaze below,
And home remembered most,—and oh, loved hill,
The second, and the last, away from thee!

Surrey Jail, November 1814.

TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, May 7, 1815, as 'Sonnet to Hampstead. VI'; reprinted 1815, 1860.]

THE baffled spell, that bound me, is undone;
And I have breathed once more beneath thy sky,
Lovely-browed Hampstead, and my sight have run
O'er and about thee, and had scarce drawn nigh,
When I beheld, in momentary sun,
One of thy hills gleam bright and bosomy,
Just like that orb of orbs, a human one,
Let forth by chance upon a lover's eye.

Forgive me then, that not before I spoke;
For all the comforts, missed in close distress,
With airy nod came up from every part
O'er-smiling speech: and so I gazed and took
A long, deep draught of silent freshfulness,
Ample, and gushing round my fevered heart.

May 3, 1815.

3 sight] looks *Examiner, 1860.*
4 drawn] drew *Examiner.*
9 before] till now *Examiner, 1860.*
14 fevered] feeble *1860.*
date May 3 *in Examiner.*

TO THE SAME

[First published in *The Examiner*, May 14, 1815, as 'Sonnet to Hampstead. VII' reprinted 1815, 1860.]

As one who after long and far-spent years
Comes on his mistress in an hour of sleep,
And half-surprised that he can silence keep,
Stands smiling o'er her through a flash of tears,
To see how sweet and self-same she appears;
Till at his touch, with little moving creep
Of joy, she wakes from out her calmness deep,
And then his heart finds voice, and dances round her ears:—

So I, first coming on my haunts again,
In pause and stillness of the early prime,
Stood thinking of the past and present time,
With earnest eyesight, scarcely crossed with pain;
Till the fresh moving leaves, and startling birds,
Loosened my long-suspended breath in words.

May 7, 1815.

3 half-surprised] wond'ring half *1860.*
13 fresh-moving *1860.*

DESCRIPTION OF HAMPSTEAD

[First published in *The Examiner*, November 12, 1815; as 'Hampstead VII. Description of the Village', reprinted 1818, and in *Rimini*, &c., Boston, 1844.]

A steeple issuing from a leafy rise,
With farmy fields in front, and sloping green,
Dear Hampstead, is thy southern face serene,
Silently smiling on approaching eyes.
Within, thine ever-shifting looks surprise,—
Streets, hills, and dells, trees overhead now seen,
Now down below, with smoking roofs between,—

A village, revelling in varieties.
Then northward what a range,—with heath and pond,
Nature's own ground; woods that let mansions through,
And cottaged vales with pillowy fields beyond,
And clump of darkening pines, and prospects blue,
And that clear path through all, where daily meet
Cool cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and morn-elastic feet.

TO T. M. ALSAGER, ESQ.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S MINIATURE, ON LEAVING PRISON

[First published in 1815; reprinted 1860.]

Some grateful trifle let me leave with you,
Dear Alsager, whose knock at evening fall,
And interchange of books, and kindness all,
Fresh neighbourhood about my prison threw,
And buds of solace that to friendship grew:—
Myself it is, who if your study wall
Has room, would find a nestling corner small,
To catch, at times, a cordial glance or two.

May peace be still found there, and evening leisure,
And that which gives a room both eye and heart,
The clear, warm fire, that clicks along the coal;
And never harsher sound, than the fine pleasure
Of lettered friend, or music's mingling art,
That fetches out in smiles the mutual soul.

TO KOSCIUSKO

WHO NEVER FOUGHT EITHER FOR BUONAPARTE OR THE ALLIES

[First published in *The Examiner*, November 19, 1815; reprinted 1818, 1832–60. Text 1818.]

'Tis like thy patient valour thus to keep,
Great Kosciusko, to the rural shade,
While Freedom's ill-found amulet still is made
Pretence for old aggression, and a heap
Of selfish mockeries. There, as in the sweep
Of stormier fields, thou earnest with thy blade,
Transformed, not inly altered, to the spade,
Thy never-yielding right to a calm sleep.

Nature, 'twould seem, would leave to man's worse wit
The small and noisier parts of this world's frame,
And keep the calm green amplitudes of it
Sacred from fopperies and inconstant blame.
Cities may change, and sovereigns; but 'tis fit,
Thou, and the country old, be still the same.

November 12, 1815.

Sub-title. WHO TOOK PART NEITHER WITH BONAPARTE IN THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER, NOR WITH THE ALLIES IN THE HEIGHT OF THEIRS. *1815.*

2 the] thy *Examiner, 1815.*

ll. 9–14: There came a wanderer, borne from land to land
Upon a couch, pale, many-wounded, mild,
His brow with patient pain dulcetly sour.
Men stooped with awful sweetness on his hand,
And kissed it; and collected Virtue smiled,
To think how sovereign her enduring hour. *1832–60.*

THE POETS

[First published in *The Examiner*, December 24, 1815; not reprinted.]

Were I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say,
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way;
Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye;
Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high;
Spenser for luxury, and sweet, sylvan play;
Horace for chatting with, from day to day;
Shakspeare for all, but most, society.

But which take with me, could I take but one?
Shakspeare,—as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser;
But did I wish, out of the common sun,
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing,—Spenser.

WRITTEN UNDER THE ENGRAVING OF A PORTRAIT OF RAFAEL, PAINTED BY HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS YOUNG

[First published in *The Examiner*, November 17, 1816, signed 'Leigh Hunt, *pinxit*'; reprinted 1818.]

Rafael! It must be he; we only miss
  Something which manhood gave him, and the fair;
  A look still sweeter and more thoughtful air;
But for the rest, 'tis every feature his,
The oval cheek, clear eye, mouth made to kiss,
  Terse lightsome chin, and flush of gentle hair
  Clipped ere it loitered into ringlets there,—
The beauty, the benignity, the bliss.

How sweetly sure he looks! how unforlorn!
  There is but one such visage at a time;
'Tis like the budding of an age new born,
  Remembered youth, the cuckoo in the prime,
The maid's first kiss, or any other thing
Most lovely, and alone, and promising.

Title and l. 1 Raphael *1816*.
3 A look more thoughtful and still sweeter air *1816*.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 21, 1817; reprinted 1818, 1832, 1844–60.]

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
  Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
  Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;—
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
  With those who think the candles come too soon,
  Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;—

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
  One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
  At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
  In doors and out,—summer and winter,—Mirth.

December 30, 1816.

3 that's heard amidst] left stirring midst *1817*.
12 were sent on] seem given to *1832–60*.
13 sing] ring *1817, 1860*. *Date om. 1832.*

TO MRS. L. H.

ON HER MODELLING A BUST OF THE AUTHOR

PUBLIC WANDSWORTH LIBRARY

[First published 1818; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

Ah, Marian mine, the face you look on now
Is not exactly like my wedding-day's:
Sunk is its cheek, deeper-retired its gaze,
Less white and smooth its temple-flattened brow.
Sorrow has been there with his silent plough,
And strait, stern hand. No matter, if it raise
Aught that affection fancies it may praise,
Or make me worthier of Apollo's bough.

Loss, after all,—such loss especially,—
Is transfer, change, but not extinction,—no;
Part in our children's apple cheeks I see;
And, for the rest, while you look at me so,
Take care you do not smile it back to me,
And miss the copied furrows as you go.

Title. To my wife. On modelling my bust *1860.*
8 of] than *1860.*

TO MISS K.

WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF PAPER WHICH HAPPENED TO BE HEADED WITH A LONG LIST OF TREES

[First published 1818; reprinted 1860.]

There, Bess, your namesake held not sceptred hand
Under a canopy, so full and bright,
Not even that which Spenser hung with light,
And little shouldering angels made expand,
When she sat arbitress of fairy-land.
Fancy a sun o'er head, to make the sight
Warm outwards, and a bank with daisies white,
And you're a rural queen, finished and fanned.

And now what sylvan homage would it please
Your Leafyship to have? bracelets of berries,
Feathers of jays, or tassels made of cherries,
Strawberries and milk, or pippins crisp to squeeze?
No, says your smile,—but two things richer far,
A verse, and a staunch friend;—and here they are.

TO PERCY SHELLEY

ON THE DEGRADING NOTIONS OF DEITY

[First published 1818; reprinted 1860.]

What wonder, Percy, that with jealous rage
Men should defame the kindly and the wise,
When in the midst of the all-beauteous skies,
And all this lovely world, that should engage
Their mutual search for the old golden age,
They seat a phantom, swelled into grim size
Out of their own passions and bigotries,
And then, for fear, proclaim it meek and sage!

And this they call a light and a revealing!
Wise as the clown, who plodding home at night
In autumn, turns at call of fancied elf,
And sees upon the fog, with ghastly feeling,
A giant shadow in its imminent might,
Which his own lanthorn throws up from himself.

TO THE SAME

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

Yet, Percy, not for this, should he whose eye
Sees loveliness, and the unselfish joy
Of justice, turn him, like a peevish boy,
At hindrances and thwartings; and deny
Wisdom's divinest privilege, constancy;
That which most proves him free from the alloy
Of useless earth,—least prone to the decoy
That clamours down weak pinions from the sky.

The Spirit of Beauty, though by solemn quires
Hourly blasphemed, stoops not from its calm end,
And forward breathing love, but ever on
Rolls the round day, and calls the starry fires
To their glad watch. Therefore, high-hearted friend,
Be still with thine own task in unison.

TO HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE, AND VINCENT NOVELLO

NOT KEEPING THEIR APPOINTED HOUR

[First published 1818; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

HARRY, my friend, who full of tasteful glee,
Have music all about you, heart and lips;
And, John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly;
And, Vincent, you, who with like mastery
Can chase the notes with fluttering finger-tips,
Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,
Or sway the organ with firm royalty;

Why stop ye on the road? The day, 'tis true,
Shows us as in a diamond all things clear,
And makes the hill-surmounting eye rejoice,
Doubling the earthly green, the heavenly blue;
But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,
And give the beauty of the day a voice.

TO JOHN KEATS

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

'TIS well you think me truly one of those,
Whose sense discerns the loveliness of things;
For surely as I feel the bird that sings
Behind the leaves, or dawn as it up grows,
Or the rich bee rejoicing as he goes,
Or the glad issue of emerging springs,
Or overhead the glide of a dove's wings,
Or turf, or trees, or, midst of all, repose:

And surely as I feel things lovelier still,
The human look, and the harmonious form
Containing woman, and the smile in ill,
And such a heart as Charles's,[1] wise and warm,—
As surely as all this, I see, ev'n now,
Young Keats, a flowering laurel on your brow.

[1] Charles C. C., a mutual friend. [H.]

ON RECEIVING A CROWN OF IVY FROM THE SAME

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

A CROWN of ivy! I submit my head
To the young hand that gives it,—young, 'tis true,
But with a right, for 'tis a poet's too.
How pleasant the leaves feel! and how they spread
With their broad angles, like a nodding shed
Over both eyes! and how complete and new,
As on my hand I lean, to feel them strew
My sense with freshness,—Fancy's rustling bed!

Tress-tossing girls, with smell of flowers and grapes
Come dancing by, and downward piping cheeks,
And up-thrown cymbals, and Silenus old
Lumpishly borne, and many trampling shapes,—
And lastly, with his bright eyes on her bent,
Bacchus.—whose bride has of his hand fast hold.

ON THE SAME

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

IT is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be topped with leaves;—to have a sense
Of honour-shaded thought,—an influence
As from great Nature's fingers, and be twined
With her old, sacred, verdurous ivy-bind,
As though she hallowed with that sylvan fence
A head that bows to her benevolence,
Midst pomp of fancied trumpets in the wind.

'Tis what 's within us crowned. And kind and great
Are all the conquering wishes it inspires,—
Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,
Love of love's self, and ardour for a state
Of natural good befitting such desires,
Towns without gain, and haunted solitudes.

TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

[First published in *The Examiner*, October 20, 1816; reprinted in 1818.]

HAYDON, whom now the conquered toil confesses
Painter indeed, gifted, laborious, true,
Fit to be numbered in succession due
With Michael, whose idea austerely presses,
And sweet-souled Raphael with his amorous tresses;
Well hast thou urged thy radiant passage through
A host of clouds; and he who with thee grew,
The bard and friend, congratulates and blesses.

'Tis glorious thus to have one's own proud will,
And see the crown acknowledged that we earn;
But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,
To feel one's-self, in hours serene and still,
One of the spirits chosen by heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes.

September 3, 1816.

Title. Written in a blank leaf of his Copy of Vasari's Lives of the Painters. *1816.*
11 yet] still *1816.*

TO HORATIO SMITH

[First published in *The Examiner*, January 4, 1818; reprinted in *Foliage*, 1818.]

WITH what a fine unyielding wish to bless,
Does Nature, Horace, manage to oppose
The town's encroachments! Vulgar he, who goes
By suburb gardens which she deigns to dress,
And does not recognize her green caress
Reaching back to us in those genial shows
Of box-encircled flowers and poplar rows,
Or other nests for evening weariness.

Then come the squares, with noon-day nymphs about;
Then vines, and ivy; tree tops that look out
Over back walls; green in the windows too;—
And even where gain huddles its noisiest rout,
The smile of her sweet wisdom will break through,
For there, dear Horace, has she planted you.

1817.

11 green] flowers *Examiner.* 12 gain . . . its] Gain . . . his *Examiner.*

TO JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

ON HIS LINES UPON THE STORY OF RIMINI

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

Reynolds, whose Muse, from out thy gentle embraces,
Holding a little crisp and dewy flower,
Came to me in my close-entwined bower,
Where many fine-eyed Friendships and glad Graces,
Parting the boughs, have looked in with like faces,
And thanked the song which had sufficient power
With Phoebus to bring back a warmer hour,
And turn his southern eye to our green places:

Not for this only, but that thou dost long
For all men's welfare, may there be a throng
Of kind regards, wherever thou appearest;
And in thy home, firm-handed Health, a song
Girt with rich-hearted friends, and she the nearest
To whom the warble of thy lip is dearest.

TO —— ——, M.D.

ON HIS GIVING ME A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR

[First published 1818; not reprinted.]

I felt my spirit leap, and look at thee
Through my changed colour with glad grateful stare,
When after showing us this glorious hair,
Thou didst turn short, and bending pleasantly
With gracious hand gav'st the great lock to me.
An honouring gift indeed! which I will wear
About me, while I breathe this strenuous air,
That nursed his Apollonian tresses free.

I'll wear it, not as my inherited due,
(For there is one, whom had he kept his art
For Freedom still, nor left her for the crew
Of lucky slaves in his misgiving heart,
I would have begged thy leave to give it to)
Yet not without some claims, though far apart.

TO THE SAME

ON THE SAME SUBJECT

[First published 1818; reprinted 1832–60.]

It lies before me there, and my own breath
  Stirs its thin outer threads, as though beside
  The living head I stood in honoured pride,
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.
Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath
  Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed,
  And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride
With their heaped locks, or his own Delphic wreath.

There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
  Of our frail plant,—a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk;—as if it said,
  Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
  Behold affectionate eternity.

Title. On a lock of Milton's hair *1832–60.*
8 heaped] rich *1860.* 12 if] though *1832–60.*

TO THE SAME

ON THE SAME OCCASION

[First published 1818; reprinted 1832.]

A liberal taste, and a wise gentleness
  Have ever been the true physician's dower,
  As still is visible in the placid power
Of those old Grecian busts; and helps to bless
The balmy name of Haller, and the address
  Of cordial Garth; and him in Cowley's bower,
  Harvey; and Milton's own exotic flower,
Young Deodati, plucked from his caress.

To add to these an ear for the sweet hold
  Of music, and an eye, aye and a hand
    For forms which the smooth Graces tend and follow,
  Shows thee indeed true offspring of the bland
And vital god, whom she of happy mould,
    The Larissaean beauty, bore Apollo.

Title. To —— ——, M.D., who gave the author a lock of Milton's hair. *1832.*
ll. 5, 6:
Cullen's dear memory, with his heart's address,
And flowing Garth *1832.*

THE NILE

[First published 1818; reprinted 1832, 1857, 1860.]

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

Title. A Thought of the Nile *1832.*

TO THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

[First published 1818; reprinted 1832, 1860.]

Thy fancy lives in a delightful sphere,
Stothard,—fit haunt for spirit so benign;
For never since those southern masters fine,
Whose pictured shapes like their own souls appear
Reflected many a way in waters clear,
Has the true woman's gentle mien divine
Looked so, as in those breathing heads of thine,
With parted locks, and simple cheek sincere.

Therefore, against our climate's chilly hold,
Thou hast a nest in sunny glades and bowers;
And there, about thee, never growing old,
Are these fair things, clear as the lily flowers,
Such as great Petrarch loved,—only less cold,
More truly virtuous, and of gladdening powers.

ll. 4, 5:
In whose blest shapes, unforc'd, unfaultering, clear
Manifest truth and sweet-eyed soul appear. *1832.*

SONNET. TO —— ——

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN

[First published in *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1820. Signed Φ; not reprinted.]

The mighty spirit, that regulates this earth,
Now, like a pilot strongly set for land,
Has in the east planted his sudden hand,
Whence the glad winds come pouring in their mirth.
But Nature, hopeful of her next new birth,
Takes all in patience,—putting off her band
Of glorious leaves, and then with lofty stand
Proving her right of hope, and lasting worth.

So he, the tried of storms, who has to bear
Change for a season, and his weal's decline,
Should meet the flattering sternness; and resign
All shows, and prove what a stout heart can spare;
Secure, some day, of that green wreath divine,
Which ever has run round triumphant hair.

CALVIULTOR

WRITTEN IN THE PERSON OF A BALD MAN

[First published in *The Tatler*, April 26, 1831; reprinted in 1860; and by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson in 1892 from the manuscript in the Forster Library, South Kensington Museum.]

I've got my wig:—and now, thou rash Hirsutus,
Crinitus, Whiskerandos, Ogre, Bear,
Or whatsoever title please thine hair,
Why vex the bald? Why loveless thus repute us?
Sweet Shakespeare, *omni nectare imbutus*,
Was bald; and he, the wise beyond compare,
Socrates, teacher of the young and fair;
And Caesar, victim of a *natural* Brutus!

Fresh is the bald man's head; for love so apt,
That England's gallants, in her wittiest time,
In voluntary baldness, velvet-capped,
Through reams of letters urged their amorous rhyme:
Then issued forth, peruked: and o'er their shoulders
From every curl shook loves at all their fair beholders.

6 the wise beyond compare] whose age knew no despair *MS.*
7 teacher of] dancer 'midst *MS.* 14 their] the *1831.*

THREE PLEASANTRIES,

OF WHICH THE READER MAY TAKE HIS CHOICE

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, November 12, 1834. Not reprinted.]

'Tis pleasant climbing the green hill's ascent,
Soaring in undulations from the sea,
To spy in fancy's mirror stream and tree,
Cottage and castle, beautifully blent—
'Tis pleasant from the lonely peak to gaze
On scenes above the wizard Fancy's power,
The sunset gleaming in a golden shower,
And maidens dancing in the rainbow's rays.—

And sweeter far, descrying in the vale
Her whom we love—to give the person scope,
Winged with joy, adown the glittering slope
To the fair creature in the echoing dale;
And while she smiles or laughs aloud, to hope
The tender mood may in its turn prevail.

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, June 1836; reprinted 1844–60.]

TO A FISH

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste[1];
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A FISH ANSWERS

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow!

[1] From a fine line in the poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, speaking of the sea 'To roaring element with people dumb.' [H. 1836].

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
Go by! linked fin by fin! most odiously.

THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND THEN INTO A SPIRIT, AND AGAIN SPEAKS

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
For difference must its use by difference prove,
And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at his will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

31 its use] itself *1836* 32 in] with *1836*. 33 his] their *1836*.

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'ION'

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, August 1836; reprinted 1844-60.]

I

I COULD not come to shed a man's rare tears
With those who honoured, and who loved, thy play;
My heart said 'yes', but the sick room said 'nay',
And the good doctor with his earnest fears.
Yet I was with thee,—saw thine high compeers,
Wordsworth and Landor,—saw the piled array,
The many-visaged heart, looking one way,
Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Now said I to myself,—The scenes arise;
Now comes the sweet of name,[1] whom great Love sunders
From love itself; now, now he gives the skies
The heart *they* gave (sweet thought 'gainst bitter wonders!)
And ever and aye, hands, stung with tear-thrilled eyes,
Snapping the silence, burst in crashing thunders.

[1] Ion signifies a violet. [H.] 3 the sick room] my poor health *1836*.
4 Sharp-pain'd of side, and weak with household fears *1836*.

II

Yes, I beheld the old accustomed sight,
  Pit, boxes, galleries; I was at 'the play';
  I saw uprise the stage's strange floor-day,
And music tuning as in tune's despite;
Childhood I saw, glad-faced, that squeezeth tight
  One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away,—
  And beauty and age, and all that piled array—
Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight.

A noble spectacle!—Noble in mirth—
  Nobler in sacred fellowship of tears!
I've often asked myself what sight on earth
  Is worth the fancying of our fellow spheres;
And this is one—whole hosts in love with worth,
  Judging the shapes of their own hopes and fears.

III

Fine age is ours, and marvellous—setting free
  Hopes that were bending into gray despairs,
  Winnowing iron like chaff, outspeeding the airs,
Conquering with smoky flag the winds at sea,
Flinging from thund'rous wheels, immeasurably,
  Knowledge like daily light: so that man stares,
  Planet-struck with his work-day world, nor dares
Repeat the old babble of what 'shall never be'.

A great good age!—Greatest and best in this,—
  That it strikes dumb the old anti-creeds, which parted
Man from the child—prosperity from the bliss
  Of faith in good—and toil of wealth unthwarted
From leisure crowned with bay, such as thine is,
  Talfourd! a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted.

25 asked myself what sight] thought what sight we have *1836*.
26 Is worth] Worthy *1836*. 33 from] with *1836*.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

[First published, ? 1860.]

As when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar;

So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy Household Words and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.

TO POERIO AND HIS FELLOW-PATRIOTS

[First published in *The Spectator*, March 26, 1859; reprinted 1860.]

O NOBLE souls, freed from the foulest spite
That ever tyrannous and heartless fool
Wreaked on the worth that shamed his worthless rule,
Linking your very bodies, day and night,
With lower souls, in hopes your patient might
Would droop despairing, as by Stygian pool;
(But you, oh you, masters in sorrow's school,
Lifted the heart-touched lowness to your height);—

Oh resting now, where men can trust a throne,
And served with such deep honour as endures
Beyond all gauds (for in comparison
With years of conquest over woes like yours,
Glory, the Frenchman's feather, may be spurned)
Live long the new-found life your great good hearts have earned.

ITERATING SONNET

WRITTEN DURING THE TALK OF A WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

[First published in *The Book of the Sonnet*, 1867; not reprinted.]

WAR between England and the United States!
Impossible! Pshaw! Stuff!—'United States!'
Why, they themselves are the United States:
London and Boston are United States:
New York and Liverpool United States:
Cotton and spinning very United States:
Progress and liberty, United States:
Their names, fames, books, bloods, all United States.
But 'bloods are up' in the United States?
Well;—would'st have 'low' bloods in the United States?
No: high bloods—high—in both United States:
So high, that, seeing their United States,
They scorn to stoop from such United States
Solely to please poor *dis*-United States.

BLANK VERSE

A THOUGHT ON MUSIC

SUGGESTED BY A PRIVATE CONCERT, MAY 13, 1815

[First published 1815; reprinted in *The St. James's Magazine*, vol. xxxv, 1875, from the MS.]

To sit with downward listening, and crossed knee,
Half conscious, half unconscious, of the throng
Of fellow-ears, and hear the well-met skill
Of fine musicians,—the glib ivory
Twinkling with numerous prevalence,—the snatch
Of brief and birdy flute, that leaps apart,—
Giddy violins, that do whate'er they please,—
And sobering all with circling manliness,
The bass, uprolling deep and voluble;—
Well may the sickliest thought, that keeps its home
In a sad heart, give gentle way for once,
And quitting its pain-anchored hold, put forth
On that sweet sea of many-billowed sound,
Floating and floating in a dreamy lapse,
Like a half-sleeper in a summer boat,
Till heaven seems near, and angels travelling by.

For not the notes alone, or new-found air,
Or structure of elaborate harmonies,
With steps that to the waiting treble climb,
Suffice a true-touched ear. To that will come
Out of the very vagueness of the joy
A shaping and a sense of things beyond us,
Great things and voices great: nor will it reckon
Sounds, that so wake up the fond-hearted air,
To be the unmeaning raptures they are held,
Or mere suggestions of our human feeling,
Sorrow, or mirth, or triumph. Infinite things
There are, both small and great, whose worth were lost
On us alone,—the flies with lavish plumes,—
The starry-showering snow,—the tints and shapes
That hide about the flowers,—gigantic trees,
That crowd for miles up mountain solitudes,
As on the steps of some great natural temple,
To view the godlike sun:—nor have the clouds
Only one face, but on the side of heaven
Keep ever gorgeous beds of golden light.

Part then alone we hear, as part we see;
And in this music, lovely things of air

8 circling] arching *MS.* 18 Or combination of learned harmonies *MS.*
24 so] do *MS.* *For* 30–1 *MS. has*: The starry showering snow, gigantic trees

May find a sympathy of heart or tongue,
Which shook perhaps the master, when he wrote,
With what he knew not,—meanings exquisite.—
Thrillings, that have their answering chords in heaven,—
Perhaps a language well-tuned hearts shall know
In that blest air, and thus in pipe and string
Left by angelic mouths to lure us thither.

MS. adds a further line: Music's the voice of Heaven without the words.

PAGANINI

A FRAGMENT

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, April 16, 1834, 'From an unpublished poem by the editor'; reprinted 1844–60.]

* * * * * * *

So played of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might I but half as well
So write!) the pale magician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales, made true,
Of Grecian lyres; and on his sphery hand,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote,—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearned with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Saddened delight; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
'Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seemed,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret lived forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwelt in him, serious with its joy;
For noble now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will;
And now he loved them like a cheek, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet;
And now he was all mirth, or all for sense
And reason, carving out his thoughts like prose
After his poetry; or else he laid
His own soul prostrate at the feet of love,
And with a full and trembling fervour deep,
In kneeling and close-creeping urgency,

Implored some mistress with hot tears; which past,
And after patience had brought right of peace,
He drew, as if from thoughts finer than hope,
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turned
To heaven instead of earth, and raised a prayer
So earnest vehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
And in mid-age unable to get free,
Tore down from heav'n such pity. Or behold,
In his despair (for such, from what he spoke
Of grief before it, or of love, 'twould seem,)
Jump would he into some strange wail uncouth
Of witches' dance, ghastly with whinings thin
And palsied nods—mirth wicked, sad, and weak.
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would overthrow
That vision with a shower of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now,
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into some utmost tip of minute sound,
From whence he stepped into a higher and higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him:
Or he would fly as if from all the world
To be alone and happy, and you should hear
His instrument become a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,
A cottage-bower: or he would condescend,
In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,
To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
A farm-yard with its inmates, ox and lamb,
The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
In household fidget muttering evermore,
And, rising as in scorn, crowned Chanticleer,
Ordaining silence with his sovereign crow.
Then from one chord of his amazing shell
Would he fetch out the voice of quires, and weight
Of the built organ; or some twofold strain
Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar;
And ever and anon o'er these he 'd throw
Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes
From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
Of pebbled water, sprinkled in the sun,
One chord effecting all:—and when the ear

55 utmost] almost *1834*. 80 sprinkling *1834*.

Felt there was nothing present but himself
And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
And speak to some one in a pray'r of love,
Endless, and never from his heart to go:
Or he would talk as of some secret bliss,
And at the close of all the wonderment
(Which himself shared) near and more near would come
Into the inmost ear, and whisper there
Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
Touched beyond sense, and only to be borne
By pauses which made each less bearable,
That out of pure necessity for relief
From that heaped joy, and bliss that laughed for pain,
The thunder of the uprolling house came down,
And bowed the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

THOUGHTS IN BED UPON WAKING AND RISING

AN 'INDICATOR' IN VERSE[1]

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, May 14, 1834. Not reprinted.]

'Tis dawn; nay, day-light certain; I know not
If bright or dull; but the white window shows
Difference from darkness, and the world goes round
In order, safe within the force of God,
And gentle light is sweet for its own sake.

A moment yet, fair day.—Within this force,
Calm in my very weakness, and desiring,
I trust, what it desires, do I awhile
Enclose me in a prayer of lovingness
For me, and for my friends, and all mankind.

Mine eyes re-open, blest. How well those birds,
The little angels of the trees, rejoin
One's consciousness of earth! What pure good-morrow!
'Tis fit that the first tongue which speaks to us
Of day-light, should speak beauteously. True love
Does this, and will not miss so sweet a time,
Turning it face to face, and ending prayer
With blessing realized. Wise sire was he,
And had (no wonder) a wise loving son,
Who every morning, breathing in a flute,
Took the sleep softly from his infant's eyes,
Disposing thus his spirit to accord.

[1] It is not meant by this, that the present Indicator is a versification of a former one, but that it is an original *verse essay*, written in the spirit of the paper under that name. [H.]

18 Montaigne's father. [H.]

Parents beside their infants' beds are Gods:
They do them good, awaking or asleep,
Ere the small mortals know them. Who shall say,
That spirits divine stoop not in pity thus
Over the parents too, in their distress,
Their children grey; and out of struggling dreams
Wake them to some strange face of hope and joy,
Some re-assurance of regarding heaven?

Yes; light is lovely for its own good sake.
Morning is morning still, clouded or fair.
He wants his cure indeed from Nature's breast,
Wants air, and movement, and a natural life,
Or innocence regained from patient thoughts,
To whom the daylight's reappearance mild
Comes like a blow,—like a dread taskmaster
Waking his slave, who sees his load, and groans.
For me, whom Love and no unloving need
Have taught the treasures found in daily things,
I count the morning bright, if I but hear
One bird's voice sparkle (for the voice of birds,
By fine analogy of sound with sight,
Surely does sparkle, making brilliant cheer
Congenial with the sunbeams); and if bird
Nor sunbeam is abroad, but listening more
I hear the windows thick with wateriness,
Which ever and anon the gusty hand
Of the dark wind flings full, I make my morn
Still beauteous if I please, with sunny help
Of books or my own thoughts; sending them up
Like nymphs above the sea of atmosphere,
To warm their winking cheeks against the sun,
And laugh 'twixt islands of the mountain tops.
Or else my morning breaks for me in bloom
Out of old Greece, twice glowing with some love
Of sweet Aurora midst the lily dews:
Or with the tumbling freshness of the seas
Am I, with slippery porpuses, and mirth
Of the wide breathing of the rough serene,
Tossing the seaman's house, whose sides are touched
With the warm heav'n, after a night of wet:
Or rising where the sun does, I behold,
Enthroned, the Persian with his jewelry,
True 'Brother of the Sun', if only then,
And giving beam for beam, awake and high,
While the dull princes of the West lie blowzed.

'Tis fine to think, that with the earliest sun,
Not kings alone, but the whole East is up,
In this well meriting its orient name.
So rose the patriarchs, and sate with heaven

Under the oaks they planted. So rise now
All that pretend to patriarchal bloom,
Agreeing all, if in nought else, to make
Each day the symbol and part integral
Of the whole life, and so to morning life
Each day restored, catching the quick blood round,
Till sweet and late it stop, not clogged midway,
Nor jarring with the swift smooth soul o' the world.

Some right have the swift-blooded to be proud,
Not in poor scorn, or low comparison
With what is under them (which stoops them lower),
But in the joy of lofty company
Right-strengthed, and all fair planetary things
That dance with heav'n. I've risen in winter-time
Before the dawn, and making me a bower
Of warmth and light with candle and with fire,
Sailed in the climate like a shrouded god,
Lord of the day before me, and at times
Peering betwixt my curtains out on earth
Fast sleeping, and with blocks of houses black,
'Till to myself I almost feigned to seem
Proud o'er my prostrate kind; and partly did,
Because of my good will, and a good task.

And yet, thus warring against indolence
And ease, as I get up, with sprightly words,
Like medicinal arrows of the sun,
Shall I pretend, with the unfeeling need
Of one who rides through battle, to partake
No sympathy with those whom I leave lying?
No thought, ye powers of habit and sweet sleep
And sweet remorse, for bed! catholic bed!
The universal, wilful, sweet, stretched bed!
Bed, that lays prostrate half the world in turn,
And hugs us in a heaven of our own arms?

Let me lie still awhile, and moot that point,
The bed-clothes o'er my ear. 'Tis charity,
Impartial sense: one would taste all like others,
To judge them rightly. What a turn is this,
One's back to the window! How it makes all new,
Bringing a second and soft curtained night
Over one's smiling eyelids! What old warmth,
Touched with new coolness at the hand or knee!
What a next half-an-hour!

Now is the house
Risen before me, and I find my rest,
By contrast of their mere activity,
Grow sweeter. They, methinks, are forced to rise,

And I, not being forced, taste freedom more.
I doze, I fix myself, I turn again,
Waking; then turn upon my back, and keep
The middle of the bed, from a nice sense
Of equal reasoning; and do find withal
That such as marvel how vivacious men
Can lie awake, have not vivacity,
But from gross need of life and motion, hurt
A lively cause. Oh these are not the wits
To tax ingenious bed! Life livelier still
Than what lies smiling in us, must do that,—
Birds, sunbeams, habits, duties, all at once,—
Or journey, or another's journey helped;
Or friend who comes to breakfast, and who piques
Our friendship and our emulation both;
Or laughing children; or a sudden voice,
Sudden, and strange, and well known, and beloved,
And loud (as far as such sweet voice *can* be)
That comes before her letter, and fills all
The sunny house with lightsome womanhood.

Dull admonition provokes opposition.
(This is a proverb in the style of Swift,
Who made old sayings as he wanted them.)
No life in lying still! Why, we may lie,
(We who have any ubiquity of spirit)
And still roll round wi' the earth: we can turn swift
The corner of dull night, and so be whirled
Full in the face of morning, with a flash
Sudden as Alpine tops to eagles' eyes:
We can be up with every bee, bird, peasant;
Bounding with deer, sucked up to heaven with larks,
Careering with wild steeds, dashing with waves
'Gainst the short breath of the fresh laughing morn.

A little leaven, saith a reverend text,
Leaveneth a lump. Not long since lived a lump
Of round humanity, nay, liveth still,
And ever shall, long as the Seasons roll
And clouds drop fatness, who with his sweet leaven
Of lazy and luxurious sympathy
With all sweet things, might have sufficed, alone,
To show how quick and dulcet at the core
A slugabed can be. 'Falsely luxurious!
Will not man wake?' cried he; then turning, lay
In bed till twelve; and sauntering, when he rose,
Into his garden, slippered, and with hands
Each in a waistcoat pocket (so that all
Might yet repose that could) was seen, one morn,
Eating a wondering peach from off the tree.

159 Thomson, author of the Seasons. [H.]

He said he had 'no motive' to rise soon.
'And why should he have ris'n?' sharply enquired
The critic, sage in his good-natured spleen
Against the shallow: 'what had he to do,
After delighting us with deathless books,
But to lie on, wrapped in his ease and fame,
And have his feast out?' Nothing—but to lie
Still longer, and with thrice his feast of fame,
And half his fat;—could all that moulded him,
Blood, breeding, habit, and his ancestors,
And e'en the very plumpness of his verse,
Have let him; so with Wieland to have shaken
His silver locks at eighty with mild mirth;
Or died, as Titian, 'midst his colours, did,
Nipt in his reverend bloom by a mischance
At ninety-nine! But circumstance and habit,
Like secret mistresses, clasp mightiest men,
Much more these teachers of soft sympathy,
Whose world were yet the best, were all made smooth
And acquiescence justice; and they speak
E'en now a voice, which in the echo grows
Stronger than victory blowing through a town,
Because none hate it.

Lie then, if ye will,
Ye gentle, and ye jovial, and like him
Moot the sweet point, if fortune give ye leave,
And no wronged future mar the twice-heaped down
Plucked from the heart of hours, yet in the nest.
Lie on, ye old, and cold, and cosy; lie,
Ye thin whose bones want clothing; and ye fat,
Yourselves a bed for jollity; and lie,
Ye who last night forgot that it was night,
The wine discoursed so well; and all in short
Who with excuse or none (none being best,
Because the sweet will then is most unmixed)
Wake but to differ with old moral dawn,
And, like a lover, who more fondly clasps
His mistress blamed, turn closer to dear bed.
All must have justice done to them, ere all
Can feel for all: and this being done to you,
Ye captives of embracing circumstance
And o'ergrown leisure, think, I pray you, tenderly,
As the sweet poet did, of those whose wants,
Or other dread-voiced calls on waking eyes
(In which perhaps a tear has dreamt all night),
Suffer not ev'n to suffer from repose,
So dire their load, and to be balanced ever.

172 See a passage in Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*. [H.]

Think of them when ye rise; and teach, like him,
Justice, and truth, and better measurement
Of ease to all; so shall they gladly see
Your happier lot meantime, till rights go round,
And some blest morn, ye, they, and the whole earth
Shall be rejoiced to rise, because the earth
Then, for the first time, shall spin perfectly
In the pleased ear of Him that made Endeavour.

Like smiles and tears upon an infant's face,
Who wonders at himself, and at such things
In faces round him, my swift thoughts are mixed.
'Tis natural to me; nor unnatural
To any human heart, deeply conceiving
Sorrow or mirth. May it be harsh to none.

APOLLO AND THE SUNBEAMS

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, August 1836; not reprinted.]

How sharp those beams are in the tree!—how fresh,
And how unblunted! as when first they sang
Through sable air, and into orbed gold
Struck the new planets. None of the rust of time
Is there; nor of the mists of all the wets
Of air and ocean: but how straight they come!
What arrows of thin diamond, needle-sharp!
What visible immortality, warm from heaven,
Untired through space, new-born throughout all time,
And though as fierce as Will, as soft as Love!
How can they come so far, and come so strong,
And yet alight with such a loving ease?
Manifest love are they, and early at work,
Unscornful, universal, beautiful;
And now, this moment, while I write, are flooding
The ocean floods with light, in which the whales
Lift warm their island-backs, and cherishing
My buds here in the window, soft as thought.

Not with so little wisdom as some think,
Nor with religion so unworthy a better,
Did old imagination, in these beams
Of heav'n, shape forth a god, lustrous in groves,[1]

[1] I cannot be sure that this passage was not suggested by the beautiful one in the *Excursion* (Book the Fourth), where the lovely Greek herdsman, hearing some unknown music sweeter than what himself has been playing, has his fancy excited till it

'fetches
Even from the blazing chariot of the Sun
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.'

If so, I can only hope that my echo of the fancy has not quite dishonoured it. [H.]

Who to his golden-chorded lute attuned
All graceful aspiration, and had shafts
Of fiercer light, by which corruption died;—
Beauteous Apollo! Fair as his own fanes
In forests dark, the deathless elegance.

Yes, still there is Apollo. Still he haunts
The groves that have survived his other groves,
In poets' books; and painting lost him not;
How could it? Being of colour and the sun,
Visible poetry; and he has shrines
And marble incarnations in hushed rooms,
Where, as he stands, he seems as though he need
Never move more, reposing on his truth,
And the air loves him. Poets never dreamt
That he was dead, though in the common creed
Not seen. Lo! Dante, at heav'n's very door
Invokes the Pagan angel; Spenser, naming him,
Is grave as Homer was; and Milton's self,
Stern from the Sinai thunders, and disposed
To think him evil, could not, but rebuked,
Only to let him hear his tones of love,
And find, for him and his, strange corners sweet
Of flowery blame against a kindlier creed,
(Dear Christianity! Most Christian creed!)
When all that has been, shall be found of piece
With all that is, and beauty and kindness one.

OUR COTTAGE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, September 1836; reprinted 1844–60. Text 1860.]

Some few of us, children and grown, possess
A cottage, far removed. 'Tis in a glade,
Where the sun harbours; and one side of it
Listens to bees, another to a brook.
Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots, when they have said their pray'rs —
Or some tired parent, holding by the hand
A child, and walking tow'rds the setting sun.

No news comes here; no scandal; no routine
Of morning visit; not a postman's knock,—
That double thrust of the long staff of care.
We are as distant from the world, in spirit
If not in place, as though in Crusoe's isle,
And please ourselves with being ignorant
Ev'n of the country some five miles beyond.
Our wood 's our world, with some few hills and dales,
And many an alley green, with poppies edged

And flowery brakes, where sails the long blue fly,
Whom we pronounce a fairy; and 'twould go
Hard with us to be certain he 's not one,
Such willing children are we of the possible.
Hence all our walks have names; some of the Fairies,
And some of Nymphs, (where the brook makes a bath
In a green chamber, and the turf 's half violets,)
And some of Grim Old Men that live alone,
And may not be seen safely. Pan has one
Down in a beech-dell; and Apollo another,
Where sunset in the trees makes strawy fires.

You might suppose the place picked out of books
The nightingales, in the cold blooms, are there
Fullest of heart, hushing our opened windows;
The cuckoo ripest in the warmed thicks.
Autumn, the princely season, purple-robed
And liberal-handed, brings no gloom to us,
But, rich in its own self, gives us rich hope
Of winter-time; and when the winter comes,
We burn old wood, and read old books that wall
Our biggest room, and take our heartiest walks
On the good, hard, glad ground; or when it rains
And the rich dells are mire, make much and long
Of a small bin we have of good old wine;
And talk of, perhaps entertain, some friend,
Whom, old or young, we gift with the same grace
Of ancient epithet; for love is time
With us; youth old as love, and age as young;
And stars, affections, hopes, roll all alike
Immortal rounds, in heaven when not on earth.
Therefore the very youngest of us all
Do we call old,—' old Vincent ', or ' old Jule ',
Or ' old Jacintha '; and they count us young,
And at a very playfellow time of life,
As in good truth we are: witness the nuts
We seek, to pelt with, in thy trampled leaves,
November; and the merry Christmas ring,
Hot-faced and loud with too much fire and food,—
The rare excess, loving the generous gods.
' Old Mary ', and ' old Percy ', and ' old Henry ',
Also there are, with more beyond their teens;
But these are reverend youngsters, married now,
And ride no longer to our cottage nest
On that unbridled horse, their father's knee.

Custom itself is an old friend with us;
Though change we make a friend, too, if it come
To better custom: nay, to bury him,

57–61 *not in 1836.*

Provided soul be gone, and it be done
Rev'rently and kindly; and we then install
His son, or set a new one in his place;
For all good honest customs, from all lands,
Find welcome here,—seats built up in old elms
From France; and evening dances on the green;
And servants (home's inhabiting strangers) turned
To zealous friends; and gipsy meals, whose smoke
Warms houseless glades; and the good bout Chinese
At pen and ink, in rhyming summer bow'rs,
Tempered with pleasant penalties of wine.
The villagers love us; and on Sabbath-days,
(Such luck is ours, and round harmonious life)
In an old, ivied church (which God preserve,
And make a mark for ever of the love
That by mild acquiescence bears all change
And keeps all bettered good!) no priest like ours
Utters such Christian lore, so final sweet,
So fit for audience in those flowery dells.
Not a young heart feels strange, nor old misgives:
You scarcely can help thinking, that the sound
Must pierce with sweetness to the very graves.

But mark—not the whole week do we pass thus,—
No, nor whole day. Heaven, for ease' sake, forbid!
Half of the day (and half of that might serve,
Were all the world active and just as we)
Is mixed with the great throng, playing its part
Of toil and pain; we could not relish else
Our absolute comfort; nay, should almost fear
Heaven counted us not worthy to partake
The common load with its great hopes for all,
But held us flimsy triflers—gnats i' the sun—
Made but for play, and so to die, unheavened.
Oh, hard we work, and carefully we think,
And much we suffer! but the line being drawn
'Twixt work and our earth's heav'n, well do we draw it,
Sudden, and sharp, and sweet; and in an instant
Are borne away, like knights to fairy isles,
And close our gates behind us on the world.

'And where (cries some one) is this blessed spot?
May I behold it? May I gain admittance?'

Yes, *with a thought;—as we do.*
'Woe is me!
Then no such place exists!'
None such to us,
Except in thought; but *that*—
'Is true as fiction?'

Ay, true as tears or smiles that fiction makes,
Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes ;—
True as effect to cause ;—true as the hours
You spend in joy while sitting at a play.
Is there no truth in those ? Or was your heart
Happier before you went there ? Oh, if rich
In what you deem life's only solid goods,
Think what unjoyous blanks ev'n those would be,
Were fancy's light smitten from out your world,
With all its colourings of your prides, your gains,
Your very toys and tea-cups,—nothing left
But what *you* touch, and not what *touches you.*
The wise are often rich in little else,
The rich, if wise, count it their gold of gold.
Say, is it not so, thou who art both rich
In the world's eye, and wise in solitude's,—
Stoneleigh's poetic lord, whose gentle name
No echo granted at the font to mine,
I trust, shall have made ruder. What would'st care,
O Leigh, for all the wooden matter-o'-fact
Of all thine oaks, deprived of what thy muse
Can do to wake their old oracular breath,
Or whisper, with their patriarch locks, of heaven ?
Lo ! Southwood Smith, physician of mankind,
Bringer of light and air to the rich poor
Of the next age :—he, when in real woods
He rests the mildest energy alive,
Scorns not these fancied ones, but hails and loves
A vision of the dawn of his own world.
Horace Smith, lo ! rare compound, skilled alike
In worldly gain and its unworldliest use :
He prospers in the throng, makes fact his slave,
Then leads a life with fiction and good deeds.
Lo ! Bulwer, genius in the thick of fame,
With smiles of thrones, and echoes from the Rhine,
He too extends his grounds to Fairy-land,
And while his neighbours think they see him looking
Hard at themselves, is in Armorica,
Feasting with lovers in enchanted bowers.
Lo ! Jeffrey the fine wit, the judge revered,
The man beloved, what spirit invokes he
To make his hasty moments of repose
Richest and farthest off ?—The Muse of Keats,
One of the inmost dwellers in the core
Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces lived,—
Where still they live, to eyes, like theirs, divine.

Fancy 's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man's piecer-out ; the art of Nature,

121–154 *not in 1836.*

Painting her landscapes twice; the spirit of fact,
As matter is the body; the pure gift
Of heav'n to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man
In all things fitted else, is most a man;
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, September 1837; reprinted 1844–60.]

SCENE.—*A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquizes.*

WHAT change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain
Into all bliss? into a balm so perfect
I do not even smile! I tried but now,
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,
Instead of toil, and a weak, weltering tear,
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
Laid on some throne in space.—Great God! I am dead.
(*A pause.*) Dear God! thy love is perfect; thy truth known.
(*Another.*) And he,—and they!—How simple and strange! How beautiful!
But I may whisper it not,—even to thought;
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
Speak, and the world be shattered.
(*Soul again pauses.*) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
Encouraged to be wilful;—to delay
Even its wings for heav'n; and thus to rest
Here, here, ev'n here,—'twixt heav'n and earth awhile,
A-bed in the morn of endless happiness.

I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.—
My wife! my love!—'tis for the best thou canst not
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.
Ah, truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—
And our small feuds were but impatiences
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest

161 fitting *1836, 1844, 1857.* 26 these] those *1837.*

Memory on memory of imagined wrong,
As I should have done too,—as all who love;
And yet I cannot pity thee:—so well
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

She speaks my name at last, as though she feared
The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm,—
Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!

How wrong I was to quarrel with poor James!
And how dear Francis mistook *me*! That pride,
How without ground it was! Those arguments,
Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish!
Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,
Ev'n of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,
When they lie thus.
Colder I grow, and happier.
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
Ere they depart;—myself quitting myself.
The soul gathers its wings upon the edge
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!
Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed,
Yet passive, quite; and feeling opposites mingle
In exquisitest peace!—Those fleshly clothes,
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
Who am as a hand withdrawing from a glove.

So lay my mother: so my father: so
My children: yet I pitied them. I wept,
And fancied them in graves, and called them 'poor!'

O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,
And fear, and hope! what petty terms of earth
Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth,
The planet's household words; and how postpone,
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!
Ah, not excluding these, nor aught that 's past,
Nor aught that 's present, nor that 's yet to come,
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

That was my eldest boy's—that kiss. And that
The baby, with its little unweening mouth;
And those—and those—Dear hearts! they have all come,
And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,

33 love] live *1837*. 62 hope] hopes *1837*.

The vitalest creature in this fleshly room.
I part; and with my spirit's eyes, full opened,
Will look upon them.
[*Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.*
Patient be those tears,
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds
Of souls made of myself,—made of us both
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
To meet again, and will revisit soon
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.
[*Spirit looks at the body.*
And was that me?—that hollow-cheeked pale thing,
Shattered with passions, worn with cares; now placid
With my divine departure? And must love
Think of thee painfully? of stifling boards
'Gainst the free face, and of the irreverent worm?
To dust with thee, poor corpse! to dust and grass,
And the glad innocent worm, that does its duty
As thou dost thine in changing. I thy life,
Life of thy life, bird of the bird, ah ha!
Turn my face forth to heav'n—ah ha! ah ha!
Oh the infinitude and the eternity!
The dimpled air! the measureless conscious heaven!
The endless possession! the sweet, mad, fawning planets
[*It speaks with a hurried vehemence of rapture.*
Sleeking, like necks, round the beatitudes of the ubiquitous sun-god
With bee-music of innumerable organ thunders.
And the travelling crowds this way, like a life-tempest,
With rapid angelical faces, two in one,
Ah ah! ah ha! and the stillness beyond the stars—
My Friend! my Mother!—I mingle through the roar.
[*Spirit vanishes.*

A RUSTIC WALK AND DINNER

[First published in *The Monthly Magazine*, September, October 1842; not reprinted. ll. 495–503 had already appeared in *The Monthly Repository*, January 1838, as 'An Apology for Punning over a Chop. A Fragment'.]

*** The style of the blank verse, except here and there, is intentionally unelevated. In accordance with the familiar and colloquial nature of the subject;—it is literally *sermo pedestris*,—poetry on foot. [*L. H.*]

PART I. THE WALK

How fine to walk to dinner, not too far,
Through a green country, on a summer's day,
The dinner at an inn, the time our own,
The roads not dusty, yet the fields not wet,

79 S.D. *breathes . . . eyes*] *kisses them all round 1837.*
79 those] these *1837.*
97 S.D. *It . . . rapture* not in 1837.

The grass *lie-down-upónable.*—Avaunt,
Critics, or come with us, and learn the right
Of coining words in the quick mint of joy.

Pleasant is horseback,—the light strenuous dance
Upon the saddle, talking as we go,
With voices lifted jovial, 'midst the churme
Of leathers and clutched earth, that on the ear
Of sitters within doors dies far away.
Pleasant is rolling onward in a coach,
All ease and cushion; more especially
If you see some one's head bob up and down,
Poor devil! by the side of it, in run
Emulous and tired (so cruel-comfortable
Does luxury make us). Pleasant, also, boating,
Provided you can pull—and are not bound
To pull too much, and look angry and hot,
Pretending you are easy. Roundly go
The wrists, and cluck the rullocks, and the oar
Chucks from its spoon the water with a grace.
So boaters feather.—Pleasant is a sail,
Spanking and spitting through some roughening frith,
When the white foam grows whiter for a cloud,
And sunshine 's out at sea;—Or pleasanter,
Methinks, ' for a continuance ', between banks
Of inland green; when, gliding, the sail swells
Mild as your lady's bosom; and the swan
Stirs not from where it sits fastidious,
Breasting the pouting of its own regard.

But walking 's freest. Riding, you must keep
To roads; coaching, still more so; and your boat
Must be got home. In walking, you command
Time, place, caprice; may go on, or return,
Lie down, expatiate, wander; laugh at gates,
That poze the loftiest-minded fox-hunter;
Hills animate, brooks lull, woods welcome you,
Like lovers' whispers; you may go within,
Into the secret'st shade, and there climb banks
And bowers of rooty and weedy luxury,
Knee-deep in flowers, upborne by nutty boughs,
Into a paradise of sunny shade,
And sit, and read your book, beside the birds

And lo! we do so; we, the reader and I,
Who tow'rds our inn thus far have come from town,
Now loose, now arm-linked,—first by suburb-garden,
Half-box, half pavement,—and the long brick wall
Vociferous with ' Warren ',—and the turnpike,
With pocket-aproned man, jingling his cash,—
And the high road, with its dry ditch dock-leaved,—

And ever-met horseman and wagoner
Slouching, and jockey-capped postilion trim,
Interminable of dance on horse's back,—
And then by field-paths, and more flowery ditch
White-starred, and red, and azure,—and through all
Those heaps of buttercups, that smear the land
With splendour, nearly extinguishing the daisies,—
And hill, and dale, and stile on which we sat
Cooling our brows under the airy trees,
And heard the brook low down, and found that hunk
Of bread so exquisite, to the very crumbs
That shared a pocket-corner with its halfpence.—
(O Shelley! 'twas a bond 'twixt thee and me,
That power to eat the sweet crust out of doors!
You laughed with loving eyes, wrinkled with mirth,
And cried, high breathing, 'What! can you do *that*?
I thought that no one dared a thing so strange
And primitive, but myself.'—And so we loved
Ever the more, and found our love increase
Most by such simple abidings with boy-wisdom.)

'Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.'
Lo! for the love of leaves I'll quote *myself*!
Blest heavens! what heaps of loveliness for ever
Work under ground, and are for ever thrusting
Their sweet heads forth, or stealing up their way
Through trunks of trees, touching (as we may fancy)
The hearts of those rough gravities with some sense
Of pure and sweet; and thence at nicest tips
Of twig, and draping every numerous bough,
Unfold green elegance, as of fairy shops,
And hang their glimmering tents 'twixt us and heaven!
Look up o'er head. What a thin, thick, huge, airy,
Massy green world of lights and lucid glooms,
This single tree!—whose trunk, like to a mast
Mounting its world of sails, swells out of sight
Through the fresh amber stories, layer on layer,
Spread with the darksome tracery of boughs,
Shifting with peeps of white air and blue sky,
And all in breath, and all in blessedness,
As though it smiled, or felt how calm it was,
How rich, how healthy, and what a perfect work!
Not only birds live here, and make the spring
A throng of music, and the rains are thanked
With odours, and the tufted squirrel sits
Handling against his tooth his hasty nut;
But here innumerable small things abide,
Fairies of fly and worm, with other lives
Than ours, but healthy, therefore happy sure,
Perhaps with centuries of sweet little thoughts

Crammed into them, as closely packed as seeds,
Knowing a world of knowledge we know not,
And certainly brief-deathed. Oh happy tree,
Happy the soul can taste a heaven in thee!

Blue never looks so sweet as through these sky-lights
Of the tree-tops; and never do we seem,
When gazing on that blue, to have and hold
So truly a bit of heaven. It comes *small*
And *home* to us;—domesticates with the shade.
What think you of this seat, up in the boughs?
And this bough footstool?

Reader. 'Tis the heaven you speak of;
Nay, a man's nest. Did not these limbs of ours
Make me feel too gigantic, I could fain
Think myself bird,—a little, soft, warm thing,
Quick-necked, and glancing out of its nest-nook
With mother's heart over its eggs, those strange
New lives that are itself, and yet not it.
How rascally would seem now the round face
Of the boy come to steal them! What a horrible
Thrust through the leaves, of a young ogre head,
Frighting her soul out!

Author. Don't let us big ogres
Catch him, or we will give his nose a twist
Shall make him think some devilish beak has got him.
Oh, nothing like your anti-cruelty
For being cruel, when its sense of right
Once begins raging; right and wrong then meet
So purely, and enable a man to vent
His will upon another's with such comfort!

Reader. Ah ha! I fancied you thought ill of no one?

Author. Nor do I:—No, not even of ill itself,
Kept in due bounds, and made the ground of good,
The dark of light, the labour for the enjoyment;
And its excess is sometimes but a rich
Outbreak and force of life; at least has been so;
Displacing worse; and upon hope's mild face
Opening fresh airs of heaven, after the thunder.
But these are thoughts for reverence of the past,
Eternity's done deeds:—Conscience as reverent
Is for the future, and unbounded hope,
Whether to maintain action alone, and keep
Earth as it is, still hoping and still striving,
A pain-mixed good, strenuous and beautiful,—
Or to some wondrous ripeness of sweet time
Perfect the planet, as to us seems perfect,
Blooming on one of the starry trees of space,
Which we call universes;—golden heavens,
Sprung from the seeds of never-dying love.

Reader. And what of them that have inhabited
These future heavens, and died?
Author. Believing good,
'Tis easy to believe all good in the end,
And all conciliable;—all solvable
By some sweet mystery of place and time.
Meantime, to know all mystery were perhaps
To defeat action, and put ends for means.

But these 'high arguments' keep us waiting here
Under our tree and threaten to defeat
Very agreeable action of our own,
And very requisite, and what heaven approves;
Dinner, to wit,—and sweet walk through the fields.
Besides, I grudge myself this teaching tone,
And mighty rambling where one knows not of,
And wish you to discourse me infinite things,
Of woods, and old wood visions, and your own,
And what accords with all sweet country nests.
O ever let us take the 'goods the gods
Provide us'. Don't you like that honest discord
Of 'goods and gods', full of harmonious truth?

Reader. 'Goods' and the 'Gods', *thank* God, are one sole word:
For God is 'good', the gods but good divided;
And thus the Pagan heaven may smile for ever
Beneath the Christian one,—an under firmament
Full of permitted shapes of beauty and joy.
But come we down, as well your laugh proposed,
From those 'high arguments', to this our nest.
What think ye of Sindbad, sitting here and feeling
His 'great snake' down below there, waiting for him?
Author. It makes me almost gather my legs up!
Methinks those dock-leaves rustle.
Reader. Sindbad's stories
Are *true*, they say! at least, 'founded in truth;'
I hope, not too entirely. 'Twere a pity
To stint the wondrous to the known, and leave
Imagination not a world to conquer.
Author. No fear of that, e'en could we walk the stars,
As long as known itself remains unknown
In its first cause, and every leaf a wonder.
Reader. Ay; and we thus may welcome fresh true wonders,
Most Sindbad-like, nor give up dear astonishment.
What think ye of being joltered off your boughs
By a great shouldering *sloth* now,—a slow fellow
Enough on ground, but quick as hunger and strength
Under his trees, and travelling like a goblin?
You know how he 'gets on', clinging *supine*
Under the tossing boughs, from tree to tree?[1]

[1] See the accounts, in late naturalists, of the singular animal, which has been so falsely, it appears, called the *Sloth*, from the ignorance of his mode of 'progressing' [H.]

Fancy a goblin, in a fairy-tale,
Coming upon the *wrong* side of swung boughs
To kill two pigeons on a tree top,—lovers!
Author. Talk of him always. I could hear such mixture
Of truth and fiction, for a summer's day.
Those woods in the New World, treble the height
Of ours, painted with birds, chattering with monkeys,
Clogged and o'er-saturate with all sorts of life,
Where ferns are trees o'erhead, and creepers cables,
Are themselves good as fiction, though mere truths.
Reader. And such remain they, keeping their proud distance.
We want them not, content with our own small,
Still, thoughtful, many-storied, home-fit woods;
Sweet-voiced, when voiced they are; but sometimes mute,
As fits sweet voices, resting on the heart.
Author. So much I think with you, that give me but
Five trees, familiar ones, and I can love them
For their own sakes, or turn them to five hundred,
The fancied outskirt of some mighty forest,
Where I am still at home. Europe is home,
And Christendom is home; nay, Pagandom,
Being of Europe; nay, the East itself,—
For who 's a stranger in the Arabian Nights?
The trees of Ariosto and of Theocritus
Are ours,—beeches and oaks, with no more difference
Than what has been made ours in green old books,—
Cypress and olive, native to all verse;
And with the palm we have grown up in the Bible
Reader. We suit each other, as if made to do so!
Not the worst thing in the world! though some nice friendships
Require a little comfortable discord
To hinder the infinite universe from palling
Upon two pairs of ears! I want, like you,
No miles of forest, when a wood 's at hand;
No mountains, when I've hills; no trading river,
Lap me but inland by a mossy brook.
Yet love I all those magnitudes; the river,
Showing great ships; mountains, like earths on earth;
Forests, where silence travels with a man.
Poets and poetry-loving men, love all
Which Nature loves, and that is everything.
Out of a garden of some thirty feet
Plump with round roses and his lady's bosom,
A poet's verse, a fount, and a guitar,
The Persian makes his paradise. So could I.
Author. Out of a garden of some thirty feet,
Plump with a water-butt, and spiced with potherbs,
An inn, a hunger, and an ended walk,
The diner makes his paradise. So will we.

Thus from our tree we merrily descend,
Half sliding down the exuberant dry ditch
With jovial heels, and gloved against the nettles,
And so walk onward through the wood; now hearing
The cuckoo, now the thrush, always the leaves,
For 'tis a western wind; now seeing visions
Of fauns, and flying nymphs, and fairy stags
Drawing pursuit to some enamoured bower;
Or coloured shield, hung in the sycamore,
By which some knight's asleep; or the famed band,
Suspenders of the breath of him in the tree,
Who saw them throng into the sudden door[1];
Or Man of the Woods, that wept when it was fair,
And laughed and leaped in tempests[2]; or that worse
And bad old man, living in the lone house,
Who from his window watched along the wood,
And came out, loud and violent.[3] Suddenly
An abbot cometh, plump as two of his priests,
And strong as his horse; yet starteth, for an arrow
Sticks straight into the tree, close by his ear,
Followed by laughter from the brakes. Ah, Robin!
Ever good shot, and jovial heart wast thou,
And loved'st to laugh back his tithe to the poor.
The dusty and firred wood, with dinning nook
Of flies, and bits of heavy-mantled pond,
Which yet we love, for sylvan too are they,
And full of life, has varied, as we go,
Into park neighbourhood, not tamed, however,
From what is sweet in wildness. Of such spots
Hung with wild musk-blooms and with golden shades,
Where dizzes the dark bee, grave in his joy,
Elysian fields were made, and Eden bowers,
And Golden Ages; and if hope speaks well
And beauteous fitness, shall be made again;
And man, now huddled into struggling towns,
Be sprinkled, blest, o'er all the greeny globe.
That 'kingdom come!'—Meanwhile, welcome the hope,
And welcome the delay, and welcome, aye,
The disappointment, should we know it not
Thoroughly, nor desist from hope's good work,
Its cheer, its bettering, or its patient love.
Smooth future world, I hail thee, if to be;
May still some little rough relish thy smoothness.
Rough present world, I hail thee also. Smooth
Hast thou as well as rough; art joy-begotten,
Action sustained, and diest briefly, hoping.
We issue from the trees, and look right down

[1] Who need be reminded of the 'Forty Thieves'? [H.]
[2] See the *Orlando Innamorato*, canto 23. [H.]
[3] *Morgante Maggiore*, canto 17. [H.]

On more, with a church-tower, o'er level meads ;—
The village ! There 's the manor-house ; old smoker,—
Wrinkled and stately as Queen Elizabeth,
Its very windows, somehow, seem to wink,
Like old eyes with their lifted brows. There nestles
The parsonage ;—and there, behind that elm,
Over the goose-green, as you quit the place,
There, there 's the inn !
Thank God and our good walk !
Now, by my future hopes and present appetite,
No better prospect hath the Golden Age ;
Nor were a phoenix equal to broiled fowl.
A steak is final.
Reader. What a land for meals !
Look in the dell here, in this steep hill-shade,
Under the trees,—look at the coloured cattle.
They're milking them. There 's pretty breakfast for you ;
There, and in yonder corn-field, past the hedge,
Red with the poppies ; you just see the skirts of it.
Upon this other side clusters the farm,
As full of eggs, and flitches, and all sorts
Of eatables, as eggs are full of meat,
And with its homesteads making you feel at home,
Although a stranger. Farms are all men's homes,
A sort of homely golden age in fancy ;
Often in fact, did but the inmates know it.
Author. Si bona nôrint, as the poet says,
Happy, were they but happy !—a small proviso !
Yes ; some once in one's life, all would be farmers,
Or something of the kind ; grow fat and ruddy,
And live on ales and creams, and scent new hay,
And kiss the dairy-maid. Who would be miners ?
Reader. Far be their rail-roads from this quiet spot,
Cutting its heart through ;—far that *anti-farness,*
Trampling all peaceful places into forced
And iron neighbourhood ; making all towns
O'ertake all country with their shoes of swiftness,
That stamp their tyrannous tracks in steel for ever,
Killing the green, the loneliness, the poetry.
Oh ! leave us some small solitude, Improvement ;
Improve us not into extremes that make
Anti-improvement ; nor for earth's fair body
Bring up the dry bones of its iron skeleton,
Till all be a machine and hollow heart.

Thus uttereth my companion his benign
And wrathful deprecation, half in mirth ;
And then we quit the wood-side for the path,
That skirts the meadows ; first, coasting the farm,
Its elms, rank elder trees, and tawny stack ;

Then other fields, flanked with those ever honoured
Empires of dock, campion and briony,
And thorn, and maple, and quaint living things,
Which inconsiderate passers-by call 'ditches';
Another then, where early hay is making,
Tossing forth odours, and inviting rest
Or sport (as humour moves us),—a sweet field,
Sweet and shut in, with brown elms and green oaks
And wild-rose hedges, and the nymph-like birch,—
A field that might be called a lawn, or sort
Of lady meadow. Leaving this, we cross
Right through another by a narrow path,
Making the kicked clover and buttercups
Hiss with the edges of our shoes; then resting
A moment on a good broad stile (no sword
Of envious carpentry) with faces turned
To gaze on whence we came, and hats fresh tilted
Over our eyes, (for the sun comes that way,)
We breathe, before we enter by 'Love Lane'.
Oh Love—
But we must love thee after dinner.
A walk, and a hot steak, postpone ev'n thee!

PART II. THE DINNER

Blessings be thine, and a less hard old sofa,
Thou poor apartment, rich in pleasant memories,
Old-fashioned inn-room! may no insincere
Heart enter thee, nor any sigh remember,
Except for tenderness; and may thy lambs,
And shepherd and shepherdess, in pink and green,
Pointing their toes out (a French golden age),
Perk on thy too tall mantel-piece for ever.
O rester of the tired, welcome's embracer,
Promptest apparitor of meal on table,
Encloser of sweet after-dinner talk,
Loud mostly, sometimes low, then sweeter far,
O nest, antipodean to all ceremony,
For that alone can we, and do we, enter thee
With bows at heart, and blest tormenting boots,
And with a sigh of bliss, *flop* in thy chairs.

Reader. Truly, a high apostrophe, and deserved!
Your room, it must be owned, is the 'right thing';
A snug one to ourselves, and not too good,
Nor yet a sordid. Good old spacious chairs
Two tables, one a circular, turning up;
Item, a casement, honeysuckled; item,
Two dimity curtains, large enough to make
One good one; mantel-piece aforesaid, hardly
Too broad: item, a cracked looking-glass,

For ladies to adjust their curls in ; portraits
Of Wellington and Nelson, cherry-lipped ;
And then a bell-pull, with an egg-like handle,
Easy as wishing.
Author. Thou art fit to have been
Truth's auctioneer, or Gerard Douw's.
Here enters
Not a male waiter,—nor the landlady,
Who sits below, in the full bloom of fifty,
Filling the tap-room window,—but a niece,
With grave, good face (may no one make it graver),
And asks ' our pleasures '. Now our pleasures are,
Not a beef-steak, (as our last Canto's line
Might have prefigured,) but, the month being June,
A lamb chop and a salad, with cold tart
Of gooseberry (youngest fruit-cry of the year,
Bringing the little boys about their mothers),
And such good drink as pewter makes still better,—
Liquidest freshness become solid bliss,—
Pure quench, and heart's ease, and swilled bosom-joy,
Followed with a king's ' Hah ! ' Whales, gasping southward
And coming on a fairy sea of *malt*,
Would gulf it in, and count it Fishes' Paradise.
Lo ! the white table-cloth—lo ! knives and forks—
Lo ! glasses—lo ! the salt !—lo ! thick square ' breads '—
Lo ! plates for two—lo ! covers—lo ! the salad—
Lo ! table drawn to the open window—lo !
Two chairs drawn too—lo ! prospect out and in ;—
Lo ! we.
The door is shut ; the fresh malt coming.
Now sticketh fork in flesh, and the chops vanish :—
Now, by the gods ! we speak not for five seconds :—
Now meat is hot, and the crisp salad cold,
And it 's in basins ;—deep ;—we fork it up,
Like haycocks ; and the first attempted words
Are mums and mutterings, stifled in the bliss ;
Beautiful, ill-bred smotherments of munch.
The clear good utterance at length leaps forth ;—
' Fine ! '
' Is not this the thing ? '
' The right one !
' Hah !—
Nothing like hunger, ease, and an inn-room.
But you *eat nothing*.'
' Oh !—excuse me there ;
'Tis *you* eat nothing.'
' Pardon me ;—you *lie*.'
Thus banter we, with laughter and loud joy,
And extreme words (from sense of the reverse),
Tabular common place ; then expatiate

On the good fare, the prospect, homestead, hayfield,
The pretty waiter; and this brings up Horace,
An author made to sip of, half for love
And half for custom; whom we soon displace
For hearty draughts out of Theocritus,
Th' Elizabethan men, and the old jovial
Hero (for he himself 's a hero) Homer,—
Carver of men and gods, and chines, and verses.
Then stop we with a sigh, and wonder whether
Carving of men must still remain thus admirable:
On which we give a glance at our own deeds,—
Carvings of lambs; and wonder how it is,
That man must thus both relish and regret,
Kill and commiserate; love the glad weak thing,
So child-like, in the meadow,—and then eat him!
But death is short, say we, and his life sweet,
Mere novelty and joy, paid with one pang;
And evil must be shared; and good's so common,
We think less of it for its being 'a drug'.
Men eat good breakfasts, have good days, good nights,
Good homes; and yet, as if they were too good,
Must vary them with spleen and fault-finding;—
So that all evil 's not so *very* evil,
Nor one ten thousandth part o' the good acknowledged.
Meanwhile, 'tis otherwise with the gooseberry tart,
Acknowledged 'excellent';—also the old cheese,
The right rich crumble, betwixt dry and moist;—
Also the final drink;—we say not what;—
Choose what you please;—only the wine at inns,
Especially these inns, (best in all else,
And comfortable as slippers,) is not apt
To be Johannisberg, or suit wise stomachs.
What signifies? We pull another chair to us,
Each for our legs, (a third supplies an elbow,
If your own has none,) and with open window,
And talk, and sip, and biscuit-munch, and laugh,
Are happy as princes. 'Tis a simile
Off-hand and hearty; therefore most appropriate;
Though where, poor devils! any two such princes
(Save near a certain nursery at Windsor)
Are to be found, escaped from the dread load
Of nations at their backs, God only knows.
Now think of any dinner of 'formal cut',
Compared with this,—of footmen at your backs,
Strange to your talk, and solemn during mirth;—
Of endless indigestions coming round,
Brought you by serving flesh, that must not touch
Dish without glove;—of speaking a free mind
With men you never saw;—whose names perhaps
You have not heard; and whom you may wound horribly

With hopes you love, hateful to party ears!
My friend and I, at 'ease' here in our 'inn',
Would as lief sit in a gilt pillory,
Or stocks, or undergo a moderate
Cherokee torture amid scalps and jeers,
As change it for such mockery of free joy.
Not that full many a host, forced to dispense
His pleasures thus, is not a right good soul,
Witty withal, and worthy of eggs and bacon;
But such prosperity hath a slavery in it,
Making extremes meet vilely, and compelling
Comfort to make such *show* of being comfortable,
That silence might as well proclaim itself
With flourishes of trumpets, or sleep dance.
Author. How very pleasant is this open window!
Reader. Yes, 'tis like out-of-doors visiting in-doors:
The universe salutes our little room,
And we hold both in sovereignty. Besides,
The prospect there resembles what we've conquered,
Our morning's walk; we've played our outer well,
And earned our *inn*ings.
Author. Hail, Paronomasia!
Humanest Punning! every body's power!
Common as laughter; nor more evil deemed
By wisest lips, from Homer to Charles Lamb.
'One touch of *punning* makes the whole world kin.'
Reader. *Vide* the punster who wrote Lear and Hamlet!
But punning may be tiresome.
Author. Yes, and laughter;
And any thing ill-timed, or over done.
These *chops* had tired our *own*, had they been twenty.

Here we tell stories, anecdotes,—love friends,
Are kind to foes (too happy to find fault),
Say and enjoy, in short, a million things,
Meant here to be set down, but better fancied
For want of time. Let all good Readers fancy
All the good things they ever said and loved
With after-dinner souls, *and those are they*.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY. A HUSBAND IS CONVERSING WITH HIS WIFE

[First published 1844; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

For there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;
The other, far on *this* side of the stars,
By men called *home*, when some blest pair are met

As we are now: sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are matched) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation,
By summer-moon, or curtained fire in frost;
And by degrees there come,—not always come,
Yet mostly,—other, smaller inmates there,
Cherubic-faced, yet growing like those two,
Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,
Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so 'twixt joy,
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.—

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON VINCENT

[First published in the *Correspondence*, 1862, ii. 146–7; not reprinted.]

Waking at morn, with the accustomed sigh
For what no morn could ever bring me more,
And again sighing, while collecting strength
To meet the pangs that waited me, like one
Whose sleep the rack hath watched: I tried to feel
How good for me had been strange griefs of old,
That for long days, months, years, inured my wits
To bear the dreadful burden of one thought.
One thought with woful need turned many ways,
Which, shunned at first, and scaring me, as wounds
Thrusting in wound, became, oh! almost clasped
And blest, as saviours from the one dire pang
That mocked the will to move it.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ODE FOR THE SPRING OF 1814

[First published in *The Examiner*, April 17, 1814; reprinted in *The Descent of Liberty*, 1815, 1816.]

The vision then is past,
That held the eyes of nations,
Swept in his own careering blast,
That shook the earth's foundations!
No more throughout the air
Settles the burning glare,

That far and wide, metallic twilight, shone;
No more the bolts, from south to north,
Leap in their fiery passion forth:
We looked and saw the Wonder on his throne;
We raised our eyes again, and lo, his place was gone!

Nor did the Shape give way
To mightier spirits like him,
Nor did upon that final day
Elder Corruption strike him.
The long-taught world no more
Those idle charms explore,
Nor call on evil to restore from ill;
But heav'n-ward things, that have their birth
And shed their early tears on earth,
Experience, Truth, and Conquest of the will,
These took the Troubler's place, and bade the Plague be still.

Never did sweeter sound
From discord drop resolving,
Than struck the balanced world around
Once more set smooth revolving;
And princely visions rare,
Went stepping through the air,
With frank eyes listening to the glassy spheres;
The Eagles of the north were seen
Sailing the sunny doves between;
The Lily whitened from its dust with tears;
And Hopes with lifted smiles, and holy-minded Fears.

And lo, how earth and sky,
As if the charm completing,
From winter's other tyranny
Revive and give us greeting.
There 's not a joy of spring,
But 's up upon the wing;
The leaves put out their hands into the ray;
The bee, that rings the basking hour,
Comes for his kiss from flow'r to flow'r;
Glad faces are abroad with crowding play,
And all creation keeps full-hearted holiday.

The soldier sheathes his sword,
The statesman breathes from thinking,
The freeman feels his hope restored,
When most his heart was shrinking.
No more the widow bleeds
To see the babe that feeds
At her dear breast with sudden-stopping moan;
But while his earnest task he plies,
Smiles in his grave, uplifted eyes,
Gath'ring his little hand into her own,
And feels that in the world she shall not be alone.

O Liberty! O breath
Of all that 's true existence!
Thou at whose touch the soul, at death,
But leaps to joy and distance;
Before thy present call,
The very captive's wall,
If wrongly round him, like a curtain flies;
The green and laughing world he sees,
Waters, and plains, and waving trees,
The skim of birds, and the blue-doming skies,
And sits with smile at heart, and patience-levelled eyes.

THE DESCENT OF LIBERTY

[First published 1815, reprinted 1816.]

Aprite, O Muse, i chiusi fonti, aprite.
Cominci omai da questo dì giocondo
Più che mai bello a rinnovarsi il mondo.—CELIO MAGNO.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

SPEAKERS

EUNOMUS—*an old Nobleman, reduced and living in solitude.*
PHILARET—*his son, supposed to be dead.*
MYRTILLA—*his daughter-in-law, Philaret's wife.*
THREE SHEPHERDS—*reduced to that condition.*
LIBERTY.

OUR GENII OF THE KINGDOMS. SPRING, PEACE, *and* POETRY—*Goddesses.*
HANIEL *and* MABIEL—*attendant Spirits.* THE SABLE GENIUS.

MUTES

THE ENCHANTER. CERES.
PAINTING, MUSIC, *and* DANCING—*Goddesses.* AMBRIEL—*a Spirit.*
Visions, and Pageants, &c.

PROLOGUE

THE scene of the Prologue is nothing but clouds and sky, the former lying heaps of silvery snow for a ground, and the latter, which is of a deep blue, resenting an occasional planet in motion. A sudden light strikes over the ace, and Liberty, with a cheerful step, issues out of it. She is in the bloom youth, buskined up with an active dress like Diana, her large and airy curls wreathed with laurel, and a light staff with a cap on it across her shoulder. s she advances she makes a stop, and casts her eyes downwards, as if looking to the distance afar off.

LIBERTY

This is the point at which the rolling world
Opens upon me. There it is, broad gleaming!
O what a sight of loveliness art thou,
Earth, my dear care; and what would some of those,
Who spoil thee, think if they could see thine orb
As I do now, smoothing along the air

With full-turn'd face divine, and all the while
Serv'd with the beauty of the silver moon!

Now the wide waters heavingly come round
Opaque and restless, with a lingering sweep;
Fair islands now, and there, my favourite soil,
Among them, upon which I first set foot
Whene'er I visit earth; and now at last,
The suffering land, which I must free to-day.

With what a clinging darkness is it covered!
The Enchanter, foiled in his attempt to force
His art beyond its limits, and to work
His fiery magic in the northern snows,
Where the rude people, having Nature's help,
Scattered his wildered slaves, and smote him back,
Feels that the secret weakness has escaped him
Of art compared with nature, wrong with right;
And now, though resolute to dare all chances,
Sits wrapped in double gloom, listening at times,
With half a fear, to catch the expected sound
Of numbers coming in their fresh revenge
To dash him from his height. This is the hour
I looked for. Four of the most potent spirits,
That rule the nations, have I just advised,
Each in a morning vision, to combine
Their clouds, and following up his wasted strength,
Burst with a final thunderclap upon him,
At which the world shall startle. Then will I
Descend in lustre through the freshened air,
Met by the flowering Spring; and giving each
The laurel he has earned,—Liberty's crown,—
Summon the triumphs and the joys about me,
And lead a lovelier period for mankind.

Ye tricksome cherubs, ever at your play,
With smile-expanded cheeks and hovering limbs,—
Minions of air, born of its basking leisure,—
Break off, my little spirits, some of ye,
And with a silver cloud wait on me down.

A set of cherubs rise from the back-ground, and Liberty seating herself on one of the clouds, they playfully bear her up with it, the whole going off at the side-scene with a descending motion.

SCENE THE FIRST

A SECLUDED spot in a wood, with a cottage on one side, and a little river running under the trees in the back-ground. A kind of twilight is in the air. Enter three Shepherds, looking cautiously about, and listening.

1st Shep. It 's wandered somewhere else:—every thing 's quiet.
2nd Shep. Hush! Was not that it?

1st Shep. No; there 's not a breath:
I think it turned among the willows there.
3rd Shep. Most likely: sound delights itself in water,
As I have noticed often:—let 's pursue it.
1st Shep. No, better not; remember what a road
It led us yester eve;—'twill play no more.
These spirits, bad or good (by what I've heard
From my old grandam, and have read in books),
Seem to delight in playing tricks with us,
As if they made them merry with the awkwardness
And grave mistakes of our inferior nature.
Besides, the stream, you know, runs through the grounds
Of fine old Eunomus, who used to set
So rare a lesson to the former court,
But now shuts up his sorrows in this corner;
And 'twere amiss to startle his grey head
E'en with a footstep.
2nd Shep. 'Twere so: yet methinks
He might be pleased to hear of this new sound,
The first, of any comfortable breath,
Our wood has heard for years. I know not why,
But there is such a sweetness in the touch
Of this mysterious pipe that 's come among us,
Something so full of trilling gladsomeness,
As if the heart were at the lip that filled it,
Or went a rippling to the fingers' ends,
That it forebodes, to me, some blessed change.
There!
All. There! [*A flourish of a small pipe heard.*
3rd Shep. 'Tis overhead—I heard it plainly.
1st Shep. It comes no more.
2nd Shep. But it was louder then
Than it has ever been;—'twas curious too,
It should return just as I spoke of change.
1st Shep. I think, with you, there must be something in it.
Feel you no alteration?
2nd Shep. What? In the *air*?
'Tis lighter,—fresher;—I perceived it yesterday.
Oh, my dear friends, what if this gloomy weight,
That sick and dim, like a disease of nature,
Has visited so long our weary land,
Should at the last be going? Nay,—to speak it,
What if this cursed Enchanter—
3rd Shep. Hush! Be cautious;
You know what ears he has in every corner.
2nd Shep. I care not:—who is there, among us, cares?
Has not he robbed us all of something dear,
Some father, brother, son, to go and do
His devilish work in countries of all climate,
In fainting heats, and powerless, cramping colds,

Wasting away in one, stiff'ning in t'other
With horrid sleep, besides a world of toils,
Of sore and starting bones, fevers, and frenzies,
Sharp swords from hands unlooked for, all the while,
Glancing about their ears, and killing thousands ?
Look at old Eunomus—from first to last
A lover of us all both high and low,
And one that would have all live well together,
The high in rank, the low in liberty,
Gracing each other like the trees in spring,
The tufted by the tall :—how has he suffered ?
Both his sons gone,—the first one by his death
Breaking the mother's heart, the second now
Torn from his bride, and dead too as they say,—
She only left him to perform all parts,
And keep back her own tears to save him his.
Let 's tell him of this pipe ; I do believe,
It brings us comfort.

1st Shep. Heaven send it may !
At all events, 'twere well perhaps to tell him ;
For now I recollect, I have heard often,
These hovering spirits may not keep their secret
From unpolluted men ; but when they're by,
And the occasion's good, will yield their voices
To the still air. I'll knock directly, shall I ?

All. Do, do.

[*Goes to knock at the cottage door.*

Enter EUNOMUS *with* MYRTILLA

Eun. How now, my friends ? I saw you stop
With hushed and anxious gestures, and was coming
To learn your news. Heard ye this sound in the air
My daughter speaks of ? for of late, my ear
Seems closing up to every sound but hers.

2nd Shep. We came, Sir, to inform you of it,
Since from its strange delightfulness, and something
Of a new freshness in the air about us,
We thought it boded good.

Myrt. The very things,
Dear father, that I told you.

Eun. Is it then
So very sweet ? for my Myrtilla here
Has a young fancy, and will convert the sound
Of common breath to something exquisite,
If evening silence and the trees be round her.

1st Shep. Sir, when I heard it first, and that was yesterday,
Standing and looking down the floating stream
With oft-returning lapse of distanced eyes,
I felt my cheek change colour, it awoke
So fairy-like at once ; and when it rose

A second time, which was near fall of night,
As I was lingering at my open door,
Fixed as the calm, the tears came in my eyes
Starting for sweetness.
3rd Shep. We have heard, Sir, nothing
At all resembling it, since fair Myrtilla
Sang upon evenings to your——
Myrt. (*Interrupting him, and making side gestures of caution.*)
Have you all
Perceived it then?
1st Shep. All of us,—some alone,
And some together.
2nd Shep. But so close to us
Never till now; and so, we have remembered
What in sage books is told of reverend men,
And of their power to hear celestial things,
And voices of the sky; and now you're here,—
Pardon us, Sir,—we think that if you spoke to it,
It might give utterance, and disclose its purpose.
Eun. I fear, my friends, you think too potently
Of an old man, whose heart is yearning still,
Not for celestial, but for earthly voices:—
But those are past,—and in the hope some day
To hear them yet again with other ears,
I have not fallen into so much bitterness
With my humanity, or such resentment
At ill's apparent wonders, as to shut
My fancy up in a dull downward sleep,
And never think of fair invisible things
Or good intended towards us,—good perhaps
Brought out and bettered from the taste of woe.
If spirit unearthly ever went beyond
Its dumb communication with such thoughts,
Breaking air's vacancy with shape or sound,
Though we, my friends, may not be men to ask it,
This is a time when wonders are abroad,
And such things might be.
[*A louder and longer flourish of sweet music than before.*
3rd Shep. 'Twas upon the trees there.
2nd Shep. 'Tis, Sir, as we supposed; pray speak to it—
1st Shep. Hush! to the left.
[*The music shifts to the left with a different strain, and then makes a sudden stop.*
Eun. Myrtilla, my sweet child,
Frame you a prayer out of your innocent thoughts,
And speak for all: something of heav'n is near us.
[*He takes off his cap, the rest doing it after him.*

MYRTILLA *sings.*

Gentle and unknown delight,
  Hovering with thy music near us,
If that our request be right,
  Lean thee tow'rd the earth, and hear us;
And if we may yet rejoice,
Touch the silence with a voice.

By the lingering day forlorn,
  And the dread of the drear morrow,
By the infant yet unborn,
  Waiting for its world of sorrow,
By youth, forgetful to rejoice,
And middle age's failing voice;

By the griefs of many lands,
  And hearts that waste in secret places,
By the lift of trembling hands,
  And the tears on furrowed faces,
Say, shall anguish yet rejoice?
Spirit dear, put forth a voice.

SPIRIT *sings.*

To the griefs of many lands,
  To hearts that waste in secret places,
To the lift of trembling hands,
  And the tears on furrowed faces,
To Beauty's and to Virtue's voice,
I am come to bid rejoice.
Two Echoes. Rejoice! Rejoice!

RECITATIVE

'Tis my brethren of the sky,
Couriers we of Liberty,
Coming hither, one by one,
Like the streaks before the sun.
She herself is now not far,
But has passed the morning-star;
And if ye would wish to see
What shall help to set ye free,
From the greenwood start ye forth,
And turn your eyes from south to north.
[*A symphony of pipes mingles in; and the Spirit sings again.*
Elsewhere now I take my voice;
  Locks of grey!
  And lips of May!
And shepherds all, rejoice, rejoice!
Echoes dying off. Rejoice! Rejoice!

Myrt. This is deliciousness!—Our friends will go,
And bring us word, dear father, of this sight:
You must in-doors, and rest your spirit awhile. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE THE SECOND

THE confines of a wood with a large plain stretching up the country in the back-ground, and showing a city in the distance. Over the city hangs a dark cloud. Enter the Shepherds meeting on either side.

3rd Shep. Did you remark the strange and sudden mist
That parted us?
1st Shep. Ay, and was lost in wonder.
3rd Shep. How it came rolling tow'rds us through the trees,
And wrapped us from each other!
1st Shep. 'Twas like night
Visibly passing. All my faculties
Seemed stuffed and blinded till it had gone by.
Yet here we are all met.
2nd Shep. Some trick no doubt
Of this tyrannic juggler to delude us:
Its failure looks well-omened. What do you see?
3rd Shep. Nothing as yet in the north.
1st Shep. But tow'rds the south
There is a streak of light in the dark sky;
And the Enchanter in his city seems
At troubled work.
2nd Shep. That 's plain. Heav'n alter him!
What choice has his been of these dark vexations,
These sullen heights, this flound'ring in Heav'n's worst,
This poor and purblind acting of the god,
When by the same good gift of understanding
Thus devilishly abused, and by applying
To books of clearer wisdom, he had been
Blessing and blest, and helped to keep our land
In still and shiny peace, its vital air
Pure and at liberty, and its happy families
As numerous, and as smiling, and as rich
With joy at heart, as the small orbs that throng
Their laughing cheeks together on our vines.
What flash was that? Was it not lightning?
1st and 3rd Shep. Look,
Now the light 's coming.
2nd Shep. Something flashes thick
As from a forge, and spits against the dark:
The wind too,—how it musters on the sudden
Now, now!

Another cloud, similar to that over the city, emerges from the north after the light, and begins to come slowly onward, the latter meantime shifting its place a little towards it, and leaving the spires of the city whitening up into the air.

1st Shep. The Enchanter, wrapped within his cloud,
Seems to await it. Heaven send us good!
For after all my friends, what if this voice

We heard delude us, and this other cloud
Contain but other evils like himself,
Come to dispute with him the power to vex us?
2nd Shep. That thought has crossed me also; but I feel
It cannot be; the voice had something in it
So frank and kind, I feel assured 'twas true.
Besides, those counter-ills have failed already:—
He is so fixed and potent in his art,
They have but furnished him with proud occasion
To play the master, and bring under him,
One after one, the trusters in his trade.
No, no; the world is wiser, and has found,
Be sure, some nobler art that shall perplex him.
The better spirit within us all is roused,
The spirit that reddens at an insolent eye,
That leaps 'twixt wrong and suffering, that throws up
A smile to heav'n ere its impatience executes,
That says to all men, 'This is right, this wrong,
This just and unjust, bearable and unbearable,'
This spirit is roused; and it shall read to his
A lesson of such new and finishing thunder,
As shall, at once, shake him from out his hold,
And purge the air from after pestilence.

A fierce gust of wind:—the two clouds wheel nearly together, and hover a little, darting out fires. By this time, a multitude of Shepherds have joined the others, and are gazing with anxiety at the sight.

CHORUS OF PART OF THE SHEPHERDS

Moment of all anxious wonder!
Hour, about to strike in thunder!
Lo, we feel to that dread sound
Heaven's own finger travelling round!

CHORUS OF OTHER PART OF THE SHEPHERDS

Go not back, thou sacred hand,
Hope of every listening land!
Strike, strike, and set the nations free,
And ring the knell, from clime to clime, of tyranny,—of tyranny!

The attacking cloud throws out brighter and thicker flames than the other:—the latter begins to heave, and give way.

GRAND CHORUS

See! see! he totters in his cloudy walls!
See! see!
See! see!
He totters, totters, in his cloudy walls!
[*A vivid flash of lightning.*
He falls!

A tremendous clap of thunder, the clouds coming in contact; one bursts, and the Enchanter falls headlong, the twilight over the country vanishing. Then to the sound of distant and grand music, the other cloud, turning to

a silvery hue, moves into the former's place over the city, and separates into four bright globes, on each of which sits a Genius, with one hand holding a thunderbolt carelessly on the thigh, and in the other lifting an olive-branch. They descend gradually into the city, amidst the far-off sound of bells and artillery.

2nd Shep. More wonders yet:—we three will first return
To the anxious hearts that wait us in the wood,
Then join you in the city. Away, away! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE THE THIRD

A PLEASURE-GROUND in the suburbs of a great city laid out in a natural style with wood and turf, the spires and domes appearing over the trees toward the side, and the view opening to the western horizon in front.

Voice of a Spirit in the air.

Mabiel!

Voice of another Spirit out of the trees.

Who calls?

Phaniel. 'Tis I,
Here—two lark-ascensions high,
Watching tow'rds the sunny sea
To tell the approach of Liberty.
Have you done what she desired?

Mabiel. Every thing. All spots admired
Have I plied my wings about
To find the best and greenest out,
And on this have fixed at last,
Where the meddling eastern blast
Through the myrtle and the bay
Shall not force his knify way
To nip the sides and shrug the shoulders
Of our Lady's fair beholders.
Over all the beds and bowers
Have I broke my softest showers;
And the nearer breath of Spring
Is all that 's wanting now to bring
Courage to their blossoming.
Look behind; for by the humming
Of the bees, I think she 's coming.

Phan. Yes,—and is at hand already.
Scarcely can I keep me steady
For her wanton fays and elves,
Who'd have me dancing like themselves.
Wags, be off; for though I'm free
As suits a sprite of Liberty,
You nor all your Lady's beauty
Must beguile me from my duty.
Mabiel, she 's passing now.—
Goddess of the sparkling brow,

Rosy lip, and springing bosom,
Please thee with all whitest blossom,
Warmest bud and coolest green,
To enrich this destined scene,
Where to-day our Lady great,
Liberty 's to hold her state.

[*A short flourish of flutes :—the voice of Spring is heard.*

Spring. Spirit, I have heard it all,
And shall add my service small
To content thy queen victorious,
Though herself is all that 's glorious.
But I play not the bestower ;
'Tis a gladsome task I owe her ;
For without her what were I ?
She it is that makes my sky
Happy to the eye that sweeps it,
And my bow'r to him that keeps it,
And my air to him that takes it,
And my verse to him that makes it.
Doubly therefore, as I go,
Breathe I on the buds below
Warmth to set the prisoners free,
Peeping red from flow'r and tree ;
And I shall have parted hence
Scarce a moment, ere thy sense
Fill with odours, rich and soft,
Which their young lips vent aloft.
Thank me not ; I must be going.—
Now, my Joys, your music blowing,
Set the breeze, that wafts me, flowing.

Soft pipes going off to the gentle bowing of the trees, whose blossoms in the mean while spread forth. Spring and her train are seen to float over at a little distance.

Mab. Ha ! you have petitioned well,
Frank and fine-voiced Phaniel !
All around me start, and spread,
Bowering blossoms, white and red,
Some in frills and curious frets,
And some in cups and coronets,
While the bees, about their treasure,
Hum and pitch with tipsy pleasure,
And the coying butterflies,
Drest in all their summer dyes,
Flutter up from every part,
Tickled, as it were, at heart.

Never shot so bright a blush !
Then the panting leaves are flush
With the freshest rainy green,
And an amber light between ;

And the turf lies thick and glowing,
Just as from a gentle mowing,
Asking a fair foot to press
On its springy mossiness.
Never looked the bay so fit
To surmount two eyes of wit,
Nor the myrtle to be seen
Two white-kerchiefed breasts between,
Nor the oak to crown a sword
For a nation's rights restored.

Then the flowers on all their beds—
How the sparklers glance their heads!
Daisies with their pinky lashes,
And the marigold's broad flashes,
Hyacinth with sapphire bell
Curling backward, and the swell
Of the rose, full-lipped and warm,
Round about whose riper form
Her slender virgin-train are seen
In their close-fit caps of green:
Lilacs then, and daffadillies;
And the nice-leaved lesser lilies,
Shading, like detected light,
Their little green-tipt lamps of white;
Blissful poppy, odorous pea,
With its wings up lightsomely;
Balsam with his shaft of amber,
Mignonette for lady's chamber,
And genteel geranium,
With a leaf for all that come;
And the tulip, tricked out finest,
And the pink, of smell divinest;
And as proud as all of them
Bound in one, the garden's gem,
Heartsease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold.—
But why stay I chattering here
To a more instructed ear?
Feet approach, my task is done,
I must glance me through the sun.
Phaniel, if your cloud holds two,
I'll come up, and sit with you!

Phan. Come along, and share my view.

Mabiel flies up across the scene, whisking his coloured wings in the sunshine.

The same scene. Enter the THREE SHEPHERDS with EUNOMUS and MYRTILLA.

1st Shep. Now, Sir, rest here,—upon this shady bank.
Eun. I will:—this heavenly season, and the sight

Of my Myrtilla's face against the sun
Touched with a morning eagerness, inspired me
Beyond my strength. (*Sits down.*) I should apologize
Once more for thus—
2nd Shep. Pray, Sir, think well of us;
We'll take the balmy welcome of the spot.
1st Shep. 'Tis one not to be hurried from.
Eun. Well, well,
My manly friends, I know what you think requisite
To your true pleasures, and shall not dispute.
'Tis a sweet spot.
2nd Shep. And with a lady in it
Wants no perfection. We have come, I think,
Through nothing but sweet spots from first to last.
What think you, Madam? Those are not sad tears
That flash above your smiling.
Myrt. Tears of joy, Sir,
To see the world with such a happy look.
May you be happy all.
2nd Shep. (*Aside to the others.*) She thinks a moment
Of her lost kindred,—but in what a spirit!
1st Shep. O yes,—her heart is full, but love for all
Swims at the top, and helps to shake these tears
Over the brim.
Myrt. (*To Eunomus.*) Now you will smile at me,
And so would our friends too, but that they're younger
And cannot yet afford to look such truths
At a fair lady,—but you've heard me, Sir,
In my young fancy picture out a world,
Such as our present-timed, unfinal eyes,
Knowing but what they see,—and not even that,—
Might gather from the best of what 's before them,
Leaving out evil as a vexing thorn,
Whose use they know not;——
2nd Shep. Such a world, you say,
This change appears!
Myrt. I do; it seems to me,
In its fresh whisper, and delighted eye,
And all this burst of out-o'-door enjoyment,
Just like a new creation,—Spring and Summer
Married, and Winter dead to be no more.
Was ever so much horror, at the best,
Followed by such a time,—change, wonderous change
In what has busied all your talk by the way,
And with it all this luxury,—flowers, blossoms,
And heaps of leafiness on every side
About and overhead, with beams between,
And quick-voiced birds that steep the trees in music,
Green fields, and crystal waters, and blue skies,
With here and there a little harmless cloud

That only wants a visible cherub on it
To ride its silver ;—happy human beings
O'ertaking us meantime at every step
With smile that cannot help itself, and turning,
As they pass quick, with greeting of the day,
Exchanging blessedness :—Oh Sir, Oh father,
There 's such a look of promise all about us,
A smile so bidding, something that almost
Seems to say yes to what the tip-toe heart,
Hanging on Nature's neck, would ask of her,
Even to the raising of a buried joy,
That I could fancy—but—forgive me, pray,
For talking of those things.
Eun. Talk on, my child,
And let the young hope, that is natural
Both to thy age and sweetness, come about thee.
Me too the season moves——What said you, Sir ?
[*Catching hold of a Shepherd's arm.*
My senses quicken at the name you spoke,
Or else I'm losing them.
3rd Shep. I saw a figure,
Leaping the stile just now 'twixt yonder trees,
Whom, if I make not miserable error,
Was your son Philaret—
1st Shep. This lady's husband,—
I saw him too—there !—darting through the limes.
2nd Shep. And there !—he knows us, and makes joyful sign
With a wild arm ;—nay, Sir, you need not rise,—
Do not ;—dear lady too——
Myrt. 'Tis he ! 'Tis he !
Risen out of buried thousands to come back to us !

Enter PHILARET rushing toward his father, and kneeling under his embrace, his arm at the same time clasping his wife.

Eun. My boy !——What then escaped !—alive once more !—
Come to lay smooth my old locks, ere I die !
3rd Shep. (*Aside.*) Mark how his hand quivers and slips about
To grasp his son all close to him.
2nd Shep. Hush, hush ;
It is a sight to make our joy complete.
Phil. (*Still kneeling.*) Let me see both your faces—both at once ;—
Oh, I see how it was,—you thought me dead,
And so !—
Myrt. But now ! Oh now !
Eun. Ay, this quits all ;—
Yes, all ;—I have not, cannot cease to think
Of others, but I'm grateful,—and a joy
Despaired of comes to us like Heaven's own message
To bid us be content.—And yet I've wanted not

An angel with me :—ay, my boy, do thank her ;—
She need not turn from you, as she was wont
To do from me sometimes, her watery cheek ;
Or manage, with a lovely, pale pretence
Of unconcern, to draw from out your sight
The ring that slips upon her wasted finger.
Phil. Did she do so ? Did you do thus, my best
And tenderest heart,—my wife ?—May Heaven for this,
If only this, bring out that cheek again
Into its dimpled outline,—Heaven for this
Cool the dear hand I grasp with health and peace,
Bless thee in body and mind, in home and husband,—
And when old age, reverencing thy looks
In all it can, comes with his gentle withering,
Some thin and ruddy streaks still lingering on thee,
May it, unto the last, keep thee thy children,
Full-numbered round about thee, to supply
With eyes, feet, voice, and arms, and happy shoulders
Thy thoughts, and wishes, books, and leaning-stocks,
And make the very yielding of thy frame
Delightful for their propping it.—Come, come,
We will have no more tears.—My old companions,
Generous, I see, as ever, pray forgive me ;
I had not overlooked you, but for these ;
And now for these, as well as for old times,
My hand must grapple with you. Ah, Damætas,
You've not forgotten your old shake, I find,—
The cordial crush that used to lay one's hand up.
3rd Shep. Pray take it, Sir, for all the shakes I owe you.
2nd Shep. And now we'll leave, Sir, to your better keeping
Our happy friends :—we had not staid thus long,
But that we feared you might have thought us careless.
Phil. Nay, if you go, you'll only come again ;
For as I heard, the pomps were just prepared
To leave the city, and strike hereabouts.

Flourish of a pipe in the air ;—the voice of Phaniel is heard.

Ambriel, Ambriel, brother scout,
O'er the city looking out,
I discern above the sea
Light, that dawns for you and me,
Of our mistress Liberty.
Shoot your slender voice below,
And let the pomps and triumphs know.

Flourish of a distant pipe ; and after a little pause, grand music approaching from the city. Enter the foremost part of the crowd of spectators on each side of the scene, congratulations passing between them ; when suddenly, in the midst of the coming music, and to the attraction of all eyes, a purple light rises in the west, with winged cherubs touching away the little coloured clouds

on either side; and the figure of Liberty is seen advancing on her cloud of silver. The acclamations of the crowd suddenly burst into a

CHORUS

'Tis she! 'Tis she!
'Tis Liberty,
Come to crown our wonders;
To follow our night
With a perfect light,
And with airy health our thunders!

O Goddess dear, our hearts leap up before thee,
And on our feet like men, we best adore thee!

By this time the cloud has descended to the back of the front scene, the cherubs seating themselves playfully about it, with Phaniel and Mabiel. The music, which seemed about to enter, suddenly ceases, and Liberty speaks:

Well met, my friends! After long centuries
The unprisoned airs here freshen once again,
And feel as they were fit for hearts and eyes
To breathe and sparkle in. You thank me nobly.
Now let the doers of my glorious work,
Those Spirits of the Nations, whom I taught
The way to conquer for themselves and you,
Come in their pride before me, and receive
The crowning thanks I owe them.

A blast of trumpets. The music strikes up into a Prussian march, and one of the four Genii, or Spirits of the Nations, who overthrew the Enchanter, enters in a low chariot sculptured with instruments of war, and formed after the fashion of those in Homer, that is to say, a mere shell for a standing-place, open at the back, and drawn by a couple of white palfreys. He is habited in a short girdled vest, leaving his arms, knees, and throat naked, with a head of manly curls, a star gleaming on his forehead, and two large and dark wings at his shoulders,—altogether presenting the appearance of an angel in the bloom of manhood,—immortal spirits not being outwardly touched, like men, by the cares of their respective employments. On the front edge of his car is an eagle carved in ebony. Liberty, as he stops in passing, presents him with a crown of laurel, which he holds in his hands while she addresses him:—

Genius of a suffering land,
Whom the curst Enchanter's hand
Vexed with bonds and worse disdain,
Well have you dashed off your chain,—
Well have you repaid him now,
And must wear a laurelled brow
Of a grace and of a hue,
Such as Conquest's merer crew
Never could have won for you.
Only when you take to wing,
And return to governing,

Recollect for those you rule,
What you learnt in Sorrow's school,
And acquaint their homes with me,
Triumph-teaching Liberty.
Seat you now in well-earned state,
While the pomps we celebrate.

The Genius here gracefully making an obeisance moves on towards the side-scene, and then, quitting his chariot, which is borne away, turns round and ascends for his throne a portion of the cloud, which the cherubs roll off for that purpose. When he is seated, he puts on his crown, and Mabiel proclaims,—

So our Goddess, wise and free,
Wills that every crown should be :—
This is the true sovereignty.

Trumpets as before :—an Austrian march ;—enter a similar Genius in a car sculptured with instruments of war and music, a silver eagle standing on the front edge. Liberty in the same manner presents him with a crown, and addresses him :

Genius of a suffering land,
Whom the curst Enchanter's hand
Plucked from your old towering height,
Well have you returned to light !—
Well have you repaid him now,
And must wear a laurelled brow
Of a grace and of a hue,
Such as Conquest's merer crew
Never could have won for you.
Only this remember well
For your surest counter-spell,—
'Tis not age and height alone
Can secure the staidest throne
From the reach of Change or Death,—
But an eye to all beneath,
And an air kept pure for me
Life-supplying Liberty.
Seat you now in well-earned state,
While the pomps we celebrate.

The Genius takes his seat by the side of the preceding one, and puts on his laurel, upon which Phaniel proclaims,—

So our Goddess, wise and free,
Wills that every crown should be :—
This is the true sovereignty.

Trumpets as before :—a Russian march ;—enter a similar Genius in a car of crystal ice sculptured with instruments of war and with scaffolded cities, a golden eagle standing on the front edge. Liberty presents him with the crown, and addresses him :

Genius of a rising land,
Whom the foiled Enchanter's hand

Reached but to recoil with pain,
Well have you repulsed his chain!—
Well have you repaid him now,
And must wear a laurelled brow
Of a grace and of a hue,
Such as Conquest's merer crew
Never could have won for you.
Would you make it nobler still?—
There 's a land was heaped with ill
By sinning pow'rs that ruled before you,
Whose repentant pains implore you,
Joining with this free-voiced season,
And your own asserted reason,
To restore it. Do,—and blest
For this good deed and all the rest;
Be esteemed; and may the ray
Which you've helped to clear away,
Stretch into your distant sphere,
Without the storms that brought it here.
Seat you now in well-earned state,
While the pomps we celebrate.

The Genius here moves round the scene, so as to return to the side at which he entered, and seats himself opposite to the preceding one; then putting on his laurel, Mabiel proclaims:

So our Goddess, wise and free,
Wills that every crown should be:—
This is the true sovereignty.

Trumpets as before:—'Britons, strike home;'—enter a similar Genius, but with a laurel already on his head, and a halo of light also about it. He is in a car sculptured with emblems of all the arts, a golden lion standing on the front edge. Liberty smilingly spreads forth her hand at his approach, and addresses him:

Genius of a glorious land,
Whom the vexed Enchanter's hand
Never yet could venture near,
Spell-bound with a marble fear,
(For he felt a strange impression
From your eyes' free self-possession,
And the ring of watery light
Rippling round your forehead white,)
Long have you my laurels worn;
And though some under leaves be torn
Here and there, yet what remains
Still its pointed green retains,
And still an easy shade supplies
To your calm-kept, watchful eyes.
Only would you keep it bright'ning,
And its power to shake the light'ning

Harmless down its glossy ears,
Suffer not so many years
To try what they can bend and spoil,
But oftener in its native soil
Let the returning slip renew
Its upward sap and equal hue;
And wear it then, with glory shaded,
Till the spent earth itself be faded.
Seat you now in your old state,
While the pomps we celebrate.

The Genius here rides round the scene like the former one, and then takes his seat opposite to the one that entered first, so as to be the nearest on the right hand of Liberty; upon which Phaniel proclaims,—

So our Goddess, wise and free,
Wills that every crown should be:—
This is the true sovereignty.

A flourish of concluding music from the Genii. Liberty speaks:

Phaniel and Mabiel, sparkling servants mine,
You know what blessing we must first invoke
From the clear sky. These noble Spirits here
Will join to charm her down. She is all heart,
Affectionate and quick, and only waits
A tender word to slip from heav'n with smiles.

DUET.—PHANIEL and MABIEL sing.

O wrapping looks and balmy tongue,
Sweet as summer air through tree,
Remembered when this age was young,
Like sights beheld in infancy,—
O PEACE, whose very name 's a pleasure,
Re-appear
To bless us here,
And light with silken foot upon our leisure!

FIRST GENIUS speaks.

By the last tear that hangs to day,
For thy kiss to clip away;

SECOND GENIUS.

By the toil of struggling hearts,
That rest them from their final parts;

THIRD GENIUS.

By hopes, that wait in rising lands
A blessing from thy gentle hands;

FOURTH GENIUS.

By home-delights, and spirits free,
And one full sigh of earth and sea,
And victorious Liberty;

The two SPIRITS taking up the song again.
Re-appear! Re-appear!

CHORUS *of* SPECTATORS.

Earth is worthy to regain thee,
And hopes it may not always pain thee.

A pause of listening silence, and then an exquisite voice in the air:

Greatest Goddess of our sphere,
Elves, and human beings dear,
I am here! I am here!

A descent of turtle doves, who sweep gently off in pairs on either side, and a couple of snowy feet are discerned treading the air, as it were, softly downwards. The whole figure soon appears, and a strain of flutes welcomes the arrival of Peace. She is habited in white like an angel, with dove-coloured wings, on which she comes hovering down, a sheep-bell hanging on one of the fingers of her right hand, and a wreath of olive and myrtle on her head. As she descends, she spreads her hands hither and thither with gestures of benediction, and alighting at the foot of Liberty, embraces her with upward-looking affection and reverence, taking her seat there in conclusion. The spectators stretch out their hands in an attitude of eager and mute worship.

Liberty. I must thank thee, sweet, I fear;
For among the voices here
Gushes of sweet tears have broken;
But how indeed could they have spoken,
Who beheld at once in thee
Worlds of home felicity,—
Hopes come back, that all seemed gone,—
Bosoms, which their griefs lay on?
Charmed they are at ears and eyes,
And as with new faculties
Seem to look abroad and hear
Basking silence wrap the sphere,
While the clouds hush off in racks,
And in long-left golden tracks
Ships to ships on the still sea
Glance with broad sail courteously;
And on land, for countless miles,
Passion rests and Nature smiles,
And not a harsher sound is heard
Than of nest-resuming bird,
With flocks, and streams, and village calls,
And bells, that winds fling out o'er walls
From joyous towns at intervals.

Come; 'tis ours, assembled here,
To flush the triumph. Goddess dear,
If the tenderness within
Has left thy voice, begin, begin,

And summon from their waiting climes
The pleasures that perfect victorious times.
Peace. I obey; and thus commence
With one shall freshen unexerted sense.

She sings.

Holder of the smiles of heaven,
Listening eye and forehead even,
Who from out the thrilled air broke,
When Love first saw the light and spoke,
O Music, mildest,
Warmest, wildest,
Wind thee down from sphere to sphere,
And meet us here!

Chorus *of* Cherubs

Earth is worthy now of thee,
And only waits thy harmony.

A sweet sound in the air, gradually descending, and growing louder, the winds themselves making a harmony as they swell among the trees. A cloud then appears from the top of the scene, and bursting open with a fullness of fine sounds, Music issues forth in a floating drapery of blue, and playing on a golden lyre, the cloud in the meantime closing under her, and furnishing her with a throne. Ceasing to play, she begins to descend very slowly towards the left hand of Liberty, and again passing her hand across the strings with a hasty prelude, and then waving it commandingly in the air, a concert seems to pour in from all quarters, till it swells into a complete pomp of harmony, the whole closing as the cloud finally mingles with that of Liberty, and Music has taken her seat.

Lib. Circler of the ear with bliss,
Sweetest Goddess, thanks for this!
Now for the eye's rich artifice.

The second Song of Peace

Oh many-blushing beauty, born
Of Iris and the Prince of Morn,
Painting,—Vision's choice completeness,
With sweepy shape, and summer lips,
And hand, that into roses dips
Its careless-playing finger tips,
Contrasting sweetness;
O wheresoe'er thou look'st from air,
Shaping the clouds that purple there,
Or shedding landscapes in the fountains,
Or showing sights of tow'r and tree
In fairy mirror o'er the sea
Of wonder-eyed Parthenope,
And her red mountains;

O sparkler of the sapphire sphere,
Visit us here!

CHORUS

Earth is worthy now of thee,
And only waits thy brilliancy.

The cloud, on which the celestial visitors are sitting, is suddenly tinged about with the prismatic colours, and a rainbow half appearing towards the side, and pitching its tip on the right of Liberty, PAINTING is seen in a mixed habit of purple and yellow, gliding down over it on another cloud. She makes an obeisance to Liberty, and keeps in motion a hand-mirror, which at first only throws out a vanishing light on the objects below, like a jack-o'-lantern, but upon being raised a little higher and held steadily opposite to the horizon in the back-ground, suddenly reflects upon that quarter a clear and exact representation of the whole scene, only rendered more beautiful and gorgeous. Then turning her glass again, the picture vanishes, and having by this time descended, she takes her seat on the right of Liberty, the rainbow relapsing into air.

Lib. Filler of the eye with bliss,
Brightest Goddess, thanks for this!
Now for the thought's free artifice.

The third Song of PEACE

O best Enchantress, unconfined,
Full of all the Mighty Mind,—
Lustrous forehead laurel-leaved,
Whom Psyche of her love conceived
In the voiceful, golden house,
When first he came mysterious,
O spare us from addressing thee,
All accomplished POETRY,
And turning quick eye, deep and clear,
Glance thee down here!

CHORUS

Earth is worthy now of thee,
And only waits thy witchery.

A sudden flash of radiance with sweet sounds and perfumes, and to the transport of the beholders, who all start forward except Liberty, Poetry breaks at once from out the air, lying as it were upon her wings, and looking with bright-eyed earnestness upon the scene. She is in a robe of carnation or flesh-colour, scarfed with green, her wings like the bird of Paradise, her head crowned with laurel and surmounted by a lambent fire, and a magic wand in her hand. After a moment's pause, during which those who had risen reseat themselves, she takes off her crown with an obeisance to Liberty, and then replacing it, and calling up, with a motion of her wand, a portion of the cloud underneath her, reclines in a noble attitude, and recites to an accompaniment of unseen harps the following verses:

From isles that streak the mellowing west
And enclosing bowers of rest,
By whose doors pellucid streams
Break on pebbled pearl in beams.

Hither with a thought am I
At call of Peace and Liberty.
There I left on rosy beds
The poets with their laurelled heads,
Who when on earth gave happy voice
To Truth and Right, and now rejoice
Each with her he loved the best,
Pleasure-eyed, in perfect rest,
Till by length of lovely deeds,
Such as mortal guess exceeds,
Both earn them wings, and hand in hand
Start for still diviner land.

There too on appointed days,
Their opening ears discern the praise,
And their far-off eyes the worth,
Of those whom they delight on earth,
Which all the while, by charm serene,
Is amply yet minutely seen
In the blue depths rolling green.

Then before me they appear,
Each with his divinest dear,
And in friendly zeal contend,
Which of all, to some great end
Of good and just, can raise to sight
Happiest visions of delight,
By themselves perhaps to be
After made reality.

But I may not fetch ye those.—
Come then, old poetic shows,
Shadows of abstracted things,
That with your different colourings
Have in different ages been
The pomp and service of your Queen;
And with ye come, to close your trains,
Those who ruled your several reigns,
And best disposed ye, or indued,
To charm the thought-struck multitude.

Here Poetry waves her wand, and several stately and gorgeous visions pass through the air, the actual back-ground of the scene changing with them. For the first, the back-ground changes into groves, temples, and mountains, such as those of Delphos and Parnassus; and a music striking up, consisting of pipes, lyres, and timbrels, with a smell of incense accompanying, there passes through the air a line of ancient deities, Jupiter, the Muses, Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Cupid and Psyche, &c. who, vanishing all at once, are succeeded by the forms of Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, and the Greek tragedians, all crowned with laurel, and seated on a cloud in chairs of marble.

These vanish in the same manner; the back-ground shifts into a delicious scene of gardens and palaces, with castles at intervals and spots of wildness;

and the music, after a short and rustic amatory strain on the harp, changes into an ardent flourish of trumpets, when a vision, in two groups, of horse and horsemen appears, part riding with dignity, others with a lightsome ease, others with a forward or rearing eagerness. The horses are variously trapped, but the horsemen all mantled with red cloaks over their suits of armour ; and by their banners are recognized, in the first group, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Launcelot, Tristan, &c. and in the second, Charlemagne and his Peers, Roland, Rinaldo, and others. They are followed by bearded enchanters attired in long cloaks, and riding on griffins and other animals, with wands and books in their hands ; when the whole suddenly vanishing are succeeded by the forms of Pulci, Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, crowned with laurel and seated on thrones of tapestry.

The back-ground then changes, for the third time, to an ethereal scene, in which hangs the Earth like a planet with the Moon moving round it ; and to the sound of various and delightful music, a troop of fairies first cross the air with gestures of quaint pretension and tricksome loveliness,—then a company of ordinary human beings from the king to the peasant,—and then again, creatures of the fancy, Ariel, Caliban, Comus, &c. ending with the majestic but melancholy form of Satan, sailing along in a swarthy mist. These vanishing in their turn, are replaced by three Gothic seats, in which are enthroned the shapes of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, crowned with laurel, and holding globes in their hands,—the first a terrestrial, the third a celestial, and the second a double one of both. The whole then disappears ; a tremulous and small music is heard as in conclusion : and while the original scene is returning in the back-ground, Poetry descends on the wing, and seats herself in a reclining posture, on an upper part of the cloud, a little behind the head of Liberty.

Lib. Filler of deep thoughts with bliss
Supplying what on earth we miss,
Finished Goddess, thanks for this !

She continues.

And now the two great blessings of the time,
Whom all may know,—the only true amenders,
The builders of glad homes,—let them appear,
And strike into our smiles security ;—
EXPERIENCE old the one, scar-cheeked and sage,
Whose touch is thought ;—the other a fresh knight,
Long tranced in Gothic sepulchre, now freed
And turned to youth again, whom this my champion,
The Genius with his ready-laurelled hair,
Brought back to light victoriously, through crowds
Of grinning lumps and chattering enmities,
Who gnawed themselves for spite to view the arm
Should drive their ancient darkness,—EDUCATION.

Enter EXPERIENCE crossing the stage, a troop of sorrowful spirits sailing before him, and another of joyful ones skimming after, the music shifting from grave to gay accordingly. He is a venerable figure, with a white uncovered head, a touchstone in one hand, a pilgrim's staff in the other, and wearing a grey robe over a suit of battered armour. As he goes by, he salutes

Liberty with a gesture of benediction, the Goddess crossing her arms in return, and bending her pleased head in acknowledgment.

EDUCATION follows from the same side and in the same path; and is a smiling, manly youth, in a succinct habit, with a sheathed sword hanging behind him, and holding up in display a golden book, from which a light strikes on the faces of a troop of boys who precede him in habits of different colours, and who look back upon it as they go lightly along, holding each other's hands at arm's length. Two guardian angels follow on the wing, the one crowned with roses, the other bearing a light yoke on her neck, and resting her arm on her companion's shoulder, who turns affectionately to look at her. These are Pleasure and Duty.—As the youth passes, he bows his head reverently, and takes his benediction from Liberty, as she received hers from his fore-runner.

Lib. These for the mind.—Now for the body's blessings,
Without whose help the over-conscious mind,
Prisoned from power of change, inhabits it
Like a sad spirit pent in his own wand,—
The thing which he should lightly bear about
For his free purposes. Summon them in,
Sweet Peace, and smoothe us with another song,
Then for my wisest contrast, and so finish.

The fourth Song of PEACE.

O Thou that art our Queen again,
And may in the sun be seen again,
    Come, CERES, come,
    For the war's gone home,
And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear Goddess, sighs for thee,
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
    And the poppies red
    On their wistful bed
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
    With shoulders brown,
    And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,
And Toil, that sleeps his cart in,
    And Exercise,
    The ruddy and wise,
His bathed forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lither
Than willow or birch, drop hither,
    To thread the place
    With a finishing grace,
And carry our smooth eyes with her.

Enter three rustic figures of Stout Heart, Toil, and Exercise, with a band of Reapers and Vine-gatherers, male and female,—the first a manly swain in corderoy with an oaken cudgel, the second in white with a fork over his shoulder, the third in green with a vaulting-staff, and buskined. The rest of the men have sickles and pruning-hooks at their side, handled like swords and hanging from sword-belts;—the women are in short white gowns with rose-coloured boddices, and straw hats with ribands. To them, overhead, enter Ceres, reclining on a horn of plenty, and gliding slowly along on a summer cloud. She is a plump and laughing figure, dressed in a loose green boddice, with bare shoulders, large auburn curls, and a crown of wheat. As she goes along, she makes joyful salutes to Peace and Liberty, and the back-ground breaks into golden fields of corn that wave in the sunshine, while vines run over a hill in the distance, and the trees in front are hung with them like garlands from bough to bough.

TRIO *and* CHORUS

All joy to the giver of wine and of corn,
With her elbow at ease on her well-filled horn;
To the sunny cheek brown,
And the shady wheat crown,
And the ripe golden locks that come smelling of morn.
Stout Heart. 'Tis she in our veins that puts daily delight;
Toil. 'Tis she in our beds puts us kindly at night;
Exercise. And taps at our doors in the morning bright.
Chorus. Then joy to the giver, &c.

We'll sling on our flaskets, and forth with the sun,
With our trim-ancled yoke-fellows, every one;
We'll gather and reap
With our arm at a sweep,
And oh! for the dancing when all is done;
Exercise. Yes, yes, we'll be up when the singing-bird starts;
Toil. We'll level her harvests, and fill up her carts;
Stout Heart. And shake off fatigue with our bounding hearts:
Chorus. Then hey for the flaskets, &c.

By this time Ceres has crossed the scene; and a sunbeam suddenly striking down to the middle of it in front of Liberty, a lightsome figure with wings at her feet and shoulders comes rapidly tripping down it, and, taking a spring before she reaches the bottom, leaps into a graceful attitude of preparation.

CHORUS *of a few voices male and female*

And see, to set us moving, here is Dancing here,
With the breezes at her ancles, and her winsome cheer,
With her in-and-out deliciousness, and bending ear;
Nay, trip it first awhile
To thine own sweet smile,
And we'll follow, follow, follow to thee, Dancing dear.

Here Dancing twirls round and makes an obeisance to Liberty, and then taking up the measure of the Chorus, which is that of a dance by a single

person, performs a movement of that description, at the conclusion of which, the sunbeam suddenly striking down again, she spreads her wings, and glancingly returns up it. The Reapers and Vine-gatherers then join in a general dance, which is all at once interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied with groans and clashing of chains :—they separate in disorder.

Lib. What 's this that mars the time's new loveliness
With such return of horror ?

Enter hastily a Sable Genius, with fetter-rings at his wrists, a few of the links not broken off ; and prostrates himself in front of Liberty.

What again
The Southern Genius troubled ! What has caused
This evil fear in thee, unhappy spirit ?
Thy hands, though some remains of outrage gall them,
Tug not as heretofore, one with the other,
In linked anguish :—thou hast freer looks,
Spite of this posture, and a firmer presence.
I thought the noble heart here on the right,—
The ready-laurelled,—had smoothed all for thee,
And left thee to new hopes and safer slumbers.
Sable Gen. (*Rising.*) He had, great Mistress, and I bless him for it.
But last night, burthened I could scarce tell how
With drooping recollections and heaped thoughts,
I slept for sorrow ; and the searching toil
Not having left, as it should seem, my mind
Even in that refreshment, I had dreams ;
And dreams, thou knowest, though they play confused
About the grosser faculties of man
Like hints of other spheres, are to a spirit
Clear and true mirrors of impending fate,
Like wells, in which the looker-down perceives
What 's passing o'er his head, or coming cloud.
Methought that on the breathing shore I sat
Of the wide sea, looking upon it now
With inward-smiling eye, and fresh-blown cheek,
And now reverting to the champain green
On which the untaught race, whose guard I am,
Danced at clear evening to their humming music
Midst their low cabins and tall-shafted trees.
On both I looked ; and these my brethren great
Blessed in my heart, to think that they had made
The watery neighbourhood so sweet and safe,
When lo ! while heart, and ear, and all was quiet,
Just in the pause of the resounding dance,
A horrid peal of laughter o'er the wave
Came clattering, and from out the liny distance
Some of those old and coast-descending monsters,
Whom we had all thought quelled, rose to the light,
Swelling their ship's pale wings, and plunging fierce

Its hastening breast towards us;—all, at once,
Saw them and knew, and struck through knees and heart
With fear as with a trembling arrow, stood
Lost;—even I, though an immortal spirit
With storms familiar, who can catch the lightning,
And let the lion's voice lull me to sleep,
Felt the old spell upon me, and at thought
Of what my sons might suffer once again,
Of wives and children from each other torn
To glut th' accursed in their distant haunts,
Of stripes and sorrows, bitter-turning bloods,
Impatiences, moist-covering agonies,—
Or if by death escaping,—suffocations
With struggling cheek under the hot pent boards,
Or home-sick hearts that break in the mid sea,
Was agitated so, and felt the suddenness
Athwart my nature with so keen an edge,
That I too rose bewildered, and stood staring
Till the foul vision to the shore came nigh;
With human voice it came, and cried aloud,
'Twice are ye sold, ye wretches, twice are sold
To me and mine: fresh compact has been made,
Now that your fellow-creatures have grown happier,
Shaking all off in their own loose from care,
And I am here again:—bring out your wives,
Bring out your wives, ye husbands,—youths, your loves,
Mothers, your children,—that I may select
My victims, and with their united agonies
O'er the far sea return, leaving your eyes
And hearts to burst on the impossible shore!'
So saying, the Execrable, coming on,
Lifted, as he was wont, the mocking flag
That gave pretended colour to his crimes,
The——

Lib. Whose device was on that impious remnant?
What daring land's?

Sable Gen. The land I tread on now:

[*A pause*; *Liberty looks about her with surprise and anger, and the spectators turn down their eyes.*

The sight of which, hearing what I had heard,
Of joy and freedom to this very land
Restored, such active rage flushed into me,
That, turning to the rock by which I sat,
I grappled with a crag, thinking to whelm
Th' approaching horror in the wave before me,
When with the struggle suddenly I woke
Clasping my leaping temples, and sprang hither
Through the clear wind to come and call upon thee,
On thee, O Liberty, and thy great heart.

Lib. Thy call shall not be useless.—To be sure,
Ye are strange creatures, mortals,—most of ye,—
And worth the laughter of immortal spirits,
Were fond self-love our sovereign principle,
As it seems yours:—but this remembrance checks
Both laughter and poor anger, and prevents
A wretched wish, to which this fearful dream
Had nigh degraded me,—a wish, almost,
That I had left th' oppressor to his work.
But it must not be so; all human good
Mounts by degrees, and those but slippery ones
Apt to slide back again, nor must I visit
Upon the thoughtless many the vile few.
Eun. Blessings attend thee!
Lib. Good old man, and thee,—
And thine, and mayst thou see deserving joy
Complete this land's security, and lead
Its proper dance on every lightsome green,
Thyself and such as thou sitting, cool-haired,
In golden shade of arm-o'er-reaching boughs.
And, to this good end, hear me, Eunomus;—
What masters ye may choose for your new lords,
New or restored, is left, as best befits
The gifts of Liberty, to your free selves:—
But should this plague, as from the spirit's dream
I fear, again be loosed upon the south,
Whether from want of thought, or barbarous habits
Left by long war, or fear, self-realized,
That yields to evil from despair of good,
Or bitterer conclusion still, brought on
By diseased sorrow, arguing with itself,
Whose argument is its disease's proof,
Wanting the cure of action,—whether this,
Or worse than all, whether from rank indifference,
Which neither joy nor sorrow, rain nor shine,
Can touch with kindliness for other's good,
Content to heave its own gross uselessness
Out in the sun, and spoil the soil it swells on,—
Whether from this or that, from part or all,
It must and shall not be;—from this time forth
The few must know their service to the many:
Knowledge and I have given the world a voice
Fit for its frame, nor at this special moment,
When one huge wrong, contemptuous of mankind,
Has been o'erthrown, shall they endure to see
Part of its veriest slaves conspire another.
Be it thy task then, wise old man, and all
Who would scape blushing for their native land,
To spread this warning voice; and should at last
The dream come true, I will myself inspire

Those noblest of their race, who walk in lustre
Beneath the star of this my genius here,
To rise once more in their brave scorn, and win
One last, preventing, and perfecting triumph.

Sable Gen. And shall it then indeed be so?
Whither shall I turn to go?
Whither turn, or how depart,
Scattered with delight of heart?
But I lose my recollection.—
Goddess of all sound perfection,
Since thy sons will not forsake me,
Back again I now betake me
In a light and lifting breeze
O'er the lands that bask at ease
And the cool up-striking seas,
To revive with far-eyed coming
Dinning strings and tabors drumming,
And to set the fresh-limbed pleasure
Up in many a desperate measure,
Till a thousand homely joys
Break abroad with giddy noise;
And the lover decks his maid
In the tall tree's lump of shade;
And the babe at the proud breast,
Open-lipped, goes safe to rest;
And all my lightsome race of jet
Shall rise in worth and knowledge yet.

Here making a farewell and grateful obeisance, the Sable Genius springs backward from the earth, and then turning in the air, goes off at the side-scene.

Lib. This thoughtful interruption, though it break
Our joy's completeness, gives a double finish
To what concludes. Come forth, contrasting shows,
And with your moral this time's story close.

Enter a Vision of False Glory.

The back-ground changes into a city rich with palaces and triumphal arches, a smoky atmosphere rolling from behind it over a plain covered with burning cottages; and to the sound of trumpets and other warlike music, the front of the scene is crossed by a long train of laurelled soldiers, horse and foot. As they move onward, the word Slave is seen worked on their backs. To these succeeds a quantity of treasure in waggons, consisting of money, pictures, statues, &c. and then follows a number of painters, poets, and musicians, with the emblems of their respective arts, and attired in gorgeous robes; but the same word is discovered on them; and as they pass, the three Goddesses, who preside over them, turn down their eyes in disquiet. Lastly, comes a triumphal chariot, drawn by crowned monarchs, and containing the Conqueror dressed in purple, in a haughty attitude, with a crown of laurel on his head, and holding in his hand a globe with a figure of Victory. As he proceeds, a slender gilt chain is discerned reaching from the back of his neck

into a dark cloud that follows, behind which are several turbulent, weeping, and indignant shapes, representing the Passions, Misery, Widowhood, &c. the first having hold of the chain, and the figure of Pity closing the whole.

Enter a Vision of Real Glory.

The back-ground keeps the palaces and triumphal arches, but changes farther back into fields of rural beauty ; and the front scene is crossed in like manner by a train of yeomanry or armed peasants crowned with laurel, each bearing a sheathed sword in one hand and a bunch of wheat in the other. These are followed by poets, painters, and musicians, carrying the emblems of their respective arts, but wearing an air of frankness, and treading with a firm step. To these succeed a number of venerable old men, and then a train of marriageable young men and women, two by two, the former crowned with olive and the latter with roses ; and after all, in a chariot drawn by white horses, and in a succinct habit of the same colour, appears the Conqueror, crowned with laurel and oak, and holding in his hand upon a globe a figure of Liberty. A snowy cloud follows, behind which are radiant angelic figures, Serenity, Happiness, &c. the whole concluding with the figure of Homage, bearing aloft a heart in his two hands, to which he looks upward with veneration

A snatch of fine music :—Liberty speaks :

All is finished. Now I rise
Back to my wide-breathing skies,
Where there is no hindering
To the heart or to the wing ;
But the planets, round and free,
Lapse about eternally,
And the space through which they burn
Feels a thrill at my return,
And the never-tiring Joy,
Rosy and heart-dancing boy,
On continual errand runs
In and out a thousand suns.

There sometimes, when I have ended
What my daily task intended,
I sit looking, with still eyes,
At the many-starred skies,
Or go pace the central sun
With his gardens, every one,
Where the golden light is kept,
And the winds are music-swept ;
Or in graver mood take wing
Beyond the bounds of every thing,
And look in, with half-checked sight,
On the unformed infinite,
Where with his eternal ear
Time is listening.—Mortals dear,
Think on all I've done and said,
And keep my blessings on your head.

Here the great cloud, on which Liberty is seated, begins to disengage itself from the others,—Peace and the rest of the Goddesses joining in a

CHORUS

Call up then in gathering measure
All the sounds of lofty pleasure,
Pipes of deep continuous blow,
Fuming ventage, stately bow,
Ivory dint of dancing fingers,
Touch that leaves, and voice that lingers,
Hands that plunge in panting wires,—
Till our own full voice aspires
To attend our sovereign Queen,
With vows and lifted looks between,
Up into the blue serene.

The cloud begins to rise with Liberty and her attendant spirits, and all the spectators burst into the

FINAL CHORUS

O dear Goddess, wherever we are,
We'll never forget thee, we'll never forget thee;
Spots may come over our mortal star,
But a light must remain upon all who have met thee.
Rise, rise,
To thine airy skies,
With the bliss of good deeds in thy bosom and eyes.
Thou hast taught us a lesson our children shall learn,
And made the homes happy to which we return.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

POETA LOQUITUR

'Tis done. The vision from my fancy's eye
Fades, gleam by gleam, into the closing sky;
And the far sounds, touching from sphere to sphere
With upward lessening, baffle the fixed ear.
But not directly does the earthly chain,
That holds me here, come closing round again;
Not instantly the darkening wall comes nigh;
The brightened spot yet breathes of Liberty;
The fine and holier circle charms me still,
Drawn by the quickness of the Muse's quill;
And Silence, listening as at dead of night,
Sits with her finger up, hushing Delight.

THE END.

MORGIANA IN ENGLAND

AIR—*The Deil cam fiddling through the town.*

[First published in 1815 as 'Song'; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

OH, one that I know is a knavish lass,
Though she looks so sweet and simple,
Her eyes there are none can safely pass,
And it 's wrong to trust her dimple.
So taking the jade was by Nature made,
So finished in all fine thieving,
She'll e'en look away what you wanted to say,
And smile you out of your grieving.

To see her, for instance, go down a dance,
You'd think you sat securely,
For there 's nothing about her of forward France,
And nothing done over demurely:
But Lord! she goes with so blithe a repose,
And comes so shapely about you,
That ere you're aware, with a glance and an air,
She whisks your heart from out you.

11 Although she forewarns by no bold advance, *1857, 1860.*
12 nothing] by nothing *1857, 1860.*

NATIONAL SONG

[First published in *The Examiner*, June 25, 1815; reprinted in *The Feast of the Poets*, ed. 2, 1815.]

HAIL, England, dear England, true Queen of the West,
With thy fair swelling bosom and ever-green vest,
How nobly thou sitt'st in thine own steady light,
On the left of thee Freedom, and Truth on the right,
While the clouds, at thy smile, break apart, and turn bright!
The Muses, full voiced, half encircle the seat,
And Ocean comes kissing thy princely white feet.
All hail! all hail!
All hail to the beauty, immortal and free,
The only true goddess that rose from the sea.

Warm-hearted, high-thoughted, what union is thine
Of gentle affections and genius divine!
Thy sons are true men, fit to battle with care;
Thy daughters true women, home-loving and fair,
With figures unequalled, and blushes as rare:
E'en the ground takes a virtue, that 's trodden by thee,
And the slave, that but touches it, starts, and is free.
All hail! all hail!
All hail, Queen of Queens, there 's no monarch beside,
But in ruling as thou dost, would double his pride.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSICAL BOX

[First published in *The Examiner*, May 19, 1816; reprinted 1818, 1857, 1860 (part). Text 1818.]

Dilettevol' suoni
Faceano intorno l' aria tintinnire
D' armonia dolce, e di concenti buoni.—ARIOSTO.

HALLO !—what ?—where ?—what
can it be
That strikes up so deliciously ?
I never in my life—what ? no !
That little tin-box playing so ?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us, swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.

Hark ! it scarcely ends the strain,
But it gives it o'er again,
Lovely thing !—and runs along,
Just as if it knew the song,
Touching out, smooth, clear and
small,
Harmony, and shake, and all,
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 'twere fingering,
And at last, upon the close,
Coming with genteel repose.

O full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses,
Accomplished trifle,—tell us what
To call thee, and disgrace thee not.
Worlds of fancies come about us,
Thrill within, and glance without us.
Now we think that there must be
In thee some humanity,[1]
Such a taste composed and fine
Smiles along that touch of thine.
Now we call thee heavenly rain,
For thy fresh, continued strain;

Now a hail, that on the ground
Splits into light leaps of sound;
Now the concert, neat and nice,
Of a pigmy paradise;
Sprinkles then from singing foun-
tains;
Fairies heard on tops of mountains;
Nightingales endued with art,
Caught in listening to Mozart:
Stars that make a distant tinkling,
While their happy eyes are twinkling;
Sounds for scattered rills to flow to;
Music, for the flowers to grow to.

O thou sweet and sudden pleasure,
Dropping in the lap of leisure,
Essence of harmonious joy,
Epithet-exhausting toy,
Well may lovely hands and eyes
Start at thee in sweet surprise;
Nor will we consent to see
In thee mere machinery,
But recur to the great springs
Of divine and human things,
And acknowledge thee a lesson
For despondence to lay stress on,
Waiting with a placid sorrow
What may come from Heaven to-
morrow,
And the music hoped at last,
When this jarring life is past.

Come then, for another strain:
We must have thee o'er again.

18 genteel] serene *1860*.

[1] For this and the other beautiful thought in the closing line of the paragraph the author is indebted to two friends who enjoyed the music with him,—the former to the Gentleman who treated him with it, the latter to a Lady. [*H., om. 1860.*]

42 blow *1860*. *ll. 43 to end om. 1860.*

TO T. L. H.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 1, 1816; reprinted 1818, 1832, 1844–60. Text 1818.]

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient Boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone';
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

Title. sickness] late sickness *1816.* 47 Cherubim] Seraphim *1844–60.*

TO J. H., FOUR YEARS OLD

A NURSERY SONG

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 8, 1816; reprinted 1818, 1832, 1844–60. Text 1818.]

Pien d' amori,
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.—Frugoni.
Full of little loves for ours,
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

Ah little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;

Sub-title A Nursery Song *not in 1816, 1818.*

And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so,
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins had wine in;
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heav'n seems to have made it newly,
It breaks into such sweetness,
With merry-lipped completeness;—
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio,
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tatler,—
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah! Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with 'Mayn't I?'
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flow'rs, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies,
With 'What a young rogue this is!'
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue!—and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, 'Ah, Johnny, Johnny!'
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving,
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly,
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes;
And see what flow'rs the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chesnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

16 had] they'd *1832–60.*

ELEGY ON OUR LOST PRINCESS[1]

[First published in *The Examiner*, December 28, 1817 : indexed as ' By the Editor, as N. Stratton, Bellman '. Not reprinted.]

From a Copy of Verses (printed by Reynell), humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses, of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington. By Nelson Stratton, Beadle and Bellman, for the year 1818 :

And now my drooping bell must toll
For a sweet departed soul
One upon whose young head was set
A bright and hopeful coronet ;
And, more than that, who was a wife
Leading a blest and flowery life,
And who had just lain down, and smiled,
To give her lord and love a child,
When lo, she felt it must not be,
And altered ; and both child and she
Slipped from him to eternity.

Sleep and Heav'n, brave heart, restore him !
For he had fair hours before him.

She should have ruled us all some day ;
And underneath a Lady's sway
Men prosper somehow, and show forth
All that they have of manly worth ;
Perhaps because to a fair she
Subjection 's mixed with gallantry ;
And she, I know, would have held dear
This merry season of the year,
For she was nothing falsely proud,
Nor inhumane ; but sweetly bowed
To all kind pleasures and glad hours,
And loved the green leaves and the flowers,
And, wanting flowers, could make her merry
With the holly and its blithe berry ;
But now she 's gone, and dulled my rhyme :
And would have marred our Christmas time;
But that we know she 's gone to live
A happier life than we could give,
With Eden fruits, and in her ears
Angel songs and harping spheres,
And a fadeless flowery bough
O'er her frank and sparkling brow,
And is more than royal now.

[1] [Princess Charlotte.]

HIS DEPARTED LOVE TO PRINCE LEOPOLD

[First published in 1818; not reprinted.]

A female voice is heard, issuing forth softly and tenderly.

My widowed Love!

Recitative of another voice, a man's.

Hark, princely mourner! 'tis the voice of her
You loved on earth, that with her favourite strings
Comes mingling thus, like smiling dreams that stir
The lips of day-sweet Patience. Hark! She sings!

The voice returns.

Look up, look up, and weep not so,
My Leopold! My love!
Thou touchest me with such a woe,
As should not be above.
Pray be, as thou wast all along,
Affectionate and sweet, but strong.

I know, dear love, thou canst not see
The face that looks on thine;
Thou canst not touch or come to me,
But all this power is mine;
And I can touch that bosom still;
And now I do so, by that thrill!

The night I passed thee from my clay,
And kissed thy brow's despair,
I met upon my moonlight way
A hundred spirits fair,—
A hundred brides, who all, like me,
Died in that first sweet agony.

And we inhabit wondrous bowers,
Which though they cannot fade,
Have sympathy with the sweet powers
Of those our smiles obeyed;
For as on earth ye spread delight,
The leaves are thick and flowers grow bright.

Then turn thee to thy wonted will,
Dry thine and others' tears;
And we will build our palace still,
With tops above the spheres;
And when thou too art fancied dead,
There, there shall be our bridal bed.

THE NYMPHS

[First published in 1818; not reprinted, except parts in 1832.]

Dique petitorum, dixit, salvete locorum,
Tuque novos coelo terra datura Deos;
Fluminaque, et Fontes, quibus utitur hospita tellus,
Et Nemorum Divae, Naïadumque chori.—Ovid.

PART I

Spirit, who waftest me where'er I will,
And seest, with finer eyes, what infants see,
Feeling all lovely truth
With the wise health of everlasting youth,
Beyond the motes of Bigotry's sick eye,
Or the blind feel of *false* Philosophy,—
O Spirit, O Muse of mine,
Frank, and quick-dimpled to all social glee,
And yet most sylvan of the earnest Nine,
Who on the fountain-shedding hill,
Leaning about among the clumpy bays
Look at the clear Apollo while he plays;—
Take me, now, now, and let me stand
On some such lovely land,
Where I may feel me, as I please,
In dells among the trees,
Or on some outward slope, with ruffling hair,
Be level with the air;
For a new smiling sense has shot down through me,
And from the clouds, like stars, bright eyes are beckoning to me

Arrived! Arrived! O shady spots of ground,
What calmness ye strike round,
Hushing the soul as if with hand on lips!
And are ye seen then but of animal eyes,
Prone, or side-looking with a blank surmise?
And do ye hear no finer-fancied words
Than the sweet whistle of the repeating birds?
And are ye haunted of no lovelier trips
Than the poor stag's, who startled, as he sips,
Perks up with timid mouth, from which the water drips?

O ye whom ancient wisdom, in its graces,
Made guardians of these places;
Etherial human shapes, perhaps the souls
Of poets and poetic women, staying
To have their fill of pipes and leafy playing,
Ere they drink heavenly change from nectar-bowls
You finer people of the earth,
Nymphs of all names, and woodland Geniuses,
I see you, here and there, among the trees,
Shrouded in noon-day respite of your mirth:

This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
Is your unquarrelling voice among the leaves;
And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings
That make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.

There are the fair-limbed Nymphs o' the Woods, (Look ye
Whom kindred Fancies have brought after me!)
There are the fair-limbed Dryads, who love nooks
In the dry depth of oaks;
Or feel the air in groves, or pull green dresses
For their glad heads in rooty wildernesses;
Or on the golden turf, o'er the dark lines,
Which the sun makes when he declines,
Bend their white dances in and out the pines.
They tend all forests old, and meeting trees,
Wood, copse, or queach, or slippery dell o'erhung
With firs, and with their dusty apples strewn;
And let the visiting beams the boughs among,
And bless the trunks from clingings of disease
And wasted hearts that to the night-wind groan.
They screen the cuckoo when he sings; and teach
The mother blackbird how to lead astray
The unformed spirit of the foolish boy
From thick to thick, from hedge to layery beech,
When he would steal the huddled nest away
Of yellow bills, up-gaping for their food,
And spoil the song of the free solitude.
And they, at sound of the brute, insolent horn,
Hurry the deer out of the dewy morn;
And take into their sudden laps with joy
The startled hare that did but peep abroad;
And from the trodden road
Help the bruised hedgehog. But when tired, they love
The back-turned pheasant, hanging from the tree
His sunny drapery;
And handy squirrel, nibbling hastily;
And fragrant-living bee,
So happy, that he will not move, not he,
Without a song; and hidden, amorous dove,
With his deep breath; and bird of wakeful glow,
Whose louder song is like the voice of life,
Triumphant o'er death's image; but whose deep,
Low, lovelier note is like a gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when day-light's common tasks are done,
An hour for mother's work; and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep.

ll. 47–86 in 1832 as The Dryads.
47 fair-limbed] tawny *1832*.
72 But when tired] And at rest *1832*.
47 There] These *1832*.
53 white] link'd *1832*.

Then, there the Hamadryads are, their sisters,
Simpler crown twisters,
Who of one favourite tree, in some sweet spot,
Make home and leave it not,
Until the ignorant axe downs its fine head,
And then the nymph is fled.

And there are the Napeads,—names till now
Scarce known, I know not how,
To the rich bosom of my mother soil;
For they in meads and little corner bowers
Of hedge-row fields take care of the fresh flowers,
Keeping their innocent wealth from early spoil
Of beasts and blasts, and other blind mishaps,
For little children's laps,
And for the poet when he goes to hide him
From the town's sight, and for the lass beside him.
'Tis they who nurse in the moist dells
The mild primrose, and ring the sky-blue bells
To the bee's ear in a grass-gliding breeze;
Tis they encourage, and from tearful wet
Dry up the grateful-breathing violet;
And they that set at ease
The sheath-enfolded fans of rosy bushes,
Ready against their blushes;
And for the Water-Nymphs', their cousins', sake,
Lay out the lily on the lake;
And teach the gentle cattle, when they sup,
To leave the daisy and the buttercup;
That when the bright-eyed Sun
Looks out in May to see what has been done,
The laughing meadows may be bold,
And show their bosoms to him, white and gold.

Too far for me to see, the Limniad takes
Her pleasure in the lakes;
She, that with hills about her, loves to be
At once at home and at her liberty.
Far off I fancy, 'twixt their bowery isles,
Her and her sisters playing their sweet wiles
About a boat, which one of them sits in
And will not let them win;
Till comes a sudden gust, and parts them with new smiles.

Nor can I see the lightsome-footed maids,
The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains;
Though by the Muses' help I still might show,
How some go leaping by the laughing fountains
Down the touched crags; and some o'er deep ravines
Sit listening to the talking streams below;
And some in sloping glades

Of pines lie musing, or betwixt high screens
Of fern and flowers; or, like pavilioned queens
Covered from heat of the blue silent skies,
Sit perfumed underneath the cedarn shades,
Feeding the gazel with his lamping eyes.
Elsewhere, from ridge to ridge
They lay the tempest-levelled tree for bridge;
And help down the poor goat
That stands close-footed with his shivering coat
On a lone point; and echo the sweet calls
The herdsman makes, when singing to their stalls
The loitering cows with his home-loving strain,[1]
That sighs, and carols, and then sighs again,—
A song the sweeter for a taste of pain:
And these are the kind terrors, that with sounds
Of groans about the air, or earthly quaking,
Or great gigantic shadows, that stand making
Gestures upon the fog, warn the low grounds
Against the dreadful snow-rocks, that at last
Loosed by the voiceful blast,
Burst down from their heaped ices; and come raking
O'er the crushed trees and dwellings nestling under,
Into the dashed-up stream, with loads of misty thunder.

And O ye sweet and coy Ephydriads, you,
Why are your names so new
To islands which your liquid lips serene
Keep ever green?
There, there the Ephydriads haunt;—there, where a gap
Betwixt a heap of tree-tops, hollow and dun,
Shows where the waters run,
And whence the fountain's tongue begins to lap.
There lie they, lulled by little whiffling tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush,
Of the escaping gush,
That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious thing,
For joy of all its future travelling.
The lizard circuits them; and his grave will
The frog, with reckoning leap, enjoys apart,
Till now and then the woodcock frights his heart
With brushing down to dip his dainty bill.
Close by, from bank to bank,
A little bridge there is, a one-railed plank;
And all is woody, mossy, and watery.
Sometimes a poet from that bridge might see

[1] The Ranz-de-Vaches. [H.]

ll. 162–184 in 1832 as The Ephydriads, or, Nymphs of the Fountains.—A Sketch.
162 There,] 'Tis *1832*. 168 glib] fast *1832*.

A Nymph reach downwards, holding by a bough
With tresses o'er her brow,
And with her white back stoop
The pushing stream to scoop
In a green gourd cup, shining sunnily.

The rills, a little farther onward, leave
The shady hollows; and united, heave
A river forth, that looking out as 'twere
For his fine way, turns, and with widening fair,
Lapses, full-bedded, between lawny brims.
Thence, from the dazzling of the noon, he swims
With darker sides into the woods, and there
Washes the Nymphs, that in sun-sprinkled ease
Haunt the white liquid spots, 'twixt shade-reflecting trees.

Those are the Naiads, who keep neat
The banks from sedge, and from the dull-dropped feet
Of cattle that break down the fibrous mould.
They snap the selfish nets, that, overbold,
Cross the whole river, and might trip the keels
Of summer boats. Theirs are the kind appeals
And unseen beckoning, holding baits of grass,
That win the sheep into their washing-place;
And they too, in their gentleness, uphold
The sighing nostrils of the stag, when he
Takes to the wrapping water wretchedly;
And tow'rds the amorous noon, when some young poet
Comes there to bathe, and yet half thrills to do it,
Hovering with his ripe locks, and fair light limbs,
And trying with cold foot the banks and brims,
They win him to the water with sweet fancies,
Till in the girdling stream he pants and dances.
There 's a whole bevy there in that recess
Rounding from the main stream: some sleep, some dress
Each other's locks, some swim about, some sit
Parting their own moist hair, or fingering it
Lightly, to let the curling air go through:
Some make them green and lilied coronets new;
And one there from her tender instep shakes
The matted sedge; a second, as she swims,
Looks round with pride upon her easy limbs;
A third, just holding by a bough, lets float
Her slumberous body like an anchored boat,
Looking with level eye at the glib flakes
And the strange crooked quivering which it makes,
Seen through the weltering of the watery glass:
Others (which make the rest look at them) pass,

ll. 205–229 in 1832 as A Picture of Naiads.
205 And] They *1832*. 206 Strips him *1832*.
209 Win him into *1832*. 222 glib] smooth *1832*.

Nodding and smiling, in the middle tide,
And luring swans on, which like fondled things
Eye poutingly their hands; yet following, glide
With unsuperfluous lift of their proud wings.

And far beyond upon another side,
Remembrance almost helps me to discern
Their stouter sisters, the great Nereids, turn
And toss upon the ocean's lifting billows,
Making them banks and pillows,
Upon whose springiness they lean and ride;
Some with an inward back; some upward-eyed,
Feeling the sky; and some with sidelong hips,
O'er which the surface of the water slips.
Sometimes, when morning runs along the sea
In a gold path, they cross it glancingly;
Sometimes they may be seen, going along
By the red sunset in a silver throng;
And sometimes, when the black clouds send before
Their windy voices, they come past the shore,
Stooping in haste, and driving through the foam
The hunch-backed dolphins home:
But most they love sleek seas and springy sands
Under green rocks, on days of golden weather;
And there, in their free beauty, they'll take hands
And dance about a boat, which to the shore
They helped the night before;
Or dress their locks with myrtles or pearl bands;
Or sit and make them fans of many a feather
Which the gull sheds; or colour, like their own,
The parted lips of shells that are up thrown,
With which, and coral, and the glib sea flowers,
They furnish their faint bowers.
I have not told your loves; I have not told
Your perfect loves, ye Nymphs! Those are among
The perfect virtues only to be sung
By your own glorious lovers, who have passed
Death, and all drear mistake, and sit at last
In the clear thrill of their hoped age of gold.

END OF PART THE FIRST

PART II

As I thought thus, a neighbouring wood of elms
Was moved, and stirred and whispered loftily,
Much like a pomp of warriors with plumed helms,
When some great general whom they long to see
Is heard behind them, coming in swift dignity;
And then there fled by me a rush of air
That stirred up all the other foliage there,

ll. 1–24 in 1832 as The Cloud. A Fragment. 1 thought] stood *1832*.

Filling the solitude with panting tongues;
At which the pines woke up into their songs,
Shaking their choral locks; and on the place
There fell a shade as on an awe-struck face;
And overhead, like a portentous rim
Pulled over the wide world, to make all dim,
A grave gigantic cloud came hugely uplifting him.

It passed with its slow shadow; and I saw
Where it went down beyond me on a plain,
Sloping its dusky ladders of thick rain;
And on the mist it made, and blinding awe,
The sun, re-issuing in the opposite sky,
Struck the all-coloured arch of his great eye:
And up, the rest o' the country laughed again:
The leaves were amber; the sunshine
Scored on the ground its conquering line;
And the quick birds, for scorn of the great cloud,
Like children after fear, were merry and loud.

I turned me tow'rd the west, and felt the air
Thinner and soft, yet nimble on my face;
The sun was shadowed by the elms; and made
A little golden ferment in one place,
A strawy fire;—as when within the shade
He used to get of old, and harbour him
Beside a fountain's brim
To wait for some sweet-eyed and shapely maid,
Who often looking round, came winding there,
Led by the lustre of his beautiful hair.

And lo, there issued from beside the trees,
Through the blue air, a most delicious sight;
A troop of clouds, rich, separate, three parts white,
As beautiful, as pigeons that one sees
Round a glad homestead reeling at their ease,
But large, and slowly; and what made the sight
Such as I say, was not that piled white,
Nor their more rosy backs, nor forward press
Like sails, nor yet their surfy massiveness
Light in its plenitude, like racks of snow
Sent strangely from some Alp to cool the glow
Of a long summer-time,—but with most fit,
And finishing, soul-satisfying show,
That every cloud had a bright Nymph to it,—
Each for a guide; and so those bodies fair
Obeyed a nobler impulse than the air,
A bright-eyed, visible thought,—beneath whose sway
They went, straight stemming on their far-seen way.

21 up, . . . the] the disburthened *1832*.

Most exquisite it was indeed to see
How those blithe damsels guided variously,
Before, behind, beside. Some forward stood
As in well-managed chariots, or pursued
Their trusting way as in self-moving ones;
And some sat up, or as in tilted chair
With silver back seemed slumbering through the air,
Or leaned their cheek against a pillowy place
As if upon their smiling, sleepy face
They felt the air, or heard aerial tunes.
Some were like maids who sit to wash their feet
On rounded banks beside a rivulet;
Some sat in shade beneath a curving jut
As at a small hill's foot;
And some behind upon a sunny mound
With twinkling eyes. Another only showed
On the far side a foot and leg, that glowed
Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
Turning her from us like a suckling mother;
She next, a side, lifting her arms to tie
Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
That followed her, a smooth down-arching thigh
Tapering with tremulous mass internally.
Others lay partly sunk, as if in bed,
Showing a white-raised bosom and dark head,
And dropping out an arm. Some who appeared
To railly these fair idlers, stoutly steered
Their clouds and passed them; some kept bustling round,
Moving their shifting racks, as men in boats
To summer winds alter the sail's white coats;
And some pushed gently at the back, and went
On with the launching influence which they lent;
And some drew sideways so. Now you might see
One with grave settled look, as with sweet vaunt,
Riding in front with an upgathered knee,
Like the dusk Indian on his elephant:
Another on a middle heap was raised
As on a camel, who for days has gazed
Along the desart's tawny atmosphere
With sheep-like mouth and patient step sincere,
Hoarding at heart his little watery treasure;
And a third rode upon a rounded rack
As on the eye-retorting dolphin's back,
That let Arion ride him for the pleasure
Of his touched harp. The rest had got at play
Together, passing to each other's cloud,
Or drove them in a crowd,
Till, it would seem, some sweet reminding ray
Came sparkling 'twixt their talk, and then they broke away.

And now there was another wond'rous thing:
For this fair troop, instead of holding on
Till they were far and gone,
Began descending in a growing ring
Tow'rds that green standing place of mine, the hill;
And then I found a lovelier wonder still;
For as they stooped them near,
Lo, I could hear
How the smooth silver clouds, lapsing with care,
Make a bland music to the fawning air,
Filling with such a roundly-slipping tune
The hollow of the great attentive noon,
That the tall sky seemed touched; and all the trees
Thrilled with the coming harmonies;
And the fair waters looked as if they lay
Their cheek against the sound, and so went kissed away.

And more remains; (such things are in Heaven's ears
Besides the grander spheres:)
For as the racks came sleeking on, one fell
With rain into a dell,
Breaking with scatter of a thousand notes
Like twangling pearl; and I perceived how she
Who loosed it with her hands, pressed kneadingly,
As though it had been wine in grapy coats;
And out it gushed, with that enchanting sound,
In a wet shadow to the ground.
But they came on; and I must tell you now
How they looked at me smilingly; and how
They circled the green mount in a white ring,
Making a crown to it, like large, unspread,
White, dabbled roses upon Flora's head:
For so they did; and thus did they all sing:

Ho! We are the Nepheliads, we,
Who bring the clouds from the great sea,
And have within our happy care
All the love 'twixt earth and air.
We it is with soft new showers
Wash the eyes of the young flowers;
And with many a silvery comer
In the sky, delight the summer;
And our bubbling freshness bringing,
Set the thirsty brooks a singing,
Till they run for joy, and turn
Every mill-wheel down the burn.

We too tread the mightier mass
Of clouds that take whole days to pass;
And are sometimes forced to pick
With fiery arrows through the thick,

Till the cracking racks asunder
Roll, and awe the world with thunder.
Then the seeming freshness shoots,
And clears the air, and cleans the fruits,
And runs, heart-cooling, to the roots.

Sometimes on the shelves of mountains
Do we rest our burly fountains;
Sometimes for a rainbow run
Right before the laughing sun;
And if we slip down to earth
With the rain for change of mirth,
Worn-out winds and pattering leaves
Are what we love; and dripping eaves
Dotting on the sleepy stone;
And a leafy nook and lone,
Where the bark on the small treen
Is with moisture always green;
And lime-tree bowers, and grass-edged lanes
With little ponds that hold the rains,
Where the nice-eyed wagtails glance,
Sipping 'twixt their jerking dance.

But at night in heaven we sleep,
Halting our scattered clouds like sheep;
Or are passed with sovereign eye
By the Moon, who rideth by
With her sidelong face serene,
Like a most benignant queen.

Then on the lofty-striking state
Of the up-coming Sun we wait,
Showing to the world yet dim
The colours that we catch from him,
Ere he reaches to his height,
And lets abroad his leaping light.
And then we part on either hand
For the day; but take our stand
Again with him at eventide,
Where we stretch on either side
Our lengthened heaps, and split in shows
Of sharp-drawn isles in sable rows,
With some more faint, or flowery red;
And some, like bands of hair that spread
Across a brow with parted tress
In a crisp auburn waviness;
And mellow fervency between
Of fiery orange, gold, and green,
And inward pulpiness intense,
As if great Nature's affluence

Had opened its rich heart, and there
The ripeness of the world was bare.
And lastly, after that blest pause,
The Sun, down stepping, half withdraws
His head from heaven; and then do we
Break the mute pomp, and ardently
Sing him in glory to the sea.

Thus chaunted to me that fair blooming throng
Leaning about the hill on silvery beds,
And said to me at last,—Go tell our song
To such as hang their pale home-withered heads
For winter-time, and do our kindness wrong:
And say, that they might bear,
The more they know us, the moist weight of air,
Which stamps upon their fields so fine a green,
So glad, so lasting, yet so little seen.
Bethink thee oftener too. Yet add, for all
The obstinate love and natural,
Which thou hast borne us in despite
Of all thy sunny dreams of southern places,
That thou hast been the first that has had sight
Of what is on the clouds, and the kind faces
Basking on t'other side: and so we take
Our journey up through heaven; and for the sake
Of all thy patient looks into the skies,
We circuit thee, and kiss thy feverish eyes.

So saying, the white clouds a little stirred,
Like palfreys after rest; and every cloud
Passed close to me; and every lady bowed
A little from its side without a word;
And swept my lids with breathless lips serene,
As Alan's mouth was stooped to by a queen.

FANCY'S PARTY

A FRAGMENT

[First published in 1818; not reprinted.]

Iuvat ire per ipsum
Aera, et immenso spatiantem vivere coelo.—MANILIUS.
We take our pleasure through the very air,
And breathing the great heav'n, expatiate there.

In this poetic corner
With books about and o'er us,
With busts and flowers,
And pictured bowers,
And the sight of fields before us;
Why think of these fatalities,
And all their dull realities?

'Tis fancies now must charm us;
Nor is the bliss ideal,
For all we feel,
In woe or weal,
Is, while we feel it, real:
Heaven's nooks they are for getting in,
When weeping weather 's setting in.

And now and now I see them,
The poet comes upon me,
My back it springs
With a sense of wings,
And my laurel crown is on me;
The room begins to rise with me,
And all your sparkling eyes with me.

Far, far away we're going
From care and common-places,
To spots of bliss
As fine to this,
As yours to common faces;
To spots—but rapture dissipates
The pictures it anticipates.—

And hey, what 's this? the walls, look,
Are wrinkling as a skin does;
And now they are bent
To a silken tent,
And there are chrystal windows;
And look! there 's a balloon above,
Round and bright as the moon above

Now we loosen—now—take care;
What a spring from earth was there!
Like an angel mounting fierce,
We have shot the night with a pierce;
And the moon, with slant-up beam,
Makes our starting faces gleam.

Lovers below will stare at the sight,
And talk of the double moon last night.

What a lovely motion now,
Smoothing on like lady's brow!
Over land and sea we go,
Over tops of mountains,
Through the blue and the golden glow,
And the rain's white fountains.

What a pleasure 'tis to be
Sailing onward smilingly;
Not an effort, not a will,
Yet proceeding swiftly still!
'Tis to join in one sensation
Business both and contemplation;
Active, without toil or stress;
Passive, without listlessness.

Now we pierce the chilly shroud
Of a sight-enfolding cloud;
And could almost crowd together,
As at home in wintery weather:
Now we issue forth to light,
With a swift-eyed scorning;
And with gently stooping flight
Slide us down the sunbeams bright,
And travel towards the morning.

* * * * * * *

THOUGHTS OF THE AVON

ON THE 28TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1817

[First published 1818; reprinted 1844–60. Text 1818.]

It is the loveliest day that we have had
This lovely month, sparkling and full of cheer;
The sun has a sharp eye, yet kind and glad;
Colours are doubly bright: all things appear
Strong outlined in the spacious atmosphere;
And through the lofty air the white clouds go,
As on their way to some celestial show.

The banks of Avon must look well to-day;
Autumn is there in all his glory and treasure;
The river must run bright; the ripples play
Their crispest tunes to boats that rock at leisure;
The ladies are abroad with cheeks of pleasure;
And the rich orchards, in their sunniest robes
Are pouting thick with all their winy globes.

And why must I be thinking of the pride
Of distant bowers, as if I had no nest
To sing in here, though by the houses' side?
As if I could not in a minute, rest
In leafy fields, rural, and self-possest,
Having, on one side, Hampstead for my looks,
On t'other, London, with its wealth of books?

It is not that I envy Autumn there,
Nor the sweet river, though my fields have none;
Nor yet that in its all-productive air
Was born Humanity's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one—
Shakspeare: nor yet,—oh no,—that here I miss
Souls, not unworthy to be named with his:

No; but it is that on this very day,
And upon Shakspeare's stream, a little lower,
Where, drunk with Delphic air, it comes away
Dancing in perfume by the Peary Shore,
Was born the lass that I love more and more;
A fruit as fine as in the Hesperian store,
Smooth, roundly smiling, noble to the core;
An eye for art; a nature, that of yore
Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters wore,
When in the golden age, one tune they bore;
MARIAN,—who makes my heart and very rhymes run o'er.

19 rural] quiet *1844–60*.
32 Pershore, or Pearshore, on the Avon; so named from its quantity of pears. [H. *1818*.]

SONG

Written to be set to music by VINCENT NOVELLO.

[First published 1818; reprinted in *The Seer*, Part II, 1841; and in 1857, 1860.]

WHEN lovely sounds about my ears
Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,
And make me, though my spirit hears,
For very luxury close my eyes,
Let none but friends be round about
Who love the smoothing joy like me,
That so the charm be felt throughout,
And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
Then let the hand of her I love
Come with its gentle palm on mine,
As soft as snow or lighting dove;
And let, by stealth, that more than friend
Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
For only so such dreams should end,
Or wake in Paradise.

Title. Thoughts on hearing some beautiful music *1841*. Hearing music *1857*, *1860*.
Sub-title. Set to music by Vincent Novello *1841–60*.

TO THE LARES

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES

[First published in *The Indicator*, November 3, 1819; not reprinted.]

Ye little household fairies,
Called anciently the Lares,
Who on my study shelf there,
Though Venus was herself there,
Slept all the summer hours,
Beneath your little bowers
Of glassy-watered flowers;—
Your busy time is come now;
So take care, all and some now;
And keep my hearth in order
Through every nook and border;
And let the fire burn brightly
And solidly yet lightly,
With just a little clinking,
To soothe me while I'm thinking;
And fit for glorious poking,
In case a friend should look in.
So may your shelf afford ye
Fit place to bed and board ye,
With never dust or smoking
(That acrimonious choking!)
But evergreens and berries,
And all the best which there is
Among the winter flowers
To serve ye still for bowers:
And sticks of odorous wood to
Send up your Godship's food too;
And some divine antique too,
Which ye may whisper Greek to;
And then a sea-shell glistening,
With music for your listening;
And chimney-mounting vapours
With all their coils and capers,
Such as are fit for chasing,
When ye would go a racing.

POWER AND GENTLENESS

(1817)

[First published in *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, signed ☿; reprinted 1832, 1844–60. Text 1832.]

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral with its priestly height,
Seen from below at superstitious night;
Of ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;

Sub-title (1817) *in 1860.*
9–10 Of towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
In clouds, or shown us by the thunder's light, *1844–60.*
11 Of . . . castle] Or . . . prison *1844–60.*
13 subterranean] subterraneous *1819.*

And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then, of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsèd war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.—

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells, a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken.

THE SUMMER OF 1818

[First published in *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, signed ☿; not reprinted.]

The months we used to read of
Are come to us again,
With sunniness and sunniness
And rare delights of rain;
The lark is up, and says aloud,
East and west I see no cloud.

52 starry] million-starried *1819* (*for* starrèd)

The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep;
The leafiness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap;
The balmy blossom-breathing airs
Smell of future plums and pears.

The sunshine at our waking
Is still found smiling by,
With beamingness and earnestness,
Like some belovèd eye;
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being broad awake.

The lasses in the gardens
Shew forth their heads of hair,
With rosiness and lightsomeness
A chasing here and there;
And then they'll hear the birds, and stand,
And shade their eyes with lifted hand.

And then again they're off there,
As if their lovers came,
With giddiness and gladsomeness,
Like doves but newly tame,—
Ah! light your cheeks at Nature, do,
And draw the whole world after you.

RONALD OF THE PERFECT HAND

A FRAGMENT

[First published in *The Indicator*, February 23, 1820, with a prose conclusion. Not reprinted.]

The stern old shepherd of the air,
The spirit of the whistling hair,
The wind, has risen drearily
In the Northern evening sea,
And is piping long and loud
To many a heavy upcoming cloud,—
Upcoming heavy in many a row,
Like the unwieldy droves below
Of seals, and horses of the sea,
That gather up as drearily,
And watch with solemn-visaged eyes
Those mightier movers in the skies.

'Tis evening quick;—'tis night:—the rain
Is sowing wide the fruitless main,
Thick, thick;—no sight remains the while
From the farthest Orkney isle,
No sight to sea-horse, or to seer,
But of a little pallid sail,

That seems as if 'twould struggle near,
And then as if its pinion pale
Gave up the battle to the gale.
Four chiefs there are of special note,
Labouring in that earnest boat;
Four Orkney chiefs, that yesterday
Coming in their pride away
From the smote Norwegian king,
Led their war-boats triumphing
Straight along the golden line
Made by morning's eye divine.
Stately came they, one by one,
Every sail beneath the sun,
As if he their admiral were
Looking down from the lofty air,
Stately, stately through the gold.—
But before that day was done,
Lo, his eye grew vexed and cold;
And every boat, except that one,
A tempest trampled in its roar;
And every man, except those four,
Was drenched and driving, far from home,
Dead and swift, through the Northern foam.

Four are they, who wearily
Have drunk of toil two days at sea;
Duth Maruno, steady and dark,
Cormar, Soul of the Wingèd Bark;
And bright Clan Alpin, who could leap
Like a torrent from steep to steep;
And he, the greatest of that great band,
Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

Dumbly strain they for the shore,
Foot to board, and grasp on oar,
The billows, panting in the wind,
Seem instinct with ghastly mind,
And climb like crowding savages
At the boat that dares their seas.
Dumbly strain they, through and through,
Dumbly, and half blindly too,
Drenched, and buffeted, and bending
Up and down without an ending,
Like ghostly things that could not cease
To row among those savages.
Ronald of the Perfect Hand
Has rowed the most of all that band;
And now he 's resting for a space
At the helm, and turns his face
Round and round on every side
To see what cannot be descried,

Shore, nor sky, nor light, nor even
Hope, whose feet are last in heaven.
Ronald thought him of the roar
Of the fight the day before,
And of the young Norwegian prince
Whom in all the worryings
And hot vexations of the fray,
He had sent with life away,
Because he told him of a bride
That if she lost him, would have died;
And Ronald then, in bitter case,
Thought of his own sweet lady's face,
Which upon this very night
Should have blushed with bridal light,
And of her downward eyelids meek,
And of her voice, just heard to speak,
As at the altar, hand in hand,
On ceasing of the organ grand,
'Twould have bound her, for weal or woe,
With delicious answers low.
And more he thought of, grave and sweet,
That made the thin tears start, and meet
The wetting of the insolent wave;
And Ronald who, though all so brave,
Had often that hard day before
Wished himself well housed on shore,
Felt a sharp impatient start
Of home-sick wilfulness at heart,
And steering with still firmer hand,
As if the boat could feel command,
Thrilled with a fierce and forward motion,
As though 'twould shoot it through the ocean.

THE NUN

SUGGESTED BY PART OF THE ITALIAN SONG, BEGINNING 'SE MONACA TI FAI'

[First published in *The Indicator*, January 3, 1821; reprinted 1823 (*The Examiner*, Feb. 2), 1832.]

I

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear!
I'll not believe it, no.

II

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant 'We trust in thee:'
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a-dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear
You may—but they'll be mine.

Title part of the Italian song] the first four lines of the Venetian air *1821*.
5 The rose, of course, turns pale too *1821*.

TALARI INNAMORATI

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823; not reprinted.]

Dear Molly, who art the best comingest lass,
With a foot not so big as the slipper of brass,
Or as hers, whom a wag, strangely gifting with wrong clo'es,
Calls, most unbecomingly, Ninon de Long-clo'es,
(Of whom 'tis recorded, that in a ragoût
Some young men of fashion once tossed up her shoe),
Take a story that came in my head t'other day,
As writing a libel, all careless I lay,
So good-natured am I, and soon carried away.

You must know, that 'twas after a day of much flight,
The feathered god Mercury got home one night:
He took off his winged hat, flagging with dews,
And shook off as quickly his two winged shoes:
And ringing for Hebe, said, 'Starlights and nectar;
And go and tell Venus, you rogue, I expect her.'
So saying, he threw his light legs up together,
And stretched, half-reclined, on his couch of dove's feather,
And taking his lute up, and thumbing, and humming,
Was about to sing something to hasten her coming,
When lo! the two shoes that I spoke of, instead
Of departing, as usual, like pigeons, to bed,
Began flutt'ring and making genteel indications
Of delicate feelings and nice hesitations,
And then walking forward, stood still, rather wide,
When the one drew his heel to the other's inside,
And suggesting a bow (for it well may be said,
You can't make a bow without having a head)
Told the god with a sigh, which they meant to go through him,
That they had, if he pleased, a small prayer to make to him.

'How now!' said the God; 'what, my shoes grown pathetic!
This indeed 's a new turn of the peripatetic.
What 's the matter, my friends? Why this bowing and blushing?
Has Ganymede given you too careless a brushing?
Do you ache yet from Jupiter's tread on your toes,
When I spoke, before Juno, of Chloris's nose?
Or does she keep charge of his pen and ink still,
And force him to borrow another new quill?'

'No: nothing of all this, dear master,' said they;
'But the fact is,—the fact is—' 'Well, what is it, pray?'
'Why, you know, Sir, our natures partake of the dove,
And in fact, Sir—in short, Sir,—we've fallen in love.'

'In love! and with what, pray? With Rhodope's shoes?
Or with Rhodope's self?' cried the god at this news.
'I have heard of shoes "doated on", during a fashion,
But never of any returning the passion.'

'We beg, Sir,' said they, 'that you wouldn't chagrin us:
Who, or what could it be, but the feet of your Venus?
To see them, to touch them, and yet be heart-whole,
How could we, yet have understanding and soul?
When we heard, t'other day, that dog Momus object,
For want of a fault in 'em, that her shoes creak'd,
We could fairly have jump'd at the rascal, and kick'd:
And so, Sir, we have to request, that whenever
We're not upon duty, you'll do us the favour
Of letting us wait on those charmers so little,
To which Thetis's silver are surely queen's-metal.
The soft-going sandals of Rhetoric's god
Will make her move always as loveliness should;
Will put a perfection, Sir, into her shoe-tye,
And give the last lift to her exquisite beauty.'

'Be it so,' replied Hermes; 'but take care, you rogues;
Don't you keep her from me, or I'll turn you to clogs.'

'We cannot, we cannot,' cried they, 'dearest master;
And to prove it at once, she shall come to you faster.'

So saying, they rose, and skimmed out of the door,
Like a pair of white doves, when beginning to soar:
They met her half-way, and they flew to her feet,
Which they clasped in a flutter, the touch was so sweet;
And they bore her in silence, and kissed all the while
The feet of the queen of the beautiful smile;
And lo! in an instant, redoubled in charms,
The soft coming creature was pitched in his arms.

THE 'CHOICE'

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823; not reprinted entire; for account of fragments reprinted in 1832 and in 1844–60 see footnotes and notes at end.]

— Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos, Musae, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, silvaeque, animâ remanente, relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

COWLEY.

I HAVE been reading Pomfret's *Choice* this spring,
A pretty kind of—sort of—kind of thing,
Not much a verse, and poem none at all,
Yet, as they say, extremely natural.

Title A Thought or two on reading Pomfret's 'Choice' *1844–60.*

1–9 *reprinted with slight variations in 1832 with 22 other lines (for which see notes at end) under the heading* On Pomfret's 'Choice'. *The second fragment in 1832 consists*

And yet I know not. There 's a skill in pies,
In raising crusts as well as galleries ;
And he 's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least thing from prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes.
Poetry 's that which sets a thought apart,
To worship Nature with a choral heart :
And may be seen where rarely she intrudes,
As birds in cages make us think of woods.
Beaux have it in them, when they love the faces
Of country damsels, and their worsted graces.
E'en satire, if of laurelled race, retains
A taste of sweetness in its finer veins ;
Or like its friend, the common stocks, may be
Touched with a shadow of the living tree.
The greatest poets please the greatest wits,
But every reader loves the least by fits :
The former lord it in their vast editions ;
But t'others' cards still gain them recognitions :
The ladies rise in heaps and give them sweet admissions.

But to the *Choice*. It pleased me as I read,
Walked with me forth, and went with me to bed.
And as, when somebody at dinner glows
In praise of what he likes, soups, harricoes,
Grouse or a carp, the rest as surely join
In praise of that on which they like to dine,—
So Pomfret's likings make me think of mine.
I'll write a *Choice*, said I : and it shall be
Something 'twixt labour and *extempore* ;
Not long, yet not too quick on the conclusion,
And for its ease I'll call it an effusion.
All that I vouch for is to shun the crime,
(Death, by all laws) of writing for the rhyme.
I shall not please all tastes, as Pomfret did,
Even though he said he'd ' lived a man forbid '.[n]
Men, in these times, have notions of their own,
And something called a zeal, which makes them known ;
Else I would print my fancy by itself,
And be ' a love ' on every lady's shelf :
Perhaps I shall be so, some day or other ;
But I'd at once please every prudent mother ;
Not locked in cupboards, like a ' losel vilde ',

of 35 lines (*for which see notes at end*) *under the heading* A House and Grounds. A Fragment.

The 1860 text consists of 117 lines (*and 1844, 1857 of 115 lines*), *for which see notes at end.*

The incidental differences in the lines common to 1823 and 1832, and again in the lines common to 1823 and 1844–60, are shown in these footnotes under their 1823 line-numbers.

5 a skill] an art *1844–60.*

8 thing] truth *1832–60.*

With sups and sweetmeats that would ' hurt the child ' ;
But bound in lilac, registered with rose,
I'd smile on tables in the parson's nose ;
My lady's woman should approve my lays,
And all the Tomkinses and Critics praise.

Come then, ye scenes of quiet and content,
Ye goals of life, on which our hearts are spent,—
Meet my worn eyes. I love you, e'en in vales
Of cups and saucers, and such Delfic dales,
Much more in pen and ink, as bard beseems ;
Come—take me to your arms in bowery dreams.

First, on a green I'd have a low, broad house,
Just seen by travellers through the garden boughs ;
And that my luck might not seem ill bestowed,
A bench and spring should greet them on the road.
My grounds should not be large ; I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
Besides, my thoughts fly far ; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still, have birds'-nests and a brook ;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees ;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
And above all, no house should be so near,
That strangers should discern me here and there ;
Much less when some fair friend was at my side,
And swear I thought—her charming,—which I did.
I am not sure I'd have a rookery ;
But sure I am I'd not live near the sea,
To view its great flat face, and have my sleeps
Filled full of shrieking dreams and foundering ships ;
Or hear the drunkard, when his slaughter's o'er,
Like Sinbad's monster scratching on the shore.
I'd live far inland, in a world of glades,
Yet not so desart as to fright the maids :
A batch of cottages should smoke beside ;
And there should be a town within a morning's ride.

My house of brick should not be great or mean,
Much less built formally, outside or in.

58–9 The tip-toe traveller, peeping through the boughs
O'er my low wall, should bless the pleasant house *1832–60.*
61 them] him *1832–60.*
64 she'll] she'd *1844–60.*
68–9 Such grounds, however, as I had, should look
Like ' something ' still ; have seats, and walks, and brook *1844–60.*

I hate the trouble of a mighty house,
That worst of mountains labouring with a mouse;
And should dislike as much to fill a niche in
A Grecian temple opening to a kitchen.
The frogs in Homer should have had such boxes,
Or Aesop's frog, whose heart was like the ox's.
Such puff about high-roads, so grand, so small,
With wings and what not, portico and all,
And poor drenched pillars, which it seems a sin
Not to mat up at night-time, or take in.
I'd live in none of these. Nor would I have
Veranda'd windows to forestall my grave;
Veranda'd truly, from the northern heat!
And cut down to the floor to comfort one's cold feet!
I like a thing to please the traveller's eye,
But more a house to live in, not to die.
Older than new I'd have it; dressed with blooms
Of honied green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
Should bear the name of friends for whom they're kept.
And yet to show I had a taste withal,
I'd have some casts of statues in the hall,
Or rather entrance, whose sweet steady eyes
Should touch the comers with a mild surprise,
And so conduct them, hushing to my door,
Where, if a friend, the house should hear a roar.
The grateful beggar should peep in at these,
And wonder what I did with Popish images.

My study should not be, as Pomfret's was,
Down in the garden; 'tis an awkward place
In winter; and in summer I prefer
To write my verses in the open air,
Stretched on the grass, under the yellow trees,
With a few books about me, and the bees.
My study should conclude the upper floor,
The stillest corner, with a double door:
The window (one) should just peep down between
The break of tree-tops on a sylvan scene;
And on the table, bending a bland eye,
I'd have, I think, a bust of Mercury.
The walls should be all books. No—here and there
I'd set a favourite head within a square,—
A square within the books, and so enclosed
With such as it loved dearest, or composed.

88 No tall, half-furnish'd, gloomy, shivering house *1844–60.*
90 Nor should I choose to fill a tawdry niche in *1844–60.*
98 these] those *1844–60.*
102–3 My house should be of brick, more wide than high,
With sward up to the path, and elm-trees nigh; *1844–60.*
104 A good old country lodge, half hid with blooms *1832–60.*
107 For friends, whose names [name *1860*] endear'd them, should be kept *1832–60.*

My dearest friend should show me his kind face,
Among the best, over the fire-place;
So that when winter came, and I could please
My sight no longer with the nestling trees,
I should turn wholly round, and warm my heart
And feet alike with facing that best part;
Still feeling round about me all my books,
Those for love's arms, the fire-side for its looks.
You'll say, perhaps, there'd be a want of grace
In putting pictures in this kind of case:
There might in many rooms, but not in this;
For grace is greatest where affection is,
And merges, like a wife, her name in sympathy's.

Here would I write and read, till it was time
To ride or walk, or on the grass go rhyme;
For every day I'd be my friend enough
To spin my blood and whirl its humours off,
And take my draught of generous exercise,
The youth of age, and medicine of the wise.
And this reminds me, that behind some screen
About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green;
Such as in wits' and merry women's days
Suckling preferred before his walk of bays.
You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
By the old seats of Killigrew and Carews,
Where all, alas, is vanished from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king![n]

I'd never hunt, except the fox, and then
Not much, for fear I should fall hunting men,
And take each rogue I met for a stray soul,
That hadn't rights, and might not eat his fowl;
A thing, that by degrees might bring me round
To trespass on the squire's and lawyer's ground.
Fishing I hate, because I think about it,
Which makes it right that I should do without it.
A dinner, or a death, might not be much;
But cruelty 's a rod I dare not touch.
I own I cannot see my right to feel
For my own jaws, and tear a carp's with steel;
To troll him here and there, and spike, and strain,
And let him loose to jerk him back again.
Suppose a parson at this sort of work,
Not with his carp or salmon, but his clerk:
The clerk he snatches at a tempting bit,
And hah! an ear-ache with a knife in it!

149 And so be sure of generous exercise *1832–60.*
156 Killigrew. . . Carews] Killigrews. . . Careys *1832–60.*
170, 174, 182 carp] trout *1844–60.*
173 Suppose a parson] Fancy a preacher *1844–60.*
174 salmon] gudgeon *1844–60.* 175 he snatches] leaps gaping *1844–60.*

That there is pain and evil is no rule
Why I should make it greater, like a fool;
Or rid me of my rust so vile a way,
As long as there 's a single manly play.
The next conclusion to be drawn, might be,
That higher beings made a carp of me;
Which I would rather should not be the case;
Though 'Izaak' were the saint to tear my face,
And stooping from his heaven with rod and line,
Made the damned sport, with his old dreams divine,
As pleasant to his taste as rough to mine.
Such sophistry, no doubt, saves half the hell,
And fish would have preferred his reasoning well;
And if my gills concerned him, so should I.
The dog, I grant, is in that 'equal sky':
But, Heaven be praised, he 's not my deity!

All manly games I'd play at: golf, and quoits,
And cricket, to set all my limbs to rights,—
And make me conscious, with a due respect,
Of muscles one forgets by long neglect.
But as for prize-fights, with their butchering shows,
And crowds of blacklegs, I'd have none of those;—
I am not bold in other people's blows.
Besides, I should reside so far from town,
Those human waves could never bear me down—
Which would endear my solitude, I own.
But if a neighbour, fond of his antiques,
Tried to renew a bout or two at sticks,
I'd do my best to force a handsome laugh
Under a ruddy crack from quarter staff,
Nor think I had a right to walk my woods,
Coy of a science that was Robin Hood's.
'Tis healthy, and a man 's; and would assist
To make me wield a falchion in my fist,
Should foes arise who'd rather not be taught,
And war against the course of truth-exploring thought.

Thus would I study when alone, and thus
With friends and villagers a game discuss;
And gather all the health and peace I could,
Man's honey from the wilds and flowery wood.
For in this picture, with its happy frame,
I would not be the shaken thing I am.

178 Why] That *1844–60.*
Between l. 180 *and l.* 181 *1844–60 insert:*

Nay, fool 's a word my pen unjustly writes,
Knowing what hearts and brains have dozed o'er 'bites'.

181 The next conclusion] But the next inference *1844–60.*
186 damned] fell *1844–60.* 189 And] But *1844–60.*
194 all my] lungs and *1844–60.*

I'd write, because I could not help it; read
Much more, but nothing to oppress my head;
For heads are very different things at ease,
And forced to bear huge loads for families.
Still I would think of others; use my pen,
As fits a man and lettered citizen,
And so discharge my duty to the state;
But as to fame and glory, fame might wait.
Nevertheless, I'd write a work in verse,
Full of fine dreams and natural characters;
Eastern perhaps, and gathered from a shore
Whence never poet took his world before.
To this sweet sphere I would retire at will,
To sow it with delight, and shape with skill;
And should it please me, and be roundly done,
I'd launch it into light, to sparkle round the sun.

I'd have two friends live near me, perhaps three:
Time was, when in one happy house—But he
Has gone to his great home, over the dreadful sea.
Oh Nature, we both loved thee! Pardon one
To whom thine ocean, even in the sun,
Has grown a monstrous and a morbid sight:—
See how I try to love thee still, and dream of thy delight.

Come—let me go on with my builded bower:
I should be nearer him, by many a weary hour.

In pleasure and in pain, alike I find
My face turned tenderly to womankind:
But then they must be truly women,—not
Shes by the courtesy of a petticoat,
And left without inquiry to their claims,
Like haunted houses with their devil's dams.
I'd mend the worst of women, if I could,
But for a constancy, give me the good;—
I do not mean the formal or severe,
Much less the sly, who 's all for character;
But such as, in all nations and all times,
Would be good creatures, fit for loving rhymes;
Kind, candid, simple, yet of sterling sense,
And of a golden age for innocence.
Of these my neighbours should have choice relations;
And I (though under certain alterations)
I too would bring—(though I dislike the name;
The Reverend Mr. Pomfret did the same;
Let its wild flavour pass a line so tame;)—
A wife,—or whatsoever better word
The times, grown wiser, might by law afford
To the chief friend and partner of my board.

The dear, good she, by every habit then,—
Ties e'en when pleasant, very strong with men;
Though your wise heads first make one's systems wrong,
And then insist that only their's last long,—
Would finish, and make round in every part,
The natural harmony of her own wise heart;
And by the loss of something of her right
Of being jealous, consummate delight.
Gods! how I'd love her morning, noon, and night!
I'd only know the women she approved,
But then she'd love all those who should be loved:
So that our fair friends, better still than good,
Should crown, like doves, our gentle neighbourhood;
And bring us back the peace the world has lost,
All fav'rites and beloved, though one the most.
Should doubts arise, and want of explanations,
We'd settle all by little gifts and patience;
But there could not be much 'twixt real friends,
Taught to consult each other's common ends:
And as for passions of a graver sort,
Kisses and shakes of hand should cut them short.
Should any one incur the common grief,
By moods that asked and yet repelled relief,
Long tears and the remorseless handkerchief,
One pain well borne for friendship's and love's sake
Should gather to our arms the wanderer back:—
It should be our fixed law, no loving heart should ache.

I'd have my mornings to myself. Ev'n ladies
Should not prevent me this, except on May-days:
Unless we fairly struck our tents awhile,
To stroll, like gipsies, round about the isle;
A plan I might be bent on, I confess,
Provided colds would give us leave, and dress,
And twenty other inconveniences.
I'd give up even my house to live like them,
And have a health in every look and limb,
To which our best perceptions must be dim.
A gipsy's body, and a poet's mind,
Clear blood, quick foot, free spirit, and thought refined,
Perpetual airs to breathe, and loves to bind,—
Such were the last perfection of mankind.

I'd have my mornings to myself then; calm,
Clear, useful, busy, like distilling balm.
The spirit of the genial text I own;
But yet 'tis sometimes 'for man to be alone'.
It makes him feel his own free powers; put forth
All the glad fruitage that his heart is worth;

310 ? good *omitted before* for.

And should his fellows fall to their green tombs,
Enables him to take the storm that comes,
And sternly rouse his locks, and stand the driving glooms.
Alas! too late have I learnt this.—Be strong,
Be strong, my boughs, and still allure a tranquillizing song!

These mornings, with their work, should earn for me
My afternoon's content and liberty.
I'd have an early dinner, and a plain,
Not tempting much to 'cut and come again';
A little wine, or not, as health allowed,
But for my friends, a stock to make me proud;
Bottles of something delicate and rare,
Which I should draw, and hold up with an air,
And set them on the table, and say, 'There!'
My friend the doctor (not the apothecary,
For they and doctors eminently vary;
Doctors, I mean, such as the Muses love,
And with the liberal more than hand and glove,)
Should draw on these for med'cines for the poor,
And our delicious fee should be the cure.
Perhaps I'd make him give me a degree
Myself, and practise out of jealousy.
Oh Garth! Oh Goldsmith! Oh ye sons of theirs,
In wit or in wise heart, your real heirs,
And you the most, ever yourself, and true
To your old patients and new duties too,
Whom my soul thanks, and, if it might, would bless,
To all the world with trembling tenderness,—
How meanly do I rate your brethren's arts,
How highly yours, and how like gems your hearts!
Gems deeply cut with Phoebus and the Nine:
May never sorrow shatter them like mine!

See—I'm at least a promising beginner,
And, out of pure good will, have left my dinner.

My dining-room should have some shelves of books,
If only for their grave and social looks—
Horace and Plutarch, Plato, and some more,
Who knew how to refine the tables' roar,
And sprinkled sweet philosophy between,
As meats are reconciled with slips of green.
I read infallibly, if left alone;
But after meat, an author may step down
To settle a dispute, or talk himself:—
I seem to twitch him now with finger from his shelf.

I would not sit in the same room to dine
And pass the evening; much less booze till nine,
And then, with a white waistcoat and red face,
Rise, with some stupid, mumbling, common place,

And ' join the ladies ', bowing for some tea,
With nauseous looks, half lust, half irony.
I'd have two rooms, in one of which, as weather
Or fancy chose, we all might come together,
With liberty for each one nevertheless
To wander in and out, and taste the lawns and trees.
One of the rooms should face a spot of spots,
Such as would please a squirrel with his nuts ;
I mean a slope, looking upon a slope,
Wood-crowned, and delled with turf, a sylvan cup.
Here, when our moods were quietest, we'd praise
The scenic shades, and watch the doves and jays,
And so receive the twilight with low talk,
And moon, slow issuing to her maiden walk.
The other sitting-room, a story higher,
Should look out towards the road and village spire ;
And here we'd have our music and our mirth,
And seem as if we laughed with the whole rolling earth.

Next there, and looking out on either side,
I'd have ' a little chapel edified ',
Informed with heads of those who, heavenly wise,
Through patient thought or many sympathies,
Lived betwixt heaven and earth, and bore for us
Dire thirsty deaths, or drank the deadly juice.
Greek beauty should be there, and Gothic shade ;
And brave as anger, gentle as a maid,
The name on whose dear heart my hope's worn cheek was laid.
Here, with a more immediate consciousness,
Would we feel all that blesses us, and bless ;
And lean on one another's heart, and make
Sweet resolutions, ever, for love's sake ;
And recognize the eternal Good and Fair,
Atoms of whose vast active spirit we are ;
And try by what great yearnings we could force
The globe on which we live to take a more harmonious course.

And when I died, 'twould please me to be laid
In my own ground's most solitary shade ;
Not for the gloom, much less to be alone,
But solely as a room that still might seem my own,
There should my friends come still, as to a place
That held me yet, and bring me a kind face :
There should they bring me still their griefs and joys,
And hear in the swelled breeze a little answering noise.
Had I renown enough, I'd choose to lie,
As Hafiz did, bright in the public eye,
With marble grace enclosed, and a green shade,
And young and old should read me, and be glad.
This for mankind, and one who loves them all :
But should my own pure pleasure guide the pall,

Then to the bed of my affections, where
My best friends lay, should its calm steps repair;
And two such vistas to my travail's end
Before me now with gathering looks attend:
One, in a gentle village, my old home;
The other, by the softened walls of Rome.

ON SEEING A PIGEON MAKE LOVE

[First published in *The Examiner* ('Wishing Cap Papers'), May 2, 1824. Reprinted in *Men, Women, and Books*, 1847.]

Is not the picture strangely like?
Doesn't the very bowing strike?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill-concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
'Madam, by God',—or 'Strike me dead'.

And then the lady! look at her:
What bridling sense of character!
How she declines, and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro;
Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare, and muttered nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in a street.

Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is not he the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?

VERSES ON A FULL-FLOWING PERUKE

BY RICHARD HONEYCOMB, ESQ.

1673

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, No. liii, 1825; reprinted 1860.]

Did ever laurel, famed in story,
Cover a man with so much glory,
Or warrant him to look so big,
As that great modern boast, a wig?
Some Roman ladies wore a front
With hyperbolic friz upon 't;
And we are told of Goths and Scythians
With wigs; but theirs were short and pithy ones.
None of the ancients, as I see,
Laid claim to our crinosity,

Or took the breath of the beholders
With hairy torrents down the shoulders,
Melting a dozen scalps in one,
Enough to make a lion run.

The monarch, whose inglorious look
(Having a natural-born peruke)
Gave rise to this great capillation,
Ill treateth sure his gallant nation,
And takes too many pains by far
In seeking such renown in war,
Picking for 's head superfluous laurels
In shape of Dutch and Spanish quarrels,
When he must know, that he who claps
Two yards of goat's-hair at his chaps,
Succeeds at once to all the rights
And privileges o' the greatest knights,
Reaping such honours from the dead
As never yet invested head,
And may dispense with wit and parts
In vanquishing the ladies' hearts.
To have a little reading, once
Might mark a gallant from a dunce;
Some grammar did not come amiss,
And wit could much exalt a kiss;
But now your man is he who saddles
His head with the great'st hairy straddles,
And all that sep'rates wits from ninnies,
Is, 'Did your wig cost fifty guineas?'

Hail, two-tailed comet of this age,
Portending bills, and amorous rage!
Hail, brains of beaux turned inside out
Tossing your scented froth about,
And turning brisk on the beholders
With copied airs across the shoulders!
Through thee we come at beauty's blushes,
Like Jove through clouds, or Pan through bushes:
To thee I owe (besides, I fear,
Some hundreds to my perruquier,)
To thee I owe my Chloe's passion,
Her fears, and fond incarceration;
And more than all, I owe to thee
That Jack Hall's wig has set me free.

ALTER ET IDEM

A CHEMICO-POETICAL THOUGHT

[First published in *The Tatler*, November 13, 1830; reprinted 1832, 1857, 1860. Text 1832.]

O Lovers, ye that poorly love, and ye
That think ye love beyond sobriety,
Twine me a wreath, if but for only this,—
I'll *prove* the roses in the poet's kiss.
Not metaphors alone are lips and roses,
Whate'er the gallant or the churl supposes:
Ask what compounds them both, and science tells
Of marvellous results in crucibles,—
Of common elements,—say two in five,—
By which their touch is soft, their bloom's alive;
So that the lip and leaf do really, both,
Hold a shrewd cut of the same velvet cloth.
The maxim holds, where'er the compounds fall,—
In birds, in brooks, in wall-flowers, and the wall:
The beauty shares them with her very shawl.

'Tis true, the same things go to harden rocks;
There 's iron in the shade of Julia's locks;

17 shade] shades *1830*.

And when we kiss Amanda's tears away,
A briny pity melts in what we say:
But read these common properties aright,
And shame in love is quenched, and wise delight.
The very coarsest clay, the meanest shard
That hides the beetle in the public yard,
Shares with the stars, and all that rolls them on;
Much more the face we love to look upon;
And be the drops compounded as they may,
That bring sweet sorrows from sweet eyes away,
Where 's the mean soul shall honour not the tears
Shed for a lover's hope, a mother's fears?
Rise, truth and love, and vindicate my rhyme!
The crabbed Scot, that once upon a time
Asked what a poem proved, and just had wit
To prove himself a fool, by asking it,
E'en he had blood, as Burns or Wallace had,
Or as the lip that makes a painter mad.

18 Amanda's] Jacintha's *1857, 1860.*
20, 21 But if aright we read these common gifts,
The knowledge lowers not the mind, but lifts. *1830.*
24, 25 Shares with the sun in his celestial line,
Much more the orbit of an eye divine; *1830.*
26, 27 *not in 1830.*
28, 29 And who are they respect not their own tears,
Shed for young Juliet's destiny, or Lear's? *1830.*
29 hope] hopes *1857–60.*

LINES WRITTEN ON A SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF FINE WEATHER IN MAY

[First published in *The Tatler*, July 30, 1831, 'extracted from the forthcoming number (August 1831) of the *Englishman's Magazine*'; reprinted 1832, 1844–60. Text 1832.]

Reader! what soul that loves a verse, can see
The spring return, nor glow like you and me?
Hear the rich birds, and see the landscape fill,
Nor long to utter his melodious will?

This, more than ever, leaps into the veins,
When spring has been delayed by winds and rains,
And coming with a burst, comes like a show,
Blue all above, and basking green below,
And all the people culling the sweet prime:
Then issues forth the bee, to clutch the thyme,
And the bee poet rushes into rhyme.

3 rich] quick *1844–60.*

For lo! no sooner have the chills withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er;
The cuckoo calls; the swallow's at the door;
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze,
Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways:
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

Ah friends! methinks it were a pleasant sphere,
If, like the trees, we blossomed every year;
If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
Returned in cheeks, and raciness in eyes,
And all around us, vital to the tips,
The human orchard laughed with cherry lips!

Lord! what a burst of merriment and play,
Fair dames, were that! and what a first of May!

So natural is the wish, that bards gone by
Have left it, all, in some immortal sigh!

And yet the winter months were not so well:
Who would like changing, as the seasons fell?
Fade every year; and stare, midst ghastly friends,
With falling hairs, and stuck-out fingers' ends?
Besides, this tale, of youth that comes again,
Is no more true of apple-trees than men.
The Swedish sage, the Newton of the flow'rs,
Who first found out those worlds of paramours,
Tells us, that every blossom that we see
Boasts in its walls a separate family;
So that a tree is but a sort of stand,
That holds those filial fairies in its hand;
Just as Swift's giant might have held a bevy
Of Lilliputian ladies, or a levee.
It is not he that blooms: it is his race,
Who honour his old arms, and hide his rugged face.

Ye wits and bards then, pr'ythee know your duty,
And learn the *lastingness* of human beauty.
Your finest fruit to some two months may reach:
I've known a cheek at *forty* like a peach.

12 have the chills] has the cold *1844–60.*
15 burst] bursts *1860.*
50 pr'ythee know] pray discern *1844–60.*

But see! the weather calls me. Here 's a bee
Comes bounding in my room imperiously,
And talking to himself, hastily burns
About mine ear, and so in heat returns.
O little brethren of the fervid soul,
Kissers of flowers, lords of the golden bowl,
I follow to your fields and tufted brooks:
Winter 's the time to which the poet looks
For hiving his sweet thoughts, and making honied books.

TO MAY

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, May 1832; reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet!
May was *maid* in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May 's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May 's the month that 's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily,—
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books,
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May 's in Milton, May 's in Prior,
May 's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May 's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains then, if ye will,
May 's at home, and with me still:
But come rather, thou, good weather
And find us in the fields together.

TO JUNE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, June 1832; reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

May 's a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start, and say
On May-morning. 'This is May!'
But there also breathes a tune—
Hear it—in the sound of 'June'.
June 's a month, and June 's a name
Never yet hath had its fame.
Summer 's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepened tune
Of the bees and of the birds,—
And of loitering lovers' words,—
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;

And the very colour's tone,
Russet now, and fervid grown;
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right,
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or disposed, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the buttercups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
With a heart to share my mirth,
With a look to love me ever,
Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
I could be content to see
June and no variety;
Loitering here, and living there,
With a book and frugal fare,
With a finer gipsy time,
And a cuckoo in the clime,
Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

A NIGHT-RAIN IN SUMMER

JUNE 28, 1834

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, July 30, 1834; reprinted 1860.]

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair;
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burthen, swift and prone!
And how the odorous limes are blown!
Stormy Love 's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for gentle sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to-night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

8 gentle] silver *1834*.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, September 24, 1834; reprinted in *The Seer*, Part II, No. 52, 1841; and 1844–60. No variants.]

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air

At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANOFORTE

[Published in John Barnett's *Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets*, 1834; reprinted in 1844–60. Text 1844.]

O FRIEND, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Out-values thee:
Love only, wakened with a kiss
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since no joy of human mould
Thus waits us still,
Thrice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
Thine answer, kind.

9 o'erflow] would flow *1834*.
17 Oh] Ah *1834*.
17 no joy] few joys *1860*.
18 waits] wait *1860*.

LOVE LETTERS MADE OF FLOWERS

ON A PRINT OF ONE OF THEM IN A BOOK

[Published in Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, as 'An Albanian Love-Letter. (In Flowers)'; reprinted 1857, 1860.]

AN exquisite invention this
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odours, and bright hues!
Of saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit too for the lady's bosom!
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight, in some sweet spot
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,

3, 12 *billets-doux 1857*
5 Of] In *1860*.
7, 8 *not in 1837*.
13 How charming in some rural spot *1837*.

At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos!

A letter comes, just gathered. We
Dote on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea, and its confessions
Made with as sweet a *Maiden's Blush*
As ever morn bedewed on bush,
('Tis in reply to one of ours,
Made of the most convincing flowers,)
Then after we have kissed its wit
And heart, in water putting it,
(To keep its remarks fresh,) go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with enchanted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And *Little Darling* (Mignonette)
Of *Look at me* and *Call me to you*,
(Words that while they greet, go through you),
Of *Thoughts*, of *Flames*, *Forget-me-not*, *Bridewort*,—in short, the whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a life-long kiss,
And literally, breathing bliss.

30 on] in *1837*. 31–2 *not in 1837*.
33 Then after] And then when *1837*. 37 enchanted] delighted *1837*.
For 41–6 *1837 has*:
And gratitude, and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, 'Felt ever man thus?'

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, May 1836; reprinted 1844–60.]

ROSES

We are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capped sister buds,
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flow'r—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES

We are Lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
'Lo! my thoughts of white.'

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crowned
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamoured air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

VIOLETS

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love's dropped eyelids and a kiss,—
Such our breath and blueness is.

Io, the mild shape
Hidden by Jove's fears,
Found us first i' the sward, when she
For hunger stooped in tears.
'Wheresoe'er her lip she sets,'
Jove said, 'be breaths called Violets.'

SWEET-BRIAR

Wild-rose, Sweet-briar, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—oh, that 's divine!
Happy-sweet and pungent-fine,
Pure as dew, and picked as wine.

As the rose in gardens dressed
Is the lady self-possessed,
I'm the lass in simple vest,
The country lass whose blood 's the best.
Were the beams that thread the briar
In the morn with golden fire
Scented too, they'd smell like me,
All Elysian pungency.

POPPIES

We are slumberous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose,
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power,
Pluto's always setting sun,
And Prosérpine's bower:
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted, we;
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

74 always setting] alway-setting *1836*

SONG OF THE FLOWERS

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith:
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us, love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;

Title. Song] Chorus *1836.*

Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet Flowers!

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the withered clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
Taste, how heav'n loves colour,
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of the flowers!

Uselessness divinest
Of a use the finest
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers weary-eyed
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its walls speaks loftier truth than Babylon's whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or may-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
E'en the terror Poison
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!

36 has] is *1836*. 45 Babylon's whole] Babylonian *1836*.
46 Sage are] Sagest *1836*.

In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?
Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught perchance that dream,
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not:
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phoebus,—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill;
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step that bled for thee, the rosy briar adorning.

Oh, true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things, yet no fables they

60 his] the *1836*.

Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore,
Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old pathway.
Grossest hand can test us;
Fools may prize us never;
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heav'n's own bowers?
Who its love, without them, can fancy,—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heav'n the more?
Oh pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

WEALTH AND WOMANHOOD

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, September 1836; reprinted 1844–60.]

HAVE you seen an heiress
In her jewels mounted,
Till her wealth and she seemed one,
And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom
With one rose betwixt it?
And did you mark the grateful blush,
While the bridegroom fixed it?

7 mark] see *1836*.

CHRISTMAS

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG AND THE WISE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, December 1836; reprinted 1844–60.]

CHRISTMAS comes! He comes, he comes,
Ushered with a rain of plums;
Hollies in the windows greet him;
Schools come driving post to meet him;
Gifts precede him, bells proclaim him,
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark;
And yet he comes not one-embodied,
Universal 's the blithe godhead,
And in every festal house
Presence hath ubiquitous.
Curtains, those snug room-enfolders,
Hang upon his million-shoulders.

And he has a million eyes
Of fire, and eats a million pies,
And is very merry and wise;
Very wise and very merry,
And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

Then full many a shape hath he,
All in said ubiquity:
Now is he a green array,
And now an 'eve', and now a 'day';
Now he 's town gone *out* of town,
And now a feast in civic gown,
And now the pantomime and clown
With a crack upon the crown,
And all sorts of tumbles down;

Sub-title. A song for good fellows, young and old *1836*.

And then he 's music in the night,
And the money gotten by't :
He 's a man that can't write verses,
Bringing some to ope your purses ;
He 's a turkey, he 's a goose,
He 's oranges unfit for use ;
He 's a kiss that loves to grow
Underneath the mistletoe ;
And he 's forfeits, cards, and wassails,
And a king and queen with vassals,
All the ' quizzes ' of the time
Drawn and quartered with a rhyme ;
And then, for their revival's sake,
Lo ! he 's an enormous cake,
With a sugar on the top
Seen before in many a shop,
Where the boys could gaze for ever,
They think the cake so very clever.
Then, some morning, in the lurch
Leaving romps, he goes to church,
Looking very grave and thankful,
After which he 's just as prankful,
Now a saint, and now a sinner,
But, above all, he 's a dinner ;
He 's a dinner, where you see
Everybody's family ;
Beef, and pudding, and mince-pies,
And little boys with laughing eyes,
Whom their seniors ask arch questions,
Feigning fears of indigestions
(As if they, forsooth, the old ones,
Hadn't, privately, tenfold ones) :
He 's a dinner and a fire,
Heaped beyond your heart's desire—
Heaped with log, and baked with coals,
Till it roasts your very souls,
And your cheek the fire outstares,
And you all push back your chairs,
And the mirth becomes too great,
And you all sit up too late,
Nodding all with too much head,
And so go off to too much bed.

O plethora of beef and bliss !
Monkish feaster, sly of kiss !
Southern soul in body Dutch !
Glorious time of great Too-Much !
Too much heat, and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys ;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking ;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough ;
Oh, right is thy instinctive praise
Of the wealth of Nature's ways.
Right thy most unthrifty glee,
And pious thy mince-piety !
For behold ! great Nature's self
Builds her no abstemious shelf,
But provides (her love is such
For *all*) her own great, good Too Much,—
Too much grass, and too much tree,
Too much air, and land, and sea,
Too much seed of fruit and flower,
And fish, an unimagined dower !
(In whose single roe shall be
Life enough to stock the sea—
Endless ichthyophagy !)
Ev'ry instant through the day
Worlds of life are thrown away ;
Worlds of life, and worlds of pleasure
Not for lavishment of treasure,
But because she 's so immensely
Rich, and loves us so intensely,
She would have us, once for all,
Wake at her benignant call,
And all grow wise, and all lay down
Strife, and jealousy, and frown,
And, like the sons of one great mother,
Share, and be blest, with one another.

47 Then] And *1836*.
Between 52 and 53 1836 inserts a couplet with footnote :
(*Vide* Mr. Hervey's book,
And the picture of the cook,)[1]

[1] The Book of Christmas. By Thomas K. Hervey; with Illustrations by R. Seymour. A manual, plump and sufficing as the season,—the production of a spirit companionable, gentlemanly, and poetical.

DOGGREL ON DOUBLE COLUMNS AND LARGE TYPE

OR, THE PRAISE OF THOSE PILLARS OF OUR STATE, AND ITS CLEAR EXPOSITOR

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, July 1837; reprinted 1860. No variants.]

Be present, ye home Truths and Graces,
That throw a charm on common-places,
And make a street or an old door
Look as it never looked before,
Nay, doggrel 's very self refine
Into a bark not quite canine
(Rather, a voice that once those fairies
Took delight in, called the Lares;
Fire-side gods, that used to sit
Loving jolly dogs and wit;)
For with a truth on our own part,
Which, though it frisketh, is at heart
The solemnest of all the solemns,
We sing, imprimis, Double Columns;
And secondly, our noble Type,
Beauteous as Raphael, clear as Cuyp.

Double Columns, in all places,
Are always cause of double graces;
They grace one's front, and grace one's wings,
And do all sorts of graceful things,
Making a welcome fit for queens;
But most of all in magazines.

Look at the fact. All monthly publi-
cations that have been columned doubly,
Have always hit the public fancy
Better, and with more poignàncy
Than your platter-faced, broad pages;
Witness things that lived for ages,—
London Magazines, and *Towns*
And Countrys, of charade renowns;
The old *Monthly*, still surviving
Though with single life now striving;
And the old *Gentleman's* (why also
Should *he* change, and risk a fall so?)
Truly old gentleman was he,
And lived to hail the century,
Although his diet was no better
Than an old tombstone or dead letter.
Then look at *Blackwood*, look at *Fraser*;
To them and *their* sales what d'ye say, Sir?
Tories, I own; the more 's the pity;
But double-columned, and therefore witty:
For columns (quoth th' Horatian fiddling)
Don't permit people to be middling.
The *Dublin University*
Might also spell his name with *g*,—
With *o* and *g*, and call himself
The *Doubling*,—therefore fit for shelf;
A clever dog; though he, too, beats
His Dublin drum with Toryous heats.
Tait, lastly, hath his columns double,
Though he began (which gave him trouble)
With single ones. I warned him of it,
And now, you see, he owns me prophet.
Lucky for Tait;—because I prophesied
Also, that wealth would thus be *of*-his-side.
I only wish his columns were of
Narrower edifice; since thereof
Greater snugness comes, and easiness
Of reading, which is half the business.

Oh, nothing like your double columns!
Notions of single ones are all hums.
Compare a single one with any
Two that you see, how like a zany
It looks; how poor, inept, inhuman!
Oh, ever while you live, have two, man;

Sub-title in 1837 only.

Two, like two legs; and don't be branding
With love of *one* your *understanding*.
Fancy a *door* with one provided!
How ludicrous! one-legged! lop-sided;
Whereas with two, like tit for tat,
Pediment, cornice, and all that,
It stands like something worth looking at,
Or a stout fellow in a cocked hat.
See our own door-way, at page one;
There 's fitness for a Parthenon!
Two columns, bearing that first story
Of strong and sweet Repository.
Will any man who hates a flat style,
Or a forced, object to that style?
Will Mr. Gwilt, or Mr. Barry,
Or Mr. What's-his-name? No, marry.
Our front demands them to be stout;
So no pun, pray, on the word *gout*.
Turn but the corner, and look *there*;
There see our columns mount in air,
So smooth, and sweet, and with a smile,
Air seems itself to feel the style.
No one will say, with wondering brows,
As the man did to Carlton House,
'*Care colonne, che fate quà?*'
Nor will the columns, with *hum* and *ha*,
Say '*Non sappiamo, in verità.*'
A pretty jest, 'faith, and a queer,
To ask our columns how *they* came here!
Egad, they'd say to such suggestion,
'How came *you* here, that ask the question?'

Double then be your columns, ever:
Were single ones in Nature? Never.
(There 's nothing like a round assertion)
And history holds them in aversion.

All her best columns go by twos;—
Witness those pillars of the Jews,
Jachin and Boaz, which implied
That Love and Pow'r go side by side;
And those which Hercules set up,
When he sat down in Spain to sup
On fame and gratitude (no dull tray)
And carved upon them *Ne plus ultra*;
Meaning, 'You can't surpass my columns;'
Words in our favour that speak volumes.
Upon the like, deny who can,
Goes that most wondrous fabric, man,
And on two legs walks noble and steady;
But this we have touched upon already.
Thus emperors walk; yea, poets; yea,
My lady B. and lady A.;
Yea (not to speak it lightly) queens;
And so must wits in magazines.

In short, look at the common sense
O' the case, and frame your judgement thence.
So wide are single-columned pages,
The eyes grow tired with the long stages;
At each line's end you feel perplexed
For the beginning of the next,
And have to run back all the way
To find it, and keep saying 'Eh?'
Now double ones require but glances;
From line to line the sweet eye dances,
Without a strain, or the least trouble,
And thus th' enjoyment 's truly double,
Taking your meaning and your thinking,
As easily as lovers, winking.
Besides, meanwhile it has an eye to
The other column it runs nigh to;
Which doubly doubles the enjoyment,
By certainty of more employment;
Just like that terrible Greek, who reckoned,
While courting one love, on a second;
Or as your gourmand, dining pleasantly,
Says, 'I'll attack *that* pigeon presently.'

So much for columns. Now for type.
What soul, of any judgement ripe,
Or wise by dint of good intentions,
But must exult in its dimensions ?
What good heart swell not at a size
So very good for good old eyes ?
Nay, good for eyes too not grown old,
But tried by labours manifold,
And glad not to be forced to take
To spectacles and vision-ache ?
Young eyes, of course, can find no fault with it ;
And babes that learn to spell, won't halt with it :
So that, in fact, the *only* pages
To suit all eyes and suit all ages,
And fill the whole earth's visual powers
With tears of transport, will be *ours* !
Good heav'ns ! what an amazing glory !
Unknown in periodic story !

We knew once a shrewd speculator,
Young withal, and fond of *pater*,
Who in the course of a right breeding
Had got such filial views of reading,
That he projected an old men's
Newspaper, to be called—THE LENS ;
That is to say, a glass to read it ;
Because the print was *not to need it !*
(We think we see old Munden *kneading*
The word, in his intensest reading,
And counting it a gain, exceeding.)
Well, here 's a LENS in all its glory,
The type of the Repository ;—
A glass, without a glass's need ;—
A print, that cries to all ' Come, read !'
How pleasant to reverse, for once,
The cares that patronize good sons,
And give good sons occasion rather
To *filiatronize* their father.

There 's a strange tale of an old sire,
Who screaming every moment higher,
Came running from a house, or rather
Hobbling, and followed by *his* father,
Who was belabouring him, because
Forgetful of all filial laws,
' Th' ungracious boy,' like a draw-cansir,
Had laid a stick upon his *grandsire ! !*
Observe our sweet Repository,
How 'twill reverse this horrid story.
For sure as we see future ages
Rise, like May-mornings, o'er our pages,
We see full many a grateful sire,
Old as *that* grandson, but all fire,
Come smiling from his home, and telling
The neighbours round about the dwelling,
How he had left, with eyes all glistening,
His father to *his grandsire* listening,
Who taking up our magazine,
And putting his white locks serene
Pleasantly back, and looking proud,
Read it, upon the spot, out loud !

What need to add another syllable?
Hearts, that could stand this, are unkillable.

BODRYDDAN

TO THE MEMORY OF B. Y. AND A. M. D.

[Published in *The Monthly Repository*, October 1837 ; also in Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837 ; reprinted 1844–60.]

OUR fairest dreams are made of truths,
Nymphs are sweet women, angels youths,
And Eden was an earthly bower :
Not that the heavens are false ;—oh no!
But that the sweetest thoughts that grow
In earth, must have an earthly flower :

Sub-title. The residence of Barbara Y. and Anna Maria D. *Monthly Repository.*

Blest, if they know how sweet they are,
And that earth also is a star.

I met a lady by the sea,
A heart long known, a face desired,
Who led me with sweet breathful glee
To one that sat retired ;—
That sat retired in reverend chair,
That younger lady's pride and care,
Fading heav'nward beauteously
In a long-drawn life of love,
With smiles below and thoughts above :
And round her played that fairy she,
Like Impulse by Tranquillity.

And truly might they, in times old
Have deemed her one of fairy mould
Keeping some ancestral queen
Deathless, in a bow'r serene ;
For oft she might be noticed walking
Where the seas at night were talking ;
Or extracting with deep look
Power from out some learned book ;
Or with pencil or with pen
Charming the rapt thoughts of men :
And her eyes ! they were so bright,
They seemed to dance with elfin light,
Playmates of pearly smiles, and yet
So often and so sadly wet,
That Pity wondered to conceive
How lady so beloved could grieve.
And oft would both those ladies rare,
Like enchantments out of air,
In a sudden shower descend
Of balm on want, or flowers on friend;
No matter how remote the place,
For fairies laugh at time and space.
From their hearts the gifts were given,
As the light leaps out of heaven.

Their very house was fairy :—none
Might find it without favour won
For some great zeal, like errant-knight,
Or want and sorrow's holy right ;
And then they reached it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath.
The stone-cut arms above the door
Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
Of simple gear, long laid aside ;
And low it was, and warm and wide,—
A home to love, from sire to son,
By white-grown servants waited on.
Here a door opening breathed of bowers
Of ladies, who lead lives of flowers ;
There, walls were books ; and the sweet witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heav'n-gone kindred, sweet and wise ;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace
Looked forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seemed to say,
' The stars are firm, and hold their way.'

Behold me now, like knight indeed,
Whose balmèd wound had ceased to bleed,
Behold me in this green domain
Leading a palfrey by the rein,
On which the fairy lady sat
In magic talk, which men call ' chat ',
Over mead, up hill, down dale,
While the sweet thoughts never fail,

23 a *om. in Lit. H.* 39 flowers] flow'r *Monthly Repository.*

Bright as what we plucked 'twixt whiles,
The mountain-ash's thick red smiles ;
And aye she laughed, and talked, and rode,
And to blest eyes her visions showed
Of nook, and tow'r, and mountain rare,
Like bosom, making mild the air ;
And seats, endeared by friend and sire,
Facing sunset's thoughtful fire.
And then, to make romances true,
Before this lady open flew
A garden gate ; and lo ! right in,
Where horse's foot had never been,
Rode she ! the gard'ner with a stare
To see her threat his lilies fair,
Uncapped his bent old silver hair,
And seemed to say, ' My lady good
Makes all things right in her sweet mood.'

O land of Druid and of Bard,
Worthy of bearded Time's regard,
Quick-blooded, light-voiced, lyric Wales,
Proud with mountains, rich with vales,
And of such valour that in thee
Was born a third of chivalry,
(And is to come again, they say,
Blowing its trumpets into day,
With sudden earthquake from the ground,
And in the midst, great Arthur crowned,)
I used to think of thee and thine
As one of an old faded line
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart :
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields, and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word
(So rich they open), and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pulse as strong
As the sea's more ancient song,
And of a sympathy as wide ;
And all this truth, and more beside,
I should have known, had I but seen,
O Flint, thy little shore ; and been
Where Truth and Dream walk, hand-in-hand,
Bodryddan's living Fairy-land.

85 talked] thought *Lit. H.* *For* 90, 91 *Lit. H. has :*
And seats for poet-friend renown'd
Or where a sire was duly found
To watch the sun, with brow as even
Making his golden grave in Heaven.
94 A garden] An orchard *Lit. H.* 122 the] thy *Lit. H.*

LLANBEDR.—1835

[First printed in Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours, 1837*. First published, in a notice of that 'unpublished volume', as 'some verses of our own . . . written upon the country-seat of its Editor', in *The Monthly Repository*, February, 1838. Not reprinted.]

Quitting dear friends with homeward care
In the sweet land that held the Druid,
I touched at thee, Llanbedr fair,
Thou lily of the Vale of Clwyd.

Gardens I saw, home's fringes bright,—
A homestead church, and pastoral valleys,
And mountains green of gentle might,
Luring ascent with leafy alleys.

A page from out a poet's book
It was,—choice Nature's own adorning,—
A landscape worth an angel's look,—
A smile of God on Eden's morning.

And me its lord and lady pressed
To stop and taste it's tranquil hours,
He, with his books and pictures blest,
And she, amidst her happy flowers.

I could not stay; I was not fit
For aught but what my troubles tasked me:
Forced was my smile, and dulled my wit,
I scarcely heard the lips that asked me.

Yet all that scene in Memory's frame
I bore away, a dream excelling:
And they in turn, true pardoners, came
To see me in my own poor dwelling.

They brought me faces, void of art,
Grasps of the hand, and warm expressions;
And then I knew, that either's heart
Was larger than their fair possessions.

Oh, sweet are fair Llanbedr's slopes,
Its mansion rich, its manners even:
But man's a world of boundless hopes,
Whose heart contains both earth and heaven.

29 *1837 omits* fair.

A HYMN TO BISHOP ST. VALENTINE

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, February 1838; reprinted 1844–60.]

The day, the only day returns,
The true *redde letter* day returns,
When summer time in winter burns;
When a February dawn
Is opened by two sleeves in lawn
Fairer than Aurora's fingers,
And a burst of all bird singers,
And a shower of *billet-doux*,
Tinging cheeks with rosy hues,
And over all a face divine,
Face good-natured, face most fine,
Face most anti-saturnine,
Even thine, yea, even thine,
Saint of sweethearts, Valentine!

See, he 's dawning! See, he comes
With the jewels on his thumbs
Glancing us a ruby ray
(For he 's sun and all to-day)!
See his lily sleeves! and now
See the mitre on his brow!
See his truly pastoral crook,
And beneath his arm his book
(Some sweet tome *De Arte Amandi*):
And his hair, 'twixt saint and *dandy*,
Lovelocks touching either cheek,
And black, though with a silver streak,

17 us] as *1838*.

As though for age both young and old,
And his look, 'twixt meek and bold,
Bowing round on either side,
Sweetly lipped and earnest eyed,
And lifting still, to bless the land,
His very gentlemanly hand.

Hail! oh hail! and thrice again
Hail, thou clerk of sweetest pen!
Connubialest of clergymen!
Exquisite bishop!—not at all
Like Bishop Bonner; no, nor Hall,
That gibing priest; nor Atterbury,
Although he was ingenious, very,
And wrote the verses on the 'Fan';
But then he swore,—unreverend man!
But very like good Bishop Berkeley,
Equally benign and clerkly;
Very like Rundle, Shipley, Hoadley,
And all the genial of the godly;
Like De Sales, and like De Paul;
But most, I really think, of all,
Like Bishop Mant, whose sweet theology
Includeth verse and ornithology,
And like a proper rubric star,
Hath given us a new 'Calendar',
So full of flowers and birdly talking,
'Tis like an Eden bower to walk in.
Such another See is thine,
O thou Bishop Valentine;
Such another, but as big
To that, as Eden to a fig;
For all the world 's thy diocese,
All the towns and all the trees,
And all the barns and villages:
The whole rising generation
Is thy loving congregation:
Enviable 's indeed thy station;
Tithes cause thee no reprobation,
Dean and chapter 's no vexation,
Heresy no spoliation.
Begged is thy participation;
No one wishes thee translation,
Except for some sweet explanation.
All decree thee consecration!
Beatification!
Canonization!
All cry out, with heart-prostration,
Sweet 's thy text-elucidation,
Sweet, oh sweet 's thy visitation,
And Paradise thy confirmation.

65 chapter 's] chapters *1838–57.*
74 -prostration] -protestation *1838.*
70 decree] decreed *1838.*

RONDEAU

[First published in *The Monthly Chronicle*, November 1838; reprinted 1844–60.]

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

1 Jenny] Nelly *1838* 5 weary] jaundiced *1838.*

TO THE QUEEN

AN OFFERING OF GRATITUDE ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY

[First published in *The Morning Chronicle*, May 28, 1840; reprinted 1844–60.]

THE lark dwells lowly, Madam,—on the ground,—
And yet his song within the heavens is found:
The basest heel may wound him ere he rise,
But soar he must, for love exalts his eyes.
Though poor, his heart must loftily be spent,
And he sings free, crowned with the firmament.

A poet thus (if love and later fame
May warrant him to wear that sacred name)
Hoped, in some pause of birth-day pomp and power,
His carol might have reached the Sovereign's bower;
Voice of a heart twice touched; once in its need,
Once by a kind word, exquisite indeed:
But Care, ungrateful to a host that long
Had borne him kindly, came and marred his song,
Marred it, and stopped, and in his envious soul
Dreamt it had ceased outright, and perished whole.
Dull god! to know not, after all he knew,
What the best gods, Patience and Love, can do.
The song was lamed, was lated, yet the bird
High by the lady's bower has still been heard,
Thanking that balm in need, and that delightful word.

Blest be the queen! Blest when the sun goes down;
When rises, blest. May love line soft her crown.
May music's self not more harmonious be,
Than the mild manhood by her side and she.
May she be young for ever—ride, dance, sing,
'Twixt cares of state carelessly carolling,
And set all fashions healthy, blithe, and wise,
From whence good mothers and glad offspring rise.
May everybody love her. May she be
As brave as will, yet soft as charity;
And on her coins be never laurel seen,
But only those fair peaceful locks serene,
Beneath whose waving grace first mingle now
The ripe Guelph cheek and good straight Coburgh brow,
Pleasure and reason! May she, every day,
See some new good winning its gentle way
By means of mild and unforbidden men!
And when the sword hath bowed beneath the pen,
May her own line a patriarch scene unfold,
As far surpassing what these days behold
E'en in the thunderous gods, iron and steam,
As they the sceptic's doubt, or wild man's dream!

38 unforbidden] unforbidding *1840*.

And to this end—oh! to this Christian end,
And the sure coming of its next great friend,
May her own soul, this instant, while I sing,
Be smiling, as beneath some angel's wing,
O'er the dear life in life, the small, sweet, new,
Unselfish self, the filial self of two,
Bliss of her future eyes, her pillowed gaze,
On whom a mother's heart thinks close, and prays.

Your beadsman, Madam, thus, 'in spite of sorrow'
Bids at your window, like the lark, good morrow.

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL

[First published in *The Morning Chronicle*, November 25, 1840; reprinted 1844–60.]

Welcome, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother,
Proud the one and safe the other;
Welcome to three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little mighty birth,
To our human star the earth.

Some have wished thee boy; and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee,—
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following sceptred, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace feel sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose
Safety comes, and peril goes;
Thee appearing, earth's new spring
Fears no winter's 'grisly king;'
Hope anew leaps up, and dances
In the hearts of human chances:
France, the brave, but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now, as safe as she
From the strifes that need not be,
And the realms thus hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day, as planet should,
Till it clap its hands, and cry,
Hail, matured humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war;
Earth is now no childish star.

But behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love, nor people's:
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heav'n had rained them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctor's learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank, a pin.

35 as] is *1840*.

E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it,
Nor the arms that draw thee to it,
Nor the eyes, that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless in-door ways
Weakened thee for future days;
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou cam'st, a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thy healthy self a pleasure;
To the world a balm and treasure.

60 nowise] no-ways *1840*. 77 To thyself, a healthy pleasure *1840*.

THREE VISIONS ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

OCCASIONED BY THE BIRTH AND CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

[First published in *The Morning Chronicle*, February 8, 1842; reprinted 1844–60.]

O LOVE of thanks for gentle deeds,
O sympathy with lowly needs,
O claims of care, and balms of song,
I feared ye meant to do me wrong,
And let me fade with stifled heart,
Ere time and I had leave to part;
But waking lately in the morn,
Just as a golden day was born,
Lo the dull clouds, by sickness wrought,
Began to break on heights of thought,
And fresh from out the Muse's sky
Three visions of a Queen had I;
Three in auspicious link benign;
One dear, one gorgeous, one divine!

The first—(and let no spirit dare
That vision with my soul to share,
But such as know that angels spread
Their wings above a mother's bed)—
The first disclosed her where she lay
In pillowed ease, that blessed day,
Which just had made her pale with joy
Of the wished-for, princely boy,
Come to complete, and stamp with man,
The line which gentler grace began.

See, how they smooth her brows to rest,
Faint, meek, yet proud, and wholly blest;
And how she may not speak the while
But only sigh, and only smile,
And press his pressing hand who vies
In bliss with her beloved eyes.

Vanished that still and sacred room;
And round me, like a pomp in bloom,
Was a proud chapel, heavenly bright
With lucid glooms of painted light
Hushing the thought with holy story,
And flags that hung asleep in glory,
And scutcheons of emblazon bold,
The flowers of trees of memories old.
And living human flowers were there,
New colouring the angelic air;
Young beauties mixed with warriors gray,
And choristers in lily array,
And princes, and the genial king
With the wise companioning,
And the mild manhood, by whose side
Walks daily forth his two years' bride,

21 made] seen *1842*.

And she herself, the rose of all,
Who wears the world's first coronal,—
She, lately in that bower of bliss,
How simple and how still to this!
For ever and anon there rolled
The gusty organ manifold,
Like a golden gate of heaven
On its hinges angel-driven
To let through a storm and weight
Of its throne's consenting 's state;
Till the dreadful grace withdrew
Into breath serene as dew,
Comforting the ascending hymn
With notes of softest seraphim.
Then was call on Jesus mild;
And in the midst that new-born child
Was laid within the lap of faith,
While his prayer the churchman saith,
And gifted with two loving names—
One the heir of warlike fames,
And one befitting sage new line
Against the world grow more benign.

Like a bubble, children-blown,
Then was all that splendour flown;
And in a window by the light
Of the gentle moon at night,
Talking with her love apart
And her own o'erflowing heart,
That queen and mother did I see
Too happy for tranquillity;
Too generous-happy to endure
The thought of all the woful poor
Who that same night laid down their heads
In mockeries of starving beds,
In cold, in wet, disease, despair,
In madness that will say no prayer;
With wailing infants, some; and some
By whom the little clay lies dumb;
And some, whom feeble love's excess,
Through terror, tempts to murderousness.
And at that thought the big drops rose
In pity for her people's woes;
And this glad mother and great queen
Weeping for the poor was seen,
And vowing in her princely will
That they should thrive and bless her still.

And of these three fair sights of mine,
That was the vision most divine.

LINES

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE

[First published in *The Morning Chronicle*, May 5, 1843; reprinted 1844–60.]

Though the laurel's courtly bough
Boast again its poet now,
One with verse, too, calm and stately,
Fit to sing of greatness greatly,[1]
Granted yet be one last rhyme
To the muse that sang meantime,
If for nought but to make known
That she sang for love alone;
That she sang from out a heart
Used to play no sordid part;
That howe'er a hope might rise,
Strange to her unprosperous eyes,
Ere the cloud came in between
All sweet harvests and their queen,
Still the faith was not the fee
Nor gratitude expectancy.
Oh! the soul that never thought
Meanly, when a throne it fought,
Was it not as far above
All that 's mean, with one to love?

Welcome then, fair new delight,
Welcome to thy father's sight,
Welcome to thy sister, brother,
And thy sweet strong-hearted mother,
(Faithful to all duties she
That could prosper them and thee;)

Title. The Princess Alice] Her Majesty's third child, a Princess, April 24th. *1843.*
[1] Wordsworth. [H. *1860.*]

Welcome, playmate of them all,
Future grace of bower and hall,
Queen perchance of some great land
Whose kisses wait thy little hand.
Thou art come in right good time,
With the sweetest of the pime,
With the green trees and the flowers,
Orchard blooms and sunny showers,
And the cuckoo and the bee,
And lark's angelic ecstasy,
And the bird that speaks delight
Into the close ear of night.

What a world, were human kind
All of one instructed mind!
What a world to rule, to please,
To share 'twixt enterprise and ease!
Graceful manners flowing round
From the court's enchanted ground,
Comfort keeping all secure,
None too rich, and none too poor.

Thee, meantime, fair child of one
Fit to see that golden sun,
Thee may no worse lot befall
Than a long life, April all;
Fuller, much, of hopes than fears,
Kind in smiles and kind in tears
Graceful, cheerful, ever new,
Heaven and earth both kept in view,
While the poor look up and bless
Thy celestial bounteousness.
And, when all thy days are done,
And sadness views thy setting sun,
May'st thou greet thy mother's eyes,
And endless May in Paradise.

DIRGE

[Ascribed to Leigh Hunt in *Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, 1844, 1860, 1876, 1892.]

Blest is the turf, serenely blest,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

ALBUMS

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF ROTHA QUILLINAN

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, July 1837; reprinted 1844–60.]

An Album! This! Why, 'tis for aught I see,
Sheer wit, and verse, and downright poetry;
A priceless book incipient; a treasure
Of growing pearl: a hoard for pride and pleasure;

3 a treasure] a young treasure *1837*.

A golden begging-box, which pretty Miss
Goes round with, like a gipsy as she is,
From bard to bard, to stock her father's shelf,
Perhaps for cunning dowry to herself.

Albums are records, kept by gentle dames,
To show us that their friends can write their names;
That Miss can draw, or brother John can write
'Sweet lines', or that they know a Mr. White.
The lady comes, with lowly grace upon her,
''Twill be so kind', and 'do her book such honour':
We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er
The names to see what has been done before,
Wish to say something wonderful, but can't,
And write, with modest glory, 'William Grant'.
Johnson succeeds, and Thomson, Jones, and Clarke,
And Cox with an original remark
Out of the Speaker;—then come John's 'sweet lines',
Fanny's 'sweet airs', and Jenny's 'sweet designs':
Then Hobbs, Cobbs, Dodds, Lord Strut, and Lady Brisk,
And, with a flourish underneath him, Fisk.

Alas! why sit I here, committing jokes
On social pleasures and good-humoured folks,
That see far better with their trusting eyes,
Than all the blinkings of the would-be wise?
Albums are, after all, pleasant inventions,
Make friends more friendly, grace one's good intentions,
Brighten dull names, give great ones kinder looks,
Nay, now and then produce right curious books,
And make the scoffer (as it now does me)
Blush to look round on deathless company.

23 Brisk] Bustle *1837*. 24 Fisk] Russell *1837*.
32 now and then] here and there *1837*.

THE FANCY CONCERT

[First published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, January 1845; reprinted 1857. Text 1857.]

They talked of their concerts, and Cramers, and Spohrs,
And pitied the fever that kept me in-doors;
And I smiled in my thought, and said, 'O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits, that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,
Now fetch me a concert:—imparadise air'.

Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden, came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring;
And filled, with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven, its corners; and swelled it to ample

1 Cramers . . . Spohrs] singers . . . scores *1845*.

Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;—
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flower
Of an exquisite fairy-voice opened its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys and clarinets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed
As the rich tempest gathered, and buz-ringing moons
Of tambours, and deep basses, and giant bassoons,
And the golden trombone, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods; nor was wanting the gong,
Like a sudden, fate-bringing, oracular sound,
Or Earth's iron genius burst up from the ground,
A terrible slave, come to wait on his masters
The gods, with exultings that clanged like disasters;
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day;
And taking the rule of the roar in their hands,
Lo! the Genii of Music came out of all lands,
And one of them said, 'Will my Lord tell his slave,
What concert 'twould please his Firesideship to have?'

Then I said, in a tone of immense will and pleasure,
'Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure;
And let there be lights and be odours; and let
The lovers of music serenely be set;
And then with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose-colour, fetch me the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And with their own hands let them play me their finest.'

Then lo! was performed my immense will and pleasure,
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;
And lights were about me, and odours; and set
Were the lovers of music, all wondrously met;
And then with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose-colour, in came the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And with their own hands did they play me their finest.

Oh! truly was Italy heard then and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony:
Fresh Paisiello, whose airs are as new,
Though we know them by heart, as May-blossoms and dew;
And Nature's twin son, Pergolese; and Bach,
Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;
And Gluck,[n] who saw gods; and the learned sweet feeling,
Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;

20 deep] huge *1845*. 22 wanting] absent *1845*. 51 Fresh] Pure *1845*.

And airy Corelli, whose bowing seems made
For a hand with a jewel; and Handel arrayed
In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,
Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,
A lover withal, and a conqueror, whose marches
Bring demi-gods under victorious arches;
Then Arne[n] sweet and tricksome; and masterly Purcell,
Half priest and half prince; and Mozart universal,
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
With a grove, in the distance, of holier sound;
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini;
Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini;
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest name,
Cimarosa; much less the great organ-voiced fame
Of Marcello, that hushed the Venetian sea;
And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing thee,
Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

O'er all, like a passion great Pasta[n] was heard,
As high as her heart, that truth-uttering bird;
And Banti was there; and Grassini, that goddess!
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious boddice;
And Jordan, whose laugh was a love; and Cuzzoni;
And Gay's Polly Fenton, and Milton's Baroni;
And Mara; and Malibran, stung to the tips
Of her fingers with pleasure; and rich Fodor's lips;
And was it a voice? or what was it? say—
That like a fallen angel beginning to pray,
Was the soul of all tears and celestial despair?
Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark-flowing hair.

So now we had chorus, and now we had song:
Now instruments hurrying the warble along;
Now pauses that pampered resumption; and now—
But who shall describe what was played us, or how?
'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride;
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side
'Twas the Graces invisible, moulding the air
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds
Of endearments and luxuries, turned into sounds;

57 airy] gentlest *1845*.
64 Half priest and half prince] Lay-clerical soul *1845*.
79–80 *not in 1845*.
Between 82 *and* 83 *1845 has:*

And manly in face as in tone, Angrisani;
And Naldi, thy whim; and thy grace, Tramezzani;

87 chorus, and] instrument *1845*.
88 Now chorus, a thousand-voiced, one-hearted throng; *1845*.

'Twas argument even, the logic of tones;
'Twas memory, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughter, 'twas moans;
'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obeyed;
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.

And these are the concerts I have at my will;
Then dismiss them, and laugh at your puffs and your 'bill'.

102 laugh . . . and] patiently think of *1845*.
After 102 *1845 adds*:
(*Aside*) Yet Lablache, after all, makes me long to go, still.

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT

[First published in *The Cambridge Chronicle*, February 3, 1849; reprinted in 'Selections from British Poets', Dublin, 1858.]

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain,
Never will his once bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood,
Save the childless one who weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

A DREAM WITHIN DREAM

OR,

A DREAM IN HEAVEN;

OR,

EVIL MINIMIZED

[First published in *Household Words*, April 20, 1850; reprinted 1857–60.]

What evil would be, could it be, the Blest
Are sometimes fain to know. They sink to rest,
Dream for a moment's space of care and strife,
Wake, stare, and smile, and *that* was human Life.

Title. or, A Dream in heaven *not in 1850*.
3 a] one *1850*. 4 *that* was] this is *1850*; *that* is *1857*.

ODE TO THE SUN

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, May 1850; reprinted 1857–60.]

Presence divine! Great lord of this our sphere!
Bringer of light, and life, and joy, and beauty,—
God midst a million gods, that far and near
Hold each his orbs in rounds of rapturous duty;
Oh never may I, while I lift this brow,
Believe in any god *less* like a god than thou.

Thou art the mightiest of all things we see,
And thou, the mightiest, art amongst the kindest;
The planets, dreadfully and easily,
About thee, as in sacred sport, thou windest;
And thine illustrious hands, for all that power,
Light soft on the babe's cheek, and nurse the budding flower.

They say that in thine orb is movement dire,
Tempest and flame, as on a million oceans:
Well may it be, thou heart of heavenly fire;
Such looks and smiles befit a god's emotions;
We know thee gentle in the midst of all,
By those smooth orbs in heaven, this sweet fruit on the wall.

I feel thee here, myself, soft on my hand;
Around me is thy mute, celestial presence;
Reverence and awe would make me fear to stand
Within thy beam, were not all Good its essence:
Were not all Good its essence, and from thence
All good, glad heart derived, and child-like confidence.

I know that there is Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
Strange foes, though stranger guardian friends, of Pleasure:
I know that poor men lose, and rich men gain,
Though oft th' unseen adjusts the seeming measure:
I know that Guile may teach, while Truth must bow,
Or bear contempt and shame on his benignant brow.

But while thou sitt'st, mightier than all, O Sun,
And e'en when sharpest felt, still throned in kindness,
I see that greatest and that best are one,
And that all else works tow'rds it, though in blindness.
Evil I see, and Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
Work under Good their lord, embodied in thy reign.

I see the molten gold darkly refine
O'er the great sea of human joy and sorrow;
I hear the deep voice of a grief divine
Calling sweet notes to some diviner morrow;
And though I know not how the two may part,
I feel thy rays, O Sun, write it upon my heart.

Upon my heart thou writest it, as thou,
Heart of these worlds, art writ on by a greater:
Beamed on with love from some still mightier brow,
Perhaps by that which waits some new relator;
Some amazed man, who sees new splendours driven
Thick round a Sun of suns, and fears he looks at heaven.

'Tis easy for vain man, Time's growing child,
To dare pronounce on thy material seeming:
Heav'n, for its own good ends, is mute and mild
To many a wrong of man's presumptuous dreaming.
Matter, or mind, of either what knows he?
Or how with more than both thine orb divine may be?

Art thou a god indeed? or thyself heaven?
And do we taste thee here in light and flowers?
Art thou the first sweet place, where hearts, made even,
Sing tender songs in earth-remembering bowers?
Enough, my soul. Enough through thee, O Sun,
To learn the sure good song,—Greatest and Best are one.

Enough for man to work, to hope, to love,
Copying thy zeal untired, thy smile unscorning:
Glad to see gods thick as the stars above,
Bright with the God of gods' eternal morning;
Round about whom perchance endless they go,
Ripening their earths to heavens, as love and wisdom grow.

DEATH

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, June 1850; reprinted, with the omission of the last line, as a fragment in *Victoria Regia*, 1861.]

Death is a road our friends have gone;
Why, with such leaders, fear to say 'Lead on'?
Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried;
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers; children; men,
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women, that smiled away their loving breath.—
Soft is the travelling on the road of Death.

But guilt has passed it? Men not fit to die?
Oh, hush—for He that made us all, is by.
Human were all; all men; all born of mothers;
All our own selves, in the worn shape of others;
Our *used*, and oh! be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BUST OF DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, 1856

[First published in the *Correspondence*, ii. 276, 1862.]

Ages will honour, in their hearts enshrined,
Thee, Southwood Smith, physician of mankind;
Giver of air, light, health to every home
Of the rich poor of happier times to come.

BURNS AND TULLOCHGORUM

[First published in *The Spectator*, January 22, 1859; reprinted 1860.]

Come, let us have a dance, and make
The mirth complete for Burns's sake,
For how can feet not long to take
The steps he took before 'em?
Who, who, can keep them ever still,
Who can keep them, who can keep them,
Who can keep them ever still,
When strong the will comes o'er 'em?
Who can keep them ever still,
When song itself shall urge the will,
And music grind, like any mill,
The reel of Tullochgorum?

'O, Tullochgorum's my delight,'
Said Burns's fine old herald, hight
The Reverend Mr. Skinner, wight
That hated false decorum:
It was his, and Burns's too,
His and Burns's, his and Burns's,
It was his, and Burns's too,
And all such true *virorum*:
It was his, and Burns's too,
And doubly thus becomes his due
From all that ever shake a shoe
At sound of Tullochgorum.

For Tullochgorum's such a dance,
As never yet was found in France,
Though some French dames, whose sons could prance,
To Scottish husbands bore 'em:
Mirth it has and muscle both,
Mirth and muscle, mirth and muscle,
Mirth it has, and muscle both,
And graces *angelorum*:

Mirth it has and muscle both,
And makes all friends, as Skinner show'th:
Quakers themselves would take an oath,
There 's nought like Tullochgorum.

'Twas in this dance, there 's not a doubt
The poet's Jane first twined about
His heart, when footing in and out,
Her charms made eyes adore 'em:
She was a singing, dancing jade,
Singing, dancing, singing, dancing,
She was a singing, dancing jade,
And full of grace *flexorum*:
She was a singing, dancing jade,
And nought beside; so Envy said;
But capital good wife she made,
Inspired by Tullochgorum.

Who better could have played his part,
In such a dance, than he whose art
Of pleasing was all life and heart,
And no fatigue could floor 'em?
Think, lads and lasses, how he bad
Lads and lasses, lads and lasses,
Think, lads and lasses, how he bad
Your loves all truthward sour 'em:
Think how he made kind natures glad,
And only brutes and bigots sad,
Then, if you can, don't dance like mad
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'TO THE SPIRIT GREAT AND GOOD'

. . . some verses which my Summer Party sing on the grass after dinner . . .

[Sent in an undated letter to Charles Cowden Clarke. First published in Charles Mary Cowden Clarke's *Recollections of Writers*, 1878.]

To the Spirit great and good,
Felt, although not understood,—
By whose breath, and in whose eyes,
The green earth rolls in the blue skies,—
Who we know, from things that bless,
Must delight in loveliness;
And who, therefore, we believe,
Means us well in things that grieve,—
Gratitude! Gratitude!
Heav'n be praised as heavenly should
Not with slavery, or with fears,
But with a face as towards a friend, and with thin sparkling tears.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

ARE THE PROSPECTS OF MANHOOD

[First printed in Messrs. Dent's edition of 1891 from a manuscript formerly in the possession of Alexander Ireland.]

'Tis said that Faith declines; believe it not;
Faith grows and spreads. Faith in the happier lot
Of human kind; therefore, sweet Hope, in thee;
And Faith in God's own climax, Charity.[1]
'Tis strange that Christians should be proud, who hold
Prospects in scorn, by Christ himself foretold.
What was the song sung on this blessed night,
When round the shepherds fell the golden light
That held the angel, and he said 'Fear not'?
What but the promise of that happier lot
Fit to bring angels down, as it did then,
Of 'peace on earth and good-will towards men'?

[1] 'And now remain Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity.'—*St. Paul.* [H.]

RIGHT AND MIGHT

ON BEING ASKED WHETHER I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT WAS RIGHT

[First published in (?) 1857. Reprinted in 1860.]

Thus far I do:—that Right of Might
Springs but from something *per se* right,—
Some health, strength, knowledge. To beat might,
You must fight might with righter right.

But suppose might an infant smite,
Would you call that a right of might?
Yes; of the madman's teeth to bite.
'Tis you, O world, must set that right
With the great Might of Love and Light.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GREEK

HOMER

THE FIRST RE-APPEARANCE OF ACHILLES; AND ITS EFFECTS

[First published 1818; reprinted 1857, 1860. Text 1818.]

Αυταρ Αχαιοι
Θεσπεσιω αλαλητω 'υφ 'Εκτορος ανδροφονοιο
Φευγοντες, κ. τ. λ.

ILIAD, Lib. 18, v. 148.

AND now the Greeks, with war-cries full of doom,
Flying from underneath the slaughterer Hector,
Had reached their ships and the Hellespont; nor yet
Had they been able from the press to drag
Achilles' household friend, the dead Patroclus;
For men and horse, and Hector, Priam's son,
Followed him up, like the fierce strength of fire.

Thrice did great Hector drag him by the feet
Backward, and loudly shouted to the Trojans;
And thrice did the Ajaces, springy-strengthed,
Thrust him away; yet still he kept his ground,
Sure of his strength; and now and then rushed on
Into the thick, and now and then stood still,
Shouting great shouts;—and not an inch gave he.

And as night-watching shepherds in the fields
Find all their efforts vain to drive away
A starved and fiery lion from a carcase;
So found the two great-helmed chiefs, to scare
Hector, the son of Priam, from the dead.

And now he would have dragged him off, and gained
Unspeakable praise, had not wind-footed Iris,
Bearing a secret message from Heaven's queen,
Come sweeping from Olympus' top to bid
Achilles arm him. Close to him she shot,
And thus accosted him in winged words:—

'Up, thou most overwhelming of mankind,
Pelides:—there's a dreadful roar of men
For thy friend's body at the ships, and thou

5 household friend] friend of friends *1857, 1860.*

Must rescue him. They slay each other there,
Some in their rage to rescue the dead corpse,
And some to drag it to the windy towers
Of Ilion; the illustrious Hector most.
Already does he think to fix aloft
The head on spikes, cut from the gentle neck.
Up then, nor keep thee longer:—blush to think
What shame it would be to thee, should Patroclus
Be pastime for the teeth of howling dogs,
Or one irreverent thing come to the dead.'
To her the conquering-footed chief divine:—
'What god has sent thee to me, goddess Iris?'

And Iris the wind-footed thus replied:—
'Juno, the glorious bed-fellow of Jove;
Nor knows it he, the lofty-throned, nor any one
Of all that live about the snowy Olympus.'

And her again addressed the swift of foot:—
'But how am I to go into the press?
They are all armed; and my dear mother bade me
Wait, till I saw her with these eyes return
With beautiful arms from Vulcan; for I know not
What other glorious armour I could wear,
Except the shield of Telamonian Ajax;
And he, I trust, crowds with the foremost, wasting
About him with his spear for dead Patroclus.'

And him again wind-footed Iris thus:—
'We know full well, that others have their arms;
But do thou, nevertheless, just as thou art,
Go to the trench, and stand there, and be seen;
That from the fight the Trojans may hold back,
Awe-stricken, and the Greeks have time to breathe.'

So saying, the rapid Iris disappeared.
But up Achilles rose, the loved of heaven;
And on his powerful shoulders Pallas cast
Her bordered ægis; and about his head
She put the glory of a golden mist,
For which there burnt a fiery-flaming light.
And as when smoke goes heavenward from a town
In some far island, which its foes besiege,
Who all day long with dreadful martialness
Have poured from their own town;—soon as the sun
Has set, thick lifted fires are visible,
Which, rushing upward, make a light in the sky,
And let the neighbours know, who may perhaps
Bring help across the sea; so from the head
Of great Achilles went up an effuigence.

36 would] will *1857, 1860.*

Upon the trench he stood, without the wall,
But mixed not with the Greeks, for he revered
His mother's word; and so, thus standing there,
He shouted; and Minerva, to his shout,
Added a dreadful cry; and there arose
Among the Trojans an unspeakable tumult.
And as the clear voice of a trumpet, blown
Against a town by spirit-withering foes,
So sprung the clear voice of Æacides.
And when they heard the brazen voice, their minds
Were all awakened; and the proud-maned horses
Ran with the chariots round, for they foresaw
Calamity; and the charioteers were smitten,
When they beheld the ever-active fire
Upon the dreadful head of the great-minded one,
Burning; for bright-eyed Pallas made it burn.
Thrice o'er the trench divine Achilles shouted;
And thrice the Trojans and their great allies
Rolled back; and twelve of all their noblest men
Then perished, crushed by their own arms and chariots.

But from the throng the Greeks dragged forth Patroclus
Fondly, and bore him off upon his bier;
And his old comrades came about him, weeping.
Achilles joined them, pouring forth warm tears,
When he beheld his true companion stretched
Out on his funeral bed, torn with the spear;
For 'twas himself that sent him to the fight
With horse and chariot, nor received him more.

PRIAM, IN ANGUISH AT THE LOSS OF HECTOR, AND GETTING READY TO GO AND RANSOM THE BODY, VENTS HIS TEMPER ON HIS SUBJECTS AND CHILDREN

[First published in 1818; reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

Ερρετε, λωβητηρες, ελεγχεες· ου νυ και ὑμιν
Οικοι ενεστι γοος, ὁτι μ' ηλθετε κηδησοντες;
ILIAD, Lib. 24, v. 239.

'OFF, with a plague, you scandalous multitude,
Convicted knaves, have you not groans enough
At home, that thus you come oppressing me?
Or am I mocked, because Saturnian Jove
Has smitten me, and taken my best boy?
But ye shall feel, yourselves; for ye will be
Much easier for the Greeks to rage among
Now he is gone; but I, before I see
That time, and Troy laid waste and trampled on,
Shall have gone down into the darksome house.'

So saying, with his stick he drove them off,
And they went out, the old man urged them so.
And he called out in anger to his sons,
To Helenus, and Paris, god-like Agathon,
And Pammon, and Antiphonus, and Polites
Loud in the tumult, and Deiphobus,
Hippothous, and the admirable Dius ;—
These nine he gave his orders to, in anger :—

'Be quicker, do, and help me, evil children,
Down-looking set! Would ye had all been killed,
Instead of Hector, at the ships. Oh me!
Cursed creature that I am! I had brave sons,
Here in wide Troy, and now I cannot say
That one is left me,—Mestor, like a god,
And Troilus, my fine-hearted charioteer,
And Hector, who, for mortal, was a god,
For he seemed born, not of a mortal man,
But of a god; yet Mars has swept them all;
And none but these convicted knaves are left me,
Liars and dancers, excellent time-beaters,
Notorious pilferers of lambs and goats!
Why don't ye get the chariot ready, and set
The things upon it here, that we may go?'

He said; and the young men took his rebuke
With awe, and brought the rolling chariot forth.

PRIAM AT THE FEET OF ACHILLES

[First published 1818; reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

Ὡς αρα φωνησας απεβη προς μακρον Ολυμπον
Ἑρμειας· Πριαμος δ'εξ ἱππων αλτο χαμαζε.

ILIAD, Lib. 24, v. 468.

So saying, Mercury vanished up to heaven.
And Priam then alighted from the chariot,
Leaving Idœus with it, who remained
Holding the mules and horses; and the old man
Went straight in-doors, where the beloved of Jove,
Achilles sat, and found him there within.
The household sat apart; and two alone,
The hero Automedon, and Alcimus,
A branch of Mars, stood by him. They had been
At meals, and had not yet removed the board.
Great Priam came, without their seeing him,
And kneeling down, he grasped Achilles' knees,
And kissed those terrible hands, man-slaughtering,
Which had deprived him of so many sons.
And as a man, who is pressed heavily

For having slain another, flies away
To foreign lands, and comes into the house
Of some great man, and is beheld with wonder;
So did Achilles wonder, to see Priam;
And the rest wondered, looking at each other.
But Priam, praying to him, spoke these words:—

'God-like Achilles, think of thine own father,
Who is, as I am, at the weary door
Of age: and though the neighbouring chiefs may vex him,
And he has none to keep his evils off,
Yet, when he hears that thou art still alive,
He gladdens inwardly; and daily hopes
To see his dear son coming back from Troy.
But I, forbidden creature! I had once
Brave sons in Troy, and now I cannot say
That one is left me. Fifty children had I,
When the Greeks came; nineteen were of one womb;
The rest my women bore me in my house.
The knees of many of these fierce Mars has loosened;
And he who had no peer, Troy's prop and theirs,
Him hast thou killed now, fighting for his country,
Hector; and for his sake am I come here
To ransom him, bringing a countless ransom.
But thou, Achilles, fear the gods, and think
Of thine own father, and have mercy on me;
For I am much more wretched, and have borne
What never mortal bore, I think, on earth,
To lift unto my mouth the hand of him
Who slew my boys.'

He spoke; and there arose
Sharp longing in Achilles for his father;
And taking Priam by the hand, he gently
Put him away; for both shed tears to think
Of other times; the one, most bitter ones
For Hector, and with wilful wretchedness
Lay right before Achilles; and the other,
For his own father now, and now his friend;
And the whole house might hear them as they moaned.
But when divine Achilles had refreshed
His soul with tears, and sharp desire had left
His heart and limbs, he got up from his throne,
And raised the old man by the hand, and took
Pity on his grey head and his grey chin.

MERCURY GOING TO THE CAVE OF CALYPSO

[First published in *The Examiner*, Feb. 4 (ll. 1–12), May 26 (complete), 1816. Reprinted 1818, 1857, 1860. Text 1818–60.]

Ὡς εφατ'· ουδ' απιθησε διακτορος Αργειφοντης·
Αυτικ' επειθ' ὑπο ποσσιν εδησατο καλα πεδιλα,
Αμβροσια, χρυσεια·

Odyss. Lib. 5, v. 43.

He said; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air;
His rod too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
Down to it sheer he dropped, and scoured away
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine;
So went on the far sea the shape divine.

And now arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the Goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and smile.

A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed the place;
While all about, a meadowy ground was seen,
Of violets mingling with the parsley green:
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see;
And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

28 springs . . . race] corners, starting face to face *1816*.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES

FROM HOMER.—HYMN V

[First published 1814; reprinted 1815. No variants.]

Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story.—
'Twas by the sea-side, on a promontory,
As like a blooming youth he sat one day,
His dark locks ripening in the sunny ray,
And wrapt in a loose cloak of crimson bright,
Which half gave out his shoulders, broad and white,
That making up, a ship appeared at sea,
Brushing the wine-black billows merrily,—
A Tuscan trim, and pirates were the crew;
A fatal impulse drove them as they flew;
For looking hard, and nodding to each other,
Concluding him, at least, some prince's brother,
They issued forth along the breezy bay,
Seized him with jovial hearts, and bore away.

No sooner were they off, than gathering round him
They marked his lovely strength, and would have bound him;
When lo, instead of this, the ponderous bands
Snapped of themselves from off his legs and hands,
He, all the while, discovering no surprise,
But keeping, as before, his calm black eyes.

At this, the Master, struck beyond the rest,
Drew them aside, and earnestly addressed;—
'O wretched as ye are, have ye your brains,
And see this being ye would hold with chains?
Trust me, the ship will not sustain him long;
For either Jove he is, terribly strong,
Or Neptune, or the silver-shafted King,
But nothing, sure, resembling mortal thing.
Land then and set him free, lest by and by
He call the winds about him, and we die.'

He said; and thus, in bitterness of heart
The Captain answered,—'Wretched that *thou* art!
Truly we've much to fear,—a favouring gale,
And all things firm behind the running sail!
Stick to thy post, and leave these things to men.
I trust, my friends, before we sail again,
To touch at Ægypt, Cyprus, or the north,
And having learnt meantime our prisoner's worth,
What friends he has, and wealth to what amount,
To turn this god-send to a right account.'

He said; and hauling up the sail and mast,
Drew the tight vessel stiff before the blast;
The sailors, under arms, observe their prize,
When lo, strange doings interrupt their eyes;

For first, a fountain of sweet-smelling wine
Came gushing o'er the deck with sprightly shine;
And odours, not of earth, their senses took;
The pallid wonder spread from look to look;
And then a vine-tree over-ran the sail,
Its green arms tossing to the pranksome gale;
And then an ivy, with a flowering shoot,
Ran up the mast in rings, and kissed the fruit,
Which here and there the dipping vine let down;
On every oar there was a garland crown.—
But now the crew called out 'To shore! To shore!'
When, leaping backward with an angry roar,
The dreadful stranger to a lion turned;
His glaring eyes beneath the hatches burned:
Then rushing forward, he became a bear,
With fearful change bewildering their despair;
And then again a lion, ramping high
From seat to seat, and looking horribly.
Heaped at the stern, and scrambling all along,
The trembling wretches round the Master throng,
Who calmly stood, for he had done no wrong.
Oh, at that minute, to be safe on land!
But now, in his own shape, the God 's at hand,
And spurning first the Captain from the side,
The rest leaped after in the plunging tide;
For one and all, as they had done the same,
The same deserved; and dolphins they became.

The God then turning to the Master, broke
In happy-making smiles, and stoutly spoke:—
'Be of good courage, blest companion mine;
Bacchus am I, the roaring God of Wine;
And well shall this day be, for thee and thine.'

And so, all reverence and all joy to thee,
Son of the sparkle-smiling Semele!
Must never bard forget thee in his song,
Who makest it flow so sweetly and so strong.

ANACREON

ODE XIX

[First published in *Juvenilia*, 1801. Not reprinted.]

The tippling earth drinks up the dew,
The trees, O tippling earth, drink you;
Neptune drinks air at ev'ry motion,
And Sol drinks Neptune like a potion:
Till madam Luna, for a light,
Drinks up old Sol himself at night!
Why then d'ye hinder me from drinking,
When Heav'n itself 's my way of thinking?

ROSES

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

Το ῥοδον το των ερωτων.

THE rose, the flower of love,
Mingle with our quaffing;
The rose, the lovely-leaved,
Round our brows be weaved,
Genially laughing.

O the rose, the first of flowers,
Darling of the early bowers,
Ev'n the gods for thee have places;
Thee too Cytherea's boy
Weaves about his locks for joy,
Dancing with the Graces.

Crown me then; I'll play the lyre,
Bacchus, underneath thy shade:
Heap me, heap me higher and higher,
And I'll lead a dance of fire
With a dark deep-bosomed maid.

THE BANQUET

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

Στεφανους μεν κροταφοισι.

OFTEN fit we round our brows,
One and all, the rosy boughs,
And with genial laughs carouse.

To the twinkling of the lute
Trips a girl with delicate foot,
Bearing a green ivy stick
Rustling with it's tresses thick;
While a boy of earnest air,
With a gentle head of hair,
Plays the many-mouthed pipe,
Rich with voices breathing ripe.

Love himself the golden-tressed,
Bacchus blithe, and Venus blessed,
Come from heaven to join our cheer,
So completely does appear
Comus, youth's restorer, here.

THE DANCE

[First published in *The Examiner*, March 31, 1816, as 'Anacreon's sprightly old Age. Ode 54.' Reprinted 1818. Text 1818.]

'Οτ' εγω νεοις ὁμιλεν.

WHEN a set of youths I see,
Youth itself returns to me.
Then, ah then, my old age springs
To the dance on starting wings.
Stop, Cybeba;—roses there
To adorn a dancer's hair,—
Grey-beard age away be flung,
And I'll join ye, young for young.

Some one then go fetch me wine
Of a vintage rare and fine,
And I'll show what age can do,—
Able still to warble too,
Able still to drink down sadness,
And display a graceful madness.

1 a set of youths] the sports of youth *1816*. 3 ah then] indeed *1816*. 6 To adorn] As befits *1816*. 7 age] sloth *1816*. 9 Some one then] Afterwards *1816*. 10 Bounty of a fruit divine *1816*.

THE SEAT UNDER THE TREE

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

Παρα την σκιην Βαθυλλε.

HERE's the place to seat us, love!
A perfect arbour! Look above,
How the delicate sprays, like hair,
Bend them to the breaths of air!
Listen, too! It is a rill,
Telling us its gentle will.
Who that knows what luxury is,
Could go by a place like this?

PORTRAIT OF HIS MISTRESS

[First published in *The Indicator*, October 13, 1819; not reprinted.]

COME, master of the rosy art,
Thou painter after my own heart,
Come, paint my absent love for me,
As I shall describe her thee.
Paint me first her fine dark hair,
Fawning into ringlets there;
And if brush has power to do it,
Paint the odour breathing through it.
Then from out her ripe young cheek,
Underneath those tresses sleek,
Paint her brow of ivory;
Taking care the eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together;
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue.
Then as those bright orbs require,
Fetch her eyesight out of fire;
Like Minerva's, sparkling blue;
Moist, like Cytherea's, too:
Give her nose and cheeks a tint
Like shallow milk with roses in't:
Let her lip Persuasion's be,
Asking ours provokingly:
And beneath her satin chin,
With a dimple broken in,
And all about those precious places,
Set a thousand hovering graces.
Now then,—let the drapery spread,
With an under tint of red,
And a glimpse left scarcely drest,
So that what remains be guessed.
'Tis enough: 'tis she! 'tis she!
O thou sweet face, speak to me.

THEOCRITUS

THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE SERPENTS

[First published in *The Indicator*, March 8, 1820; reprinted 1832–60. Text 1832–60.]

JUNO, jealous of the child which Jupiter has had by Alcmena, sends two dreadful serpents to devour the boy. The serpents come upon him, while he and his half-brother Iphiclus, the son of Amphitryon, are sleeping together. Iphiclus, the child of the mortal father, is terrified: Hercules, the infant demi-god, seizes and destroys them, as if they were living playthings. His mother consults the prophet Tiresias on the occasion, and is told of her son's future renown.

YOUNG Hercules had now beheld the light
Only ten months, when once upon a night,
Alcmena, having washed, and given the breast
To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.
Their cradle was a noble shield of brass,
Won by her lord from slaughtered Pterelas.

Gently she laid them down, and gently laid
Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and said,
'Sleep, sleep, my boys, a light and pleasant sleep,
My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep!
Sleep happy, and wake happy!' And she kept
Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight, when the Bear went down, and broad
Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,
There came, careering through the opening halls,
On livid spires, two dreadful animals—
Serpents; whom Juno, threatening as she drove,
Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.
Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,
They towered along; and as they looked about,
An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping;
A heavy poison dropt about their champing.

And now they have arrived, and think to fall
To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees all)
The house is lit, as with the morning's break,
And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
The younger one, as soon as he beheld
The evil creatures coming on the shield,
And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
All his poor little instincts of escape;
The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
And held, like iron, in his little fists.
Buckled and bound he held them, struggling wild;
And so they wound about the boy, the child,
The long-begetting boy, the suckling dear,
That never teased his nurses with a tear.

Tired out at length, they trail their spires and gasp,
Locked in that young indissoluble grasp.

Alcmena heard the noise, and 'Wake,' she cried,
'Amphitryon, wake; for terror holds me tied!
Up; stay not for the sandals: hark! the child,
The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is wild:
And see, the walls and windows! 'Tis as light
As it 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
There 's something dreadful in the house; there is
Indeed, dear husband!' He arose at this;
And seized his noble sword, which overhead
Was always hanging at the cedar-bed:
The hilt he grasped in one hand, and the sheath
In t'other; and drew forth the blade of death.

34 his] it 's *1820*

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom,
Returning midnight smote upon the room.

Amphitryon called; and woke from heavy sleep
His household, who lay breathing hard and deep;
'Bring lights here from the hearth! lights, lights; and guard
The doorways; rise, ye ready labourers hard!'

He said; and lights came pouring in, and all
The busy house was up, in bower and hall;
But when they saw the little suckler, how
He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow
Kept beating them together, plaything-wise,
They shrieked aloud; but he, with laughing eyes,
Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leaped and sprung
Childlike, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung.

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take
Her feebler boy, who could not cease to shake.
The other son, Amphitryon took and laid
Beneath a fleece; and so returned to bed.

Soon as the cock, with his thrice-echoing cheer,
Told that the gladness of the day was near,
Alcmena sent for old, truth-uttering
Tiresias; and she told him all this thing,
And bade him say what she might think and do;
'Nor do thou fear,' said she, 'to let me know,
Although the mighty gods should meditate
Aught ill; for man can never fly from Fate.
And thus thou seest' (and here her smiling eyes
Looked through a blush) 'how well I teach the wise.'

So spoke the queen. Then he, with glad old tone;
'Be of good heart, thou blessed bearing one,
True blood of Perseus; for by my sweet sight,
Which once divided these poor lids with light,
Many Greek women, as they sit and weave
The gentle thread across their knees at eve,
Shall sing of thee and thy beloved name;
Thou shalt be blest by every Argive dame:
For unto this thy son it shall be given,
With his broad heart to win his way to heaven;
Twelve labours shall he work; and all accurst
And brutal things o'erthrow, brute men the worst;
And in Trachinia shall the funeral pyre
Purge his mortalities away with fire;
And he shall mount amid the stars and be
Acknowledged kin to those who envied thee,
And sent these den-born shapes to crush his destiny.'

72 Told that] Proclaimed *1820*.

THE RURAL JOURNEY

IDYLL VII

[First published 1818; reprinted in *A Jar of Honey*, 1848. Text 1818. For the variant readings of 1848 see the notes at end of book.]

Once on a time myself and Eucritus
Went out of town, taking Amyntas with us,
To join a sacrifice to Ceres, made
By Phrasidamus and Antigenes,
Sons of Lycopeus, and descended too
(If that is any thing) from Clitias,
Ay, and from Chalcon, who with his stout knee
Against the rock dug up the Burian fountain,
Where elms and poplars make a shadowy grove
Full-haired, and keep a covert of green leaves.
We had not got half way, nor yet discerned
The tomb of Brasilas, when we overtook
Travelling along, a favourite of the Muses,—
A goatherd, of the name of Lycidas;
And goatherd well he seemed; for on his shoulders
There hung a whitish goatskin, hairy and thick,
Smelling of the fresh curd; about his body
Was an old vest, tied with a woven girdle;
And in his hand he bore a crooked stick
Made of wild olive. Placidly he turned,
A little smile parting his kindly mouth,
And with a genial eye accosting me,
Said, 'Ah, Theocritus! and where go you
This burning noon, when lizards are asleep
Within the hedges, and the crested lark
Represses his fine madness? Is it a feast
You're making haste to, or a vintaging,
That thus you dash the pebbles with your sandals?'
'Dear Lycidas,' cried I, 'you talk indeed
Like one whom all agree, shepherd and reaper,
To pipe among them nobly,—which delights me;
And yet I trust I am your equal too.
It is a feast we're going to. Some friends
Keep one to-day to the well-draperied Ceres,
Mother of Earth, and offer their first fruits
For gratitude, their garners are so full.
But come;—as we have lighted on each other.
Let us take mutual help, and by the way
Pastoralize a little: for my mouth
Breathes also of the Muse; and people call me
Greatest of living song;—a praise, however,
Of which I am not credulous,—no, by Earth;
For there 's Philetas, and our Samian too,
Whom I no more pretend to have surpassed,
Than frogs the grasshoppers.'

Well;—we agreed;
And Lycidas, with one of his sweet smiles,
Said, 'You must let me give you, when we finish,
This olive-stick, for you have proved yourself
A scion truly from the stock of Jove.
I also hate the builder that pretends
To rival mountain-tops, and just as much
The pretty birds that with ridiculous toil
Chatter and chuff against the Chian warbler.
But come,—let us begin, Theocritus.—
Well,—I'll be first then. Tell me if you like
This little piece, friend, which I hammered out
The other day when I was on the mountain.

Ageanax, if he forgets me not
His faithful friend, shall safely cross the seas
To Mitylene, both when the south wind,
Warned by the westering kids, adds wet to wet,
And when Orion dips his sparkling feet.
Let halcyons smooth the billows, and make still
The west wind and the fiercer east, which stirs
The lowest sea-weeds;—halcyons, of all birds
Dear to the blue-eyed Nymphs, and fed by them.
Let all things favour the kind voyager,
And land him safely;—and that day, will I,
Wearing a crown of roses or white violets,
Quaff by my fire-side Pteleatic wine;
And some one shall dress beans; and I will have
A noble couch, to lie at ease upon,
Heaped up of asphodel and yielding herbs;
And there I'll drink, in a divine repose,
Calling to mind Ageanax, and drain
With clinging lips the goblet to the dregs:
And there shall be two shepherds to play to me
Upon the pipe; and Tityrus, standing by,
Shall sing how Daphnis was in love with Xenia,
And used to walk the mountain, while the oaks
Moaned to him on the banks of Himera;
And how he melted in his love away,
Like snows on Athos, or on Rhodope,
Or Hæmus, or the farthest Caucasus;—
And Tityrus shall sing also, how of old
The goatherd by his cruel lord was bound,
And left to die in a great chest; and how
The busy bees, up coming from the meadows
To the sweet cedar, fed him with soft flowers,
Because the Muse had filled his mouth with nectar.
Yes, all these sweets were thine, blessed Comatas;
And thou wast put into the chest, and fed
By the blithe bees, and passed a pleasant time.
Would that in my time also thou wert living,

That we might keep our flocks upon the mountain,
And I might hear thy voice, while thou shouldst lie
Under the oak-trees or the pines, and modulate
Thy pipe deliciously, divine Comatas.'

Here ended he his song, and thus in turn
I took up mine :—' Dear Lycidas, the Nymphs
Have taught me also, while I kept my flocks,
Excellent subjects ; and the best of all
I'll tell you now, since you are dear to them :

—'Twas on the unlucky side the Loves sneezed to me,
For I love Myrto, as the goats love spring,
But to no purpose. Meanwhile too, Aratus,
My best of friends, becomes in love with Pholoe.
Aristis has long known it,—good Aristis,
To whom Apollo's self would not disdain
To play his harp on his own golden tripod.—
O Pan, who gained by lot the lovely soil
Of Homole,—O send her to his arms,
Her, or another girl as beautiful !
O do but so, and the Arcadian youth
Shall scourge thee not with squills, when they have missed
Their hunted game :—but if thou dost it not
Thou shalt be flayed, and sent to sleep in straw :
In mountains and by rivers of the north
Mid winter shalt thou pass ; and then in summer
Be changed to utmost Æthiopia, there
To tend thy flocks under the Blemyan rock
Where thou canst see not Nile.—But you, ye Loves,
With your sweet apple cheeks, leave the moist nooks
Of Hyetis and Byblis, and fly up
To Venus's own heaven, and thence, ah thence,
Shoot with your arrows for me this desired one,
Shoot,—since she pities not my friend and guest.
Riper is she than the moist pear ; and yet
The women say to her, ' Alas, alas,
Your flower will wither, Pholoe, on the stalk ! '
Come then, Aratus ; let us lie no more
At these proud doors, nor wear our feet with journies ;
But let another, if he chuses, start
With sleepless eyes to hear the crowing cock ;
And leave such labours to the wrestler Molon.
Our comfort be our care ; and let us seek
Some ancient dame, who, muttering o'er a charm,
Shall keep away from us all things unkindly.'

I ended ; and with one of his old smiles,
He gave me his poetic gift, the olive-stick ;
And turning to the left, struck off for Pyxa.
We then went on to Phrasidamus's,—
Eucritus, I, and good little Amyntas,—

And gladly rested upon deep thick couches
Of lentisk, and of vine-leaves freshly cut.
Above our heads a throng of elms and poplars
Kept stirring; and from out a cave o' the Nymphs
A sacred runnel, pouring forth, ran gurgling.
The hiding grasshoppers, in spite of heat,
Kept up their chattering coil; the nightingale
Plained at a distance in the thorny bush;
The larks and linnets sung; the stock-dove mourned;
And round the fountains spun the yellow bees:
All things smelt rich of summer, rich of autumn:
Pears were about our feet, and by our side
Apples on apples rolled; the boughs bent down
To the very earth with loads of damson plums;
And from the casks of wine, of four years old,
We broke the corking pitch.—O ye who keep
Parnassus' top, ye Nymphs of Castaly,
Did ever Chiron in the rocky cave
Of Pholos, set such goblets before Hercules,—
Did ever that old shepherd of Anapus,
Great Polyphemus, who could throw the rocks,
Compose such nectar to go dance withal,—
As on that day ye broached for us, O Nymphs,
Before the altar of Earth's generous Mother?
Oh may I riot in her heaps again
With a great winnow; while she stands and smiles,
Holding, in either hand, poppies and wheat.

THE CYCLOPS

IDYLL XI

[First published 1818; reprinted in *A Jar of Honey*, 1848. Portions in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, January 1844. Text 1818. For variant readings of 1844, 1848 see notes at end of book.]

There is no other medicine against love,
My Nicas, (so at least it seems to me)
Either to heal it or to soothe, but poetry.
That, that indeed is balmy to men's minds,
And sweet; but then 'tis rarely to be found,
Though not by you, my friend, who are at once
Physician, and beloved by all the Nine.

It was by this the Cyclops lived among us,
I mean that ancient Polyphemus, who
Loved Galatea, when he first began
To bud about the lips and curling temples,—
Loved her,—not merely with a common love,
With gifts of fruit and flowers, and locks of hair,
But wasting madness; and was all excess.

Often, from the green grass, his sheep would go
Home by themselves; while he, his sea-nymph singing,
Stayed late, and languished on the weedy shore,
From sun-rise languished, bearing in his breast
The bitter wound which the great Venus gave him.
And yet he found a medicine; for he'd sit
On a high rock, and looking o'er the sea
With long and weary earnestness, sing thus:—

O my white love, my Galatea, why
Avoid me thus? O whiter than the curd,
More tender than the lamb, more tricksome than
The kid, and bitterer than the bright young grape;
You come sometimes, when sweet sleep holds me fast;
You break away, when sweet sleep lets me loose;—
Gone, like a lamb, at sight of the grey wolf.

Sweet, I began to love you when you first
Came hither with my mother, to pluck leaves
Of mountain hyacinth:—I showed the way;—
And then, and afterwards, and to this hour,
I could not cease to love you,—you, who care
Nothing about my love;—great Jove, no nothing!

Fair one, I know why you avoid me thus:
It is because one rugged eyebrow spreads
Across my forehead, solitary and huge,
Shading a single eye:—my nose too presses
Flat tow'rds my lip; and yet, such as I am,
I feed a thousand sheep, and from them drink
Excellent milk; and never want for cheese
In summer, nor in autumn, nor dead winter,
My dairies are so full. I too know how
To play the pipe, so as no Cyclops can,
Singing, sweet apple mine, of you and me,
Often till midnight; and I keep for you
Eleven fawns with collars round their necks.
Come to me then, for you shall have no less;
And leave the sea to strain on the dull shore.
Much sweeter nights here in my cave with me
You shall enjoy; for here the laurel grows,
Slim cypresses, brown ivy, and the vine
Sweet-fruited; and here too is water cold,
A heavenly draught, which from it's pure white snows
The many-wooded Ætna sends me down.—
Who, with this choice, would live in the salt waves?
And yet, if in your eyes I seem still rougher
Than my own trees, they furnish me with wood,
And fire is on my hearth, and I could burn
My being rather than be without you,
Or my sole eye, though nothing else is dearer.

Ah me, that I was born a finless body,
And cannot dive to you, and kiss your hand;
Or if you grudged me that, bring you white lilies,
Or the young poppy with its thin red leaves.
And yet not so; for poppies grow in summer,
Lilies in spring; and so I could not, both.
But should a visitor, sweetest, in his ship
Come here to see me, I would learn to swim;
And then I might find out, what joy there is
In living, as you do, in the dark deeps.

O Galatea, that you would come forth,
And having come, forget, as I do now
Here where I sat me, to go home again!
You should keep flocks with me, and draw the milk,
And press the cheese from the sharp-tasted curd.
It is my mother that's to blame. She never
Tells you one kind endearing thing of me,
Though you might see me wasting, day by day.
My very head and my two feet, for wretchedness,
Throb;—and so let them, for I too am wretched.
O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are thy poor senses!
Go, make thee pails for milk, and pluck their food
For the young lambs;—'twere wiser for thee far
Milk where thou canst. Why hunt for what is fled?
Perhaps thou'lt find another Galatea,
Another and a lovelier; for at night
Many girls call to me to come and sport,
And when I listen to them, they all giggle:
So that ev'n I seem something in the world.

'Twas thus the Cyclops quieted his love
With pipe and song; and passed an easier life,
Than if he had had gold to give for one.

THE LOVER

IDYLL XII

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

You came at last, dear girl,—yes, came at last,
After three nights and morns; and know you not,
That those who love, grow old with a day's waiting?

Dearest, as much as spring's more sweet than winter,
Apples than damsons, or the fleecy ewe
Completer than her lamb, or the clear virgin
Attracts us more than the thrice-married woman,
Or the trim fawn is nimbler than the calf,
Or the sweet potent nightingale outsings
All birds, so much the very sight of you,—
The thought 'I see her,'—makes me happy-minded.

I ran to meet you, as a traveller
Gets from the sun under a shady beech.
And would to heaven our loves were both alike!
All times to come should have us in their songs.

They say there were two lovers formerly,
Who loved so; one the courter, one the courted;
Yet both felt equally at last. Ah, those
Were golden times, when the beloved loved too.
Would it were so again, oh father Saturn,
Oh ye immortal gods, who grow not old;
And that some one, two centuries afterwards,
Should tell me so, in the unquittable shades!
That love of yours, sweet youth, and yours, sweet maid,
Are in all mouths. But let the Gods above
Do what seems good to them. Myself, meanwhile,
Shall feel no marks of falsehood on my nose;[1]
For if my love can wound me now and then,
She does but make it up to me directly
With double balm; and I depart, o'er-recompensed.

Blest be your homes, ye Megaræan people,
Stoutest of rowers,—who above all guests
Honoured Diocles with his amorous fame.
Still at his tomb, assembling with the spring,
The youth contend to get the prize in kissing;
And she, who sweetliest presses lip to lip,
Goes home, with crowns quite bending, to her mother.

Happy the judge, who has to taste those kisses!
One girl, who gained the crowns, it is well known,
Possessed a mouth, red as those Lydian rubies,
With which assayers try adulterate gold.

HYLAS AND THE WATER NYMPHS

[First published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, February 1844 ('A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,' II.) Not reprinted in *A Jar of Honey*, 1848, nor since.]

And straight he was aware
Of water in a hollow place, low down,
Where the thick sward shone with blue celandine,
And bright green maiden-hair, still dry in dew,
And parsley rich. And at that hour it chanced
The nymphs unseen were dancing in the fount—
The sleepless nymphs, reverenced of housing men,
Winning Eunica; Malis, apple-cheeked;
And, like a night-bedewed rose, Nichèa.

[1] A popular superstition, like the modern one respecting blisters on the tongue. [H.]

Down stepped the boy, in haste to give his urn
Its fill, and pushed it in the fount; when, lo!
Fair hands were on him—fair, and very fast;
For all the gentle souls that haunted there
Were drawn in love's sweet yearning tow'rds the boy;
And so he dropped within the darksome well—
Dropped like a star, that, on a summer eve,
Slides in ethereal beauty to the sea.

THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS; OR, THE FEAST OF ADONIS

[First published 1818. Reprinted 1848 (*A Jar of Honey*), 1857, 1860. The text was much revised for 1848, but 1857, 1860 revert to the text of 1818 as given below.]

GORGO, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD WOMAN, AND TWO MEN.
SCENE, AT ALEXANDRIA, IN ÆGYPT

Gor. Praxinoe within?
Eun. Why Gorgo, dear,
How late you are! Yes, she's within.
Prax. What, no!
And so you are come at last! A seat here, Eunoe,
And set a cushion.
Eun. There is one.
Prax. Sit down.
Gor. Oh, what a thing's a spirit! Do you know
I've scarcely got alive to you, Praxinoe,
There's such a crowd, such heaps of four-horse chariots,
And creaking shoes, and military cloaks,
And then you live such an immense way off.
Prax. Why 'twas his shabby doing; he would take
This hole that he calls house, at the world's end.
'Twas all to spite me, and to part us two.
Gor. Don't talk so of your husband, there's a dear,
Before the little one; see how he looks at you.
Prax. There, cheer up, child; cheer up, Zopyrion, sweet;
I don't mean your papa.
Gor. (*aside.*) He understands though,
By the Adorable! (*aloud.*) No, nice papa!
Prax. Well, this papa (softly, let us talk softly)
Going to buy rouge and saltpetre for us,
Comes bringing salt! The great big simpleton!
Gor. And there's my money-waster Dioclides;
He gave for five old dog's-hair fleeces, yesterday,
Ten drachmas!—for mere dirt! Trash upon trash!
But come, put on your button-vest and cloak,
And let us go and see the spectacle
Of great King Ptolemy;—the Queen, they say,
Has made it a fine thing.

24 button] botton *1818*.

Prax. Ay, luck has luck.
Tell me then all you've seen and heard of it,
For I've seen nothing.
Gor. We shall not have time,
Those who've no work, have none but holidays.
Prax. Some water, Eunoe; and then, my fine one,
To take your rest again! Puss loves good lying.
Come, move, girl, move! some water,—water first.
Look how she brings it! Now then;—hold, hold, careless;
Not quite so fast, you're wetting all my gown!
There, that'll do. Now please the Gods I'm washed.
The key of the great chest; where's that? go fetch it.
Gor. Praxinoe, that plaited vest of yours
Becomes you mightily. What did it cost you?
Prax. Oh don't remind me, Gorgo;—more than one
Or two good minas,—besides time and trouble.
Gor. And yet you seemed to have forgotten it.
Prax. Ah, ha; that's true;—that's very good.—
(*To Eunoe.*) Here, fetch me
My cloak and hood; and help them on now, properly.
(*To the little boy.*) Child, child, you cannot go; the horse will bite it,—
The horrid woman's coming!—Well then, well,
Cry, if you will; but you must not get lamed.
Come, Gorgo. Phrygia, take the child and play with him;
And call the dog in doors, and lock the gate.
(*They go out.*)
Powers, what a crowd! how shall we get along?
Why, they're like ants! countless! immeasurable!
Well, Ptolemy, you've done fine things, that's certain,
Since the Gods took your father. No one now-a-days
Does harm to travellers, as they used to do
After the Ægyptian fashion, lying in wait,—
Masters of nothing but detestable tricks,
And all alike, a set of cheats and brawlers.—
Gorgo, my sweetest friend, what will become of us?
Here are the king's horse-guards! Pray, my good man,
Don't tread upon me so. See the bay horse!
Look, how it rears! It's like a great mad dog!
How you stand, Eunoe!—It will throw him certainly.
How lucky that I left the child at home.
Gor. Courage, Praxinoe;—we're behind them now;
They're gone into the court-yard.
Prax. And I'm well again.
I never could abide from infancy
A horse and a cold snake.
Gor. (*addressing an old woman.*) From court, mother?
Old Wom. Yes, children.
Gor. Is it easy to get in, pray?
Old. Wom. (*passing briskly.*) The Greeks got into Troy. Every thing's done,
By trying, sweetest.

Gor. How she bustles off!
Why the old woman's quite oracular,
But women must know every thing,—even how Jupiter
Took to wife Juno. See, Praxinoe,
How the gate's crowded!
Prax. Frightfully indeed!
Give me your hand, dear Gorgo; and do you,
Hold fast of Eutychis's, Eunoe;
Don't let her go; don't stir an inch; and so
We'll all squeeze in together. Stick close, Eunoe
Oh me! oh me! my veil's torn right in two!
Do take care, my good man, and mind my cloak.
Man. 'Twas not my fault;—but I'll take care.
Prax. What heaps!
They drive like pigs.
Man. Courage, my girl. All's safe.
Prax. Blessings, upon you, Sir, now and for ever,
For taking care of us.—A good, kind soul!
How Eunoe squeezes us! Do, child, make way
For your own self. There,—now we're all got in,
As the man said, when he turned the key on his bride.
Gor. Praxinoe, do look here;—what lovely tapestry;
How fine and graceful! One would think the Gods did it.
Prax. Holy Minerva! How these artists work!
How they do paint their pictures to the life!
The figures stand so like, and move so like!
They're quite alive! not worked!—Well, certainly,
Man's a wise thing. And look how wonderful,
He lies there on his silver couch, all budding
With the young down about his face;—Adonis,
Charming Adonis, charming ev'n in Acheron!
2d Man. Do hold your tongues there,—chatter, chatter, chatter:
The turtles stun one with their yawning gabble.[1]
Gor. Hey day, whence comes the man! What is't to you,
If we do chatter? Rule where you've a right.
You don't rule Syracusans; and for that,
Our people are from Corinth, like Bellerophon.
Our tongue's Peloponnesiac; and we hope
It's lawful for the Dorians to speak Doric!
Prax. We've but one master, by the Honeysweet![2]
And don't fear you, nor all your empty blows.
Gor. Hush, hush, Praxinoe;—there's the Grecian girl,
A most accomplished creature, going to sing
About Adonis; she that sings so well
The song of Sperchis; she'll sing something fine,
I warrant:—see, how sweetly she prepares!

[1] The Syracusans, a colony from Corinth, spoke the Dorian dialect, which was full of a's. [H.]

[2] An epithet of the favourite Sicilian deity, Proserpine, as that of 'Adorable' was, which Gorgo uses before. [H.]

THE SONG

O lady, who dost take delight
In Golgos and the Erycian height,
And in the Idalian dell,
Venus, ever amiable;
Lo, the long-expected Hours,
Slowest of the blessed powers,
Yet who bring us something ever,
Ceasing their soft dancing never,
Bring thee back thy beauteous one
From perennial Acheron.
Thou, they say, from earth hast given
Berenice place in heaven,
Dropping to her woman's heart
Ambrosia; and for this kind part,
Berenice's daughter,—she
That 's Helen-like,—Arsinoe,
O thou many-named and shrined,
Is to thy Adonis kind.
He has all the fruits that now
Hang upon the timely bough:
He has green young garden-plots,
Basketed in silver pots;
Syrian scents in alabaster;
And whate'er a curious taster
Could desire, that women make
With oil or honey, of meal cake;
And all shapes of beast or bird,
In the woods by huntsman stirred;
And a bower to shade his state
Heaped with dill, an amber weight;
And about him, Cupids flying,
Like young nightingales, that trying
Their new wings, go half afraid,
Here and there, within the shade.
See the gold! The ebony see!
And the eagles in ivory,
Bearing the young Trojan up
To be filler of Jove's cup;
And the tapestry's purple heap,
Softer than the feel of sleep;—
Artists, contradict who can,
Samian or Milesian.
But another couch there is
For Adonis, close to his;
Venus has it, and with joy
Clasps again her blooming boy
With a kiss that feels no fret,
For his lips are downy yet.
Happy with her love be she.
But to-morrow morn will we
With our locks and garments flowing,
And our bosoms gently showing,
Come and take him, in a throng,
To the sea-shore with this song:—

Go, beloved Adonis, go
Year by year thus to and fro;
Only privileged demigod;
There was no such open road
For Atrides; nor the great
Ajax, chief infuriate;
Nor for Hector, noblest once
Of his mother's twenty sons;
Nor Patroclus, nor the boy
That returned from taken Troy;
Nor those older buried bones,
Lapiths and Deucalions;
Nor Pelopians, and their boldest;
Nor Pelasgians, Greece's oldest.
Bless us then, Adonis dear;
And bring us joy another year;
Dearly hast thou come again,
And dearly shalt be welcomed then.

Gor. Praxinoe, what a blessed thing it is!
What a wise creature! what a fine sweet voice!
'Tis time to go though; for there 's Dioclides
Has not yet had his dinner; and you'd best
Not come before him when he wants it much.
Farewell, Adonis dear; and come again.

DEDICATION OF A RURAL SPOT AND ALTAR

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

These roses with the dew on, and this fine
Thick bowery creeper, be they yours, ye Nine:
And, Phœbus, thine the dark-leaved laurels be,
For so the Delphian cliff does grace to thee.
A goat shall stain the altar,—he with hair
Thick-set, and nibbling the young fir-tree there.

THE PRAYER IN THE BOWER

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

Turning down, goatherd, by the oaks, you'll see
A fig-tree statue, put up recently,
Three-footed, with the bark on, without ears;
Yet plain enough Priapus it appears.
A sacred hedge runs round it; and a brook,
Flowing from out a little gravelly nook,
Keeps green the laurel and the myrtle trees,
And odorous cypresses:
And there's a vine there, heaping all about
Its tendrilled clusters out;
And vernal blackbirds through the sprays
Shake their shrill notes a thousand ways;
And yellow nightingales reply,
Murmuring a honied song deliciously.
Sit you down there; and the kind god implore,
That I may yearn for Psamathe no more;
Myself with a fine kid will follow you,
And sacrifice; and should the deity nod,
A heifer and a goat shall thank him too,
And a house-lamb. Hear then, kind-hearted god.

THE RURAL CONCERT

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

Now play me something sweet, for the Nymphs' sake,
Upon the double flutes. Come, I will take
My bow, and touch out something to begin;
And Daphnis here with pleasure will throw in
His wax-cemented breaths.—We'll seat us there
Behind the cave, close by the oak's old hair,
And through the leaves wake Pan with a sweet air.

BION AND MOSCHUS

THE TEACHER TAUGHT

BION

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

I DREAMT I saw by me great Venus stand,
Leading a noble infant by the hand,
And that she said to me familiarly,
Take Love, and teach him how to play to me.
She vanished then. And I, poor fool, must turn
To teach the boy, as if he wished to learn;
I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew,
And used to sing; and I informed him too
How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
But not a jot for all my words cared he,
But lo! fell singing his love-songs to me,
And told me of the loves of gods and men,
And of his mother's doings:—and so then,
I forgot all I taught him, for my part,
But all he taught to me, I learnt by heart.

TO THE EVENING STAR

Attributed by some to MOSCHUS, *and by others to* BION

[First published 1818. Not reprinted.]

HESPER, dear Hesper, golden lovely light,
Of Venus,—presence in the dark blue night,—
Only less lovely than the moon as far
As thou art bright to every other star;
Hail, loved one; and as she begins to-day
To go down early, hold me from above
Thy light, and let me be supplied by thee:—
I come not forth to steal or to way-lay;
I go to sup with one that waits for me;—
I love; and lovers should be helped with love.

ON THE DEATH OF BION, THE HERDSMAN OF LOVE

MOSCHUS

[First published 1818: reprinted in *A Jar of Honey*, 1848. Text 1818. For variant readings of 1848, see end of book.]

MOAN with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters,
And weep, ye rivers, the delightful Bion;
Ye plants, now stand in tears; murmur, ye groves;
Ye flowers, sigh forth your odours with sad buds;

Flush deep, ye roses and anemones;
And more than ever now, oh hyacinth, show
Your written sorrows:—the sweet singer's dead.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales, that mourn in the thick leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,
Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with him
Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans,
And utter forth a melancholy song,
Tender as his whose voice was like your own;
And say to the Oeagrian girls, and say
To all the nymphs haunting in Bistony,
The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
No longer pipes he to the charmed herds,
No longer sits under the lonely oaks,
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethean verse; and so the hills
Are voiceless; and the cows that follow still
Beside the bulls, low and will not be fed.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Apollo, Bion, wept thy sudden fate:
The Satyrs too, and the Priapuses
Dark-veiled, and for that song of thine the Pans,
Groaned; and the fountain-nymphs within the woods
Mourned for thee, melting into tearful waters;
Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush,—and imitate thy lips no longer;
The trees and flowers put off their loveliness;
Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the hive
The honey moulders,—for there is no need,
Now that thy honey's gone, to look for other.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Not so the dolphins mourned by the salt sea,
Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
Not so the swallow over the far downs,
Not so Ceyx called for his Halcyone,
Not so in the eastern vallies Memnon's bird
Screamed o'er his sepulchre for the Morning's son,
As all have mourned for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales and swallows every one
Whom he once charmed and taught to sing at will,
Plain to each other midst the green tree boughs,
With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too, ye doves.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Who now shall play thy pipe, oh most desired one?
Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee and of thy mouth,
And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
Pan's be they; and ev'n he shall fear perhaps
To sound them, lest he be not first hereafter.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
And Galatea weeps, who loved to hear thee,
Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore;
For thou did'st play far better than the Cyclops,
And him the fair one shunned: but thee, but thee,
She used to look at sweetly from the water.
But now forgetful of the deep, she sits
On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
The Muse's gifts all died with thee, O shepherd,
Men's admiration, and sweet women's kisses.
The loves about thy sepulchre weep sadly,
For Venus loved thee, much more than the kiss
With which of late she kissed Adonis, dying.
Thou too, O Meles, sweetest-voiced of rivers,
Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first, that sweet mouth of Calliope,
Was taken from thee; and they say thou mourned'st
For thy great son with many-sobbing streams,
Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.
And now, again, thou weepest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favorites of the fountain-nymphs; one drank
The Pegasean fount, and one his cup
Filled out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid lass, and the great son
Of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus;
But he, the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermixed the pipe he played
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed them;
And he made pipes, and milked the gentle heifer,
And taught us how to kiss, and cherished love
Within his bosom, and was worthy of Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Every renowned city and every town
Mourns for thee, Bion;—Ascra weeps thee more
Than her own Hesiod; the Bœotian woods
Ask not for Pindar so; nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; nor th' Ægean isle
Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back
Archilocus; and Mitylene now,

Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with thine.
All the sweet pastoral poets, who of late
Carried such happy looks, are sad for thee,—
Sicelidas the Samian, Lycidas
With his sweet lip, and frank Theocritus,
All in their several dialects: and I,
I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
Sing thee a dirge Ausonian, such as thou
Taughtest thy scholars, honouring us as all
Heirs of the Dorian Muse. Thou didst bequeath
Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Alas, when mallows in the garden die,
Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
They live again, and flower another year;
But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
When once we die, sleep in the senseless earth
A long, an endless, unawakeable sleep.
Thou too in earth must be laid silently:
But the nymphs please to let the frog sing on;
Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth,
Thou did'st feel poison; how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet!
Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
Or bid be mixed, and turn him from thy song!

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
But justice reaches all;—and thus, meanwhile,
I weep thy fate. And would I could descend
Like Orpheus to the shades, or like Ulysses,
Or Hercules before him; I would go
To Pluto's house, and see if you sang there,
And hark to what you sang. Play to Proserpina
Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral,
For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
The shores of Etna, and sung Dorian songs.
And so thou wouldst be honoured; and as Orpheus,
For his sweet harping, had his love again,
She would restore thee to our mountains, Bion.
Oh, had I but the power, I, I would do it.

SEA AND LAND

MOSCHUS

[First published in *The Examiner*, January 21, 1816; reprinted 1818. Text 1818.]

When a smooth wind runs on the far green sea,
This coward thought of mine feels pleasantly,
And lost to poetry itself, can lie
Wrapt in a wistful quietness of eye.
But when the deeps are moved, and the waves come
Shuddering along, and tumbling into foam,
I turn to earth, which trusty seems, and staid,
And love to get into a green wood shade;
In which the pines, although the winds be strong,
Can turn the bluster to a sylvan song.
A wretched life a fisherman's must be,
His home a ship, his labour in the sea,
And fish, the slippery object of his gain:—
I love a sleep under a leafy plane,
And a low fountain coiling in mine ear,
Which fills the soul with smiling, not with fear.

1 When . . . on] When gentle winds ripple *1816*. 5 the deeps are moved] its roar is up *1816*. 6 Shuddering along.] Curling their tops *1816*. 7 earth] land *1816*. 9 winds] wind *1816*. 12 home] house *1816*. 14 a leafy] the leafy *1816*.

LOVE AT THE PLOUGH; OR, JUPITER REMINDED OF EUROPA

IMITATED FROM MOSCHUS

[First published in *The Companion*, May 7, 1828. Not reprinted.]

Love laid aside his torch, his quiver, and his bow,
And like a roguish herdsman, a ploughing he would go.
He took a pair of bulls, so patient and so strong,
And as he went, he looked to heaven, and sung this merry song:—
Now mind me, Jove, a harvest,—a good harvest,—or *by* Jove,
I'll make the bull come plough for me, that ploughed the seas for love.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ON A PEN

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, October 1836; not reprinted.]

A reed was I:—my thin and fruitless shape
No fig put forth, no apple, not a grape:
When, lo! one took me, polished me, gave lips
Of slender point, and made me take small sips
Of some strange, black, and Heliconian wine;
Since when, as though I were a thing divine,
Drink puts all speech in this dumb mouth of mine.

GREEK PRETENDERS TO PHILOSOPHY DESCRIBED

[First printed in the notes to *Bacchus in Tuscany*, 1825, where the compound words are printed without hyphens. Reprinted 1844-60. Text 1844.]
(The original is in similar compound words.) [H.]

Lofty-brow-flourishers,
Nose-in-beard-wallowers,
Bag-and-beard-nourishers,
Dish-and-all-swallowers;
Old-cloak-investitors,
Barefoot-lookfashioners,
Night-private-feasteaters,
Craft-lucubrationers;
Youth-cheaters, word-catchers, vain-gloryosophers,
Such are such seekers of virtue, philosophers.

10 are such] are your *1825*.

ON THE TOMB OF TWO BROTHERS

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, October 1836. Not reprinted.]

Paulus and Latöus, brothers,
Thought no lot like one another's:
Common was the life they led,
Common is their last, low bed:
For they could not rest apart,
They must needs together start
For the race which all must run.
O, sweet pair! with hearts in one,
In a tomb like yours we dress
An altar to one-mindedness.

MELEAGER

THE TRIPLE LOVER

[First published in *The Tatler*, November 17, 1830, unsigned. Not reprinted.]

Three are the Graces, three the Hours,[1] and three
The charming girls who mystify poor me.
Cupid must take me for a man of parts,
To strike me thus, as though I had three hearts.

[1] The Hours originally among the Greeks were the divisions of the year into *three* seasons,—Spring, Summer, and Winter. [H.]

A PARAPHRASE

[First published in the *Correspondence* (1862), under date Florence, 27th May, 1824.]

A flowery crown will I compose,
I'll weave the crocus, weave the rose;
I'll weave narcissus, newly wet,
The hyacinth and violet;
And myrtle shall supply me green,
And lilies laugh in light between:
That the rich tendrils of my beauty's hair
May burst into their crowning flowers, and light the painted air.

CUPID SWALLOWED!

A PARAPHRASE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, October 1836. Reprinted 1844–60. No variants.]

T'OTHER day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'midst the heap
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him.
'Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

ON A CULTIVATOR OF THE GROUND

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, November 1837. Not reprinted.]

TAKE to thy lap, dear earth, the good old boy,
Who did thy tasks with such a loving joy;
Training thee now an olive, heaping thee
With rustling beauteous bread, and viny glee;
And guiding to thy roots his furrowy showers,
Making thee now all fruit, and now all flowers.
Wherefore lie lightly on his temples grey,
And let the turf that wraps him, flower in May.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK

AN EPITAPH TO LET

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, December 1837. Not reprinted.]

MY name was—(Well—what signifies?)—my nation—
(Well, what of that?)—my birth and education—
(Were good or bad; of course—no matter which)
My life—(Well, sink all that—was poor or rich—
Who cares?)—I died, aged—(Oh, drop that stuff)
And here I lie—(Ay, ay—that 's sure enough.)

INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF EPICTETUS

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, November 1837, unsigned. Not reprinted.]

A SLAVE was I, a shape uneven,
A pauper, and the friend of heaven.

Another

A SLAVE was I, with soul and shape at odds,
Poor, and beloved of the immortal gods.

DEATH AND GOODNESS

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, November 1837, unsigned. Not reprinted.]

Sleeping the sacred sleep, here Saon lies;
For never be it said, the good man dies.

FROM THE LATIN

LUCRETIUS

TO VENUS

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Parent of Rome, delicious Queen of Love,
Thou joy of men below and gods above;
Who in one round of ever-blest increase
Roll'st the green regions and the dancing seas;
From whom all beings catch the race they run,
And leap to life, and visit the dear sun;
Thee, Goddess, thee, the winds, the winters fly,
Thee, and the coming of thy suavity:—
For thee the earth lays forth its flowers: for thee
A lustre laughs along the golden sea,
And lightsome heav'n looks round on all, for thou hast made it free.
For soon as Spring, thrown open, re-appears,
And forth, with kisses, come the genial airs,
The birds, first smitten to their hearts, announce
Thee, Goddess, and thy balmy benisons:
The herds, made wild again, in pastures bound,
And track the rivers till their mates be found;
And every living thing, drawn with delight,
Follows with greedy will the charming of thy might,
Through seas, o'er mountains, through the fields, the floods,
And the green houses of the birds, the woods;
All snatch into their hearts the generous wound,
That still the ages may roll on, and nature's place be found.

CATULLUS

CATULLUS'S RETURN HOME TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO

CARMEN XXXI

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 21, 1808, and again September 20, 1812. Reprinted 1812 (*Poetical Register for 1808–9*: text of 1808), 1814–60. Text 1815.]

O best of all the scattered spots that lie
In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye,—
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,

1 spots that lie] lands, that break *1808*.
2 From spreading sea or hill retiring lake *1808*.
3 gladly . . . nest,] happy . . . breast! *1808*.

Scarce able to believe my journey o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
Oh where 's the luxury like a loosened heart,
When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart,—
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The greedy limbs o'er all the wished-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy; your master 's come
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!

5 Scarce trusting, that my vagrant toil is o'er *1808, 1812.*
7 a loosened] the smile at *1832–60.*
7, 8 Is aught so blest as such a loose from care,
When the soul's load rests with us in the chair; *1808.*
What, upon earth, is like a loose from care,
When the mind's load sinks in it's easy chair! *1812.*
9 come home again, tired out] return from pilgrimage *1808.*
10 greedy] loosen'd *1808, 1812, 1832–60.*
wished-for] well-known *1808.*
11 This of itself repays the grinding toil,
And gives to failing knees the fresh'ning oil *1808.*
12 Hail, paternal soil!] Meet thy master's smiles;
And laugh, thou sparkling lake, thro' all thine isles! *1808.*
paternal] domestic *1812.*
13 Joy, my bright waters, joy] Laugh, ev'ry social spot *1808.*

ATYS

[First published in *The Reflector*, No. 1, 1810. Reprinted 1818. Text 1818.]

Atys o'er the distant waters, driving in his rapid bark,
Soon with foot of wild impatience touched the Phrygian forest dark,
Where amid the awful shades possessed by mighty Cybele,
In his zealous frenzy blind,
And wand'ring in his hapless mind,
With flinty knife he gave to earth the weights that stamp virility.
Then as the widowed being saw its wretched limbs bereft of man,
And the unaccustomed blood that on the ground polluting ran,
With snowy hand it snatched in haste the timbrel's airy round on high,
That opens with the trumpet's blast, thy rites, Maternal Mystery;
And upon it's whirling fingers, while the hollow parchment rung,
Thus in outcry tremulous to its wild companions sung:—
Now come along, come along with me,
Worshippers of Cybele,
To the lofty groves of the deity!
Ye vagabond herds that bear the name
Of the Dindymenian dame!
Who seeking strange lands, like the banished of home,
With Atys, with Atys distractedly roam;

1 driving] hurried *1810.*
13 Now rush on, rush on with me, *1810.*

Who your limbs have unmanned in a desperate hour
With a frantic disdain of the Cyprian pow'r;
Who have carried my sect through the dreadful salt sea,
Rouse, rouse your wild spirits careeringly!
No delay, no delay,
But together away,
And follow me up to the Dame all-compelling,
To her high Phrygian groves and her dark Phrygian dwelling,
Where the cymbals they clash, and the drums they resound,
And the Phrygian's curved pipe pours its moanings around,
Where the ivy-crowned priestesses toss with their brows,
And send the shrill howl through their deity's house,
Where they shriek, and they scour, and they madden about,—
'Tis there we go bounding in mystical rout.

No sooner had spoken
This voice half-broken,
When suddenly from quivering tongues arose the universal cry,
The timbrels with a boam resound, the cymbals with a clash reply,
And up the verdant Ida with a quickened step the chorus flew,
While Atys with the timbrel's smite the terrible procession drew;
Raging, panting, wild, and witless, through the sullen shades it broke,
Like the fierce, unconquered heifer bursting from her galling yoke;
And on pursue the sacred crew, till at the door of Cybele,
Faint and fasting, down they sink, in pale immovability:
The heavy sleep—the heavy sleep—grow's o'er their failing eyes,
And locked in dead repose the rabid frenzy lies.

But when the Sun looked out with eyes of light
Round the firm earth, wild seas, and skies of morning white,
Scaring the lingering shades
With echo-footed steeds,
Sleep took her flight from Atys, hurrying
To his Pasithea's arms on tremulous wing;
And the poor dreamer woke, oppressed with sadness,
To mem'ry woke and to collected madness.—
Struck with it's loss, with what it was, and where,
Back trod the wretched being in despair
To the sea-shore, and stretching forth its eye
O'er the wide waste of waters and of sky,
Thus to its country cried with tears of misery:—

My country, oh my country, parent state,
Whom, like a very slave and runagate,
Wretch that I am, I left for wilds like these,
This wilderness of snows and matted trees,
To house with shiv'ring beasts and learn their wants,
A fierce intruder on their sullen haunts,—

22 dreadful salt sea] sea and its terrors *1810*.
23 Exult ye, exult in your fiercely-wrought errors! *1810*.
50, 51 Sleep, from the suffering Atys, wing'd his charms
To fair Pasithaës' expectant arms, *1810*.

Where shall I fancy thee? Where cheat mine eye
With tricking out thy quarter in the sky?
Fain, while my wits a little space are free,
Would my poor eyeballs strain their points on thee!
Am I then torn from home and far away?
Doomed through these woods to trample, day by day,
Far from my kindred, friends, and native soil,
The mall, the race, and wrestlers bright with oil?
Ah wretch, bewail, bewail; and think for this
On all thy past variety of bliss!
I was the charm of life, the social spring,
First in the race, and brightest in the ring:
Warm with the stir of welcome was my home;
And when I rose betimes, my friends would come
Smiling and pressing in officious scores,
Thick as the flow'rs that hang at lovers' doors:
And shall I then a ministring madman be
To angry gods?—A howling devotee?—
A slave to bear what never senses can,—
Half of myself, sexless,—a sterile man?
And must I feel, with never-varied woes,
Th' o'erhanging winter of these mountain snows?
Skulking through ghastly woods for evermore,
Like the lean stag, or the brute vagrant boar?
Ah me! Ah me! Already I repent;
E'en now, e'en now I feel my shame and punishment!

As thus with rosy lips the wretch grew loud,
Startling the ears of heav'n's imperial crowd,
The Mighty Mistress o'er her lion yoke
Bowed in her wrath,—and loosening as she spoke
The left-hand savage, scatterer of herds,
Roused his fell nature with impetuous words:—

Fly, ruffian, fly, indignant and amain,
And scare this being, who resists my reign,
Back to the horror-breathing woods again!
Lash thee, and fly, and shake with sinewy might
Thine ireful hair, and as at dead of night
Fill the wild echoes with rebellowing fright!

Threatning she spoke, and loosed the vengeance dire,
Who, gath'ring all his rage, and glaring fire,
Starts with a roar, and scours beneath her eyes
Scatt'ring the splintered bushes as he flies:

83–4 A slave for Cybele to haunt and vex,—
Half of myself,—a man without a sex? *1810.*
85 with never-varied] unrespited of *1810.*
87 Skulking . . . woods] Roam through the ghastly scene *1810.*
88 Skulk with the stag, and wander with the boar? *1810.*

Down by the sea he spies the wretch at last,
And springs precipitous :—the wretch as fast,
Flies raving back into his living grave,
And there for ever dwells, a savage and a slave.

O Goddess ! Mistress ! Cybele ! dread name !
O mighty Pow'r ! O Dindymenian dame !
Far from my home thy visitations be :
Drive others mad, not me :
Drive others into impulse wild and fierce insanity !

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS, OR THE ENTIRE AFFECTION

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 13, 1812. Reprinted 1814, 1815. Text 1814–15.]

'Oh, Acme love !' Septimius cried,
As on his lap he held his bride,—
'If all my heart is not for thee,
And doats not on thee desperately,
And if it doat not more and more,
As desperate heart ne'er did before,
May I be doomed, on desert ground,
To meet the lion in his round !'
He said ; and Love, on tiptoe near him,
Kind at last, and come to cheer him,
Clapped his little hands to hear him.
But Acme to the bending youth
Just dropping back that rosy mouth,
Kissed his reeling, hovering eyes,
And 'O my life, my love !' replies,
So may our constant service be
To this one only Deity,
As with a transport doubly true
He thrills your Acme's being through!'
She said ; and Love, on tiptoe near her,
Kind at last, and come to cheer her,
Clapped his little hands to hear her.
Favoured thus by heav'n above,
Their lives are one return of love ;
For he, poor fellow, so possessed,
Is richer than with East and West,—
And she, in her enamoured boy,
Finds all that she can frame of joy.
Now who has seen, in Love's subjection,
Two more blest in their connection,
Or a more entire affection ?

3–8 Oh, if I love thee not, my wife
Distractedly, and shall for life
As much as mortal madness can,
May I, a lost and lonely man,
Left in a desert to despair
Come full upon a lion's glare !
1812.
10 *not in 1812.*
12 bending] lonely *1812.*
For 14–15 *1812 has four lines*:
With smoothing kisses thus replies
To his intoxicated eyes ;—
My Septimy, my life, my love,
My husband,—name all names above,—
16 constant] lasting *1812.*
18, 19 As still more sharply than in thine
He thrills this doting frame of mine *1812.*
21 *not in 1812.*
23 Blest with this omen from above
1812.
27 enamoured] impassion'd *1812.*
30 Two more] Two souls more *1812.*
31 Or a] Or who a *1812.*

CATULLUS TO CORNIFICIUS

CARMEN XXXVIII

[First published in *The Examiner*, October 4, 1812. Reprinted 1814, 1815. No variants.]

Sick, Cornificius, is thy friend,
Sick to the heart; and sees no end
Of wretched thoughts, that gath'ring fast
Threaten to wear him out at last.
And yet you never come and bring—
Though 'twere the least and easiest thing—
A comfort in that talk of thine:—
You vex me:—this, to love like mine?
Prithee, a little talk, for ease, for ease,
Full as the tears of poor Simonides.

THE NUPTIAL SONG OF JULIA AND MANLIUS

[First published in *The Examiner*, May 12, 1816. Reprinted 1818. No variants.]

O divine Urania's son,
Haunter of Mount Helicon,
Thou that mak'st the virgin go
To the man, for all her no,
Hymen, Hymenœus O;
Slip thy snowy feet in socks
Yellow-tinged, and girt thy locks
With sweet-flowered margerum,
And in saffron veil, O come;
Meet the day with dancing pleasure,
Singing out a nuptial measure,
And with fine hand at the air
Shake the pine-torch with a flare.
For to-day (so Beauty's Queen
Came to Paris to be seen)
Julia will her Manlius wed,
Good with good, a blessed bed:
Like a myrtle tree in flower,
Taken from an Asian bower,
Where with many a dewy cup
Nymphs in play had nursed it up.

Come then, quit the Thespian steep
With Aonian caverns deep,
Over which, like glass, and chill,
Aganippe's wells distil.
Call the bride home to her spouse,
Doubly bound by cordial vows,
As the ivy folds the tree
All about, tenaciously.
You, sweet virgins, in your prime,
So to fare another time.
Let the song to Hymen flow,
Hymen, Hymenœus O!

For when he is called so, he
Will come to us willingly,
All that 's wanting to confer,
Venus's right harbinger.
Who is he, ah tell me, who,
Lovers make more prayers unto?
Who is worshipped more by men,
Till his own skies ring again?
Let the song to Hymen flow,
Hymen, Hymenœus O!

Thee the anxious parent blesses,
Thee the maid when she undresses,
Thee the bridegroom at the wall
Listening for the wished foot-fall.
'Tis by thee the mother's breast
Of the maid is dispossessed,
And the blushing, budding thing
To the fierce youth made to cling.

Venus without thee can plan
No right pleasure; but she can,
Thou consenting. Who shall dare
Then with this God to compare?
Parents without thee can plan
House nor offspring; but they can,
Thou consenting. Who shall dare
Then with this God to compare

Without thee, none born can play
Parts of rulers ; but they may,
Thou consenting. Who shall dare
Then with this God to compare ?

But the doors set open wide,
For she comes,—the bride, the bride !
Don't you see the torches there,
How they shake their shining hair ?
Come, the day is almost done,
Haste, thou newly married one.
'Tis but sweet ingenuous shame ;
Nay, she weeps to hear her name.
Come, the day is almost done ;
Haste, thou newly married one.
Weep no more. What fear can be
Thine, than whom a fairer she
Shall not have beheld this day
Clearing from the seas away.
In a fine, rich garden so
You may see the hyacinth blow.
But the day is almost done ;
Haste, thou newly married one.

Haste, thou newly married, haste :
Yes, she hears our call at last.
Don't you see the torches there,
How they shake their golden hair ?
Come then, come : thy husband shall
Into no wrong courses fall,
Nor for once, to lie apart,
Take him from thy tender heart.
As the soft vine folds the tree,
Folded shall he live with thee.
But the day is almost done ;
Haste, thou newly married one.

Lift the torches :—*'tis* the veil
This way coming. Hail it, hail !
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing.
Soon the nuts will now be flung ;
Soon the wanton verses sung ;
Soon the bridegroom will be told
Of the tricks he played of old.
License then his love had got ;
But a husband has it not.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing.

Thou too, married one, take care,
What he looks for, not to spare,
Lest he look for it elsewhere.

Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing.

So shalt thou (O joy to see !)
Corner-stone and pillar be
To his house and family.
(Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !)

Even till age, with snow bespread,
Trembling still its fine old head,
Seems to nod to all that 's said.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

Fine of foot, with omen due
O'er the threshold now step true,
And the polished door go through.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

There, within, thy husband see
On his purple couch, how he
Yearns with all his looks for thee.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

In that burning breast of his,
Deep as thine a flame there is ;
Nay, by Venus, deeper 'tis.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

Gentle boy, thou may'st let go
Of the passive arm of snow :
Others will the chamber show.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

You, good women, who have led
Honoured lives, one husbanded,
Lay the gentle girl in bed.
Let the air with Hymen ring ;
Hymen, Io Hymen, sing !

Husband, now 'tis time for thee.
Wife at last, there hideth she
With a hue that comes and goes,
Now like lily, and now like rose.
Ay, and thou too, nevertheless,
Wantest not thy handsomeness,
Nor has Venus done thee wrong ;
But the time goes ; come along.
Nay, thou hast not stopped indeed :—
Blessed Venus be thy speed,

For thou play'st an open part,
Nor hast hid love's honest heart.

Take thy joy; and let us see
Shortly a fair progeny,
For a name so old as thine
Must not be without its line,
But succeed, like moon to moon.
May a young Torquatus soon,
Lying next his mother's heart,
Stretch his little hands apart,
And with mouth half ope the while,
Sweetly at his father smile.
May his look his father's be,
So as to strike instantly,
Yet his mother's too express
In a certain bashfulness.
Such renown, from him, through her,
Wait thy race's character,
As attends Ulysses' son
From a mother, a paragon.

Close the door, ye virgins, now;
'Tis enough. But you, your vow,
Keep, ye linked in love and beauty,
And fulfil your age's duty.

THE OLD SKIFF

[First published in *The Indicator*, December 15, 1819. Not reprinted.]

The bark, my friends, which you see here,
Will tell you that it had no peer;
And that no skiff that swam the main,
Could get before it, strain for strain,
Whether it flew with sail or oar.
And this it says, not Adria's shore
With all its bluster can deny,
Nor that Aegean company,
Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thrace,
Nor Hellespont with either face,
Nor the tremendous Pontic bay,—
Where, till it took it's watery way,
It was a thing of sylvan locks,
And used, on the Cytorian rocks,
To hiss and talk, with windy hair.
And thou, Amastris, and thou, there,
Cytorus, with whose box it grew,
And this, it says, was known to you;
And that from its remotest birth,
It held the summit of your earth;
And in your waters bathed its oars;
And so by all the harmless shores,
Carried its master in its breast,
Whether the wind was east or west;
Or whether Jove, upon the sail,
Sent, steady and blithe, a forward gale.
Nor ever had it vows to pay
To gods that watch the billowy way,
When it came home from distant seas
And in this limpid lake took ease.
But this is past: and now, grown old,
It lays its age in this calm hold,
And dedicates itself to thee,
Castor, and thy twin deity.

VIRGIL

HIS HOSTESS

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. II, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Our little Syrian Hostess, the diademed, the fair,
Who crisply to the music moves her side with such an air,
Has dancing at her house to-day, and looks for all her friends
To see her shake her castanets, all at her fingers' ends.
What man on earth, I wish to know, would chuse to be away,
Instead of going there to drink, on such a dusty day?
Instead of going there to drink, and lying on a bed,
With cups, and cans, and flutes, and flowers, and an arbour for his head?
There 's one that plays a pan-pipe within a pretty cave,
Just like a rustic shepherd;—I wonder what you'd have!
And there 's a very pleasant wine, as neat as it can be;
And a proper brook, a hoarse one, to run respectably;
And there are garlands for your locks, of yellow mixed with blue,
Both violets and crocusses, and there are roses too:
And there are lilies such as those that drink the virgin stream,
Which osier-twisting nymphs collect in baskets of the same;
Cheeses that come in baskets too—I nearly had forgot 'em;
And prunes and other pretty meats, which people make in autumn.
Chestnuts of course, and apples, whose cheeks go reddening sweetly;
And bread and wine, and love besides, to relish all completely.
I needn't speak of heaps of grapes, nor mulberries blood-red;
And you may have a cucumber a hanging by your head.
Take notice—there 's a scare-crow, just where the thickest shade is,
But he has nothing terrible, to frighten the young ladies.

Come, Alibida, my fat friend, who lovest watering-places,
You and your donkey, both of you, come rest, and wipe your faces.
The grasshoppers all sing so loud, they burst the bushes, man,
And the lizards run and get, you see, in the coldest nooks they can.
Come, if you're wise, and give a loose to laughter and your stays.
A flask or bottle? You know best the *most genteelest* ways.
Come rest yourself, and take your couch beneath this leafy vine,
And renovate with roses that heavy head of thine;
Still better flowers are here to pluck,—a pretty mouth and kisses:
Ah! perish those who'd bring old frowns to such a place as this is.
Why should we keep our odorous flowers to give the thankless dead?
Will any tombstone feel for us, for all its crowned head?
The wine! The dice! Tomorrow's turn is but a chance dominion;
'Live, for I come,' says Death himself; and I'm of Death's opinion.

HORACE

TO PYRRHA

ODE i. V

[First published in *The Examiner*, September 27, 1812. Reprinted 1814 (*Poetical Register for 1808–11*), 1814 (*The Feast of the Poets, etc.*), 1815. Text 1814–15.]

PYRRHA, what ardent stripling now,
In one of thy embowered retreats,
Would press thee to indulge his vow
Amidst a world of flow'rs and sweets?
For whom are bound thy tresses bright
With unconcern so exquisite?

Alas, how oft shall he bewail
His fickle stars and faithless gale,
And stare with unaccustomed eyes,
When the black winds and waters rise,

Though now the sunshine hour beguiles
His bark along thy golden smiles,
Trusting to see thee, for his play,
For ever keep smooth holiday!

Poor dazzled fools, who bask beside thee!
And trust because they never tried thee!
For me, and for my dangers past,
The grateful picture hangs at last
Within the mighty Neptune's fane,
Who snatched me, dripping, from the main.

14 smooth] sweet *1812*.

18 grateful] graceful *1812*.

TO MÆCENAS

ODE ii. XII

[First published in *The Examiner*, November 1, 1812. Not reprinted.]

No; ask no more so soft a lyre
As mine to strain its simple wire,
And tell of wild Numantian wars,
Nor Hannibal and all our scars,
Nor yet of that Sicilian tide
With Carthaginian blood bedyed,
Nor of the fierce Pirithoan stir
That crushed the jovial ravisher,
Nor giant sieges of the sky,
Herculean strife, that shook on high
Old Saturn's glorious dynasty.

You, dear Mæcenas, shall rehearse,
In prose much better than my verse,
The battles that our Caesar gains,
And threatening kings led up in chains:—
Me the fond Muse engrosses still
With my Licymnia's warbling skill,
And those two eyes of cordial fire,
That speak the faith which they inspire.

How lightsome in the dance is she,
How sparkling sweet her raillery,
And what a shape her arm of snow,
When upon days of sacred show
Entwined the glancing maidens go!

Would you, if you adored like me,
For all that Monarchs hold in fee,
Exchange, or even think to share,
One lock of such a charmer's hair,
When back she throws that sweep of bliss,
Her neck, to meet a headlong kiss,
Or cruel for relenting's sake,
Denies what you should rather take,—
Turning at last, with smile and start,
And kissing you with all her heart?

THE DINNER PARTY ANTICIPATED

A PARAPHRASE OF ODE iii. XIX

[First published in *The Companion*, March 26, 1828. Not reprinted.]

Dear Telephus, you trace divinely
The Grecian king who died so finely;
And show a zeal that betters us,
For all the house of Aeacus;
And make us, to our special joy,
Feel every blow bestowed at Troy:—
But not a syllable do you say
Of where we are to dine some day;
Not one about a little stock
Of neat, you rogue; nor what o'clock
Some four of us may come together,
And shut the cold out this strange weather.
Good gods! I feel it done already;
More wine, my boy:—there—steady, steady:
'Whose health?' Whose health! Why,—here's the Moon;
She's young; may she be older soon.
'Whose next?' Why next, I think, it's clear,
Comes mother Midnight.—Here's to her:
And after her, with three at least,
Our reverend friend the new-made priest.
Three cups in one then. *Three*, and *we*!
Fill, as 'tis fitting, three times three:
For poets, in their moods divine,
Measure their goblets by the Nine;
Although the Graces (naked tremblers!)
Talk of a third to common tumblers.
Parties like us, true souls and glad,
Have right and title to be mad.

Who told the flutes there to leave off?
They've not been breathed yet, half enough:
And who hung up the pipes and lyres?
They have not done with half their fires.
The roses too—heap, heap one's hair!
I hate a right hand that can spare.
Let the old envious dog next door,
Old Lycus, hear the maddening roar,
And the blithe girl (she'll love it well!)
Whom *Lycus* finds—not haveable.
Ah, Telephus! Those locks of thine,
That lie so thick and smooth, and shine,
And that complete and sparkling air,
That gilds one's evenings like a star,
'Tis these the little jade considers,
And cuts her poor, profuser bidders.
'And you, dear Horace, what fair she
Inspires you now?' Oh, as for me,
I'm in the old tormenting way;
Burnt at a slow fire, day by day,
For my dull, dear Glycera.

OVID

THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME

AN EPISODE FROM THE BATTLE OF THE CENTAURS AND LAPITHÆ

[First published in *The Indicator*, April 5, 1820. Reprinted 1832. Text 1832.]

Nor could thy beauty, Cyllarus,
Protect thee in the fray;
If we may speak of shapes like thine
After a human way.

His beard was in the flowery bud,
Touched, like his hair, with gold;
And down beneath his shoulder-blades
His tresses ran, and rolled.

An earnest cheer was in his look;
And every human part,
His neck, his shoulders, hands, and breast,
Matched with the proudest art.

Such was his look and shape, to where
The nether form began;
Nor where he put the courser on,
Dishonoured he the man.

E'en Castor might have ridden him
But for his double make;
So built with muscle was his chest,
So rideable his back.

And blacker was his noble hue
Than is the pitchy night;
Only a snowy tail and feet
Finished his look with light.

Many fair creatures of his kind
Besought his love; but he
Was borne away by only one,
The sole Hylonome.

No gentle woman-hearted thing
Of all the half-human race,
Carried about the shady woods
A more becoming grace.

With pretty natural blandishments,
And loving, and at last
Owning her love with rosy talk,
She bound the conqueror fast.

Her limbs, as much as in her lay,
She kept adorned with care,
And took especial pride to sleek
Her lightsome locks of hair.

With rosemary she wreathed them now
With violets and the rose;
And now betwixt their glossy black,
Sparkled the lily snows.

No vest but of the choicest skin,
And suiting her, she wore
About her shoulder, or would cross
Beside her and before.

And twice a day, in lapsing wells
That from the woods came down,
She bathed her face; and twice a day,
She bathed from sole to crown.

Equal alike the beauty was,
Equal the love in either;
They roamed the mountains hand-in-hand,
And sheltered close together.

And thus did they attend that day
The Lapithean bride;
Thus came together, and thus fought,
Together, side by side.

A javelin, from an unknown hand,
Came with too sure a dart,
And pierced in thee, poor Cyllarus,
Right to the very heart.

He drew the bitter weapon out,
And shuddering all over,
Fell against pale Hylonome,
Whose arms received her lover.

And with her hand she nursed the wound,
Of which he fast was dying,
And hurried mouth to mouth, and tried
To stop his soul from flying.

But when she found it all in vain,
And that her lord was dead,
She uttered something, which the noise
Deafened about her head;

And falling with her wedded heart
On what had murdered his,
Gathered him blindly in her arms,
And smiled a dying kiss.

47 or would cross] crossing round *1820*.

FROM THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS

[First published in *The Indicator*, April 12, 1820. Not reprinted.]

Close by the flowery purple hill,
Hymettus, may be found
A sacred fountain, and a plot
Of green and lovely ground.

'Tis in a copse. The strawberry
Grows blushing through the grass;
And myrtle, rosemary, and bay
Quite perfume all the place.

Nor is the tamarisk wanting there;
Nor clumps of leafy box;
Nor slender cytisus; nor yet
The pine with its proud locks.

Touched by the zephyrs and sweet airs,
Which there in balm assemble,
This little world of leaves, and all
The tops of the grass tremble.

SENECA

PART OF A CHORUS IN TRAGEDY OF THYESTES

[First published in 1814; reprinted 1815. No variants.]

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple's colouring,
Nor a brow that 's bound with gold,
Nor gates on mighty hinges rolled.

The king is he, who void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown;

Nor for all the treasure cares,
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunderlight,
Nor the storm that rushes out
To snatch the shivering waves about,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade
With forward lance or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down;
He welcomes fate, when fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

Grant that all the kings assemble,
At whose tread the Scythians tremble,—
Grant that in the train be they,
Whom the Red-Sea shores obey,
Where the gems and chrystal caves
Sparkle up through purple waves;
Bring with these the Caspian stout,
Who scorns to shut th' invader out,
And the daring race that tread
The rocking of the Danube's bed,
With those again, where'er they be,
Who, lapped in silken luxury,
Feed, to the full, their lordly will;—
The noble mind is monarch still.

No need has he of vulgar force,
Armour, or arms, or chested horse,
Nor all the idle darts that light
From Parthian in his feigned flight,
Nor whirling rocks from engines thrown,
That come to shake old cities down.
No:—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king;
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out this royalty.

MARTIAL

EPITAPH ON EROTION

[First published in *The Indicator*, November 10, 1819. Reprinted 1832–60. No variants.]

UNDERNEATH this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

FROM MEDIAEVAL AND LATER LATIN

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION

[First published in *The Examiner*, June 13, 1819, signed 'Harry Brown'. Reprinted in *The Indicator*, February 7, 1821; and 1832–60. Text 1821–60. MS. of ll. 1–8 in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 14343, f. 3.]

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of thinking.

1 devise] propose *MS.*

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals ;
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals ;
Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels
Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in ;
I happen to be one of those—who never could write fasting ;
By a single little boy—I should be surpassed in
Writing so : I'd just as lief—be buried, tombed and grassed in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation :
I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation :
It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so ;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so ;
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so ;
But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, ev'n to saturation ;
Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

6 bedewed] reddened *1819*.

SONG OF FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD

From some Latin verses in the Old English drama of '*Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry*' by Thomas Randolph.

[First published in *The Tatler*, September 8, 1830 (first three stanzas), reprinted 1832–60 ; also in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, October 8, 1834 (six stanzas), and in *The Monthly Repository*, September 1837 (seven stanzas). Text 1837.]

We, the Fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen, be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing ;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling,
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

. . . . . .

Oberon, descend, we pray thee,
Lest a swift stick overlay thee.
Dogs are on the watch, and barking ;
Eyes of mortals anti-larking.

13–16 *peculiar to 1837*.

Fairies dance about Bromius, and pinch and scratch him in chorus.

Since by thee comes profanation,
Taste thee lo! scarification.
Thou shalt own, that in a twinkling
Thou hast got a pretty crinkling.

. . . . . .

Now for all this store of apples,
Laud we with the voice of chapels.
Elves, methinks, were ordained solely
To keep orchard-robbing holy.

Home, then, home; let 's recreate us
With the maids whose dairies wait us;
Kissing them, with pretty grapples,
All midst junkets, wine, and apples.

17–20 *in 1834, 1837 only.* 19 Thou . . . that] Noisy booby! *1834.* 21 all this store] such a stock *1834.* 22 we] me *1834.* 23 Elves . . . ordained] Fays . . . gotten *1834.* 25 Hence, then, hence, and let 's delight us *1834.* 26 dairies wait] creams invite *1834.* 27 with pretty grapples] like proper fairies *1834.* 28 All amidst their fruits and dairies *1834.*

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON

PLATO'S ARCHETYPAL MAN

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF IT ENTERTAINED BY ARISTOTLE

[First published in *The Literary Examiner*, September 13, 1823. Reprinted 1832–60. Text 1832–60.]

Say, guardian goddesses of woods,
Aspects; felt in solitudes,
And Memory, at whose blessed knee
The Nine, which thy dear daughters be,
Learnt of the majestic past;
And thou, that in some antre vast
Leaning afar off dost lie,
Otiose Eternity,
Keeping the tablets and decrees
Of Jove, and the ephemerides
Of the gods, and calendars
Of the ever festal stars;
Say, who was he, the sunless shade,
After whose pattern man was made;
He first, the full of ages, born
With the old pale polar morn,
Sole, yet all; first visible thought,
After which the Deity wrought?
Twin-birth with Pallas, not remain
Doth he in Jove's o'ershadowed brain
But though of wide communion,
Dwells apart, like one alone,
And fills the wondering embrace
(Doubt it not) of size and place.
Whether, companion of the stars,
With their tenfold round he errs;
Or inhabits with his lone
Nature in the neighbouring moon;
Or sits with body-waiting souls,
Dozing by the Lethæan pools:—
Or whether, haply placed afar
In some blank region of our star,
He stalks, an unsubstantial heap,
Humanity's giant archetype;

1 Say, goddesses of holy woods *1823.*

Where a loftier bulk he rears
Than Atlas, grappler of the stars,
And through their shadow-touched abodes
Brings a terror to the gods.
Not the seer of him had sight,
Who found in darkness depths of light;
His travelled eyeballs saw him not
In all his mighty gulphs of thought:—
Him the farthest-footed god,
Pleiad Mercury, never showed
To any poet's wisest sight
In the silence of the night:—
News of him the Assyrian priest
Found not in his sacred list,
Though he traced back old king Nine,
And Belus, elder name divine,
And Osiris, endless famed.
Not the glory, triple-named
Thrice great Hermes, though his eyes
Read the shapes of all the skies,
Left him in his sacred verse
Revealed to Nature's worshippers.

O Plato! and was this a dream
Of thine in bowery Academe?
Wert thou the golden tongue to tell
First of this high miracle,
And charm him to thy schools below?
O call thy poets back, if so:
Back to the state thine exiles call,
Thou greatest fabler of them all;
Or follow through the self-same gate,
Thou, the founder of the state.

42 In all the gulphs they rolled about, *1823*.

FROM THE EPISTLE TO THOMAS YOUNG [Elegy IV, ll. 105–22]

[First published in *The Literary Examiner*, August 30, 1823. Not reprinted.]

But thou be bold: let not thy hopes give way,
Nor one discolouring thought shake with dismay:
For though there came about thee all the alarms
Of war, and earnestness of greedy arms,
Not one should touch thine innocence; not one
Harm the dear life, whose duty has been done.
Lo, the great buckler of the radiant Lord!
He shall thy guardian be, and he thy sword:
He, who at night-time, at their silent post,
Melted the hearts of that Assyrian host,
And scared away from the Sionian hold
All who came thronging from Damascus old.
The pallid king with his thick cohorts, he
Bowed into flight and black perplexity;
For o'er their heads the invisible trumpet blew
In the clear air, and the dust lived and flew,
And the earth shook with hoofs, and there came by
The quake of chariots driven, and the cry
Of horses rushing to the war, and rain
Of iron blows, and the dark roar of men.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING [Elegy V, ll. 31–60, 115–16]

[First published in *The Literary Examiner*, August 30, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Now the sun from the swart plains
Of Æthiopia turns his reins;
Turns his reins of golden light,
That shake away our northern night.
Night is briefer; brief the shade
By her hastening exile made.
Boötes with his heavenly wain
Ploughs not now his way with pain;
Nor do Jove's night-watching stars
Shake so thick their earnest hairs.
Murder, craft, and violence,
With the dark night get them hence;
The gods repose in peace; nor fear
Any giant wanderer.
Haply, as he tends his flock,
Some blithe shepherd on his rock,
When the dewy ground is red
With the peep of Phœbus' head,
Greets the God, and says, 'O Sun,
This night thou must have slept alone:
No lady by thy side hadst thou,
Or day had not been here by now.'
Dian now delights to see
Her brother come so speedily
Rolling up his wheels of light;
And from her tresses doth undight
Her slenderer beams, and takes her darts
To look in woods for silver harts.
'Leave, Aurora,' Phœbus cries,
'Leave the bed where old age lies:
What imports a bed that cheats thee?
Lo, the Æolian huntsman waits thee,
Waits thee midst the flowery thyme;
Rise, and light thy cheeks with him.'
The golden goddess's sweet face
Lights at once, and comes apace.
Earth meanwhile, more blest than old
Tithonus, casts her ancient mould,
And, restored to youth, desires,
Phœbus, to undergo thy fires;
Desires, and doth deserve; for who
Is fitter to make love unto,
Opening, as she does, a bosom,
Where a thousand luxuries lose 'em,
While she breathes to him she meets
Harvests of Arabian sweets,
And from her delicious mouth
Pours a flood of breathing youth,
Spicy airs with roses mixt,
And a dewy kiss betwixt.

. . . . .

The sailor tilts at nights along,
Soothing his rude stars with a song,
And calls the dolphins tenderly
To the surface of the sea.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME ['Ad Leonoram Romae canentem']

[First published in *The Literary Examiner*, September 6, 1823. Not reprinted.]

To every one (so have ye faith) is given
A winged guardian from the ranks of heaven.
A greater, Leonora, visits thee:
Thy voice proclaims the present deity.
Either the present deity we hear,
Or he of the third heaven hath left his sphere,
And through the bosom's pure and warbling wells,
Breathes tenderly his smoothed oracles;
Breathes tenderly, and so with easy rounds
Teaches our mortal hearts to bear immortal sounds.

If god is all, and in all nature dwells,
In thee alone he speaks, mute ruler in all else.

THAT NATURE DOES NOT GROW OLD

(*Naturam non pati senium*, ll. 1–50 (omitting a few lines), 60–3)

[First published in *The Literary Examiner*, September 13, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Alas! in what a ceaseless maze
Of errors, and of darksome ways,
The human mind, poor wanderer,
Goes grave and toiling, here and there;
And in its Œdipœan plight,
Feeling round through depths of night,
Carries a blind brooding face
Over its thoughts' most empty space!
And yet by these its piteous roads
'Twould judge the ways of the great Gods.
And a law and reason vaunt
Like their carved adamant;
And to its little fleeting hours
Tie up Time's own conquerors.

And shall great Nature's face then grow
Old, and have a furrowed brow?
Shall her all-producing womb
Dry up in the common doom?
Shall she own she 's old indeed,
And tottering, shake her starry head?
Must foul corruption, and the fell
Hunger of years insatiable,
And squalid ills, and thirsts, and cares
Trouble the rejoicing stars?

. . . . .

Alas! and could not the wise force
Of Jove secure his chrystal towers?
Exempt his spheres from earthly wounds,
And bid them take immortal rounds?
Say, shall it be, that some dread day
Those marble vaults shall burst away,
And dashing as through the mad air,
Drown the deafened poles with fear;
Bringing the Olympian from his throne
With his bewildered thunders down,
And Pallas, glaring as she comes,
With the bared Gorgonian dooms?
Worse fall, and mightier ruin far,
Than the swart Vulcanian star.
Thou, Phœbus, shall thy lofty state
Follow thy son's rebuked fate,
Smitten headlong suddenly
With thy lamp into the sea,
Which shall hiss with the quenched light,
And fume against the tawny night;
Hæmus then, with smouldered heart,
With its tops shall leap apart;
And the Acroceraunian frown
Slide with all its thunders down
Through the roof of shaken Dis,
Bringing him the artilleries
With which he wont to scale the stars,
And wage his old fraternal wars.

[1] But the Almighty Sire has given
Surer heart to his starred heaven,
And pondering on the sum of things,
Looked through all their balancings,
Bidding them for aye to be
Of a stern sweet harmony.
Therefore the first wheels of day
Still repeat their roundest way,
And about heaven's charmed ears
Carry the smooth glassy spheres.
Saturn, in his sullen hold,
Is not slower than of old:
Crested Mars with fiery eye
Reddens in his perturbed sky;
And Phœbus, with his florid mouth,
Sparkles everlasting youth.

. . . . .

He rises ever, as he did,
Beauteous from his Eastern bed,
Early calling up his team
That issues with a whitening beam,
And loosening it as late at even
Into the quiet meads of heaven.

[1] Here L. H. interpolates: 'I must go on'.

With his double colour, he
Divides the day-time equally;
And then his sister comes again,
Now to wax, and now to wane,
And with arms in a like space
Holds the blue in her embrace.
. . . . .

Fair Earth, nor has the old potency
Taken his fruitful arms from thee;
Narcissus, drooping on his rill,
Keeps his odorous beauty still;
And so does either boy divine,
Phœbus, thy boy,—and Venus, thine.

THE ASS ON THE BENCH

FROM THE LATIN OF THE JESUIT PÈRE COMMIRE

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, May 7, 1834. Not reprinted.]

The animals disputing went *en masse*,
And took for judge a venerable ass.
His generous length of ears, and all that grace
Of artless musing flowing o'er his face,
Augured a patient mastery of the case.

The bees came first, charging, with many groans,
A world of theft upon their friends the drones.
The judge groaned louder, asking what they meant
To blame good folks so plainly innocent.
His sentence was, that bees should labour still,
And honest drones be free to eat their fill.

The goose came next, requesting that the swan
Might have ejectments served from lake and lawn,
Sweet places, sacred to poetic gods,
And therefore goose's property. Judge nods.

Jay *versus* Nightingale. Jay represents,
That certain birds have wondrous confidence,
Boasting in song their betters to surpass;—
Appeals with pleasure to my lord the ass.
A sample is required. The bird of night
Begins, and pours forth floods of such delight,
That sense and soul are rapt. The very oaks
Beat time with their old arms and sacred locks.
What signifies? The croak of brother Jay
With justice Jackass bears the palm away.
With like discrimination doves are hailed
The eagle's lords; the crow is peacock-tailed;
And sheep has always over wolf prevailed!

'Nay,' cried the fox, seeing one stare and whistle,
'What could you look for from a taste for thistle?'

FROM THE ITALIAN

DANTE

Inferno, Canto III, 1–15

[First published, from a MS. formerly in the possession of Alexander Ireland, in Messrs. Dent's edition, 1891.]

THROUGH me it goes into the Dolourous City,
Through me, to Dolour where no end [must] be;
Through me, to people, lost beyond all pity.
'Twas Justice moves my great creator. Me
High Wisdom made; and at my fashioning
Were Eldest Love, and Heavenly Potency;
Before me was not a created thing,
If not for ay; and ay I guard the centre.
Abandon every hope, all ye who enter.

These words, in dusky characters, did I see
Written above a gate; at which I said,
'Master, the sense of them seems hard to see.'
And he, as one prepared, looked and replied;
''Tis fitting here all doubt be laid aside,
All poverty of spirit be as dead.'

PAULO AND FRANCESCA

Inferno, Canto V, 70–142

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846. Reprinted 1855–60. No variants.]

SCARCE had I learnt the names of all that press
Of knights and dames, than I beheld a sight
Nigh reft my wits for very tenderness.

'O guide!' I said, 'fain would I, if I might,
Have speech with yonder pair, that hand in hand
Seem borne before the dreadful wind so light.'

'Wait,' said my guide, 'until thou seest their band
Sweep round. Then beg them, by that love, to stay;
And they will come, and hover where we stand.'

Anon the whirlwind flung them round that way;
And then I cried, 'Oh, if I ask nought ill,
Poor weary souls, have speech with me, I pray.'

As doves, that leave some bevy circling still,
Set firm their open wings, and through the air
Sweep homewards, wafted by their pure good will;

So broke from Dido's flock that gentle pair,
Cleaving, to where we stood, the air malign;
Such strength to bring them had a loving prayer.

The female spoke. 'O living soul benign!'
She said, 'thus, in this lost air, visiting
Us, who with blood stained the sweet earth divine;

'Had we a friend in heaven's eternal King,
We would beseech him keep thy conscience clear,
Since to our anguish thou dost pity bring.

'Of what it pleaseth thee to speak and hear,
To that we also, till this lull be o'er
That falleth now, will speak and will give ear.

'The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.

'Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart,
Seized him thou look'st on for the form and face,
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart.

'Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place.

'Love brought us to one grave. The hand that slew,
Is doomed to mourn us in the pit of Cain.'
Such were the words that told me of those two.

Downcast I stood, looking so full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide asked what held me in that vein.

His voice aroused me; and I said, 'Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass.'

Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
Francesca, see—these human cheeks are wet—
Truer and sadder tears were never shed.

'But tell me. At the time when sighs were sweet,
What made thee strive no longer?—hurried thee
To the last step where bliss and sorrow meet?'

'There is no greater sorrow,' answered she,
'And this thy teacher here knoweth full well,
Than calling to mind joy in misery.

'But since thy wish be great to hear us tell
How we lost all but love, tell it I will,
As well as tears will let me. It befell,

'One day, we read how Lancelot gazed his fill
At her he loved, and what his lady said.
We were alone, thinking of nothing ill.

'Oft were our eyes suspended as we read,
And in our cheeks the colour went and came;
Yet one sole passage struck resistance dead.

'Twas where the lover, moth-like in his flame,
Drawn by her sweet smile, kissed it. O then, he
Whose lot and mine are now for aye the same,

All in a tremble, on the mouth kissed *me*.
The book did all. Our hearts within us burned
Through that alone. That day no more read we.

While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourned
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died. I turned

Stone-stiff; and to the ground, fell like a corse.

UGOLINO AND HIS CHILDREN

Inferno, XXXII, 124—XXXIII, 90

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846. Reprinted 1855-60. Text 1855-60.]

Quitting the traitor Bocca's barking soul,
We saw two more, so iced up in one hole,
That the one's visage capped the other's head;
And as a famished man devoureth bread,
So rent the top one's teeth the skull below
'Twixt nape and brain. Tydeus, as stories show,
Thus to the brain of Menalippus ate:—
'O thou!' I cried, 'showing such bestial hate
To him thou tearest, read us whence it rose;
That, if thy cause be juster than thy foe's,
The world, when I return, knowing the truth,
May of thy story have the greater ruth.'

His mouth he lifted from his dreadful fare,
That sinner, wiping it with the grey hair
Whose roots he had laid waste; and thus he said:—
'A desperate thing thou askest; what I dread
Even to think of. Yet, to sow a seed
Of infamy to him on whom I feed,
Tell it I will:—ay, and thine eyes shall see
Mine own weep all the while for misery.
Who thou mayst be, I know not; nor can dream
How thou cam'st hither; but thy tongue doth seem
To show thee, of a surety, Florentine.
Know then, that I was once Count Ugoline.
And this man was Ruggieri, the archpriest.
Still thou mayst wonder at my raging feast;
For though his snares be known, and how his key
He turned upon my trust, and murdered me,
Yet what the murder was, of what strange sort
And cruel, few have had the true report.

'Hear then and judge.—In the tower, called since then
The Tower of Famine, I had lain and seen
Full many a moon fade through the narrow bars,
When, in a dream one night, mine evil stars
Showed me the future with its dreadful face.
Methought this man led a great lordly chase
Against a wolf and cubs, across the height
Which barreth Lucca from the Pisan's sight.
Lean were the hounds, high-bred, and sharp for blood;
And foremost in the press Gualandi rode,
Lanfranchi, and Sismondi. Soon were seen
The father and his sons, those wolves I mean,
Limping, and by the hounds all crushed and torn:
And as the cry awoke me in the morn,
I heard my children, while they dozed in bed
(For they were with me), wail, and ask for bread.
Full cruel, if it move thee not, thou art,
To think what thoughts then rushed into my heart.
What wouldst thou weep at, weeping not at this?—
All had now waked, and something seemed amiss,
For twas the time they used to bring us bread,
And from our dreams had grown a horrid dread.
I listened; and a key, down stairs, I heard
Lock up the dreadful turret. Not a word
I spoke, but looked my children in the face:
No tear I shed, so firmly did I brace
My soul; but *they* did; and my Anselm said,
'Father, you look so!—Won't they bring us bread?'
E'en then I wept not, nor did answer word
All day, nor the next night. And now was stirred,
Upon the world without, another day;
And of its light there came a little ray,
Which mingled with the gloom of our sad jail;
And looking to my children's bed, full pale
In four small faces mine own face I saw,
Oh, then both hands for misery did I gnaw;
And they, thinking I did it, being mad
For food, said, 'Father, we should be less sad
If you would feed on us. Children, they say,
Are their own father's flesh. Starve not to-day.'
Thenceforth they saw me shake not, hand nor foot.
That day, and next, we all continued mute.
O thou hard Earth! why openedst thou not?—
Next day (it was the fourth in our sad lot)
My Gaddo stretched him at my feet, and cried,
'Dear father, won't you help me?' and he died.
And surely as thou seest me here undone,
I saw my whole four children, one by one,

45 children] boys, the *1846*.
78 four] three *1846*.

Between the fifth day and the sixth, all die.
I became blind; and in my misery
Went groping for them, as I knelt and crawled
About the room; and for three days I called
Upon their names, as though they could speak too,
Till famine did what grief had failed to do.'

Having spoke thus, he seized with fiery eyes
That wretch again, his feast and sacrifice,
And fastened on the skull, over a groan,
With teeth as strong as mastiff's on a bone.

Ah, Pisa! thou that shame and scandal be
To the sweet land that speaks the tongue of *Sì*,
Since Florence spareth thy vile neck the yoke,
Would that the very isles would rise, and choke
Thy river, and drown every soul within
Thy loathsome walls. What if this Ugolin
Did play the traitor, and give up (for so
The rumour runs) thy castles to the foe,
Thou hadst no right to put to rack like this
His children. Childhood innocency is.
But that same innocence, and that man's name,
Have damned thee, Pisa, to a Theban fame.

PURGATORIO, CANTO I, 13–27

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846. Not reprinted.]

The sweetest oriental sapphire blue,
Which the whole air in its pure bosom had,
Greeted mine eyes, far as the heavens withdrew;
So that again they felt assured and glad,
Soon as they issued forth from the dead air,
Where every sight and thought had made them sad.
The beauteous star, which lets no love despair,
Made all the orient laugh with loveliness,
Veiling the Fish that glimmered in its hair.
I turned me to the right to gaze and bless,
And saw four more, never of living wight
Beheld, since Adam brought us our distress;
Heaven seemed rejoicing in their happy light.
O widowed northern pole, bereaved indeed,
Since thou hast had no power to see that sight!

PURGATORIO, CANTO II, 10–29

[First published in *The Indicator*, December 1, 1819. Not reprinted.]

That solitary shore we still kept on,
Like men, who musing on their journey, stay
At rest in body, yet in heart are gone;
When lo, as at the early dawn of day,

Red Mars looks deepening through the foggy heat,
Down in the west, far o'er the watery way;
So did mine eyes behold (so may they yet)
A light, which came so swiftly o'er the sea,
That never wing with such a fervour beat.
I did but turn to ask what it might be
Of my sage leader, when its orb had got
More large meanwhile, and came more gloriously:
And by degrees, I saw I knew not what
Of white about it; and beneath the white
Another. My great master uttered not
One word, till those first issuing candours bright
Fanned into wings; but soon as he had found
Who was the mighty voyager now in sight,
He cried aloud, 'Down, down upon the ground:
It is God's Angel.'

PURGATORIO, CANTO VIII, 1–6

[First published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, December 1844. Reprinted in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846; *A Jar of Honey*, 1848. Text 1848.]

'Twas now the hour, when love of home melts through
Men's hearts at sea, and longing thoughts portray
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;
And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,
Thrills as he hears the distant vesper bell,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

1 love . . . melts through] thoughts . . . renew *1844*. 2 The sighs of voyagers, and oft portray *1844*. 5 as] if *1846*. vesper] village *1844*.

PICTURE OF FLORENCE IN THE TIME OF DANTE'S ANCESTORS

Paradiso, Canto XV, 97–129

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846. Not reprinted.]

Florence, before she broke the good old bounds,
Whence yet are heard the chimes of eve and morn,
Abided well in modesty and peace.
No coronets had she—no chains of gold—
No gaudy sandals—no rich girdles rare
That caught the eye more than the person did.
Fathers then feared no daughter's birth, for dread
Of wantons courting wealth; nor were their homes
Emptied with exile. Chamberers had not shown
What they could dare, to prove their scorn of shame.
Your neighbouring uplands then beheld no towers
Prouder than Rome's, only to know worse fall.
I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
Girt with a thong of leather; and his wife

Come from the glass without a painted face.
Nerlis I saw, and Vecchios, and the like,
In doublets without cloaks; and their good dames
Contented while they spun. Blest women those!
They knew the place where they should lie when dead;
Nor were their beds deserted while they lived.
They nursed their babies; lulled them with the songs
And household words of their own infancy;
And while they drew the distaffs' hair away,
In the sweet bosoms of their families,
Told tales of Troy, and Fiesole, and Rome.
It had been then as marvellous to see
A man of Lapo Salterello's sort,
Or woman like Cianghella, as to find
A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.

PETRARCH

PETRARCH'S CONTEMPLATIONS OF DEATH

IN THE BOWER OF LAURA

[First published in *The Examiner*, December 8, 1816; reprinted in *The Indicator*, July 12, 1820; and in 1832–60. Text 1832–60.]

CLEAR, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Fair bough, so gently fit,
(I sigh to think of it,)
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last, and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travailled flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, Oh the charity!
Seeing amidst the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past:

4 Bough, gently interknit *1816, 1820.* 6 Which formed a rustic chair for her sweet side *1816, 1820.* 34 amidst] betwixt *1816, 1820.*

And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying, 'Here reigns Love.'

How often then I said,
Inward, and filled with dread,
'Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!'
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
'How came I here, and when!'
I had forgotten; and alas,
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

SACCHETTI

GATHERING FLOWERS

[First published in *The Indicator*, April 19, 1820. Not reprinted.]

Walking and musing in a wood, I saw
Some ladies gathering flowers, now this, now t'other,
And crying in delight to one another,
'Look here, look here: what 's this? a fleur-de-lis.
No, no, some roses farther onward there:
How beautiful they are!
O me! these thorns do prick so—only see—
Not that; the other; reach it me.
Hallo, hallo! What is it leaping so?
A grasshopper, a grasshopper.
Come here, come here now, quickly,
The rampions grow so thickly.
No; they're not rampions,
Yes, they are: Anna, Beatrice, or Lisa,
Come here, come here for mushrooms, just a bit
There, there 's the betony—you're treading it.
We shall be caught, the weather 's going to change:
See, see it lightens—hush—and there 's the thunder,
Was that the bell for vespers, too, I wonder?
Why, you faint-hearted thing, it isn't noon:
It was the nightingale—I know his tune—
There 's something stirring there!
Where, where?

There, in the bushes.'
Here every lady pokes, and peeps, and pushes;
When suddenly, in middle of the rout,
A great large snake comes out.
'O lord! O lord! Good heavens! O me! O me!'
And off they go, scampering with all their power,
While from above, down comes a pelting shower.
Frightened, and scrambling, jolting one another,
They shriek, they run, they slide: the foot of one
Catches her gown, and where the foot should be
Down goes the knee,
And hands, and clothes, and all; some stumble on,
Brushing the hard earth off, and some the mud.
What they plucked, so glad and heaping,
Now becomes not worth their keeping.
Off it squirrs, leaf, root, and flower;
Yet not the less for that they scream and scower,
In such a passage, happiest she
Who plies her notes most rapidly.
So fixed I stood, gazing at that fair set,
That I forgot the shower, and dripped with wet.

ANDREA DE BASSO

ODE TO A DEAD BODY

[First published in *The Indicator*, September 6, 1820. Reprinted (ll. 1–28) 1828 (*Lord Byron, &c.*); (complete) 1832, 1860. No variants.]

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
Give up thy body, woman without heart,
Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food,
And from thine altitude
Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit.
Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch, and to englut thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
Which mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers;
And if where they make way,
Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy bold-facedness,
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
That wast so headstrong proud,

This, this is the reward
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither ;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' the skies ?
Alas ! two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip, that shone
Like painting newly done ?
Where the round cheek ? and where
The sunny locks of hair ?
And where the symmetry that bore them all ?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair ?
Nor have that conquering air ?
Nor be supplied with lover ?
Lo ! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame ;
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh ?
One limb that 's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence ?
Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast vain in ?

Love ?—Heaven should be implored for something else,
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love ?—'Tis a fiery dole,
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warns us in the psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount ;
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Ægypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog,

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
' Help, father, or I die :
See—see—he knows his prey,
Even he, the dragon old !
O, be thou a stronghold
Betwixt my foe and me !
For I would fain be free,
But am so bound in ill,
That struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last,
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety.'

But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word ?
Hast thou then ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted ?
Rare is the sleeping face
That wakes not as it was.
Thou shouldst have earned high heaven,
And then thou mightst have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene,
As odorous and as fair,
As evening lilies are ;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down and enter
The horrors of the centre :
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late.

BOIARDO

TIMON OF ATHENS

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, vol. ii, 1846. Not reprinted.]

So! I've got rid of these two creeping things,
That fain would have scratched up my buried gold.
They're gone; and may the curse of God go with them!
May they reach home just in good time enough
To break their legs at the first step in doors,
And necks i' the second!—And now then, as to you,
Good audience,—groundlings,—folks who love low places,
You too perhaps would fain get something of me,
Ere I take leave.—Well;—angered though I be,
Scornful and torn with rage at being ground
Into the dust with wrong, I'm not so lost
To all concern and charity for others
As not to be still kind enough to part
With something near to me—something that's wound
About my very self. Here, sirs; mark this;—
[*Untying the cord round his waist.*
Let any that would put me to the test,
Take it with all my heart, and hang themselves.

POLITIAN

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. I, 1823. Not reprinted.]

The sweet country maiden she gets up betimes,
Taking her kids to feed out on the grass,—
On the grass, on the grass,—ah! the sly little lass,
Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass;
I am sure they'd make day in the middle of night.

Then she goes, the first thing, to the fountain hard by,
Treading the turf with her fresh naked feet,—
Naked feet, naked feet,—O so light and so sweet,
Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete,
And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers.

Then she tucks up her sleeve to wash her sweet face,
And her hands, and her legs, and her bosom so white,—
Her bosom so white,—with a gentle delight;
I never beheld such a beautiful sight,
It makes the place smile, wheresoever it turns.

And sometimes she sings a rustical song,
Which makes the kids dance, and the sheep alsò—
The sheep also,—they hark, and they go;
The goats with the kids, all so merrily O!
You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a grèen meadow, I've seen her
Make little garlands of beautiful flowers,—
O, most beautiful flowers,—which last her for hours,
And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things,—
Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
And leaps all the banks with one of her springs;
And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

SANNAZARO

'O DOLCE PRIMAVERA'

[First published in *The Indicator*, April 26, 1820 ('May-Day'); not reprinted.]

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Vallies, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

PULCI

ON HIMSELF

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, vol. i, 1846. Not reprinted.]

I know I ought to make no dereliction
From the straight path to this side or to that;
I know the story I relate 's no fiction,
And that the moment that I quit some flat,
Folks are all puff, and blame, and contradiction,
And swear I never know what I'd be at;
In short, such crowds, I find, can mend one's poem,
I live retired, on purpose not to know 'em.

Yes, gentlemen, my only 'Academe',
My sole 'Gymnasium', are my woods and bowers;
Of Afric and of Asia there I dream;
And the Nymphs bring me baskets full of flowers,
Arums and sweet narcissus from the stream;
And thus my Muse escapeth your town-hours
And town-disdains; and I eschew your bites,
Judges of books, grim Areopagites.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS

[First published in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, vol. i, 1846. Not reprinted.]

'È QUESTA . . . ? OVE SON OR . . . ?'
(A lady has been carried away by giants into a desert.)

Is this the country, then, where I was born?
Is this my palace, and my castle this?
Is this the nest I woke in, every morn?
Is this my father's and my brother's kiss?
Is this the land they bred me to adorn?
Is this the good old bower of all my bliss?
Is this the haven of my youth and beauty?
Is this the sure reward of all my duty?

Where now are all my wardrobes and their treasures?
Where now are all my riches and my rights?
Where now are all the midnight feasts and measures?
Where now are all the delicate delights?
Where now are all the partners of my pleasures?
Where now are all the sweets of sounds and sights?
Where now are all my maidens ever near?
Where, do I say? Alas, alas, not here! . . .

Where now are all the woods and forests drear,
Wolves, tigers, bears, and dragons? Alas, here!

'OV' È, RINALDO'

Oh where, Rinaldo, is thy gagliardize?
Oh where, Rinaldo, is thy might indeed?
Oh where, Rinaldo, thy repute for wise?
Oh where, Rinaldo, thy sagacious heed?
Oh where, Rinaldo, thy free-thoughted eyes?
Oh where, Rinaldo, thy good arms and steed?
Oh where, Rinaldo, thy renown and glory?
Oh where, Rinaldo, *thou*?—In a love-story.

PULCI'S ALLITERATIONS

'La *casa cosa* parea *bretta* e *brutta*,' &c.

This *holy hole* was a vile *thin*-built *thing*,
Blown by the *blast*; the *night nought* else o'erhead
But *staring stars* the *rude roof* entering;
Their *sup* of *supper* was no *splendid spread*;
Poor pears their fare, and such-*like libelling*
Of quantum suff.;—their *butt* all *but*; *bad bread*;—
A *flash* of *fish* instead of *flush* of *flesh*;
Their bed a *frisk al-fresco, freezing fresh.*

FROM THE 'MORGANTE MAGGIORE'

[First published in *The Tatler*, February 1, 1831 (Review of Stebbing's *Lives of the Italian Poets*). Not reprinted.]

Orlando comes upon a set of monks in the desert who are pestered by three giants, . . . who are of course infidels or Mahometans. The giants are in the habit of throwing great stones at the Abbey, so that the monks cannot go out for provisions. Orlando . . . comes to the Abbey door and knocks for some time in vain. At length he is let in, and the abbot apologizes by stating the blockade in which they are kept. The holy father then procceds . . .

'The eremites of old, if just and true
And righteous in their works, had blessed cheer;
God's servants in those days no hunger knew,
Nor lived on those same locusts all the year;
Doubt not they had the rain of manna too:
But as for us, our pretty dishes here
Are stones, which Passamont and Alabaster
Rain down upon our heads, by way of taster.

And yet those two are nothing to the third:
He tears me up whole trees, whole horrid oaken
Trunks by the roots: he does, upon my word—
Our heads infallibly will all be broken.'
While thus, as if he could be overheard,
The monk stood talking low, there came a token
So close upon the horse, it seemed all over
With the poor devil, who leaped under cover.

'For God's sake come in doors, Sir!' cried the priest,
'The manna's falling!' ''Tis indeed,' said t'other;
'They seem to grudge his feed to the poor beast,
They'd cure his restiveness. Well, such another
Stunner as this, proves no weak arm at least,
No son, dear abbot, of a feeble mother.'
'The Lord!' exclaimed the monk, 'look down upon us!
Some day, I think, they'll cast the mountain on us.'

ARIOSTO

THE LOVER'S PRISON

[First published in *The Indicator*, August 30, 1820. Reprinted 1832. No variants.]

O LUCKY prison, blithe captivity,
Where neither out of rage, nor out of spite,
But bound by love, and charity's sweet might,
She has me fast,—my lovely enemy!
Others, at turning of their prison key,
Sadden; I triumph; since I have in sight
Not death, but life; not suffering, but delight;
Nor law severe, nor judge that hears no plea;

But gatherings to the heart, but wilful blisses,
But words that in such moments are no crimes,
But laughs, and tricks, and winning ways; but kisses,
Delicious kisses, put deliciously,
A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand times;
And yet how few will all those thousands be!

MEDORO AND CLORIDANO

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. I, 1823, as 'Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica'. Reprinted in 1855 as 'Medoro and Cloridano' and in 1857, 1860 as 'Friends and Foes' (ll. 1–360), 'Angelica and Medoro' (ll. 361 to end). Text 1855. A portion (ll. 353–524) appeared in *Stories from the Italian Poets*, vol. ii, 1846. For variant readings see notes at end of book. A MS. version of the whole passage in mixed prose and verse is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 37210 ff. 120 seq.). The verse-passages in general agree with the 1823 text, the prose differs entirely from that of 1846. The MS. seems never to have been printed. For another translation from the *Orlando Furioso*, see p. 172.]

All night, the Saracens, in their battered stations,
Feeling but ill secure, and sore distressed,
Gave way to tears, and groans, and lamentations,
Only as hushed as might be, and suppressed;
Some for the loss of friends and of relations
Left on the field; others for want of rest,
Who had been wounded and were far from home;
But most for dread of what was yet to come.

Among the rest two Moorish youths were there,
Born of a lowly stock in Ptolemais,
Whose story teems with evidence so rare
Of tried affection, it must here find place.
Their names Medoro and Cloridano were.
They had shown Dardinel the same true face,
Whatever fortune waited on his lance,
And now had crossed the sea with him to France.

The one, a hunter, used to every sky,
Was of the rougher make, but prompt and fleet:
Medoro had a cheek of rosy dye,
Fair, and delightful for its youth complete:
Of all that came to that great chivalry,
None had a face more lively or more sweet.
Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair;
He seemed an angel, newly from the air.

These two, with others, where the ramparts lay,
Were keeping watch to guard against surprise,
What time the Night, in middle of its way,
Wonders at heaven with its drowsy eyes.
Medoro there, in all he had to say,
Could not but talk, with sadness and with sighs,
Of Dardinel his lord; nay, feel remorse,
Though guiltless, for his yet unburied corse.

'O Cloridan,' he said, 'I try in vain
To bear the thought; nor ought I, if I could.
Think of a man like that, left on the plain
For wolves and crows! he, too, that was so good
To my poor self! How can he thus remain,
And I stand here, sparing my wretched blood?
Which, for his sake, might twenty times o'erflow,
And yet not pay him half the debt I owe.

'I will go forth,—I will,—and seek him yet,
That he may want not a grave's covering;
And God will grant, perhaps, that I may get
E'en to the sleeping camp of the French king.
Do thou remain; for if my name is set
For death in heaven, thou mayst relate the thing;
So that if fate cut short the glorious part,
The world may know 'twas not for want of heart.'

Struck with amaze was Cloridan to see
Such heart, such love, such duty in a youth;
And laboured (for he loved him tenderly)
To turn a thought so dangerous to them both;
But no—a sorrow of that high degree
Is no such thing to comfort or to soothe.
Medoro was disposed, either to die,
Or give his lord a grave wherein to lie.

Seeing that nothing bent him or could move,
Cloridan cried, 'My road then shall be thine:—
I too will join in such a work of love;
I too would clasp a death-bed so divine.
Life—pleasure—glory—what would it behove
Remaining without thee, Medoro mine.
Such death with thee would better far become me,
Than die for grief, shouldst thou be taken from me.'

Thus both resolved, they put into their place
The next on guard, and slip from the redoubt.
They cross the ditch, and in a little space
Enter our quarters, looking round about.
So little dream we of a Moorish face,
Our camp is hushed, and every fire gone out.
'Twixt heaps of arms and carriages they creep,
Up to the very eyes in wine and sleep.

Cloridan stopped awhile, and said, 'Look here!
Occasions are not things to let go by.
Some of the race who cost our lord so dear,
Surely, Medoro, by this arm must die.
Do thou meanwhile keep watch, all eye and ear,
Lest any one should come:—I'll push on, I,
And lead the way, and make through bed and board
An ample passage for thee with my sword.'

He said; and entered without more ado
The tent where Alpheus lay, a learned Mars,
Who had but lately come to court, and knew
Physic, and magic, and a world of stars.
This was a cast they had not helped him to;
Indeed their flatteries had been all a farce;
For he had found, that after a long life
He was to die, poor man, beside his wife:

And now the cautious Saracen has put
His sword, as true as lancet, in his weason.
Four mouths close by are equally well shut,
Before they can find time to ask the reason.
Their names are not in Turpin; and I cut
Their lives as short, not to be out of season.
Next Palidon died, a man of snug resources,
Who had made up his bed between two horses.

They then arrived, where, pillowing his head
Upon a barrel, lay unhappy Grill.
Much vowed had he, and much believed indeed,
That he, that blessed night, would sleep his fill.
The reckless Moor beheads him on his bed,
And wastes his blood and wine at the same spill:
For he held quarts; and in his dreams that very
Moment had filled, but found his glass miscarry.

Near Grill, a German and a Greek there lay,
Andropono and Conrad, who had passed
Much of the night *al fresco*, in drink and play;
A single stroke a-piece made it their last.
Happy, if they had thought to play away
Till daylight on their board his eye had cast!
But fate determines all these matters still,
Let us arrange them for her as we will.

Like as a lion in a fold of sheep,
Whom desperate hunger has made gaunt and spare,
Kills, bleeds, devours, and mangles in a heap
The feeble flock collected meekly there;
So the fierce Pagan bleeds us in our sleep,
And lays about, and butchers every where:
And now Medoro joins the dreadful sport,
But scorns to strike among the meaner sort.

Upon a duke he came, La Brett, who slept
Fast in his lady's arms, embraced and fixed;
So close they were, so fondly had they kept,
That not the air itself could get betwixt.
O'er both their necks at once the falchion swept.
O happy death! O cup too sweetly mixed!
For as their bosoms and affections were,
E'en so, I trust, their souls went clasped in air.

96 *1855–60 om.* had.

Ardalic and Malindo next are slain,
Princes whose race the Flemish sceptre wield;
They had been just made knights by Charlemagne,
And had the lilies added to their shield,
Because, the hardest day of the campaign,
He saw them both turn blood-red in the field.
Lands, too, he said, he'd give; and would have done it,
Had not Medoro put his veto on it.

The wily sword was reaching now the ring
Of the pavilions of the peers,—the fence
Of the more high pavilion of the king.
They were his guard by turns. The Saracens
Here make a halt, and think it fit to bring
Their slaughter to a close, and get them hence;
Since it appears impossible to make
So wide a circuit, and find none awake.

They might have got much booty if they chose,
But now to get clean off is their great good.
Cloridan leads as heretofore, and goes
Picking the safest way out that he could.
At last they come, where, amidst shields and bows,
And swords, and spears, in one great plash of blood,
Lie poor and rich, the monarch and the slave,
And men and horses, heaped without a grave.

The horrible mixture of the bodies there,
(For all the field was reeking round about)
Would have made vain their melancholy care
Till day-time, which 'twas best to do without,
Had not the Moon, at poor Medoro's prayer,
Put from a darksome cloud her bright horn out.
Medoro to the beam devoutly raised
His head, and thus petitioned as he gazed:—

'O holy queen, who by our ancestors
Justly wert worshipped by a triple name;
Who show'st in heav'n, and earth, and hell, thy powers
And beauteous face, another and the same;
And who in forests, thy old favourite bowers,
Art the great huntress, following the game;
Show me, I pray thee, where my sovereign lies,
Who while he lived found favour in thine eyes.'

At this, whether 'twas chance or faith, the moon
Parted the cloud, and issued with a stoop,
Fair, as when first she kissed Endymion,
And to his arms gave herself naked up.
The city, at that light, burst forth and shone,
And both the camps, and all the plain and slope,
And the two hills that rose on either quarter,
Far from the walls, Montlery and Montmartre.

Most brilliantly of all the lustre showered
Where lay the son of great Almontes, dead.
Medoro, weeping, went to his dear lord,
Whom by his shield he knew, of white and red.
The bitter tears bathed all his face, and poured
From either eye, like founts along their bed.
So sweet his ways, so sweet his sorrows were,
They might have stopt the very winds to hear.

But low he wept, and scarcely audible;
Not that he cared what a surprise might cost,
From any dread of dying; for he still
Felt a contempt for life, and wished it lost;
But from the fear, lest ere he could fulfil
His pious business there, it might be crost.
Raised on their shoulders is the crownèd load;
And shared between them thus, they take their road.

With the dear weight they make what speed they may,
Like an escaping mother to a birth;
And now comes he, the lord of life and day,
To take the stars from heav'n, the shade from earth;
When the young Scottish prince, who never lay
Sleeping, when things were to be done of worth,
After continuing the pursuit all night
Came to the field with the first morning light.

And with him came, about him and behind,
A troop of knights, whom they could see from far,
All met upon the road, in the same mind
To search the field for precious spoils of war.
'Brother,' said Cloridan, 'we must needs, I find,
Lay down our load, and try how fleet we are.
It would be hardly wise to have it said,
We lost two living bodies for a dead.'

And off he shook his burden, with that word,
Fancying Medoro would do just the same;
But the poor boy, who better loved his lord,
Took on his shoulders all the weight that came.
The other ran, as if with one accord,
Not guessing what had made his fellow lame.
Had he, he would have dared, not merely one,
But heaps of deaths, rather than fled alone.

The knights, who were determined that those two
Should either yield them prisoners or die,
Dispersed themselves, and without more ado
Seized every pass which they might issue by.
The chief himself rode on before, and drew
Nearer and nearer with a steadfast eye;
For seeing them betray such marks of fear,
'Twas plain that in those two no friends were near.

There was an old forest there in those days;
Thick with o'ershadowing trees and underwood,
Which, like a labyrinth, ran into a maze
Of narrow paths, and made a solitude.
The fliers reckoned on its friendly ways,
For giving them close covert while pursued:—
But he that loves these chants of mine in rhyme,
May chuse to hear the rest another time.

None knows the heart in which he may confide,
As long as he sits high on Fortune's wheel;
For friends of all sorts then are by his side,
Who show him all the self-same face of zeal:
But let the goddess roll him from his pride,
The flattering set are off upon their heel;
And he who loved him in his heart alone
Stands firm, and will, even when life is gone.

If eyes could see the heart as well as face,
Many a great man at court would trample others,
And many an humble one in little grace,
Would change their destiny for one another's;
This would mount up into the highest place—
That go and help the scullions and their mothers.
But turn we to Medoro, good and true,
Who loved his lord, whatever fate could do.
The unhappy youth, now in the thickest way
Of all the wood, would fain have hidden close;

But the dead weight that on his shoulders lay,
Hampers his path, whichever side he goes.
Strange to the country too, he goes astray,
And turns and tramples 'midst the brakes and boughs.
Meanwhile his friend, less burdened for the race,
Has got in safety to a distant place.

Cloridan came to where he heard no more
The hue and cry that sent him like a dart;
But when he turned about and missed Medor,
He seemed to have deserted his own heart.
'Great God!' he cried; 'not to see this before!
How could I be so mad? How could I part
With thee, Medoro, and come driving here,
And never dream I left thee, how or where?

So saying, he returns with bitter sighs
Into the tangled wood, by the same path,
And keeps it narrowly with yearning eyes,
And treads with zeal the track of his own death.
And all the while, horses he hears, and cries,
And threatening voices that take short his breath:
And last of all he hears, and now can see,
Medoro, pressed about with cavalry.

They are a hundred, and all round him. He,
While the chief cries to take him prisoner,
Turns like a wheel, and faces valiantly
All that would seize him, leaping here and there,
Now to an elm, an oak, or other tree,
Nor ever parts he with his burden dear,
See!—he has laid it on the ground at last,
The better to controul and keep it fast.

Like as a bear, whom men in mountains start
In her old stony den, and dare, and goad,
Stands o'er her children with uncertain heart,
And roars for rage and sorrow in one mood:
Anger incites her, and her natural part,
To use her nails, and bathe her lips in blood;
Love melts her, and for all her angry roar,
Holds back her eyes to look on those she bore.

Cloridan knows not how to give his aid,
And yet he must, and die too:—that he knows:
But ere he changes from alive to dead,
He casts about to settle a few foes:
He takes an arrow,—one of his best made,—
And works so well in secret, that it goes
Into a Scotchman's head, right to the brains,
And jerks his lifeless fingers from the reins.

The horsemen in confusion turn about,
To see by what strange hand their fellow died,
When a new shaft 's in middle of the rout,
And the man tumbles by his fellow's side.
He was just wondering, and calling out,
And asking questions, fuming as he cried;
The arrow comes, and dashes to his throat,
And cuts him short in middle of his note.

Zerbin, the leader of the troop, could hold
His rage no longer at this new surprise,
But darting on the boy, with eyes that rolled,
'You shall repent this insolence,' he cries;
Then twisting with his hand those locks of gold,
He drags him back, to see him as he dies;
But when he sets his eyes on that sweet face,
He could not do it, 'twas so hard a case.

The youth betook him to his prayers, and said,
'For God's sake, sir, be not so merciless
As to prevent my burying the dead:
'Tis a king's body that 's in this distress:
Think not I ask from any other dread;
Life could give me but little happiness.
All the life now which I desire to have,
Is just enough to give my lord a grave.

'If you've a Theban heart, and birds of prey
Must have their food before your rage can cool,
Feast them on me; only do let me lay
His limbs in earth, that has been used to rule.'
So spake the young Medoro, in a way
To turn a rock, it was so beautiful.
As for the prince, so deeply was he moved,
That all at once he pardoned and he loved.

A ruffian, at this juncture, of the band,
Little restrained by what restrained the rest,
Thrust with his lance across the suppliant's hand,
And pierced his delicate and faithful breast.
The act,—in one too under his command,—
Displeased the princely chief, and much distressed;
The more so, as the poor boy dropped his head,
And fell so pale that all believed him dead.

Such was his grief, and such was his disdain,
That crying out, 'The blood be on his head!'
He turned in wrath, to give the thrust again;
But the false villain, ere the words were said,
Put spurs into his horse and fled amain,
Stooping his rascal shoulders, as he fled.
Cloridan, when he sees Medoro fall,
Leaps from the wood, and comes defying all;

And casts away his bow, and almost mad,
Goes slashing round among his enemies,
Rather for death, than any hope he had
Of cutting his revenge to its fit size.
His blood soon coloured many a dripping blade,
And he perceives with pleasure that he dies;
And so his strength being fairly at an end,
He lets himself fall down beside his friend.

The troop then followed where their chief had gone,
Pursuing his stern chase among the trees,
And leave the two companions there alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

There came by chance a damsel passing there,
Cloaked like a peasant, to eschew surprise,
But of a royal presence, and so fair,
As well behoved her keep grave maiden eyes.
'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.'
This, you must know then, was Angelica,
Proud daughter of the Khan of great Cathay.

You know the magic ring, and her distress?
Well, when she had recovered this same ring,
It so increased her pride and haughtiness,
She seemed too high for any living thing.
She goes alone, desiring nothing less
Than a companion, even though a king:
She even scorns to recollect the flame
Of one Orlando, or his very name.

But, above all, she hates to recollect
That she had taken to Rinaldo so;
She thinks it the last want of self-respect,
Pure degradation, to have looked so low.
'Such arrogance,' said Cupid, 'must be checked.'
The little God betook him with his bow,
To where Medoro lay, and standing by,
Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye.

Now when the princess saw the youth all pale,
And found him grieving with his bitter wound,
Not for what one so young might well bewail,
But that his king should not be laid in ground,
She felt a something, strange and gentle, steal
Into her heart by some new way it found,
Which touched its hardness, and turned all to grace;
And more so, when he told her all his case.

And calling to her mind the little arts
Of healing, which she learnt in India,
(For 'twas a study valued in those parts,
Even for those who were in sovereign sway
And yet so easy, too, that like the heart's,
'Twas more inherited than learnt, they say,)
She cast about, with herbs and balmy juices,
To save so fair a life for all its uses.

And thinking of an herb that caught her eye
As she was coming, in a pleasant plain,
(Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
Or some such herb accounted sovereign
For staunching blood quickly and tenderly,
And winning out all spasm and bad pain,)
She found it not far off, and gathering some,
Returned with it to save Medoro's bloom.

In coming back she met upon the way
A shepherd, who was riding through the wood
To find a heifer that had gone astray,
And been two days about the solitude.
She took him with her where Medoro lay,
Now feebler than he was, with loss of blood:
So much he lost, and drew so hard a breath,
That he was now fast fading to his death.

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
And made the shepherd get as fast from his;
She ground the herbs with stones, and then expressed
With her white hands the balmy milkiness,
Then dropped it in the wound, and bathed his breast,
His sides, and spine, and all that was amiss:
And of such virtue was it, that at length
The blood was stopped and he looked round with strength.

At last he got upon the shepherd's horse,
But would not quit the place till he had seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's corse;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obeys the will of the fair queen;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Goes and stays with him at the shepherd's cot.

Nor would she leave him, she esteemed him so,
Till she had seen him well with her own eye;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,
She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and fast.

The shepherd's house was good enough, and neat,
A little shady cottage in a dell:
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births befel.
There with such knowledge did the lady treat
Her handsome patient, that he soon grew well;
But not before she felt, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

Much greater was the wound, and deeper far,
The invisible arrow made in her heart-strings;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair;
'Twas from the naked archer with the wings.
She feels it now; she feels, and yet can bear
Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself: she thinks alone
How to cure him, by whom she is undone.

The more his wound recovers and gets ease,
Her own grows worse, and widens day by day.
The youth gets well; the lady languishes,
Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.
His beauty heightens like the flowering trees;
She, miserable creature, melts away
Like the weak snow, which some warm sun has found
Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

And must she speak at last, rather than die?
And must she plead without another's aid?
She must, she must; the vital moments fly—
She lives—she dies, a passion-wasted maid.
At length she burst all ties of modesty;
Her tongue explains her eyes; the words are said;
And she asks pity underneath that blow,
Which he perhaps that gave it, did not know.

O Count Orlando! O King Sacripant!
That fame of yours, say, what avails it ye?
That lofty honour, those great deeds ye vaunt,
Say, what 's their value with the lovely she?
Show me—recal to memory, (for I can't,)
Show me, I beg, one single courtesy
That ever she vouchsafed ye, far or near,
For all ye've done and have endured for her.

And you, if you could come to life again,
O Agrican, how hard 'twould seem to you,
Whose love was met by nothing but disdain,
And vile repulses, shocking to go through!
O Ferragus! O thousands, who in vain
Did all that loving and great hearts could do,
How would ye feel to see, with all her charms,
This thankless creature in a stripling's arms!

The young Medoro had the gathering
Of the first kiss on lips untouched before,
For never since her beauty blushed with spring,
Had passion's self dared aught except adore.
To render the fond step an honest thing,
The priest was called to read the service o'er,
(For without marriage what can come but strife?)
And the bride-mother was the shepherd's wife.

All was performed, in short, that could be so
In such a place, to make the nuptials good;
Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
But spent the month and more within the wood.
The lady to the stripling seemed to grow;
His step her step, his eyes her eyes pursued;
Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
Though she was always hanging on his breast.

In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
She had the charmer by her side for ever:
Morning and evening they would stroll away,
Now by some field, or little tufted river;
They chose a cave in middle of the day,
Perhaps not less agreeable or clever
Than Dido and Æneas found to screen them,
When storm and tempest would have rushed between them.

And all this while there was not a smooth tree,
That drew from stream or fount its gentle pith,
Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to be,
But they would find a knife to carve it with.
And in a thousand places you might see,
And on the walls about you and beneath,
ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
As many ways as lover's knots could run.

And when they thought they had outspent their time,
Angelica the royal took her way,
She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
To crown him king of her fair realm, Cathay.

BERNI

LAZY CORNER

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, October, 1845. Reprinted 1855, 1857, 1860. Text 1860.]

AMONG the rest a Florentine there came,
A boon companion, of a gentle kin.
I say a Florentine, although the name
Had taken root some time in Casentin,
Where his good father wedded a fair dame,
And pitched his tent. The place he married in
Was called Bibbiena, as it is at present;
A spot upon the Arno, very pleasant.

Nigh to this place was Lamporecchio (scene
Of great Masetto's gardening recreations);
There was our hero born;—then, till nineteen,
Bred up in Florence, not on the best rations;
Then, it pleased God, settled at Rome; I mean,
Drawn there by hopes from one of his relations;
Who, though a cardinal, and Pope's right arm,
Did the poor devil neither good nor harm.

This great man's heir vouchsafed him then his grace,
With whom he fared as he was wont to fare;
Whence, finding himself still in sorry case,
He thought he might as well look out elsewhere;
So hearing people wish they had a place
With the good Datary of St. Peter's chair,
A thing they talked of with a perfect unction—
Place get he did in that enchanting function.

This was a business which he thought he knew;
Alas! he found he didn't know a bit of it;
Nothing went right, slave as he might, and stew;
And yet he never, somehow, could get quit of it;

The more he did, the more he had to do;
  Desk, shelves, hands, arms, whatever could admit of it,
Were always stuffed with letters and with dockets,
Turning his brains, and bulging out his pockets.

Luckless in all, perhaps not worth his hire,
  He even missed the few official sweets;
Some petty tithes assigned him did but tire
  His patience; *nil* was always on their sheets.
Now 'twas bad harvests, now a flood, now fire,
  Now dev'l himself, that hindered his receipts.
There were some fees his due;—God knows, not many;
No matter;—never did he touch a penny.

The man, for all that, was a happy man;
  Thought not too much; indulged no gloomy fit;
Folks wished him well. Prince, peasant, artisan,
  Every one loved him; for the rogue had wit,
And knew how to amuse. His fancy ran
  On thousands of odd things, on which he writ
Certain mad waggeries in the shape of poems,
With strange elaborations of their proems.

Choleric he was withal, when fools reproved him;
  Free of his tongue, as he was frank of heart;
Ambition, avarice, neither of them moved him;
  True to his word; caressing without art;
A lover to excess of those that loved him;
  Yet if he met with hate, could play a part
Which showed the fiercest he had found his mate;
Still he was proner far to love than hate.

In person he was big, yet tight and lean,
  Had long, thin legs, big nose, and a large face;
Eyebrows which there was little space between;
  Deep-set, blue eyes; and beard in such good case,
That the poor eyes would scarcely have been seen,
  Had it been suffered to forget its place;
But not approving beards to that amount,
The owner brought it to a sharp account.

But of all things, all servitude loathed he;
  Why then should fate have wound him in its bands?
Freedom seemed made for him, yet strange to see,
  His lot was always in another's hands;
His! who had always thirsted instantly
  To disobey commands, because commands!
Left to his own free will, the man was glad
To further yours. Command him, he went mad.

29 more] worse *1845*. 41 for] with *1845*.

Yet field-sports, dice, cards, balls, and such like courses,
Things which he might be thought to set store by,
Gave him but little pleasure. He liked horses;
But was content to let them please his eye,
Buying them squaring not with his resources;
Therefore his *summum bonum* was to lie
Stretched at full length;—yea, frankly be it said,
To do no single thing but lie in bed.

'Twas owing all to that infernal writing.
Body and brain had borne such grievous rounds
Of kicks, cuffs, floors, from copying and inditing,
That he could find no balsam for his wounds,
No harbour for his wreck half so inviting
As to lie still, far from all sights and sounds,
And so, in bed, do nothing on God's earth,
But try and give his senses a new birth.

Bed, bed 's the thing, by Heaven! (thus would he swear,)
Bed is your only work; your only duty.
Bed is one's gown, one's slippers, one's arm-chair,
Old coat; you're not afraid to spoil its beauty.
Large you may have it, long, wide, brown, or fair,
Down-bed or mattress, just as it may suit ye;
Then take your clothes off, turn in, stretch, lie double;
Be but in bed, you're quit of earthly trouble.

Borne to the fairy palace then, but tired
Of seeing so much dancing, he withdrew
Into a distant room, and there desired
A bed might be set up, handsome and new,
With all the comforts that the case required—
Mattresses huge, and pillows not a few,
Put here and there, in order that no ease
Might be found wanting to cheeks, arms, or knees.

The bed was eight feet wide, lovely to see,
With white sheets, and fine curtains and rich loops,
Things vastly soothing to calamity;
The coverlet hung light in silken droops:
It might have held six people easily,
But he disliked to lie in bed by groups.
A large bed to himself; *that* was his notion;
With room enough to swim in, like the ocean.

In this retreat there joined him a good soul,
A Frenchman, one who had been long at court,
An admirable cook; though, on the whole,
His gains of his deserts had fallen short.

80 but] and *1845*.

For him was made, cheek, as it were, by jowl,
A second bed of the same noble sort,
Yet not so close, but that the folks were able
To set between the two a dinner-table.

Here was served up on snow-white table-cloths,
Every the daintiest possible comestible
In the French taste (all others being Goths),
Dishes alike delightful and digestible;
Only our scribe chose syrups, soups, and broths,
The smallest trouble being a detestable
Bore, into which not even his dinner led him;
Therefore the servants always came, and fed him.

Nothing at these times but his head was seen;
The coverlet came close beneath his chin;
And then, from out the bottle or tureen,
They filled a silver pipe, which he let in
Between his lips, all easy, smooth, and clean,
And so he filled his philosophic skin:
For not a finger all the while he stirred;
Nor, lest his tongue should tire, scarce uttered word.

The name of that same cook was Master Pierre:
He told a tale well, something short and light.
Quoth scribe, 'Those people that keep dancing there,
Have little wit.' Quoth Pierre, 'You're very right.'
And then he told a tale, or hummed an air;
Then took a sup of something, or a bite;
And then he turned himself to sleep; and then
Awoke and ate: and then he slept again.

This was their mode of living, day by day;
'Twixt food and sleep their moments softly spun;
They took no note of time and tide, not they;
Feast, fast, or working-day, they held all one;
Never disputed one another's say;
Never heard bell, never were told of dun.
It was particularly understood,
No news was to be brought them, bad or good.

But, above all, no writing was known there,
No pen and ink, no pounce-box. Oh, my God!
Like toads and snakes we shunned 'em; like despair,
Like death, like judgment, like a fiery rod;
So green the wounds, so dire the memories were,
Left by that rack of ten long years and odd,
Which tore out of his very life and senses
The most undone of all amanuenses.

One more thing I may note, that made the day
Pass well; one custom, not a little healing;
Which was, to look above us, as we lay,
And count the spots and blotches in the ceiling:

Noting what shapes they took to, and which way,
And where the plaster threatened to be peeling;
Whether the spot looked new, or old, or what;
Or whether 'twas, in fact, a spot or not.

GRAZZINI

CAUDATED SONNET

[First published in *The Book of the Sonnet*, 1867. Not reprinted.]

Dear Benedetto,—not to let you pine
For want of news of me, this comes to say,
My fever grows upon me day by day,
And bread I can as little bear as wine;
Judge how I must detest your turkey and chine.
At night, when I would sleep, to my dismay
I hear the gnats arming them for the fray,
And all they burn for, are these cheeks of mine.
Dread note of preparation! hideous hum!
First comes in air an awful mustering sound,
Fit to have scared Orlando from his blast;[1]
Then, raging, upon eyes, nose, mouth, they come,
Each trumping louder betwixt wound and wound.
Setting my wits and very soul aghast.
Fairly made mad at last,
I start up in the bed, and to the rout
Put them too well, by cuffing my own snout;
They, madder, turn about,
And rage as if they said,—'*You* rout us!—Never.'
I sit on, cuffing myself worse than ever:
Desp'rate and vain endeavour!
They quit me not till morn. By heav'ns! I think
'Twould make a very statue snort and blink.

[1] When he blew his horn in Roncesvalles. [H.]

CASA

A DEPRECATION OF THE NAME OF JOHN

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, September 1837. Reprinted 1844-60. Text 1844–60.]

Were I some fifteen years younger, or twenty,
Master Gandolfo, I'd unbaptize myself,
On purpose not to be called John. I never
Can do a single thing in the way of business,
Nor set out fast enough from my own door,
But half-a-dozen people are calling after me;
Though, when I turn, it isn't me; such crowds
Are issuing forth, named John, at the same moment.

'Tis downright insult; a mere public scandal.
Clergymen, lawyers, pedants,—not a soul,
But his name's John. You shall not see a face,
Looking like what it is, a simpleton's—
Barber's, porkman's, or tooth-drawer's,—but the fellow
Seems by his look to be a John,—and *is* one!
I verily think, that the first man who cried
Boiled apples or maccaroni, was a John;
And so was he who found out roasted chestnuts,
And how to eat cucumbers, and new cheese.
By heavens! I'd rather be a German; nay,
I'd almost said a Frenchman; nay, a Jew,
And be called Matthew, or Bartholomew,
Or some such beast,—or Simon. Really people
Who christen people, ought to pause a little,
And think what they're about.—O you who love me,
Don't call me John, for God's sake; or at least,
If you must call me so, call it me softly;
For as to mentioning the name out loud,
You might as well call after one like a dog,—
Whistle, and snap your fingers, and cry 'Here, boy.'

Think of the name of John upon a title-page!
It damns the book at once; and reasonably:
People no sooner see it, than they conclude
They've read the work before.—Oh I must say
My father made a pretty business of it,
Calling *me* John! *me*, 'faith—his eldest son!
Heir to his—poverty! Why there's not a writ,
But nine times out of ten, is served on John,
And what still more annoys me, not a bill:
Your promiser to pay is always John.

Some people fondly make the word a compound,
And get some other name to stand its friend,
Christening the hapless devil John-Antony,
John-Peter or John-Baptist, or John-Charles;
There's even John-Barnard, and John-Martin!—Oh,
See if the other name likes his society!

It never does, humour it as you will.
Change it, diminish it, call it Johnny, or Jacky,
Or Jack, 'tis always a sore point,—a wound;—
Shocking, if left alone,—and worse, if touched.

9 downright] an express *1837*. 31 once] the first sight *1837*.
43 John-Peter, or John-Charles, or John-Battista *1837*.
45 See] Hear *1837*.

RUCELLAI

FROM 'THE BEES'

[First published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, November, 1844; reprinted in *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, 1848. Text 1848.]

While bent on singing your delightful gifts
In lofty rhyme, O little virgins chaste,
Sweet little angels of the flowery brooks,
Sleep seized me on the golden point of morn,
And I beheld a choir of your small people,
Who, with the tongue with which they take the honey,
Buzzed forth in the clear air these earnest words:—
'O friendly soul, that after the long lapse
Of thrice five hundred years, dost please thee sing
Our toils and art, shun—shun, we pray thee, rhyme:
Shun rhyme, and its rebounding noise. Full well
Thou know'st, that the invisible voice which sits
Answering to calls in rocks, Echo by name,
Was hostile to us ever; and thou know'st—
Or dost thou not?—that she, who was herself
Turned to a hollow rock, first found out rhyme.
Learn further then, that wheresoe'er she dwells,
No bee can dwell, for very hate and dread
Of her importunate and idle babble.'

Such were the words that issued from that choir;
Then 'twixt my lips they put some honey drops,
And so in gladness took their flight aloft.
Whence I, with such divinity made strong,
Doubt not, O bees, to sing your race renowned
In Tuscan verse, freed from the clangs of rhyme.
Yea, I will sing how the celestial boon,
Honey, by some sweet mystery of the dew,
Is born of air in bosoms of the flowers,
Liquid, serene; and how the diligent bees
Collect it, working further with such art,
That odorous tapers thence deck holy shrines.
O sights, and O effects, lovely and strange!
Full of the marvellous and the beautiful!

20 the . . . from] his words, the speaker of *1844*.
21 they] he *1844*. 22 took] led *1844*.
For 30, 31 *1844 has three lines*:
Gather and work it with such art, that men
Thence mould the tapers, odorous, fair, and tall,
Which burn seraphical on holy shrines.

GUARINI

FROM THE 'PASTOR FIDO'

[First published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, June 1844; reprinted in *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, 1848. Text 1848.]

O Spring, thou youthful beauty of the year,
Mother of flowers, bringer of warbling quires,
Of all sweet new green things and new desires.
Thou, Spring, returnest; but, alas! with thee
No more return to me
The calm and happy days these eyes were used to see.
Thou, thou returnest, thou,
But with thee returns now
Nought else but dread remembrance of the pleasure
I took in my lost treasure.
Thou still, thou still, art the same blithe, sweet thing
Thou ever wast, O Spring;
But I, in whose weak orbs these tears arise,
Am what I was no more, dear to another's eyes.

1 thou] the *1844*.

TASSO

ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE

SUNG BY A CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS IN TASSO'S AMYNTAS

It is to be borne in mind, that the opinions expressed in this famous ode of Tasso's, are only so expressed on the supposition of their compatibility with a state of innocence. [H.]

[First published in *The Indicator*, March 15, 1820 (ll. 27–39, October 20, 1819); reprinted 1820 (in *Amyntas*), 1832–60. Text 1820 (*Amyntas*).]

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods dropped honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight,
Or that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:
But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistakes, that worshipped cheat,
That Honour,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote—
What pleases, is permitted.

3 dropped] wept *1832–60*. 16 mistakes *Amyntas* ('errori')] mistake *other edd.*

Then among streams and flowers,
The little winged Powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honour, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gatheredst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And put'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade that wilt not move,
That what was once the gift, is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
Go, and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

34 The maid, her childhood o'er *1844–60*.
65 truce] trace *Amyntas* (misprint).
52 *Indicator omits* what.

MARINO

TRITON AND CYMOTHOE

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine* ('Tritons and Men of the Sea'), April 1837. Not reprinted.]

A DREADFUL face in the Carpathian sea
After a sweet one, like a deer in flight,
Came ploughing up a trough of thunderous might—
Triton's—in chace of coy Cymothoe,
Rugged and fierce, and all a froth, came he,
Dashing the billowy buffets left and right;
And on his slippery orbs, with eyes alight
For thirst, stooped headlong tow'rds the lovely she;

Crying, 'What boots it to look out for aid
In weedy thicks, and run a race with him
To whom the mastery of the seas is given?
On this rude back, under the scaly shade
Of this huge tail, midst all this fishy trim,
Oft comes to sit the loveliest shape in heaven.'

FRANCESCO REDI

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY

A DITHYRAMBIC POEM

[First published 1825; reprinted complete, 1857, 1860; passages 1828 (*The Companion*, June 18), 1832, 1844. Text 1825. For variants see notes at end of book.]

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drowned
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world goes round.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DEDICATION

TO MR. JOHN HUNT

MY DEAR JOHN,—I cannot send you, as I could wish, a pipe of Tuscan wine, or a hamper of Tuscan sunshine, which is much the same thing; so in default of being able to do this, I do what I can, and send you, for a new year's present, a translation of a Tuscan bacchanal.

May it give you a hundredth part of the elevation which you have often caused to the heart of

Your affectionate Brother,
LEIGH HUNT.

FLORENCE, January 1, 1825.

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY

THE conqueror of the East, the God of Wine,
Taking his rounds divine,
Pitched his blithe sojourn on the Tuscan hills;
And where the imperial seat
First feels the morning heat,
Lo, on the lawn, with May-time white and red,
He sat with Ariadne on a day,
And as he sang, and as he quaffed away,
He kissed his charmer first, and thus he said:—

Dearest, if one's vital tide
Ran not with the grape's beside,
What would life be, (short of Cupid?)
Much too short, and far too stupid.
You see the beam here from the sky
That tips the goblet in mine eye;
Vines are nets that catch such food,
And turn them into sparkling blood.
Come then—in the beverage bold
Let 's renew us and grow muscular;
And for those who're getting old,
Glasses get of size majuscular:
And in dancing and in feasting,
Quips, and cranks, and worlds of jesting,
Let us, with a laughing eye,
See the old boy Time go by,
Who with his eternal sums
Whirls his brains and wastes his thumbs.
Away with thinking! miles with care!
Hallo, you knaves! the goblets there.

Gods—my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bare it!
'Tis Avignon. Don't say 'a flask of it;'
Into my soul I pour a cask of it!
Artimino's finer still,
Under a tun there 's no having one's fill:
A tun! a tun!
The deed is done.
And now, while my lungs are swimming at will
All in a bath so noble and sweet,
A god though I be,
I too, I too have my deity;

And to thee, Ariadne, I consecrate
The tun and the flask,
And the funnel and cask.

Accused,
And abused,
And all mercy refused,
Be he who first dared upon Lecorè's plain
To take my green children and plant them in pain.
The goats and the cattle
Get into the bowers;
And sleets with a rattle
Come trampling in showers.
But lauded,
Applauded,
With laurels rewarded,
Be the hero who first in vineyards divine,
Of Petrarch and Castello,
Planted first the Moscadello.
Now we're here in mirth and clover,
Quaff this jewel of a wine;
It comes of a delicious vine
That makes one live twice over.
Drink it, Ariadne mine,
And sweet as you are,
'Twill make you so sweet, so perfect and fair,
You'll be Venus at her best,
Venus Venusissimest.

Hah! Montalcino. I know it well,—
The lovely little Muscadel;
A very lady-like little treat,
But something, for me, too gentle and sweet:
I pour out a glass
For the make and the grace;
But a third,—no—a third, it cannot have place:
Wine like this
A *bijou* is
(I designed it) for the festals
Of the grave composed Vestals,—
Ladies, who in cloistered quires
Feed and keep alive chaste fires.
Wine like this
A *bijou* is
For your trim Parisian dames;
And for those
Of the lily and rose,
Who rejoice the banks of the Thames.
The Pisciancio of Cotone,
That gets Scarlatti so much money,
I leave for the weak heads of those
Who know not a thing when it's under their nose.
Pisciarello of Brasciano
Also hath too much piano:
Nerveless, colourless, and sickly,
Oversweet, it cloys too quickly.
Pray let the learned Pignatelli
Upon this head enlighten the silly.
If plebeian Rome must pet it,
Why,—for God's sake, let it.

Ciccio d'Andrea himself one day,
'Mid his thunders of eloquence bursting away,
Sweet in his gravity
Fierce in his suavity,
Dared in my own proper presence to talk
Of that stuff of Aversa, half acid and chalk,
Which, whether it's verjuice, or whether it's wine,
Far surpasses, I own, any science of mine.
Let him indulge in his strange tipples
With his proud friend, Fasano there, at Naples,
Who with a horrible impiety
Swore he could judge of wines as well as I.
So daring has that bold blasphemer grown,
He now pretends to ride my golden throne,
And taking up my triumphs, rolls along
The fair Sebetus with a fiery song;
Pampering, besides, those laurels that he wears
With vines that fatten in those genial airs;
And then he maddens, and against e'en me
A Thyrsus shakes on high, and threats his deity:

But I withhold at present, and endure him :
Phœbus and Pallas from mine ire secure him :
One day perhaps, on the Sebetus, I
Will elevate a throne of luxury ;
And then he will be humbled, and will come,
Offering devoutly, to avert his doom,
Ischia's and Posilippo's noble Greek ;
And then perhaps I shall not scorn to make
Peace with him, and we'll booze like Hans and Herman
After the usage German :
And 'midst our bellying bottles and vast flasks
There shall be present at our tasks
For lofty arbiter (and witness gay too)
My gentle Marquis there of Oliveto.

Meanwhile, upon the Arno here,
Lo, of Pescia's Buriano,
Trebbiano, Colombano,
I drink bumpers, rich and clear.
'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,
Gilding life when it wears shabbily :
Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,
That in the drinking
Swallowed thinking,
And was the receipt for bliss.
Thence it is, that ever and aye,
When he doth philosophize,
Good old glorious Rucellai
Hath it for light unto his eyes ;
He lifteth it, and by the shine
Well discerneth things divine ;
Atoms with their airy justles,
And all manner of corpuscles,
And, as through a chrystal sky-light,
How morning differeth from evening twilight,
And further telleth us the reason why go
Some stars with such a lazy light, and some with a vertigo.

Oh how widely wandereth he,
Who in the search of verity
Keeps aloof from glorious wine !
Lo the knowledge it bringeth to me !
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,
So invites me,
And so delights me,
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,
Had not Hippocrates
And old Andromachus
Strictly forbidden it
And loudly chidden it,
So many stomachs have sickened and died with it.
Yet discordant as it is,
Two good biggins will come not amiss ;
Because I know, while I'm drinking them down,
What is the finish and what is the crown.
A cup of good Corsican
Does it at once ;
Or a cup of old Spanish
Is neat for the nonce :
Quackish resources are things for a dunce.
Cups of Chocolate,
Ay, or tea,
Are not medicines
Made for me.
I would sooner take to poison,
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works :
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it ;
The Furies then took it
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpine all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely.

No dotards are they, but very wise,
Those Etrurian jolly boys,
Who down their pleasant palates roll
That fair delighter of the fancy,
Malvagia of Montegonzi,
Rapturous drowner of the soul,
When I feel it gurgling, murmuring,
Down my throat and my æsophagus,
Something, an' I know not what,
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus;
Something easy of perception,
But by no means of description.

I deny not there 's a merit
And odorous spirit
In the liquid Cretan amber:
But 'twould sooner see one burst
Than condescend to quench one's thirst:
Malvagia, willing creature,
Hath a much genteeler nature:
And yet were this same haughty stock
But taken from its native rock,
And bred politely on the Tuscan hills,
You'd see it lay aside
Its Cretan harshness and its pride,
And in a land where drinking 's understood,
Win the true honors of a gentle blood.

There 's a squalid thing, called beer:—
The man whose lips that thing comes near
Swiftly dies; or falling foolish,
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.
She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English cyder:
He who'd have his death come quicker,
Any other northern liquor.
Those Norwegians and those Laps
Have extraordinary taps:
Those Laps especially have strange fancies:
To see them drink,
I verily think
Would make me lose my senses.
But a truce to such vile subjects,
With their impious, shocking objects.

Let me purify my mouth
In an holy cup o' the south;
In a golden pitcher let me
Head and ears for comfort get me,
And drink of the wine of the vine benign,
That sparkles warm in Sansovine;
Or of that vermilion charmer
And heart-warmer,
Which brought up in Tregonzano
An old stony giggiano,
Blooms so bright and lifts the head so
Of the toasters of Arezzo.
'Twill be haply still more up,
Sparkling, piquant, quick i' the cup,
If, O page, adroit and steady,
In thy tucked-up choral surplice,
Thou infusest that Albano,
That Vaiano,
Which engoldens and empurples
In the grounds there of my Redi.
Manna from heaven upon thy tresses rain,
Thou gentle vineyard, whence this nectar floats!
May every vine, in every season, gain
New boughs, new leaves, new blossoms, and new fruits:
May streams of milk, a new and dulcet strain,
Placidly bathe thy pebbles and thy roots;
Nor lingering frost, nor showers that pour amain,
Shed thy green hairs nor fright thy tender shoots:
And may thy master, when for age he 's crooked,
Be able to drink of thee by the bucket!
Could the lady of Tithonus
Pledge but once her grey-beard old
In as vast a tub of stone as
A becoming draught could hold,
That old worthy there above
Would renew his age of love.
Meanwhile let 's renew our drinking;
But with what fresh wine, and glorious,
Shall our beaded brims be winking,
For an echoing toast victorious?

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renowned
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound ;
There 's a topaz they make there ; pray let it go round.
Serve, serve me a dozen,
But let it be frozen ;
Let it be frozen, and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,
As the coldest that whistles from wintery skies.
Coolers and cellarets, chrystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element ;
No compound without it can give content ;
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the shady valley :
Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.
Hold there, you satyrs,
Your beard-shaking chatters,
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli,
With axes and pickaxes,
Hammers and rammers,
Thump it and hit it me,
Crack it and crash it me,
Hew it and split it me,
Pound it and smash it me,
Till the whole mass (for I'm dead dry, I think)
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.
If with hot wine we insack us,
Say our name 's not Bacchus.
If we taste the weight of a button,
Say we're a glutton.
He who, when he first wrote verses,
Had the graces by his side,
Then at rhymers' evil courses
Shook his thunders far and wide,
(For his great heart rose, and burned,
Till his words to thunder turned,)
He, I say, Menzini, he,
The marvellous and the masterly,
Whom the leaves of Phœbus crown,
Alterable Anacreon,—
He shall give me, if I do it,
Gall of the satiric poet,
Gall from out his blackest well,
Shuddering, unescapeable.
But if still, as I ought to do,
I love any wine iced through and through,
If I will have it (and none beside)
Superultrafrostified,
He that reigns in Pindus then,
Visible Phœbus among men,
Filicaia, shall exalt
Me above the starry vault ;
While the other swans divine,
Who swim with their proud hearts in wine,
And make their laurel groves resound
With the names of the laurel-crowned,
All shall sing, till our goblets ring,
Long live Bacchus our glorious King !
Evoè ! let them roar away !
Evoè !
Evoè !
Evoè ! let the lords of wit
Rise and echo where they sit,
Where they sit enthroned each,
Arbiters of sovereign speech,
Under the great Tuscan dame,
Who sifts the flour and gives it fame.
Let the shout by Segni be
Registered immortally,
And dispatched by a courier
A monsieur l'Abbé Regnier.

What wine is that I see ? Ah,
Bright as a John Dory :
It should be Malvagia,
Trebbia's praise and glory.
It is, i'faith, it is :
Push it nearer, prithee ;
And let me, thou fair bliss,
Fill this magnum with thee.

I'faith, it 's a good wine,
And much agrees with me :
Here 's a health to thee and thy line,
Prince of Tuscany.
Before I speak of thee, Prince bold and sage,
I wash my lips with this illustrious wine,
Which, like thyself, came upon this our age,
Breathing a gentle suavity divine.
Hearken, great Cosmo. Heav'n has promised thee
Here, down on earth, eternity of glory ;
And these, my oracular words, thine eyes may see,
Written already in immortal story.
When thou shalt leave us to return to Heav'n,
Laden with mighty deeds, and full of years,
To thine illustrious planet it is given
To roll around Jupiter, clear, grand, and even,
Flushing the brilliant Medicean stars ;
And Jupiter himself, glad of thy sight,
Shall show a more distinguished orb, and affabler delight.
To the sound of the cymbal,
And sound of the crotalus,
Girt with your Nebrides,
Ho, ye Bassarides,
Up, up, and mingle me
Cups of that purple grape,
Which, when ye grapple, ye
Bless Monterappoli.
Then, while I irrigate
These my dry viscera,
For they burn inwardly,
Let my Fauns cleverly
Cool my hot head with their
Garlands of pampanus.
Then to the crash of your
Pipes and your kettle-drums,
Let me have sung to me,
Roared to me, rung to me,
Catches and love songs
Of wonderful mystery ;
While the drunk Mænades,
And glad Egipani,
To the rude rapture and mystical wording
Bear a loud burden.
From the hill before us
Let the villagers raise o'er us
Clappings to our chorus ;
And all around resound
Talabalács, tambourins, and horns,
And pipes, and bagpipes, and the things you know, boys,
That cry out Ho-boys !
While with a hundred kits about their ears,
A hundred little rustic foresters
Strum, as they ought to do, the Dabbuda,
And sing us, and dance us, the Bombababa.
And if in your singing it,
Dancing and flinging it,
Any of yè tire awhile,
And become savage for
Greedy-great thirstiness,
Down on the grass again,
Let the feast flow again,
Falderallalling it
With quips and triple rhymes,
Motetts and Couplets,
Sonnets and Canticles ;
Then for the pretty plays
Of Flowers and What Flowers ;
And ever and always
We'll quaff at our intervals
Cups of that purple grape,
Which when ye grapple, ye
Bless Monterappoli.
Ay, and we'll marry it
With the sweet Mammolo,
Which from the wine-press comes sparkling, and rushes,
In bottles and cellars to hide its young blushes,
What time ripe Autumn, in the flush o' the sun,
Meets his friend Magalotti at the fountain,
The very fountain, and the very stone,
At which old Æson christened his lone mountain.

This well of a goblet, so round and so long,
So full of wine, so gallant and strong,
That it draws one's teeth in its frolics and freaks,
And squeezes the tears from the sides of one's cheeks,
Like a torrent it comes, all swollen and swift,
And fills one's throat like a mountain rift,
And dashes so headlong, and plays such pranks,
It almost threatens to burst the banks.
No wonder; for down from the heights it came,
Where the Fiesolan Atlas, of hoary fame,
Basks his strength in the blaze of noon,
And warms his old sides with the toasting sun.
Long live Fiesole, green old name!
And with his long life to thy sylvan fame,
Lovely Maiano, lord of dells,
Where my gentle Salviati dwells.
Many a time and oft doth he
Crown me with bumpers full fervently,
And I, in return, preserve him still
From every crude and importunate ill.
I keep by my side,
For my joy and my pride,
That gallant in chief of his royal cellar,
Val di Marina, the blithe care-killer;
But with the wine yclept Val di Botte,
Day and night I could flout me the gouty.
Precious it is I know, in the eyes
Of the masters, the masters, of those who are wise.
A glass of it brimming, a full-flowing cup,
Goes to my heart, and so it lays it up,
That not my Salvini, that book o' the south,
Could tell it, for all the tongues in his mouth.

If Maggi the wise, the Milanese wit,
'Mid their fat Lombard suppers but lighted on it,
Even the people grossly cœnaculous,
Over a bumper would find him miraculous.

Maggi, whatever his readers may think,
Puts no faith in Hippocrene drink;
No faith in that lying-tongued water has he,
Nor goes for his crown to a sapless tree.
For other paths are his, far loftier ways:
He opens towards heaven a road of roads,
Rare unto mortal foot, and only pays
His golden song to heroes and to gods.

And truly most heroic were his praise,
If, turning from his Lesmian, like a Cruscan,
He took to drinking Tuscan.
Drawn by the odour, won by the sweet body,
I see another leave his herds at Lodi,
And foot to foot with him sit to drink,
With plumpy cheeks, and pink, as blithe as any,
The shepherd of Leméne;
Ev'n him I say, who, ere he ranked with men,
On bays and beeches carved, with happy stroke,
The strifes of the great Macaron; and then
The dotage of the boy over the brook.
And now he writeth in his riper years
Holier and lovelier things in starry characters.
But when he seats himself
Under an oak,
To the sound of his piping,
He spins me off pastorals
And maketh eminent,
Lo! the red pride of that fair hill of his,
Whose foot the fond Lambro takes round with a kiss;

Even, I say, the hill of Colombano,
Where the vines, with their twisting legs,
Instead of elms, go making love to figs.

If anybody doesn't like Vernaccia,
I mean the sort that 's made in Pietrafitta,
Let him fly
My violent eye;
I curse him, clean, through all the Alpha-beta.
I fine him, furthermore, for drink, alway
Brozzi, Quaracchi, and Peretola:
And for his shame and for his spite,
I think it right
To order him to wear that stupid sweet,
A crown of beet;
And on the palfrey of Silenus old,
I bid them set him the wrong way, and ride him,
While, all the way beside him,
A little insolent Satyr
Keeps an inveterate clatter
Hard on his back—videlicet, doth hide him.
Then let there be the worst of places found for him,
And all the boys got round for him,
And in his ears, till his whole spirit be gored,
The whole abuse of all the vintage poured.

On Antinoro's lofty-rising hill
(Yonder, that has its name from Roses,)
How could I sit! how could I sit, and fill
Goblets bright as ever blushed
From the black stones of the Canajuol crushed:
How it spins from a long neck out,
Leaps, and foams, and flashes about!
When I taste it, when I try it,
(Other lovely wines being by it,)
In my bosom it stirs, God wot,
Something—an I know not what—
But a little stirring fire,
Either delight, or else desire.

'Tis desire, to my thinking;
Yes, a new desire of drinking:
Something which the more one swallows,
Recommends the more that follows.
Pour then, pour, companions mine,
And in the deluge of mighty wine
Plunge with me, with cup and with can.
Ye merry shapes of Pan,
Ye furnishers of philosophic simile,
The goatibeardihornyfooted family.
Pour away, pour away,
Fill your gasping clay
With a pelting shower of wine;
Such as is sold
By the Cavalier bold
At the deluge, that mighty sign.
He sells it, and all
To buy scents withal,
So fondly thinks he, in his perfumery,
A scent to discover, that shall be so fine,
As to rival the scent of the mighty wine.
A thousand scents inventeth he,
With fans and small upholstery;
He makes very sweet perfumes,
And fumigations for your rooms;
He makes powderets,
He makes odourets,
And all for certain marvellously;
But never shall he find out, minions mine,
A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
From the summits of Peru,
From the forests of Tolu,
Let him lay
(I'll be bold to say)
A thousand drugs in, and more too,
Yet never shall he find out, Airy mine,
A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
Smell, Ariadne; this is Ambra wine:
Oh what a manly, what a vital scent!
'Tis of itself a nourishment
To the heart, and to the brain above it;
But what is more, the lips, the lips, boys, love it.

This fine Pumino here
Smacks a little of the austere ;
'Twere no respect to Bartlemytide
Not to have it at one's side ;
No shame I feel to have it so near,
For shame it were to feel so much pride,
And leave it solely to the bumpkins,
To drink it at its natural time of pumpkins.
Yet every wine that hight
Pumino, hath no right
To take its place at one's round table :
I only do admit.
The gallant race of it,
Which bears Albizi's noble arms and label ;
And which, descended of a chosen stock,
Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any sordid smoke.

Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any sordid smoke,
That cask ye lately broke,
On which a judgment I reveal,
From which lieth no appeal.—
But hold ; another beaker,
To make me a fit speaker !—
And now, Silenus, lend thy lolling ears :—
Who will believe that hears ?
In deep Gualfonda's lower deep, there lies
A garden for blest eyes ;
A garden and a palace ; the rich hold
Of great Riccardi, where he lives in gold.
Out of that garden with its billion-trillion
Of laughing vines, there comes—*such* a vermilion !
Verily it might face 'fore all the county,
The gallant carbuncle of Mezzomonte:
And yet, 'tis very well known, I sometimes go
To Mezzomonte for a week or so,
And take my fill, upon the greeny grass,
Of that red laughter through the lifted glass,—
That laughter red, that liquid carbuncle,
Rich with its cordial twinkle,
That gem, which fits e'en the Corsini's worth,
Gem of the Arno, and delight o' the earth.

The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno's hills,
Touches the sense with odour so divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,
Utters such sweetness from her little shrine.
When I drink of it, I rise
Over the hill that makes poets wise,
And in my voice and in my song,
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
I challenge Phœbus with his Delphic eyes.
Give me then, from a golden measure,
The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure ;
And like to the lark that goes maddening above,
I'll sing songs of love !
Songs will I sing more moving and fine,
Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.
Then the rote shall go round,
And the cymbals kiss,
And I'll praise Ariadne,
My beauty, my bliss ;
I'll sing of her tresses,
I'll sing of her kisses ;
Now, now it increases,
The fervour increases,
The fervour, the boiling, and venomous bliss.
The grim god of war and the arrowy boy
Double-gallant me with desperate joy ;

Love, love, and a fight!
I must make me a knight;
I must make me thy knight of the bath, fair friend,
A knight of the bathing that knows no end.
An order so noble, a rank so discreet,
Without any handle
For noise or for scandal,
Will give me a seat
With old Jove at his meat;
And thou made immortal, my beauty, my own,
Shall sit where the gods make a crown for his throne.

Let others drink Falernian, others Tolfa,
Others the blood that wild Vesuvius weeps;
No graceful soul will get him in the gulf o'
Those fiery deluging, and smoking steeps.
To-day, methinks, 'twere fitter far, and better, eh?
To taste thy queen, Arcetri;
Thy queen Verdea, sparkling in our glasses,
Like the bright eyes of lasses;
We'll see which is the prettier smiling varlet,
This, or Lappeggio with the lip of scarlet.
Hide it in cellars as it will, no matter;
The deeper rogues the sweeter.
Oh boys, this Tuscan land divine
Hath such a natural talent for wine,
We'll fall, we'll fall
On the barrels and all;
We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,
We'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses;
No measure, I say; no order, but riot;
No waiting, nor cheating; we'll drink like a Sciot:
Drink, drink, and drink when you've done;
Pledge it, and frisk it, every one;
Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down;
He that 's afraid, is a thief and a clown.
Good wine 's a gentleman;
He speedeth digestion all he can:
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
For those who talked with him yesterday.
If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,
Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,
He'd see that the heart that makes good wine
Is made to do good, and very benign.
Ho—ho! tongue of mine,
Be steady to speak of the master's art,
Who taught thee how, and in what fine part
Of thyself, O tripping tongue,
The tip and the taste of all tasting hung.
Tongue, I must make thee a little less jaunty
In the wine robust that comes from Chianti.
True son of the earth is Chianti wine,
Born on the ground of a gypsy vine;
Born on the ground for sturdy souls,
And not the rank race of one of your poles:
I should like to see a snake
Get up in August out of a brake,
And fasten with all his teeth and caustic
Upon that sordid villain of a rustic,
Who, to load my Chianti's haunches
With a parcel of feeble bunches,
Went and tied her to one of these poles,—
Sapless sticks without any souls!

Like a king,
In his conquering,
Chianti wine with his red flag goes
Down to my heart, and down to my toes:
He makes no noise, he beats no drums;
Yet pain and trouble fly as he comes.

And yet a good bottle of Carmignan,
He of the two is your merrier man ;
He brings from heaven such a rain of joy,
I envy not Jove his cups, old boy.
Drink, Ariadne ; the grapery
Was the warmest and brownest in Tuscany ;
Drink, and whatever they have to say,
Still to the Naiads answer nay ;
For mighty folly it were, and a sin,
To drink Carmignan with water in.

He who drinks water,
I wish to observe,
Gets nothing from me ;
He may eat it and starve.
Whether it 's well, or whether it 's fountain,
Or whether it comes foaming white from the mountain,
I cannot admire it,
Nor ever desire it :
'Tis a fool, and a madman, and impudent wretch,
Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
And then grown proud, and full of his whims,
Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,
And swells and tumbles, and bothers his margins,
And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.
Moles and piers, were it not for him,
Would last forever
If they're built clever ;
But no—it 's all one with him—sink or swim.
Let the people yclept Mameluke
Praise the Nile without any rebuke ;
Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus ;
I cannot like either, even for negus.
If any follower of mine
Dares so far to forget his wine,
As to drink an atom of water,
Here 's the hand should devote him to slaughter.
Let your meagre doctorlings
Gather herbs and such like things ;
Fellows that with streams and stills
Think to cure all sorts of ills.
I've no faith in their washery,
Nor think it worth a glance of my eye:
Yes, I laugh at them for that matter,
To think how they, with their heaps of water,
Petrify their sculls profound,
And make 'em all so thick and so round,
That Viviani, with all his mathematics,
Would fail to square the circle of their attics.

Away with all water,
Wherever I come ;
I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
All and some ;
Lemonade water,
Jessamine water,
Our tavern knows none of 'em,
Water 's a hum.
Jessamine makes a pretty crown ;
But as a drink, 'twill never go down.
All your hydromels and flips
Come not near these prudent lips.
All your sippings and sherbets,
And a thousand such pretty sweets,
Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
And fops whose little fingers ache 'em.
Wine ! Wine ! is your only drink ;
Grief never dares to look at the brink :
Six times a year to be mad with wine,
I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.
I, for my part, take my can,
Solely to act like a gentleman ;
And acting so, I care not, I,
For all the hail and the snow in the sky ;
I never go poking,
And cowering and cloaking,
And wrapping myself from head to foot,
As some people do, with their wigs to boot ;
For example, like dry and shivering Redi,
Who looks like a peruked old lady.

Hallo! What phenomenon 's this,
That makes my head turn round?
I'faith, I think it is
A turning of the ground!
Ho, ho, earth,
If that's your mirth,
It may not, I think, be amiss for me
To leave the earth, and take to the sea.
Hallo there, a boat! a boat!
As large as can float,
As large as can float, and stocked plenteously;
For that's the ballast, boys, for the salt sea.
Here, here, here,—here's one of glass;
Yet through a storm it can dance with a lass.
I'll embark, I will,
For my gentle sport,
And drink as I'm used
'Till I settle in Port—
Rock, rock,—wine is my stock,
Wine is my stock, and will bring us to Port.
Row, brothers, row,
We'll sail and we'll go,
We'll all go sailing and rowing to Port—
Ariadne, to Por—to Port.
Oh what a thing
'Tis for you and for me,
On an evening in spring,
To sail in the sea.
The little fresh airs
Spread their silver wings,
And o'er the blue pavement
Dance love-makings.
To the tune of the waters, and tremulous glee,
They strike up a dance to people at sea.
Row, brothers, row,
We'll sail and we'll go.
We'll sail and we'll go, till we settle in Port—
Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
Pull away, pull away,
Without drag or delay:
No gallants grow tired, but think it a sport,
To feather their oars till they settle in Port—
Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
I'll give ye a toast,
And then, you know, you,
Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,
Shall sing me a little, and play to me too
On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo.
A long pu—
A strong pu—
A long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether!
Gallants and boaters, who know how to feather,
Never get tired, but think it a sport,
To feather their oars till they settle in port—
Ariadne, in Por—Port;
I'll give thee a toas—
I'll give thee a toast—and then, you know, you
Shall give me one too.
Araneeny, my quainty, my queeny,
Sing me, you ro—
Sing me, you ro—
Sing me, you rogue, and play to me, do,
On the viò—
On the viòla, the coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
On the viòla, the coocooroocoo.

What a horrible tempest arises!
This place is full of surprises;
Hissings and devils all round one's ears,
Like a crashing of fifty spheres!
Pilot, pilot, old boy, save
Boys of wine from a watery grave.
Alas, what signifies good advice!
The oars are broken, the last rope flies!
Winds grow madder,
The waves are at war;
Lighten the vessel, the lading! the lading!

Splice the main tackle, boys—heave up the mast!
The ship's agoing to the end of the world—
I think it will e'en go past.
What I say, I don't very well know;
I'm not *au fait* at the water:
But it seems—to me—that there 's something the matter—
A breeze rather stiff or so:
The whirlwinds undoubtedly have come down
To crack the sea and all on the crown:
The billows foam like a world of beer:
And see—the sea-horses! they joust and they rear!
I'm sick!
We're all of us lost; that 's settled at any rate:
Gods! how my stomach I loathe yet exonerate:—
Bitter! bitter!—and yet 'twas a stock
Precious as ever was put under lock!
I think I feel lighter—
We're safe! we're safe!
Look at the prow there! the golden-haired stars!
'Tis Castor and Pollux—that pair of pairs!
Ah—no—no—no stars are they;
No stars are they, though they be divine,
But a couple of flasks of exquisite wine!
Exquisite wine is your exquisite reason
For settling disorders that come out of season,
For clearing one's tempests, and brushing apart
Fogs and all that in 'the lake of one's heart.'
My pretty little Satyrs,
In your little hairy tatters,
Whoever is the first now,
To help me quench my thirst now,
Whoever hands me up
Some interminable cup,
Some new unfathomed goblet,
To hubble it and bubble it,
I'll hold him for my minion,
And never change my opinion.
I don't care what it 's made of,
Gold, ivory, or fig;
It may, or it may not, be the richest ever read of,
But let it be the biggest of the big.
A small glass, and thirsty! Be sure never ask it:
Man might as well serve up soup in a basket.
This my broad, and this my high
Bacchanalian butlery
Lodgeth not, nor doth admit
Glasses made with little wit;
Little bits of would-be bottles
Run to seed in strangled throttles.
Such things are for invalids,
Sipping dogs that keep their beds.
As for shallow cups like plates,
Break them upon shallower pates.
Such glassicles,
And vesicles,
And bits of things like icicles,
Are toys and curiosities
For babies and their gaping eyes;
Keepsakes, and small chrystal caddies,
To hold a world of things for ladies;
I don't mean those who keep their coaches,
But those who make grand foot approaches,
With flowered gowns, and fine huge broaches.
'Tis in a magnum's world alone
The graces have room to sport and be known.
Fill, fill, let us all have our will:
But with *what*, with *what*, boys, shall we fill?
Sweet Ariadne—no, not that one,—ah no:
Fill me the manna of Montepulciano:
Fill me a magnum, and reach it me.—Gods!
How it slides to my heart by the sweetest of roads!
Oh, how it kisses me, tickles me, bites me!
Oh how my eyes loosen sweetly in tears!
I'm ravished! I'm rapt! Heaven finds me admissible!
Lost in an extacy! blinded! invisible!

Hearken, all earth!
We, Bacchus, in the might of our great mirth,
To all who reverence us, and are right thinkers;—
Hear, all ye drinkers!
Give ear, and give faith, to our edict divine—
MONTEPULCIANO'S THE KING OF ALL WINE.

At these glad sounds,
The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,
Shaking their ivy diadems and grapes,
Echoed the triumph in a thousand shapes.
The Satyrs would have joined them; but alas!
They couldn't; for they lay about the grass,
As drunk as apes.

REDI

Era 'l mio animo rozzo e selvaggio.

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. IV, 1822. Not reprinted.]

MY mind was like a rugged soil that lay
With thick and cloudy darkness overspread,
Which chilling skies and iron seasons made
A sterile waste, with their ungentle sway.
Warmed in the light of Beauty's genial ray,
Its icy bands were loosed, its rigour fled,
And many a budding flow'ret reared its head,
As blooms the meadow in the prime of May.
Then came Love's gentle summer breath, to form
Flowers into fruit: and soon his fostering care
Had to a golden Autumn led the way;—
But ah! fell Jealousy's untimely storm
Stirred by my lovely foe, soon filled the air,
And swept the harvest of my hopes away.

FILICAIA

PROVIDENCE

[First published in *The Examiner*, March 10, 1816. Not reprinted.]

JUST as a mother with sweet pious face
Yearns tow'rds her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still:—

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants;
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

FRUGONI

LITTLE PEOPLE PANEGYRIZED

[First published in *The Monthly Repository*, April 1838. Reprinted 1860. Text 1860.]

Little people, hear my song :—
In your praise I'm very strong :
Great big people, go along.

In the first place, you're best made ;
That 's a truth can't be gainsaid ;
And if it should be, who 's afraid ?

Beauty shows most art and grace,
When she works in little space ;
'Tis her most praiseworthy case.

For the force, you see, compressed,
Is forced to do its very best ;
And so it 's famed from east to west.

As to folks that threat the skies,
I never could, for all their size,
See whereabouts their merit lies.

Their make 's all anti-symmetry,
All legs and arms ; and grant they be
Handsome in face, what 's that, *per se* ?

They look like steeples, more extensive,
Than of brain-pan comprehensive :—
Their clothing must be very expensive.

Then their dancing ! riding !—Oh !
For my part I should like to know
How they could ever be the go.

Now your small man does all smugly,
Fits in every corner snugly ;
And if he 's ugly, he 's *less* ugly.

In peril who comes off so clean ?
In a fight who more serene ?
Besides, he 's very little seen.

Oh, littleness gives half their worth
To the rarest things on earth :
Pearls are ocean's prettiest birth.

But the big are rocks. To spy 'em
Makes the bravest that go nigh 'em
Pale, to think of passing by 'em.

Oranges are but small trees,
Yet, in pots, lo ! how they please ;
They're the garden's *protégés*.

But your mountain pines that throw one
At such distance, who would grow one
To adorn his window ? No one.

Lastly, mastiffs. See how they,
Being big, must slink away,
Or at best fill kennels,—eh ?

While your lap-dog, who refuses
To be larger than grace chooses,
All in ladies' linen snoozes.

Little people, one and all,
See if *now* your praise sings small ;
See if *now* ye mind the tall.

To such reasons cut and dry,
Let their heads be ne'er so high,
What can they possibly reply ?

39 *protégés*] *protégées* 1838.

THE DEBT OF THE GIULI TRE

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. II, 1823. Reprinted 1847, 1857, 1860. Text 1860.]

I. [Sonnet XXXV]

No: none are happy in this best of spheres.
  Lo! when a child, we tremble at a look;
  Our freshest age is withered o'er a book;
Then fine arts bite us, and great characters.
Then we go boiling with our youthful peers,
  In love and hate, in riot and rebuke;
  By hook misfortune has us, or by crook,
And griefs and gouts come thickening with one's years.
In fine, we've debts:—and when we've debts, no ray
  Of hope remains to warm us to repose.
Thus has my own life passed from day to day;
  And now, by way of climax, though not close,
The fatal debit of the *Giuli Tre*
  Fills up the solemn measure of my woes.

II. [Sonnet XCVIII]

Often and often have I understood
  From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's
  That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
  Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
  I know not; nor is this the best of places
For arguing that matter, as I could.
All that I know is this,—that *Giuli Tre*
  Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
  He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
  Has with one's blood some strange affinity.

III. [Sonnet XV]

Never did beetle hum so teasingly
  About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot
  Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teasing Creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
  The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
  But never comes the time,—the day is not,—
In which this vermin here will let me be.

Perhaps as bodies tend invariably
  Tow'rds other bodies by some force divine,—
Attraction, gravity, or centripathy,
  (God knows; I'm little versed in your right line,)
So by some natural horrid property
  This pretty satellite tends tow'rds me and mine.

4 Then] The *1823, 1847.* 22 arguing that] arguing on that *1823, 1847.*
29–42 *not in 1847.*

IV. [Sonnet X]

I 've said forever, and again I say,
  And it 's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
  Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
  With your insufferable importunity,
And for those d——d infernal *Giuli Tre*
  Haunt me without remorse or decency.
Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so
  You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me *sus. per coll.*—No, *Giuli*, no.
  The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
And drive you, *Giuli*, to a state so low,
  That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

V. [Sonnet CXXII]

Oh with what folly did they toil in vain,
  Who thought old Arnold, Sully, or Gabor wise,
  And night and day laboured with earnest eyes
To turn their metals into Golden grain!
How did their pots and they perspire again
  Over their sulphurs, salts, and mercuries,
  And never, after all, could see their prize,
Or do what Nature does, and with no pain:
And yet, ah me! why, why, dear Nature say,
  This lovely art—why must it be despised?
Why mayn't we follow this thy noblest way?
  I'd work myself; and having realized,
Great Heavens! a capital of *Giuli Tre*,
  Break up my tools, content and aggrandized.

VI. [Sonnet CXIII]

My Creditor seems often in a way
  Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
  Just like a friend.—You'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the *Giuli Tre*.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
  Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
  About the sailing of the French that night;
Or, what 's the news of Hanover and D'Estrèe.
But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
  By little and little, to his ancient pass,
And says, 'Well—when am I to have the *Giuli*?'
  'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
  Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grâce*.

55 you, *Giuli*] *you*, Giuli *1823*. 58 Arnold, Sully] Arnald, Lully *1823, 1847*. 58 Gabor] Geber *1847*. 59 earnest] anxious *1847*. 65 And yet, ah me!] Yet oh, good heavens *1823*. 69 Great Heavens] Good God *1823*. 78 D'Estrèe] D'Estreès *1823, 1847* D'Estreè's *1857*.

VII. [Sonnet CXL]

My Creditor has no such arms, as he
Whom Homer trumpets, or whom Virgil sings,
Arms which dismissed so many souls in strings,
From warlike Ilium and from Italy;
Nor has he those of later memory,
With which Orlando did such loads of things;
But with hard hints, and horrid botherings,
And such rough ways,—with these he warreth me.

And suddenly he launcheth at me, lo!
His terrible demand the *Giuli Tre*;
I draw me back, and thrust him with a No!
Then glows the fierce resentment of the fray,
Till turning round, I scamper from the foe;
The only way, I find, to gain the day.

90 loads] heaps *1847*.
91 horrid] cursed *1823*. constant *1847*.

ALFIERI

BENEDICTION

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. II, 1823. Not reprinted.]

PEACE be to the friars,
But in common attires:
Peace, priests, to you also,
But few, and don't bawl so:
Our cardinals bright
Let 'em leave us our light:
The chief of the set
Let him take to his net:
Then laws, and no king;
And let Italy sing.

EPIGRAM UPON THE TREATMENT OF THE WORD 'CAPTAIN' BY THE ITALIANS, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. I, 1823. Not reprinted.]

Capitano è parola
Sonante, intera, è nell' Italia nata;
Capitèn, già sconsola,
Nasalmente dai Galli smozzicata;
Keptn poi dentro gola
De' Britanni aspri sen sta straspolpata.

IMITATED AND ANSWERED

Poor Italy, one needs must own,
Has the word 'Captain', and the word alone;
France had the man, but gave him those
Whom he had taken for her by the nose;
England had hers, and has him still,
Who'll cut her own throat for her, if she will.

AN ULTRA LICENSE

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. II, 1823. Not reprinted.]

THE approbation
Of Father Stuffation
For the imprimation
Of a pamphliteration
Which a light of the nation
With all humiliation
Sends a man in great station
With a dedication.

PRINT IT BY ALL MEANS, PRINT IT:
THERE 'S NOTHING RATIONAL, NOT E'EN A HINT, IN'T.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. II, 1823. Reprinted 1857, 1860. Text 1857, 1860. For variants see notes at end of book.]

THOU lofty mirror, Truth, let me be shown
Such as I am, in body and in mind;
Hair plainly red, retreating now behind;
Of stature tall, head bent and looking prone;
A meagre body on two stilts of bone;
Fair skin, blue eyes, good air, nose well defined,
Mouth handsome, teeth such as are rare to find,
And paler in the face than king on throne.

Now harsh and bitter, pleasant now and mild;
A quickly roused yet no malignant foe;
My heart, and mind, and self, never in tune;
Sad for the most part, then in such a flow
Of spirits, I seem now hero, now buffoon;—
Man, art thou great or vile?—Die, and thou'lt know.

SATIRE UPON MONEY-GETTING

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823 ('Letters from Abroad,' III). Not reprinted.]

YES, glutton of the land and sea,
This pursy age's deity,
I'll dirt my pen awhile with thee.

For since this gloating in a purse,
Which blinds mankind, grows worse and worse,
'Tis fit I smite thee with a verse.

Half-freedom's child, I know thou art:
I'll prove thee father, ere we part,
Of two-fold slavery and no heart.

Lo, dry-drawn Europe sends her brood
Of traders out, like a new flood,
To sow the earth with tears and blood.

Whether a land 's at war or peace,
Produces metals, tops, or teas,
Or lives in towns, or villages,

This vermin, mightiest thing alive,
Makes them all herd, and crowd, and drive,
To fatten up its hungry hive.

Unjust and stupid, we despise
The Jew that buys, and sells, and buys,
As if we acted otherwise !

Nay, we are worse ; for not content,
Like other thieves, with a home rent,
We rob on every continent.

I pass the Americans that bled
For Spain's fierce thirst, and English bread,
Torn from the Indians it should feed :

Were I to track through all his woes
The monster to his swaddling clothes,
Where I should end, God only knows.

Enough for me, if I can tear
The mask off now, and show the care
Hag Europe takes to be thought fair.

How should we crown her, having trod
Whole nations down for this her god ?
With laurel ? No,—with salted cod.

TO GENOA

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823 ('Letters from Abroad,' III) ; reprinted 1860. No variants.]

Proud city, that by the Ligurian sea
Sittest as at a mirror, lofty and fair ;
And towering from thy curving banks in air,
Scornest the mountains that attend on thee ;
Why, with such structures, to which Italy
Has nothing else, though glorious, to compare,
Hast thou not souls, with something like a share,
Of look, heart, spirit, and ingenuity ?

Better to bury at once ('twould cost thee less)
Thy golden-sweating heaps, where cramped from light,
They and their pinched fasts ply their old distress.
Thy rotting wealth, unspent, like a thick blight,
Clouds the close eyes of these :—dark hands oppress
With superstition those :—and all is night.

ENGLISH COURTSHIP

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823. Reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

Dialogue between a Chair in Italy and a Gentleman from England.

CHAIR

What is the reason, Sir, that every day
You load me thus for nothing, hours and hours?
Is this the manner, pray,
Of making love in that cold clime of yours?
You may be heavy for a century,
And get no further with the lovely she.

GENTLEMAN

And hast thou too conspired against me, chair?
I love, 'tis true—too true—and dare not say it:
But surely my whole air,
My looks, my very silence, all display it:
Every one, doubtless, must perceive the fire,
That gnaws and eats me up with fierce desire.

CHAIR

For God's sake, speak then, or you'll never do:
What you do now by the fair lady's side,
I boast of doing too:—
It makes me mad to find you thus tongue-tied,—
To see you sit and stare, like a stuck pig.
You make me speak myself, who am but fig.

Title English Courtship *not in 1823.*

LEARNING TUSCAN

Dialogue between the Poet and his Florentine Laundress, Nera Colomboli.

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823. Reprinted 1857, 1860. No variants.]

A. Why, Mistress Nera, what the devil's here?
To bring my stockings home at last undone?
N. Undone! Ah! God knows, if I've sewn and sewn;
But they so *spider-web*, it's a despair.
A. So *spider-web*, schoolmistress! Why, that's queer.
N. How? Anything that we put off and on,
And wear and wear, till all the stuff is gone,
Dosen't it *spider-web*? I think it's clear.
A. *Spider-web*? I don't take it; what d'ye mean?
N. Lord bless me, Sir, break me a spider's web,
And see if I can sew it up again.
A. Ah! It is I that am the unlicked cub.
I grow grey writing Tuscan, but in vain:
A sorry graft, fit only for the grub.

Title Learning Tuscan *not in 1823.* Sub-title *the Poet*] Alfieri *1823.*

GALGANO

'OH ORANGES'

[First published in *The Indicator*, July 5, 1820. Not reprinted.]

Oh oranges, sweet oranges,
Plumpy cheeks that peep in trees,
The crabbed'st churl in all the south
Would hardly let a thirsty mouth
Gaze at ye, and long to taste,
Nor grant one golden kiss at last.
La, la, la,—la sol fa mi—
My lady looked through the orange-tree.

Yet cheeks there are, yet cheeks there are,
Sweeter—Oh good God, how far!—
That make a thirst like very death
Down to the heart through lips and breath;
And if we asked a taste of those,
The kindest owners would turn foes.
O la, la—la sol fa mi—
My lady's gone from the orange-tree.

PAZZI

COMIC SONNET

[First published in *The Book of the Sonnet*, 1867.]

The 'Eyes' of Petrarch have been read by Varchi,
And Varchi has put out the poor man's eyes,
As any one may see that has no eyes;
A thing, I must say, not becoming Varchi,
People used formerly to think that Varchi
Was of the Tuscan tongue the very eyes;
One that saw all things, though he shut his eyes;
A point on which they were deceived in Varchi:
So now, whereas all used to long for Varchi,
And not a soul could satiate his eyes,
Or cease vociferating Varchi, Varchi,
Nobody thinks it worth troubling his eyes
To give, as he goes by, one glance at Varchi;
So that poor Varchi fain would have no eyes.

ANONYMOUS

THE VENETIAN FISHERMAN

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823. Not reprinted.]

[*The burden, 'With your gallant going vessel,' is repeated at the end of every two lines.*]

Oh, fisher of the waters, Fidelin,
Come fish for me, I pray,
With your gallant going vessel,
With your gallant pull away.
La ra lo, la ra lay.

And what am I to fish for?
Oh, a ring I've lost to-day;
A hundred crowns I'll give thee,
And a purse both rich and gay.

Oh, a hundred crowns I'll have not,
Nor a purse both rich and gay;
Lady, I'll have a kiss of love,
And that shall be my pay.

FROM THE FRENCH

THIEBAULT, KING OF NAVARRE, TO HIS LOVE

[MS. in British Museum. Add. MS. 37210 ff. 116–19. First published in *The Indicator*, November 15, 1820. Not Reprinted.]

Ah! could I but forget
Her beauty, her sweet tone
And talking, and that lovely look at one,
My martyrdom, I think, were ended yet.

But ah! I cannot tear myself apart:
And great simplicity
Is hope in me;
Only such thrall
Gives one the heart
To go through all.

And how could I forget
Her beauty, her sweet tone
And talking, and that lovely look at one?
My martyrdom 's too sweet.

CLEMENT MAROT

ON THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET

[First published in *The Examiner*, April 4, 1824. Reprinted 1832–60. Text 1832–60.]

Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honour:
Yet after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure!
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays me.

1 fair] white *1824*. 2 Those . . . bloom] That voice, that tint, those eyes *1824*. 3 Yet after all] and yet in truth *1824*. 6 burst] break *1824*. 10 wherewith] with which *1824*.

THE ABBÉ AND HIS VALET

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 1, 1830. Reprinted 1860. No variants.]

Monsieur the Abbé, and Monsieur his valet,
Suit one another like straws in a pallet:
One's a whole fool, and t'other's a half;
One must be rallying, t'other must laugh;
One must have good wine, t'other hates bad,
And yet t'other morning, they quarrelled like mad;
For Monsieur the Abbé, in bed as he lies,
Must have his wine by him, or surely he dies;
While Monsieur his valet can sleep not a wink,
As long as he knows there's a drop left to drink.

A COURT LOVE-LESSON

[First published in *The Companion*, April 9, 1828. Reprinted 1832–60. Text 1832–60.]

A sweet 'No, no,'—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl: I'd have you learn it:—
As for plain 'Yes,' it may be said, i'faith,
Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, 'No, no, I will not let you.'

Title Yes and No *1828* A Love-Lesson *1844–60*.
6 lose] baulk *1828*.

BROTHER LUBIN

[First published in *The Companion*, April 9, 1828; not reprinted.]

To shuffle to town twenty times in a day,
Why or wherefore, no one can tell,
To do any thing which nobody may,
Brother Lubin will do very well.
But in a right conversation to dwell.
Or in a life that 's wholesome withal,
That 's for the Christians that heed the gospel;
Brother Lubin will not do at all.

To put (in a proper, thief-like style)
Another man's property in his own cell,
And leave you without either cross or pile,
Brother Lubin will do very well.
To get and to keep he proceedeth pell-mell,
And on his creditors loudly to call;
But to restore what might fill a nut-shell,
Brother Lubin will do not at all.

To lure some young damsel, by dint of a tongue,
Out of the fair house where she doth dwell,
No need of a crone that ought to be hung;
Brother Lubin will do very well.
Sermons with him are not things to spell:
But to drink clear good water, pray call
Your dog to drink it, for I can foretell
Brother Lubin will not drink it at all.

ENVOY

Sooner than good to do ill withal,
Brother Lubin hath a natural call;
But if there 's any good work to pursue,
Brother Lubin is one that won't do.

TO A LADY WHO WISHED TO SEE HIM

[First published in *The Tatler*, September 23, 1830; reprinted in *The Correspondence*, 1862, ii. 299. No variants.]

She loved me, as she read my books,
And wished to see my face;
Grey was my beard, and dark my looks;
They lost me not her grace.

O gentle heart, O noble brow,
Full rightly didst thou see;
For this poor body, failing now,
Is but my jail, not me.

Those eyes of thine found hope, and youth,
And vigour in my page;
And saw me better there in truth,
Than through the mists of age.

SONG

IMITATED FROM MAROT

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 30, 1830, unsigned. Not reprinted.]

I'm belov'd of one so fair,
  Heaven beholds no beauty like her;
Envious eyes, and pens, beware;
  Not a glance must dare to strike her.

Could the boy with blinded eyes
  But unblind them to behold her;
He would own the sweet surprise
  And with loving arms enfold her.

LA FONTAINE

LIPS VERSUS EYES

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823. Reprinted 1860. Text 1860. 1823 has 'Mouth' for 'Lips' throughout.]

Cyprus to wit: Sweet Lips *versus* Fine Eyes,
Before the Chamber of Precedencies.

The case was opened by Sweet Lips, who said,
'I summon Hearts. Let their reports be read.
Let them decide, my Lords, which of us two
Has most to say, to charm with, and to do.
Do, did I say? I'm ready to take oath,
I've more than I can do, though nothing loth:
Only it seems, I've not the happy art,
Of shedding tears, like Eyes! With all my heart:
My glory centres not in sight alone:
I satisfy three senses, they but one.
Odours and sounds to my sweet state belong,
And to delightful words I join a charming song.
My very sighs exhale a world of sweets,
Like zephyrs in the time of violets:
I have such ways to make a lover blest,
Such heaps—your Lordships will excuse the list:
And then, if Fine Eyes lay a wager with us,
To see who first can strike some heart beneath us,
Lord! how Fine Eyes go toiling round and round,
While, speak we but a word—the man's on ground:
We want no tricks, not we, to give the rosy wound.
Let Fine Eyes shut, they're no such wonder, they:
Sweet Lips has always treasures to display:
Coral without, and precious pearl within;
Who, when I deign to play, can hope to win?
Let presents fall in oriental showers,
The favours I bestow beat all their dowers.

Thirty-two pearls I wear about me here,
Of which the least in beauty and least clear,
Surpasses all with which the East is lit;
As many millions should not purchase it.'

Thus spoke Sweet Lips: on which was seen to rise
A lover, who was counsel for Fine Eyes.

He said, as you may guess, that for their part,
Love, without them, could never find the heart:
That as to tears, he felt, he must own, shocked,
To hear their very tenderness rebuked.
What could sighs do, he should be glad to know,
Unless their warrants stood prepared to flow?
The fact was, both were good, and Sweet Lips there
Wronged her own cause, and hurt her character.
There are delicious tears; and there are sighs,
On t'other hand, not over good or wise;
And Lips had better, as she says she can,
Have gained the cause by silence than this plan.
'What are the silent charms, the godlike powers,
To show for her cause, when compared with ours?
We charm a hundred and a thousand ways,
By sweetness, by a stealth, by sparkling rays,
And by what Sweet Lips blames—but is the part
We glory in the most—the gentle art
Of melting with a tear the manliest heart.
Where Sweet Lips gains a single conquest, we
Roll in a round of ceaseless victory:
And for one song in which she bears the prize,
A hundred thousand sparkle with Fine Eyes.
In courts and cities, in the poet's groves,
What is there heard of but our darts and loves?
Such sudden strokes we deal, such deeds we vaunt,
That those do well, who say that we enchant:
We come, and all surrender up their arms:
Though often in the whirl of those alarms,
Sweet Lips comes following in, and then pretends her charms.
Heaven grant the people ask not who she is,
Or she may speak, and 'thank the Gods amiss'.
'Tis true, she has two words of magic touch,
'I love;' but cannot Fine Eyes say as much?
We have a tongue that with no words at all
Can ask, and hint, and tell a tale, and call,
And ravish more than all the pearls and songs,
Which Sweet Lips musters round her tongue of tongues.'

The Counsel started here, and took occasion
To make a very happy peroration.
He caught a lady's eye, just coming in,
With an approach the sweetest ever seen:

He changed his tone, and with a gravity,
Seconded well by a reposing eye,
Said—'I've been taking up your Lordship's time
With trifling matters fitter for a rhyme;
Look there: my Lords, I think 'twould be absurd,
After that sight, to add another word.
Pray give the sentence:—we are quite secure:
My client would not tire the court, I'm sure.'

The lady, with a pretty shame, looked round
With speaking eyes, which dealt so wide a wound,
That all hands dropt their papers for surprise,
And not a heart but gave it for Fine Eyes.

Sweet Lips at this, seeing how matters went,
And forced to raise some new astonishment,
Resumed, and said—'To what has just been dropt,
(Which, by the way, is shockingly corrupt)
There is one word alone I wish to say!
My Lords, Fine Eyes do little but by day:
That silent tongue of theirs, when in the dark,
Makes but a sorry kind of frigid spark:
What I can do, needs surely no remark.'

This reason settled the dispute *instanter*:
Fine Eyes were much, but Sweet Lips the Enchanter.
Fine Eyes, however, took it in good part,
And Sweet Lips gave the Judge a kiss with all her heart.

65 Sweet] Fine *a mistake in 1823, 1860.*

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOUILLON WHO HAD EXPRESSED A FEAR THAT HE WOULD GROW TIRED OF CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

[First published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XIV, 1825 ('Criticism on Female Beauty'); reprinted in *Men, Women, and Books*, Vol. I, 1847.]

How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlightened by the looks,
  Of the most piquant of Princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?
  A turn-up nose too, between you and me,
  Has something that attracts me mightily.
My loving days, I must confess, are over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;
  Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,
  That brute, the public, will not care a jot:—
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.
  But should it happen, some fine day,
  That anything should lead me round that way
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it.

MADAME DESHOULIÈRES

A KISS IN REASON

[First published in *The Companion*, May 7, 1828. Not reprinted.]

Iris, amidst the fern,
Beside a tender lover,
Said, looking very stern,
And colouring all over,
'Where's that respect, Sir, pray? that niceness, Sir,
Which marks a lover's proper character?'

'Why,' replied he, 'twixt you and me,
Moments there are, my dove,
When lovers think, that it might be
As well to be in love.'

A LADY'S NOTION OF VILLAGE LOVE

IMITATED FROM MADAME DESHOULIÈRES

[First published in *The Tatler*, September 28, 1830, unsigned. Not reprinted.]

Love, which in courts is but a toy for spleen,
Is a grave matter on the village green.
The loving shepherd, laid upon the shelf,
Acts like a proper swain, and hangs himself:
The courtier sees his faithless fair another's,
And mutters with a shrug, 'Well, I've two others'.

BOILEAU

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

FROM THE LUTRIN

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 13, 1830; reprinted 1832–60. Text 1857, 1860.]

Meanwhile the canons, far from all this noise,
With rapid mouthfuls urge the hungry joys:
With flowing cups and irritating salt,
Their thirst by turns they lay and they exalt.
Fervent they feed, with palate and with eye;
Through all its caverns gapes a monstrous ven'son pie.

To these Fame comes, and hastens to relate
The law consulted and the threatened fate:
Up starts the chief, and cries 'Consult we too!'
With bile and claret strove his sudden hue.
Groans Everard from the board untimely torn,
But far away among the rest is borne.

A short and secret passage knew the band;
Through this they ruffle, and soon reach the stand,
Where Barbin, bookseller of equal eye,
Sells good and bad to all who choose to buy.
Proud up the platform mount the valiant train
Making loud way, when lo! so fates ordain,
As proud, and loud, and close at hand are seen
The fervid squadron, headed by the Dean.
The chiefs approaching, show a turbid grace;
They measure with their eyes, they fume, they face;
And, had they hoofs, had pawed upon the place.

Thus two proud bulls, whom equal flames surprise
For some fair heifer with her Juno's eyes,
Forget their pasture, meet with horrid bows,
And stooping, threaten with their stormy brows.

But the sad Everard, elbowed as he passed,
No longer could endure his demi-fast.
Plunged in the shop, he seizes on a book,
A 'Cyrus' (lucky in the first he took),
And aiming at the man (Boirude was he)
Launched at his head the chaste enormity.
Boirude evaded, grazed in cheek alone,
But Sidrac's stomach felt it with a groan.
Punched by the dire 'Artamenes', he fell
At the dean's feet, and lay incapable.
His troop believe him dead, and with a start
Feel their own stomachs for the wounded part.

But rage and fear alike now rouse their gall,
And twenty champions on the murd'rer fall.
The canons, to support the shock, advance:
On every side ferments the direful dance;
Then Discord gives a roar, loud as when meet
Two herds of rival graziers in a street.
The bookseller was out, the troops rush in,
Fast fly his quartos; his octavos spin.
On Everard most they fall as thick as hail,
As when in spring the stony showers prevail,
And beat the blossoms till the season fail.
All arm them as they can: one gives a scotch
With 'Love's Decree;' another, with the 'Watch:'
This a French Tasso flings, a harmless wound,
And that the only 'Jonas' ever bound.

The boy of Barbin vainly interferes,
And thrusts amidst the fray his generous ears:
Within, without, the books fly o'er and o'er,
Seek the dipped heads, and thump the dusty floor,
And strew the wondering platform at the door.

Here, with Guarini, Terence lies; and there
Jostles with Xenophon the fop La Serre.
Oh what unheard-of books, what great unknowns,
Quitted that day their dusty garrisons!
You, 'Almerinde and Simander,' mighty twins,
Were there, tremendous in your ancient skins:
And you, most hidden 'Caloander,' saw
The light for once, drawn forth by Gaillerbois.
Doubtful of blood, each handles his brain-pan:
On every chair there lies a clergyman.
A critical 'Le Vayer' hits Giraut
Just where a reader yawns, and lays him low.
Marin, who thought himself translator proof,
On his right shoulder feels a dire Brebeuf;
The weary pang pervades his arm; he frowns,
And damns the Lucan dear to country towns.
Poor Dodillon, with senses rendered thick
By a 'Pinchêne' in quarto, rises sick;
Then walks away. Him scorned in vain Garagne,
Smitten in forehead by a Charlemagne:
O wonderful effect of sacred verse!
The warrior slumbers where he meant to curse.
Great glory with a 'Clelia,' Bloc obtained;
Ten times he threw it, and ten times regained.

But nought, Fabri, withstood thy bulky Mars,
Thou canon, nursed in all the church's wars.
Big was Fabri, big-boned, a large divine;
No water knew his elemental wine.
By him both Gronde and Gourme were overthrown,
And tenor Gras, and Gros the bary-tone,
And Gervis, bad except in easy parts,
And Gigue, whose alto touched the ladies' hearts.

At last the Singers, turning one and all,
Fly to regain the loop-holes of the Hall:
So fly from a grey wolf, with sudden sweep,
The bleating terrors of a flock of sheep;
Or thus, o'erborne by the Pelidean powers,
The Trojans turning sought their windy towers.
Brontin beheld, and thus addressed Boirude:
'Illustrious carrier of the sacred wood,
Thou, who one step didst never yet give way,
Huge as the burthen was, and hot the day;
Say, shall we look on this inglorious scene,
And bear a Canon conquering a Dean?
And shall our children's children have it said,
The rochet's dignity, through us, fell dead?

67 for once] once more *1830*.
105 We stained the glory of the rochet's red? *1830–44*.

Ah, no; disabled though I thus recline,
A carcase still, and a Quinaut, are mine;
Accept the covert of my bulk, and aim;
A blow may crown thee with a David's fame.'
He said,—and tended him the gentle book;
With ardour in his eyes the sexton took.
Then lurked, then aimed, and right between the eye
Hit the great athlete, to his dumb surprise.
O feeble storm! O bullet, not of lead!
The book, like butter, dumps against his head.
With scorn the Canon chafed: 'Now mark,' said he,
'Ye secret couple, base and cowardly;
See if this arm consents against the foe
To launch a book, that softens in the blow.'

He said; and on an old Infortiat seized,
In distant ages much by lawyers greased,—
A huge black-letter mass, whose mighty hoards
More mighty looked, bound in two ponderous boards.
Half sides of old black parchment wooed the grasp,
And from three nails there hung the remnant of a clasp.
To heave it on its shelf, among the I's,
Would take three students of the common size.
The Canon, nathless, raised it to his head,
And on the pair, now crouching and half dead,
Sent with both hands the wooden thunder down:
Groan the two warriors, clashing in the crown,
And murdered and undone with oak and nails,
Forth from the platform roll, and seek the guttery vales.

The Dean, astonished at a fall so dire,
Utters a cry as when the punched expire.
He curses in his heart all devilish broils,
And making awful room, six steps recoils.
Not long:—for now all eyes encountering his,
To see how Deans endure calamities,
Like a great chief he makes no further stand,
But drawing from his cloak his good right hand,
And stretching meek the sacred fingers twain,
Goes blessing all around him, might and main.
He knows full well, not only that the foe
Once smitten thus, can neither stand nor go,
But that the public sense of their defeat
Must leave him lord, in church as well as street.
The crowd already on his side he sees;
The cry is fierce, 'Profane ones, on your knees:
The Chanter, who beheld the stroke from far,
In vain seeks courage for a sacred war:
His heart abandons him: he yields, he flies;
His soldiers follow with bewildered eyes:
All fly, all fear, but none escape the pain;
The conqu'ring fingers follow and detain.

Everard alone, upon a book employed,
Had hoped the sacred insult to avoid;
But the wise chief, keeping a side-long eye,
And feigning to the right to pass him by,
Suddenly turned, and facing him in van,
Beyond redemption blessed th' unhappy man.
The man, confounded with the mortal stroke,
From his long vision of rebellion woke,
Fell on his knees in penitential wise,
And gave decorum what he owed the skies.

Home trod the Dean victorious, and ordained
The resurrection of the Desk regained:
While the vain Chapter, with its fallen crest,
Slunk to its several musings, *lost* and *blessed*.

ELVES IN A MONASTERY

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LUTRIN

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 14, 1830. Reprinted 1832.]

Discord beheld, and with enraptured eyes
Shrieked a delight which tore into the skies:
The dark air, groaning with the dreadful blow,
Rolls a deep thunder to the far Citeaux,
Where midst fat Elves and Pleasures nonchalant,
The soft Indulgence keeps her favourite haunt:
Some, laughing, paint a monk's cheek red as wine;
Some in a corner feed an *embonpoint*;
Low bends Voluptuousness with Magd'len hairs;
And Sleep sheds poppies in the shape of prayers.

9 Magd'len's hair *1830*. 10 prayers] prayer *1830*.

THE OLD KINGS OF FRANCE

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LUTRIN

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 14, 1830. Reprinted 1832.]

Where are the golden times, when kings, who sat
Illustrious with the names of Fool, and Fat,
Still sat, and dozed, and left the vulgar cares
Of public government to counts and may'rs?
Their happy hours in softness slipt away,
All night in boozing, and in bed all day:
Only in spring, when cruel storms have done,
And the new air is tender with the sun,
Four gentle oxen, moving in a string,
Paraded in his town the sluggard king.

Oh times admired and mourned!—

PUBLIC WANDSWORTH LIBRARY

MASSON DE MORVILLIERS

MARRIAGE À LA MODE

[First published in *The Tatler*, September 30, 1830; reprinted 1860.]

Tom, you should take a wife—*Now love forbid!*
I found you one last night.—*The devil you did!*
Softly; perhaps she'll please you.—*Oh, of course!*
Fifteen.—*Alarming!*—Witty.—*Nay, that's worse!*
Discreet.—*All show!*—Handsome.—*To lure the fellows!*
High-born.—*Ay, haughty!*—Tender-hearted.—*Jealous!*
Talents o'erflowing.—*Ay, enough to sluice me!*
And then, Tom, such a fortune!—*Introduce me.*

MADAME D'HOUDETOT

LOVE AND AGE

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823; reprinted 1844–60. Text 1844–60.]

When young, I loved. At that enchanting age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reached the time for being sage,
Still I loved on, for reason gave me right.

Snows come at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim;
For still I love, and love consoles my heart;
What could console me for the loss of Him?

1 enchanting] delicious *1823*.
3 time for being] season to be *1823*
5 Snows come] Age comes *1823*.

DESTOUCHES

EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISHMAN

[First published in *The Tatler*, October 9, 1830; reprinted 1832, 1844, 1857. No variants.]

Here lies Sir John Plumpudding, of the Grange,
Who hung himself one morning, for a change.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS

LOVE AND WAR

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 29, 1824; reprinted 1832-57. Text 1832-57.]

Let us make love, let us make war,
This is your motto, boys, these are your courses;
War may appear to cost people too dear,
But love re-imburses, but love re-imburses.

The foe and the fair, let 'em see what we are,
For the good of the nation, the good of the nation;
What possible debtor can pay his debts better,
Than *De*-population with *Re*-population?

2 your] our *1824*

LOVE AND REASON

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MISTRESS

[First published in *The Examiner*, August 29, 1824; reprinted 1832-57.]

Phil. Think of reason,
Love 's a poison
Tender hearts should fear to touch.

Mist. From this poison
There 's no reason,
I conceive, to fear so much.

Phil. Dreadful poison!
Beauteous reason!

Mist. Horrid reason!
Charming poison!

Phil. Farewell, poison;
'Tis to reason
I direct my placid view:

Mist. Nonsense, reason!
'Tis the poison,
Sir, I must expect of you.

16 expect] request *1824*.

AN *A B C* FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN

WRITTEN UPON THREE LADIES, WHOSE NAMES BEGAN WITH THOSE LETTERS

[First published in *Monthly Repository*, November 1837. Not reprinted.]

Adieu, my books! Adieu, bay-tree!
Adieu, old dame Philosophy!
I study naught but letters three
Henceforth; to wit, my A B C.

Sweet task! yet not, I fear, quite free
From some impossibility,
Agatha, Bertha, Cecily,
Being, in fact, my A B C.

But then what theme for *bel esprit*!
What studies, void of all ennui!
Ardent, Benign, and Clever, ye
Teach all that 's good, dear A B C.

Ah, gentlemen of the Academy!
How proud and happy would you be,
For all your Greek and your glory,
To be sent back to A B C.

TABOUROT

ABEL AND MABEL; OR, WISE AND WISER

[First published in *Monthly Repository*, October 1837; reprinted 1844, 1857.]

Abel fain would marry Mabel;
Well, it 's very wise of Abel.
But Mabel won't at all have Abel;
Well, it 's wiser still of Mabel.

BOUTROUX

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

[First published in *The Tatler*, November 15, 1830. Not reprinted.]

[Calypso was inconsolable for the loss of Ulysses. She grieved that she was immortal.'—Telemachus.

Calypso thought living a curse,
Her fine immortality shocked her;
But surely she had a resource;—
Why didn't she send for the doctor?

LE BRUN

[First published in *The Tatler*, February 10, 1831. Not reprinted.]

In prose and in metre will Tom still compose;
But in writing he seems to lie under a curse;
For he constantly puts too much verse in his prose,
And as constantly puts too much prose in his verse.

ANONYMOUS POEMS AND EPIGRAMS FROM THE FRENCH

[First published in *The Tatler*, 1830-31.]

TO A BELL-RINGER

[October 9, 1830. Unsigned.]

You cursedest of all bell-ringers,
Why haven't you round your neck what you've got in your fingers?

A WISE DEATH

[November 2, 1830, unsigned; reprinted 1860. No variants.]

'Tis done; I yield; adieu, thou cruel fair;
Adieu, th' averted face, th' ungracious check;
I go to die, to finish all my care,
To hang.—To hang?—Yes,—round another's neck.

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA; OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGEN

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

[November 8, 1830; reprinted 1832. Text 1832.]

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA

A brave young Prince a young Princess adores;
A combat kills him, but a God restores.

PROLOGUE

A Musician. People, appear, approach, advance.

To Singers

You that can sing, the chorus bear:

To Dancers

You that can turn your toes out dance,
Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT I

Imogen. My love!
Almanzor. My soul!
Both. At length then we unite!
People, sing, dance, and show us your delight.
Chorus. Let's sing, and dance, and show 'em our delight.

ACT II

Imogen. O love!

[*A noise of war. The Prince appears, pursued by his enemies. Combat. The Princess faints. The Prince is mortally wounded.*]

Almanzor. Alas!
Imogen. Ah, what!
Almanzor. I die!
Imogen. Ah me!
People, sing, dance, and show your misery.
Chorus. Let's sing, and dance, and show our misery.

ACT III

Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor, and speaks.

Pallas. Almanzor, live!
Imogen. Oh bliss!
Almanzor. What do I see?
Trio. People, sing, dance, and hail this prodigy.
Chorus. Let's sing, and dance, and hail this prodigy.

4 The chorus you, ye singers, bear. *1830.*
5 Extend your knee-pans, you, and dance: *1830.*

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

[November 24, 1830. Unsigned.]

YOUNG Doctor Scribe is dead.—Young Scribe?—Yes, he
That wrote so well upon Longevity.

[February 10, 1831. Unsigned.]

I YAWN when you read!—Am I wrong then?—Oh, no!
That I listen what proof more complete can I show?

A N-ICE VOICE

[May 30, 1831, signed 'E'.]

THREE strapping clowns were seen one day (strange case!)
Holding poor Hodge up to his knees in ice;
'Twas terrible to see the fellow's face;
Yet there he sat, stuck fast as in a vice.

With wond'ring ire a passenger was seized:
'Good God!' cried he, 'what, have ye no remorse?
Hands off! give over!'—'Sir, be not displeased,'
A beadle said, 'we're making the man hoarse.'

'Hoarse!'—'Yes, Sir, manly in his tones like, gruff:
To-morrow's the saint's day in this here place;
And this here lad, who winces sure enough,
We're putting in a state to sing the bass.'

THE CURATE AND HIS BISHOP

WRITTEN DURING THE OLD RÉGIME

[June 4, 1831, signed 'E'; reprinted 1844–60. No variants.]

ON business called from his abode,
A curate jogged along the road.
In patient leanness jogged his mare;
The curate, jogging, breathed a prayer;
And jogging as she faced the meads,
His maid, behind him, told her beads.

They hear a carriage, it o'ertakes 'em;
With grinding noise and dust it rakes 'em;
'Tis he himself! they know his port;
My Lord the Bishop, bound to court.
Beside him, to help meditation,
The lady sits, his young relation.

The carriage stops; the curate doffs
His hat, and bows; the lady coughs:
The prelate bends his lordly eyes,
And 'How now, sir!' in wrath he cries;
'What! choose the very King's highway,
And ride with girls in open day!
Good heav'ns! what next will curates do?
My fancy shudders at the view.—
Girl, cover up your horrid stocking:
Was ever seen a group so shocking!'

'My Lord,' replies the blushing man,
'Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne;
Oh deem it, good my lord, no sin:
I had no coach to put her in.'

EXPOSTULATION AND CANDOUR

[June 13, 1831, signed 'E'.]

—Unfaithful girl! After such favours too!
Such bliss! To think that you should love another!

—Favours! Lord bless the man! I've done for you
No more than I'd have done for any other.

ALL IS NOT BLISS THAT FATTENS

[August 11, 1831, signed ☞.]

Ah, said a Frenchman to a jolly dean,
Who sate one day, twirling his thumbs serene,—
You clergy are the dogs for happy lives!
Nothing to do, no work, no wants, no wives!
Nothing to bother you at bed or board!
Hearts always gay; a cellar always stored;
Nothing to pay for it but saying grace!
Halt there, my friend! cries he of the red face:
Lavish descriptions raise uneasy questions:
D'ye count as nothing, pray, one's indigestions?

AN ORANGE VERSUS THE WORLD

[August 15, 1831, unsigned.]

Would you be wealthy in a trice,
And worth a Dutchman's throne,
Buy Orange at another's price,
And sell him at his own.

A GALLANT EPIGRAM!

[August 25, 1831, unsigned.]

I've lost my horse, my mistress, and my wife!
O woeful day! O fate without remorse!
Kate was, I own, the torment of my life;
And Fan the very devil of a wife;
But then, my horse!

ANOTHER GALLANT EPIGRAM!

[August 29, 1831, signed ☞.]

John, at confession, said he thumped his wife:
'Indeed,' exclaimed the priest, 'how often, pray?'
'Oh,—once a day.'
'How! Once a day! What, would you take her life!
A wife thumped once a day! Heavens, what a lot!'
'I own,' said John, 'I've somewhat too much gall;
But come;—confess me; and I tell you what;—
I'll give it her, this evening, *once for all.*'

THE SWORD-KNOT

[September 9, 1831, unsigned.]

Of her free-will she gave it me;
With her own hand she tied it:
Ah! would I could prevail on her
To wish that I should hide it!

4 should *misprinted* could *Sept. 9; corrected Sept. 13.*

D'HERBELOT

A BLESSED SPOT

FROM AN EPIGRAM OF ABULFADHEL AHMED, SURNAMED AL HAMADANI, RECORDED IN D'HERBELOT

[First published in *The Liberal*, No. IV, 1823. Reprinted 1832, 1860. No variants.]

Hamadan is my native place;
And I must say, in praise of it,
It merits, for its ugly face,
What everybody says of it.

Its children equal its old men
In vices and avidity;
And they reflect the babes again
In exquisite stupidity.

DRAMATIC POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

SCENES FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA

[First published in *The Indicator*, March 1, 1820. Not reprinted.]

Contarini. The Englishmen indeed, Sir, have graced us,
Not we the Englishmen. How instantly
Sebastian's friends laid himself out o' the boat,
Before our thoughts had time to find themselves,
And gave us back our pale one.
Molino. Like a god
In his own element. 'Twas a strange thing,—
That sudden shock. I never knew the like
Happen before in Venice, though our gondolas
Serve us for every purpose of the road,
And pierce about like fish.
Cont. It marred so too
The stately self-possession of the day,
Especially before our naval emulators.
How Malipiero's vexed!
Mol. He seized directly
Piero, the gondolier, who is supposed
To have meant this mischief out of some revenge
Towards his good master; and conveyed him off
With his fierce fist against the scoundrel's throat.
Cont. That 's settled then. Some singular punishment
Will mark this singular disgrace of Venice.

Enter SEBASTIAN

Mol. How are the ladies now?
Sebastian. Quite well again.
'Twas but a fright at last, though a severe one.
Fiammetta sparkles like a flower new washed,
And turns it all, as she is wont to do,
To chearfulness and grace.
Cont. A charming lady.
But how 's your mother?
Seb. She 's recovered too;
Yet though she had no drowning, takes on still,
Kissing my sister's hand, and cheek, and pressing her,
And then again turning to plenteous tears,
As if she wept for all that might have happened.
Mol. I have observed it so: the heart, as 'twere,
Takes pity on itself, and so turns fond
On its own gentle nature.

Seb. Yes, when tears
Come, as these do, seldom, and out of sweetness.
My dearest mother is of a true clay,
Much like her daughter; only former trouble—
The loss of a loved partner,—made her quit
The dance, and sit her down in a still patience,
Happy to see us nevertheless enjoy it.
She seldom weeps: but now that this rude shock
Has shaken up the long-collecting fountains,
She bathes her heart's great thirst.

Enter CANDIAN

Cand. Piero's escaped.
Seb. Escaped?
Cand. Escaped,—in an unguarded moment.
Poor Malipiero reddens for mere rage,
And will not patiently endure to hear
Even the English praised:—he says their coming
Is a bad omen.
Mol. 'Tis his vehemence.
He 's vexed at the escape; and to speak truly,
I think his natural emulation chides him
For not being quicker than the Englishman.
Cont. He'll make it up to him with double praise.
This jealousy in noble spirits runs forth
For its own self, only to turn again
With a new shape of ardour, and perform
Another's messages to fame more quickly.
Seb. It does so. I have heard my noble friend
Our visitor say, that spirits which have wings
Of muscular root enough to winnow up,
As they go on, the petty from the great,
Find something more successful than success
Itself, or rather than the name of it,—
Succeeding most where they most realize
Their own calm world of beauty, and inspire
A self-divested sense of it in others:
Like odour-wafting airs in summer-time,
In which the odour's praised, though not the air.
Cand. 'Tis wondered at by some, that Piero escaped;
And certainly 'tis strange, especially
As his own tribe are jealous of their fame,
And fall, like clamorous birds, upon foul play.
Yet as to what concerns our anxious friend,
Who is to wonder, that a spirit like his,
Unused to keep constrained its very thoughts,
Should let his generous hand forget its hold,
And find it a bad jail.
Cont. Who, Sir, indeed?
But we'll detain you, gentlemen, no longer

From our fair friends; pray tell them of our joy,
And willing envy of the Englishman.
Cand. Nay we will praise, and thank him, but not envy.
We can afford, I hope, to let a foreigner
Plunge in our waters for a lady's sake,
Without making the windows stare the wider,
And lift their stony brows up in astonishment.
But he 's a gallant fellow, and we 'll tell him so.

SCENE [II].—*The front of the Candian Palace*

Enter GREGORY

Gregory. This comes of travelling. It seems all a dream. I'm not sure that I shan't wake and find myself in the arms of the dear old chair at the Bull. My master, whom it is impossible to resist, offers me to go with him; I consent; and so he ties me in a manner to his coat like a witch, and off I go; first scouring over the road to the sea-side; then rocking up and down, up and down, till I'm sick; then scouring away again; then dragged up mountains into the clouds, till my teeth chatter for fear and cold; then whew! down again like a flourish on paper; then jolted along, all unbuttoned for heat; then bitten till I could have got the sign of the comb to scratch me; or scraped acquaintance with a brick wall; or taken to the cunning custom of flogging myself for penance; or winced, and tumbled, and beaten myself and the very air about me, like a shirt hung out to dry in a high wind:—then comes some more sea-rocking, and then says my master, 'Now, Gregory, we land for good:'—thinks I, looking about me, and seeing nothing but canals for streets, and houses standing out of them like so many cows in a pond,——I hope we don't land for evil: and I had scarcely thought the word, when we took to boating it again, and hey! presto! down goes that Will-o'-the-wisp, my master, souse over head and ears after a fish in petticoats.

Enter VANNI

Vanni. Well, Gregory, this is a strange unaccountable circumstance, isn't it!
Greg. What, a fall in the water! not half so strange to me, Vanni, as that you Venetians will have so much water to fall in.
Van. If we hadn't so much water to fall in, we shouldn't have so much love to fall in. Our shows and our shows-off by day, our gondolas, and our serenades, what should we do without them? And the water causes or sweetens them all. You'll hear guitars to-night twinkling about like stars. I won my mistress's heart by a plunge higher than was known before into the River of Song!
Greg. How these Venetians do talk! Guitars twinkling about like stars! and a plunge into the River of Song! there 's a name for a canal! It 's fine talking, and sometimes puts me in mind of my master's friends, Master Shakspeare and the others at the Mermaid; but what name comes home to me like the manly and natural one of Fleet Ditch!
Van. You seem sad, Gregory. We shall cheer you up before long. We have every thing here to make a man merry,—rowing, laughing, sunshine, music, women, every thing.
Greg. No, Sir, no, Sir,—you haven't my wife and Bunhill-fields.

Van. There 's plenty of fields over the water, and as to your wife, my dear Gregory, I never heard you talk much about her before. Besides, she told you she should be quite happy, you know; and she looked so.

Greg. Ah, Sir, and then you pretend that the English women are not so chearful as yours. Oh, I never loved my wife more than now I am in the thick of 'em. Oh, how I loved her during the squall at sea! and how prodigiously I did love her, when I thought I should have broken my neck on the top of the Alps! I hope, Sir, you found your intended as well as could be expected after your absence.

Van. Better than ever: as hearty as you'll find your wife, Gregory:—but how formal and ceremonious you seem to think it necessary to be in your pathetics. Come, man, I'll show you the lions, as you used to say, and keep my word better too, as far as stone lions can go; and then I'll introduce you to Momola. She'll rouse your spirits for you. We'll cross the way to St. Mark's. Bartolo, there! Hallo! Mind the canal, Gregory, you'll run over the parapet.

Greg. Lord! the very dangers in this place have nothing Christian about them! We can't even be run over by a horse, but must be warned how a parapet is run over by a man.

Van. We'll go round by the bridge if you prefer it, Gregory.

Greg. Ah, do.

Van. Never mind, then, Bartolo, this time.

Greg. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting with some dust.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace Candian.* VITTORIA *and* FIAMMETTA *sitting together, with books music, and flowers about them; the former with her face towards a looking-glass, adjusting something about her head.*

Fiam. My dear, dear mother, let me make you merry again.
I'm merry.

Vit. Be so, child,—be so, dear child.

Fiam. You see how stout I am; I'm drest before you.
'Twas but a kind of unexpected bath.
'Twas frightful to be sure; the sudden missing
Of one's dry senses,—the deaf plunge and bubbling,
And wrapping up in heavy wateriness:
But now that it is past, somehow or other,
One feels the grander for it, and, poor soul!
Fancies one's accident a grand achievement!
You're absent, mother! You're in the boat still!

Vit. No more of that, my love, I have you fast;
Your brother is come home, our noble bird,
Nobler than ever! What can I want more
To make me happy? I believe I want
Some pain to pinch away these foolish tears,
And make me, as before, give smile for smile.

Fiam. Shall I read to you, mother?

Vit. No, my child.

Fiam. Or sing? or dance? or bring your favourite picture
Of Dido playing with the cheeks of Cupid,
As if she said unwittingly, 'You rogue!'

Vit. Oh no, no, no! talk to me of things common;
Of dress, for instance, flounces, coifs, and fashions,
And what new creature we're to look like next,
When some great lady quarrels with her shoulder-blade,
Or has a private pique against her waist.
Fiam. Oh, if no waist, like a tied sack of charcoal,
Or like the letter B run up to seed;
And if a waist, why then we must be wasps
Cut right in two, or hour-glasses that show
The time by letting their wise heads run empty.
Or if we must be neither, we'll preside
O'er hoops, like busts upon a cupola;
Or turn to real walking bells, with feet
For double clappers; and let mother church
Look to high winds, or we'll have belfry and all,
For bonnet, with the penthouse, and stick in it
The whole Flower-Market and the shops of plumes,
And all the Sunday ribbons in the parish.
Vit. Why you dash on this morning like Sebastian,
Along your gay reflections in wit's gondola.
Fiam. And you must think of gondolas again,
And sigh, dear mother. Well, if you will think of 'em,
Pray tell me now what think you of the Englishman;
Taking him in the common light, you know,—
His look, his figure; for to say the truth,
Only don't tell, I've hardly seen him yet;
Though I've the recollection at my heart
Of—
Vit. What, my love?
Fiam. . . . . . His terrible pinching fingers.
Vit. Why, you sweet trifler! this is the way, is it,
You treat a—gentleman that saves your life.
Fiam. A gentleman that saves one's life! Well, really now,
That is a proper philosophic way
Of putting it, before we've got the right
Of speaking highlier of him for himself.
You mean, I know, you dare not trust yourself
Just now, upon that watery subject, mother;—
But this, believe me, is the very way
To speak of such good chances giv'n the gentlemen.
From what I've read, there are some ladies who
Think one such plunge renders a man invulnerable
To all objection. By their rule, one ought
To save one's life, only to lose one's freedom;
Begging the gentleman, that since a shark
Was not to have you, or since he had kindly
Taken the trouble to pick you up, he'd have you.
'Tis lucky, mother, the same principle
Does not extend to limbs, or 'twould be requisite
To give one's hand for saving it a scratch;

Or when a dog was hindered of his bite,
Present one's foot with an elaborate stretch,
Like a French dancer, and say, 'Gracious Sir,
You saved this foot of mine; will't please ye accept it?'
Vit. Oh rattler, rattler! How am I to know
That all this smiling surface of your talk
Has not grave ground beneath?
Fiam. . . . . Nay, mother, now
You make me blush to think that I could give
More than my thanks at first to one of whom
I know so little; grateful thanks, 'tis true,
Most grateful,—but—I'm sure *you* think a man
Should shew that he has picked up a few qualities
As well as ladies, ere he picks our hearts.
My brother, to be sure, is fond of truth,
Extremely fond,—but then as uncle said—

Enter CANDIAN, *followed by* MOLINO, CONTARINI, *and* MALIPIERO

Cand. And what did uncle say? Ladies, allow me—
The Signor Malipiero, a sad gentleman,
Who thinks it necessary to apologize
For not being a king-fisher.—We found him
Eyeing his would-be element at the door.
Mal. Nay, Sir, I yield to none in hearty chearfulness;
And as I hope and think the best of others,
'Tis thought, I trust, of me: and yet, dear ladies,
A man may reasonably regret, that chance
Should on the turn, as 'twere, of one swift instant,
Whisk him from shewing all his zeal for ye.
Vit. My daughter loves a good intention, Sir,
Too well to make it answerable to fortune.
Mal. (*to* FIAM.) Then, Madam, I may hope that this omission
Will not be held a punishable sin,
When heavenly eyes look down upon one's homage.
Fiam. If you mean my eyes, Signor Malipiero,
Which heaven forbid should look down on tall gentlemen,
I think no evil of our other friends here,
And why should I of you?
Cand. Come, Malipiero,
Settle these grave state questions by and bye,
For here 's Sebastian and the Englishman:
I saw them from the window, coming in.

Enter SERVANT

Signor Sebastian, and his noble friend, Sir.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* WALTER HERBERT

Seb. Dear mother, uncle, sister sweet, and gentlemen,
I need not introduce my noble friend
And yours—the Signor Walter Herbert, Englishman.
Dear Walter, this is the affectionate circle

I've told you of so often. Heaven be praised
You're in the midst of it, and have been so.
Cand. Our silence, Sir, must shew you what we feel.
This ready swiftness to oblige your friends,
Is, I perceive, a habit with you.
Herb. If, Sir,
Winning their ready kindness be obliging them.
'Tis counted so by some.
Vit. Sir, the best thanks
A mother can pay to you, who has been
Made breathless with two rushing visitations,
Terror and joy, is to shew what you saved for her:—
My daughter, Sir.
Herb. A pearl indeed, whose sight
Would pay a fathomless plunge.
Fiam. I cannot, Sir,
Pay compliments; I fear, I had expected—
I thank you, Sir, from bottom of my heart.
Herb. I am paid, Madam, beyond compliment,—
Almost beyond surprise, to think that two
Such spirits from the earthly heaven of womanhood
Should stand before me—pardon me this burst,—
And fancy that they owed me anything.
Vit. You can pay compliments at any rate, Sir,
Whether we must or not.
Herb. You make me vain, Madam;
And vanity assumes the right to praise,
Where silence is best worship.
Vit. Nay, Sir, I neither
Deny your right, nor, to say truth, our pleasure.
We feel but doubly flattered to conjecture
That you are driven by your sympathy
Out of your plainer path.
Herb. You judge me, Madam,
Truly and nobly.
Cand. You're no friend then, Sir,
To compliment in general?
Herb. Oh yes, Sir,
Where 'tis th' escape of pleased sincerity,
And not so needlessly alone, as shews it
Vanity and a superfluous common-place.
Vit. And what, Sir, as to taking compliments?
Herb. It seems to me, Madam, as I presume
It does to you, by your reception of them,
That not to take a compliment in general,
With leaning rather to the praiser's feelings
Than his true sight, or our own better merits,
Argues self-love rather than modesty.
Cand. You see, Sir, we have scarcely yet recovered
Our drowning, and our gratitude Come, this weight

Of mutual homage bows us into ceremony
In our own spite. It must give way to something
Quite as respectful, and more easy and pleasant:
Mutual enjoyment.
Seb. The right proposition.
Herb. I feel the hand of home, Sir, in this grasp.
Seb. Yes, Walter, we but fancy we're new friends here;
We are as old ones as the tastes we love.
Herb. And friends have other privileges in England.
Cand. Ay, and in most places. Come, girls, your cheeks.
[HERBERT *kisses them.*
Fiam. (*aside*). I told you how 'twould be, Mother.
My cheek's gone off already.
Vit. And your heart;
(*aside*) She blushes, and I fear I do so too:—
I have most cause.
Seb. (*to* FIAM.) Well, Sister gravity, and have you no praises
As well as cheeks?
Fiam. Yes, just as many as friends
Would wish to have just now;—at least I think so.
Herb. Your brother could not be more gladly answered,
Nor I more honoured.
Mal. 'Tis an answer, Sir,
Befitting the coy oracle that sits
Within a maid's sincerity: but suffer
Us to give louder grace to your achievement,
And hail you at the shrine whose present goddess
You have preserved. It was a happy deed,
And might have made us watery champions jealous,
Did it not e'en outbenefit envy.
Herb. That
Were to outdo the deeds of Hercules,
And make old Atlas turn to kiss his burden,
Like a borne lass. Your generous spirit, Sir,
Sees, like an eye, more infinite things outside it,
Than ever it would boast to hold itself.
You measure my desert by your great joy.
Mal. Is not this contradicting your own sentiment,
A little so at least,—denying us
The pride of giving you what you give others?
Herb. Well, Sir, to show you I can claim my due,
And have my benefits returned, I'll ask
This lady to speak for me, and to own
That what would have been done by any gentleman
Should not be charged so brightly on my scutcheon.
Fiam. Nay, Sir, I'll own still more, and plainly tell you,
And that without the fear of being tossed back
Into the sea for my ingratitude,
That I insinuated as much just now
To Signor Malipiero here himself.

Did I not, gentlemen? And did I rate
You, Signor Contarini, or you, Sir,
For not being quicker than our other friend,
And catching me no agues!—Pardon me,
But I should have asked, Sir, whether you suffered
The least—no clinging chilliness, I trust,
Or other—

Herb. Not the least, Madam; no more
Than if I had put my hand into a brook,
To bring away a lily. I had heard
Of your own welfare: and if I had not,
I see.—You, Madam, (*to* VIT.) scarcely seem so well,
As when I first came in.

Vit. Oh quite, Sir, thank you,
I feel the ebbing of these waters yet
At intervals. Quite well, child,—quite indeed.
Uncle, we're getting at our compliments
Again.

Cand. Indeed! I fear I've scarcely given our friend
A proper English welcome. Well; I hope
You'll spend the day with us, and teach us how
To interchange each other's cordial customs.
My nephew tells me you must leave us now
To visit the ambassador. Be it so;
But come back quickly—will you? that 's well looked:
For you must know, you have a face, young gentleman,
As full of dialogue as my niece's here.

Seb. In the evening we shall have a masquerade,
Which was already intended, and will serve
To let the whole tide of congratulation
Come in at once. A dance, a little music,
Hearts at their merriest, faces at their best,
And after all, a look into the still
And smiling ferment of our starry hour,
Whose ear is kissed with waters gently spooned,
Whose nightingale is Love, shall give you a taste
Of Venice to the core.

A FATHER AVENGED

[First published in *The Companion*, May 28 and June 4, 1828. Not reprinted.]

[DIEGO LAINEZ, *a noble old Spaniard, has received a blow from* LOZANO, *another noble, which is avenged by Diego's son,* RODRIGO DE BIVAR, *afterwards called the* CID.]

SCENE [I].—*A Room in* DIEGO'S *House. Enter* DIEGO *and* ARIAS

Diego. I tell you, Sir, it is impossible.
Conceal it? What! Conceal? What with a face
That never yet could look the easiest lie,

Nor play the wax-lipped servant at the door,
Denying who 's within! Conceal it? So!
And smite my conscience, as the dog smote me!
Arias. But, Sir, you live, upon the whole, retired:
Why not live quite so for a time; and so
Let the thing die away, even in your looks.
The Count is sad, believe me; and the King
Is most desirous of it.
Dieg. Sir, I'll tell you.
There is one person living in this city,
Who holds me busily in his respect,
And loves to hold; and were I, as I shall,
To sit alone all day, and wake alone
All night, and almost hold my very breath
As tainted with dishonour, till redress
Free my old halting blood from this new clog,
It could not be concealed from *him*: and that
Would pull the blood up in my cheeks as much
As if the whole world knew it.
Arias. Who is he?
Dieg. Diego. Who'll conceal it from Diego?
Who from that self-respecting (once) old man,
And from his haunted head? I cannot stir,
I cannot turn me, but each thing I see,
Even inanimate, a chair, or wall,
Changing its old indifferent or glad aspect
To something dreary, looks of what has been.
The saintly images, as I go past,
Appear to follow me with sliding eyes.
Contempt, with a fierce hand, has scored a line
'Twixt me and joy, and dares my weak old age
To pass; and so I stand, inwardly shrunk,
Doubting, confused, with shades that seem to press
Upon my dull-eyed brain, as if in me
The old house of Lain had fallen in
At top, and presently with a mad break up
Would dash its ribs together to the earth.
Arias. Believe me, reverend Sir, you think of this
Too much, although a Spaniard, since the king
Speaks as he does; and you remember how
The count himself asked pardon of the king.
Dieg. He should have asked it, Sir, of me; and shall.
Yes; there 's new life sometimes, although a short,
In this despair; I feel it; my dim eyes
Can flash yet ere they close; this reckless hand
Perhaps may turn its small remaining strength
To one good sum, and spend it like a man.
Sir, to say nothing of myself, I beg
For your own sake you'll leave me: I do indeed:
I shall perhaps say something which I would not.

You are a distant kinsman of the house
Of which I once was head. Did I not feel
The opposite of what you seem to think,
And know that vengeance is the only thing
Can make me what I was, I should rebuke
You for not rousing up your distant blood
To sweep away the blot: but yes—I know
You feel that I am right, and justly leave me
To vindicate myself. Do leave me so.
Arias. I'll hurt you, Sir, no longer. I obeyed
The king, I now obey a kinglier spirit.
[*Exit* ARIAS.

Dieg. There was a bastard of Lain Calvo's house,
Mudarra, a half Moor, who when he heard
His father was ill-used among the Spaniards,
Left his own country, mother, friends and all,
To come and fight for him; and turning Christian,
He did such work, and dealt such gashy deaths
Upon the heads of his blest father's enemies,
That ever since his great old sword has been
Among us like a relic; and no eye
Turns to that closet where it lies alone,
Stretched in its giant sheath, but thinks it sees
Almost the sepulchre of a living thing.
It shall come forth.
[*He goes to the Closet, and takes out a gigantic Sword.*
Alas! alas! I try
In vain to wield it; even despair will tighten not
This wrist hinge-broken, and this hand, which shakes
Like to a guilty one that is enforced
To hold some awful image. O age, age,
Remembering all good things, yet having none,
Fondest of lasting things when at thy last,
With not even strength enough to dig the grave
Where thou art forced to hide thee; thy poor eyes
Forsaken even of tears; thy wandering hands
Turned to habitual tremblers; thy grey locks
Tost in thy teeth with contumelious winds;
And all thy crazy being ready to fall
To shatters with a blow—O too, too well
Is the imaginary charm of reverence
Hung round about thee, since the first vile hand
That dares to break it, does; and there thou art,
The ruin of a man, with piping scorn
Through both thine echoing ears aching the brain.
I do forget—no, not myself—but those
Who may demand a better right to draw
Upon their future strength. Rodrigo,—not first—
And yet—but stay, old man. (*He calls out.*) Bermudo Lain!
[*He sits down. Enter* BERMUDO.

Come here, Bermudo. Are your brothers waiting,
As I desired them?
Ber. Yes, Sir, and most anxious
To know—
Dieg. Attend to me. What should be done,
Think you, were any one to insult your father?
Ber. You, Sir?
Dieg. Ay, me, Sir; I am but a man,
And an old man; or do you fancy, that
Your father cannot be so treated, boy?
Ber. I should think any man so old and reverend
Would be held sacred: but were he to be
Really insulted, being unable too
To reckon with the coward, he should ask
Right of the king.
Dieg. What! And be coward too?
Avoid me:—not a word: I shall not strike thee.
Thou strik'st thyself, and dost not feel the blow.
Every way are we struck. Avoid me, boy;
Hunt butterflies again: go, strike a top,
That sleeps on a sound beating. Begone, Sir. [*Exit* BERMUDO.
I must not sit and think. Now (*He calls again*), Hernan Diaz!
This is my youngest. He is like his mother,
More than even Rodrigo; and she, blest saint,
Would have blushed through and through her gentleness
To see me make this doubting muster. Hernan!

Enter HERNAN

Hernan, no words. I am not sick, nor dying,
Nor even in gentle mood. Yet hither: let me
Look in thy face. Thou art thy mother, Hernan,
Turned into man,—I hope. What shouldst thou do,
Thy father having been insulted, man?
Her. Insulted, dearest father?
Dieg. Ay, insulted.
What! are my children turned to hollow things
That thus they echo my mere words?
Her. Dear father,
I would have flown to comfort you at first
Had you but let me, and I'll stay with you
Now, if you please, and ever.
Dieg. Like a shadow.
Her. Ay, but not coloured so. Not even my mother—
Dieg. Name you not her. This day, for the first time,
I wished her spirit might not be looking at me;
Now I must wish she cannot see her children.
Her. O, Sir! What words are these?
Dieg. Words! All are words!
What is there else in old Diego's house?
Go, get thee gone, child; for thou art a child.

The mention of thy mother lets me call thee
That, and no more. Send Rodrigo in,—I say,
Send Rodrigo. He at least can play the man.
Rod. (*Entering*). Pardon this haste, Sir, but I thought you called.
Dieg. I like the haste, Sir, and the voice. How now?
What is this girlish loitering? (*Exit* HERNAN.) Now the last,
Most hoped, and yet most feared, yet still most hoped. [*Aside.*
Rod. O my dear father, what 's this mystery,
That must be shewn thus nicely to your sons,
And you the sufferer?
Dieg. No embrace, boy. No:
'Tis a familiarity, of which
Both parties should be sure that each is worthy.
Rod. Father! Good God! And how am I unworthy?
How long—nay, tell me, Sir, and I will end
This hideous dream at once.
Dieg. That would not end it.
Rod. What, Sir? I never spoke you false, and would you
Be wilfully unjust? You cannot, Sir.
Nor ought not;—no—even a father ought not;
And most a father ought not.
Dieg. (*Aside*). Oh that this . . .
Yet, boy, see, see the while; you dare to rail
Against your father by anticipation.
Rod. No, Sir, I dare do nothing that 's unjust:
Nor dare to think you could.
Dieg. Dare not even think?
Rod. No, Sir. How dare I think of anything,
That would, one instant, make me hesitate
To vindicate your name?
Dieg. To vindicate?
Rodrigo, I have heard you dare to speak
Against a noble vengeance.
Rod. Against vengeance.
Against the common fury, which starts up
From weak impatience and self-love, to shew
How great a thing has fretted it, and scourge
Into bad blood those who most likely want
Mere teaching, like itself.
Dieg. Have done—have done,
Over-proud boy; for now I see 'tis so.
Is there no difference of injuries?
None punishable for good? No noble vengeance?
Rod. What could make vengeance noble, would convert it
To something not itself,—there is——
Dieg. (*Hastily interrupting him*). Suppose me,
Here as I stand, an insolent traducer,
Worldly and envious, wreaking the uneasiness
(If you will have it so) of my own vile
Inferior nature on each thing about me,

Short of such worldly power as I could love;
Love! no not love, but worship as myself,
Because it raised me, met my understanding,
And did not of itself imply desert.
Rod. I should despise, and pity you.
Dieg. But suppose,
A woman or a boy came in my way,
Or, say, a man that had survived his strength,
An aged man, and that I raised my arm . . .
Rod. (*Hastily*) You'd be struck first.
Dieg. (*With the same quickness.*) 'Twould not be the first time.
Rod. What?
Dieg. Eldest born, I tell thee, this old body,
Whose armour used to laugh in rattling peals
Against a hundred scymitars, has been
Bowed with a blow! Ay, blow!
Rod. O ancient honour!
O father! O most reverend old man,
Whose vigour passed thee into these young bones,
Who was the monster?
Dieg. Will it be revenge
To punish him?
Rod. Oh no; most glorious justice,
Most right, most noble, he shall bow his head
To thee or to this arm.
Dieg. My son! my son!
O let me have thee. [*They warmly embrace.*
'Twas a thirsty grasp,
And quenched my heart. O, my dear glorious boy,
Eldest and best, true fire of my fresh love,
Triumphant promiser, in whom the spirit
Of our great house goes forth with young magnificence,
Clear as he came to me, and as he went;
Thy brothers, boy, reflect thy gentler beams,
But not thy grand ones, that shall smite the wicked
Like the noon-arrow. Yet—thou art but young.
Rod. Who was it, father,
That shewed such loathsome ignorance?
Dieg. One
I hate to name, but strong in every strength,
Limbs, manhood, skill, and courage.
Rod. No, not courage:
There he 's as weak as punished infancy,
Dieg. His courage equals not his rage; but still
'Tis great and counted so. He 's no light champion,
Like that Arabian youth; but thou shalt fight him
Nevertheless, Rodrigo, my own boy,
Thou shalt; for first it must be so; and next
There seems a greatness in thee, even beyond
What my old customary eyes can see

I called thee last, partly because I hoped
Most of thee, partly too because thou art
Mine heir, my eldest born, when thy young mother
Looked in my face and thought no envious eye
Could reach it.
Rod. Bless her memory; and may it
Bless me; for I am going to strike a blow,
Angels may look at. Who, my father, who?
Tell me where this strange beast, coward yet lion-like,
May be fetched forth.
Dieg. I will go say a prayer,
And send to him. Look upon that sword.
Rod. Mudarra's!
It is for me?
Dieg. It is, if thy young strength
Can wield it.
Rod. Come into my hand, thou sword
Of right and might, and up with my glad heart
Into the air! [*He wields it easily aloft.*
Dieg. More than Mudarra's there;
A Michael! Glare, thou high, prophetic sword,
In my young angel's hand, and fall (oh name,
That shakes me still!) upon Lozano's head. [*Exit* DIEGO.
Rod. Lozano! My Ximena's! Oh, there 's more
Sorrow to come in this. And she to bear
The shame of a bad father! This indeed
Is work for thee, Rodrigo, and probes deep
Thy courage to the heart. But I am right;
I must remain so, even to deserve her:
Some of us must be sufferers: it is fit
I, who am young and stout, should bear the burden
For my wronged father; she who is so virtuous
Can bear to suffer hers: and he, alas!
Who was compelled to lift it on her shoulders,
Shall win it off by inches to its own,
And worship her sweet pain, until it look
Forgiveness in his face. Away, away,
Fair image; and come thou, thought of my mother!
Leaning and whispering from the sky, to keep
My father in my mind.—[*He addresses his sword.*] Thou noble sword,
Grander to me than any famous one
Baptized in chivalrous blood, than Durlindana,
Orlando's sword, or old Excalibar,
That gave a light like twenty torches o'er
The battle, or Joyeuse of Charlemagne,
'Twas kindness made thee terrible; the arm
Of strong indignant love swung thee around
To winnow villanous chaff, and dash the teeth
Of envy and oppression. Fling thou not
From my young wrist; but let thy spirit rather
Supply the strength, that, still, fights for a father. [*Exit.*

Various scenes take place in this interval between LOZANO *and his friends,* XIMENA *and hers, &c. Then follows a scene* [II], *with a road over a hill, to which enter* DIEGO *and his Son.*

Dieg. That hill, with its long task, reminded me
Of my small sum of breath;—but thou?
Rod. Could shout, father,
Orders to a whole army at its foot.
Dieg. Bless thee. I thought I saw, a little on,
Lozano. Was it so?
Rod. It was. I saw him.
Dieg. He will be there before us; and thy spirit
Must fret at these old clogs.
Rod. Oh no; 'tis calm,
Seeing you so. There, father, breathe a while;
The Count shall be well-bred for once, and wait
Our leisure.
Dieg. My great boy! I shall quite know you,
I think, when I'm in heaven, and see how angels
Go down to battle. I am calm, because
I must be. Put your hand forth: so; now look
At that. [*He compares his own with it.*
There 's trembling, boy, and age, and anger.
And there—
Rod. [*Kneeling down and kissing it.*] The hand that shall allay them all.
Dieg. Come then.

Enter an Officer and Guards.

Officer. Castile!
Rod. Castile and right! Your errand, Sir.
Off. 'Tis only with the noble Count, your father,
Whom the king wills, on pain of his displeasure,
To keep at home till he hear further. There,
I thought to have found him; and am sorry, Sirs,
To stop ye in your walk.
Rod. We thank you, Sir.
Dieg. (*Angrily*). Sir, I——
Rod. (*Aside*). Dear father! recollect you have left
All settlement to me.—I can go on.
Dieg. That 's true. Come to me.
Rod. No; we are observed.
I'm in your heart, go where I will.
Dieg. 'Tis true,
Again most true. I am a child again,
And learn of thee.
Rod. Ay, ay. Besides, dear father, (*significantly*)
This gentleman will let you go with him
A little further to the palace gate;
And there, if you sit down on the old Stone
Of Justice,—why, I can return to you.

Dieg. Return! God grant it. You are strong, you tell me,
And confident?
Rod. As truth and right.
Dieg. And wield
The sword with ease?
Rod. It seems to have made itself
Lighter to ride my hand. [*Turning to the Officer.*
Be good enough, Sir,
To let my father in your company
Proceed a little further, and so rest himself
Upon the stone of justice.
Off. It is pleasant, Sir,
To do you service.
Rod. (*Grasping his father's hand*). For a little while. [*Exit* RODRIGO.
Off. (*Offering his arm to* DIEGO). May I supply to reverend Count Lainez
Awhile the office of his noble son?
Deig. Nobody can, Sir—Pardon me: have you
A father living?
Off. Sir, I have.
Dieg. Your arm. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [III].—*The Square of the old Moorish Palace, the Vesper-bell going. Enter* LOZANO *and* PERANZULES.

Loz. Nobody here—This is a stately place,
Fit for some great encounter.
Per. It was here
Mudarra fought with all that crowd at once.
Loz. Mudarra! So it was. We paint our ancestors
Too stout, I fear, if he escaped so well.
He was gigantic.
Per. Yes.
Loz. I wonder that
The king exchanges not his present house
For this, as he intended.
Per. There was something
Said of his coming here to-day to see it;
But it grows late.
Loz. Those Moors were singular architects,
Flowery and grand at once; arch, pile, and ornament,
Like mountain-building Nature. Is it not so?
Per. 'Tis true.—Will you then fight, Count, if the son
Or father dare it?
Loz. Fight! 'Tis not called fighting,
When you put back a bough that scratches you,
Or ruffles in your face. 'Tis idle.

Enter RODRIGO

Loz. Well, Sir,
You are alone? What message from your father,
The reverend old Count?

Per. Reverend! Old!
You have bethought yourself, it seems (*aside.*) I saw her;
Great God! I saw her, as I came along;
And yet his presence makes me long to cut him
Down like a monster.
Loz. Youth, bethink yourself,
And state your errand briefly.
Rod. Count Lozano—
You have insulted a grey-headed man—
A man near eighty years of age, my father.
You struck him: yes, you suffered your strong hand
To fall on an old warrior, now grown helpless.
Loz. Well, young Sir.
Rod. Well! You should forget to use
That word in any way. I'll tell ye, Count;
My father has been intercepted by
A message from the King. I come instead,
To offer you the choice between a common
And an uncommon thing; the uncommon one
An honour to you, if you understand it;
The common one, a mere necessity.
Loz. I wait while you repeat your lesson.
Rod. Have you
The spirit to undo a thing ill done?
Loz. What, you turn catechist! Your meaning, Sir.
Rod. Can you acknowledge to two noblemen
Whom you have done a wrong to, and dishonoured,
That you have done so?
Loz. Two! What mystery now?
Rod. You own to one:—the other is yourself.
Loz. Insolent minion!
Rod. 'Twas impossible,
I thought, that you should comprehend me. Well, Sir;
The alternative may still be understood.
Loz. Pray let us hear it.
Rod. He to whom you gave
A blow, is old and helpless; I am his son.
Loz. What, would you trick me into another blow!
Rod. Trick you! The thought begins to make me doubt
Whether you have any the least sort of courage.
Loz. Away, boy: have you not forgotten yet
The smell of the red paint upon the handle
Of your toy sword?
Per. Let me, brave youth, advise you.
Rod. Advise your friend, Sir, if you think him one;
I say his valour 's equal to his knowledge.
[PERANZULES *advances to calm* LOZANO.
Loz. Well, well; I should but turn the flat of my sword
Into a ferula, and teach the boy.
Rod. You teach me!

'Tis you that are the boy; you know not yet
Man's alphabet, one single jot of sentiment,
Nor how much magic strength it can put into
The weakest learner. Boy! By heaven, I tell you,
Your spirit is a child; and, were your body
As small, I'd take you here upon my knee,
And dandle you in pity.
Loz. Idle boy!
I've spoilt your house enough.
Rod. Then, since you're teachable
Neither by calmness, nor most just rebuke,
Nor seem to think there 's any way of teaching
But one, I'll meet your understanding. Now;—
My father sends you this. [*He runs at him, and gives him a blow.*
Loz. Back, Peranzules. This must be chastised.
Rod. Ay; and for your own sake, let me advise you,
Spare not the edge. (*Aside.*) O that I yet could wound him
All but to death;—or else that I myself
Might—and yet then—Ximena! Father! Aye,
Mudarra and my father! [*They fight with great fierceness and skill.*
Loz. 'Tis better play than I expected.
Rod. Aye,
It makes you breathe a little, and look grave.

Enter XIMENA *with* FATIMA *hastily*

Xim. Rodrigo Diaz! Father! For God's sake!
Loz. Cousin, convey away that foolish girl.
[PERANZULES *forces them out.*
Rod. That terrible sweet sight again!
Loz. You're pale, Sir.
Rod. Sir, for the sake of your own child, be noble.
Loz. You seek a proper second in a girl.
Entreat your life.

Enter DIEGO *with Officers and Guards*

Dieg. (*Crying aloud*). Me! me! I'll die instead.
Rod. Who talks of dying, father? Sit you down
Upon the stone of justice! Sit you down:
I am not breathed yet. [*They continue to fight fiercely.*
So you seek my life
At last, now stoop to that old reverend man,
Or I shall make you.
Loz. Scorn upon you both!—
Have I not bowed him down too low for any
But his own child to stoop to? Fall, and see.—
By heavens, I'm fiercely wounded.
Rod. To the heart!
[*He thrusts him with a death-blow to his father's feet.*
Pardon him, Sir, for he 's a dying man.
Dieg. He asks it not.

Rod. Then pity him the more,
For more his folly wants it.
Dieg. Fly, my son;
Fly, and I will.

[RODRIGO *flies amidst a sound of clashing swords.*

Dieg. (*holding his hands over* LOZANO). I do pardon thee,
Thou low-laid man, at my great son's request.
Loz. Heap of dishonour! Hide—I die in the faith.

[*He turns round, dashing his fist against the earth, and dies.*

Enter XIMENA *wildly*

Xim. I'll die! There 's some one dead!—I should have told it—
And now I'll tell it all—my heart—I—*Father*!

[*She unexpectedly sees her father's body, and sinks back in their arms:—the curtain falls rapidly.*

SCENE [IV].—*A Room in the late Count's Palace. Enter* FATIMA *from a door opposite the stage, listening, and looking cautiously about her.*

Fat. She comes.

Enter XIMENA

Xim. You missed me, I fear, Fatima.
Fat. Dearest and best, I did. How pale you look,
And how you speak!
Xim. I'll tell you bye and bye;
Not now,—not now. [FATIMA *helps her to sit down.*
Fat. Well, I have seen a man,
Was present at— [*She kisses her cousin's hand.*
Xim. Rodrigo's taken?
Fat. No;
Escaped.
Xim. Escaped! Thank God! and yet I should not
Thank God.
Fat. Oh yes, you should: you should do everything
Your nature prompts you to.
Xim. My father—my father!
You make me recollect, cousin, that he
Was now and then a little ungentle with you.
Fat. I never felt it half so much, as those
Ungentle words. But I'll forget them.
Xim. Do,
Pray do. I think, grief made Rodrigo cruel;
And then it bows me so, it makes me mean;
You know I utter desperate words at times,
And they revenge themselves.—I will have justice;
Ay, you may look as wild as I do, cousin;
But I have asked it of the King already.
My father's—he, I mean, who said he loved me,—
Would have reproached me, and called me a bad child,
Had I not done it.—Fatima,—last night, I dreamt

My father slowly passed by my bedside;
An angel led him, one with silvery wings
And a grave happy face. I thought they trod
On clouds, though close to me; and as they went,
The angel said, 'Tis painful to leave children:'
At which, methought, my father looked at me—
Oh, with so dreadful an indifferent face!
Not meant for such,—but just as if he passed
A stranger at a door, and answered, 'Yes,
But I had none!'—And it is true;
No child; no, no; Rodrigo cut off father
And child at once, or she would not stay thus;
The slaughterer did not stay. I will have justice,
Justice, most proper justice.
Fat. O take patience.
You took it but just now.
Xim. I was too wretched,
Even to be impatient. But to hear
He has escaped, and I have scarcely stirred
In my great task meantime!
Fat. He has not quite
Escaped; not quite; he has escaped awhile;
But they may reach him yet.
Xim. Who may?
Fat. The officers
Of justice.
Xim. God forbid! I shall denounce him
Again, but not when present: no, not face
To face; nor even in my neighbourhood.
They will not find him: no, no; he is wise
As the serpent:—I thought him harmless as the dove. [*She weeps gently.*
Fat. But those who harbour him may give him up:
They may be told to do it:—a price may be
Set on his head.
Xim. A price upon his head!
Oh, I have gazed at it, until I thought
It made the air about it still and sacred.
Oh, blessed heaven! had but my father known
How I did love him!—Yes, yes, I alone,
I must denounce him; aye, and find him too,
I think I must do that. How can I do it?
Were he but here—
Fat. (*Hastily*). What would you do?
Xim. I'd take him
And throw this heap of tears and wretchedness
At the king's feet, and say, this is the man;
And I am sure I should have done all then,
For then my heart would break.
[Rodrigo *bursts from the room door, and prostrates himself at her feet.*
Rod. Behold him taken,

O that I could have flung down at your feet
My heart like shattered glass. And yet not so,
Ximena; for 'twould pain your eyes to see
Even me punished.
Xim. O that voice! that face!
What a most dreadful thing has happened, since
I saw it last; and not to be recalled,—
No more than infancy. How couldst thou come,
Killer! within these walls, and yet not fear
That they would crush thee? Dost thou know who lies
I' the room above us?
Rod. One in blest forgetfulness.
Xim. How couldst thou think of him, and come?
Rod. I thought
Scarcely of anything but thee; and came
For nothing but to do as I do now,
And so begone again, as I will straightly,
Unless you bid me die.
Xim. You thought not of me
Before, before.
Rod. I did, Heaven is my witness!
How could I not? And when my father, after
I had engaged to be his champion, spoke
The name of him to whose renowned sword
I was to oppose myself, the fear of thee
Alone smote on me. Ere I went, I prayed
For thee, and called on thee through blinding tears:
And when I saw thee in that dismal place,
I could have wept blood at thy father's feet
To turn his heart, but he—
Xim. Ay, boast of that;
Boast that you begged him, as they say you did,
In my behalf, and that he cared not for me.
Rod. I said not so. He was too proud to think
His life in any danger from my hand.
I'll fly yet, if I can, and live:—and let me
Say, while those tears loosen thy gentle heart,
That if Lozano's daughter, as she will,
Plead to the king against me, I do not think
In any case, that he would take my life.
Banished I may be, ever; and with those
Who knew some happy hopes which I was building
Here in Castile, and do not hate me as
A human being, 'twill be held enough.
Xim. Surely.—I'll leave thee now.—Thou hast a wound.
Rod. I have, but 'tis not dangerous.
Xim. If it pain thee,
My cousin here—
Rod. I would it pained me more.
'Tis very bearable.

Xim. 'Twill be night-fall soon,
When thou canst go without the hazard of
Making me risk the safety of a guest.
Rod. 'Twill be a dark thick night; and, as I hoped,
Rainy and stormy. I shall thus go shrouded.
Xim. Cousin, I'd say one word with you, before
You take your leave.
Fat. Now?
Xim. When you please.
Fat. Well, now;
I have no speech. [XIMENA *prepares to take her leave silently.*
Rod. (*to* FATIMA). I'll wait till you're at leisure.—
Ximena!
Xim. Yes, I own here in the sight
Of Heaven, which pardons us our weaknesses,
That I must wish the task I have successless.
And I could wish more, but I must not—no—
'Tis past. And if Rodrigo recollects,
He has been known to say, that in hard trials
Such as these are, they show the kindest hearts
Who keep abstaining looks,—who do not fret
The ear of sad necessity, nor show
They love their grief before another's quiet.
Rod. 'Tis well reminded. I'll not even thank you
For those kind words. If ever you should have
Your peace again, as I believe you will,
Being good and wise, I shall be told of it,
And pass the day-time lightly.—I believe
'Twere right I should go first.
Xim. It must be spoken
It must; but wake not, thou dead angry one,
To hear it; nor do thou, Rodrigo, utter
One word in answer, but be dumb to the last,
And help me against thyself, when I declare
I love thee to the last; I do, as full
And quick as my tears run—Oh Lord, how much!
From this day forth, my life is as a life
Borne in a world from which the sun has gone,
A desolate and ever-raining twilight,
Drenching the downward heads of dreary hours,
That creep to their own funeral.—Away,
For I shall pain him; and I do,—being always
Of an inferior nature. Pardon me,
I cannot bear that smile; only not that;
There 's hope in it:—nay, pardon me again:
I owe your quietness thanks—now—now—he 's gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [V].—*A Room in* DIEGO'S *House. Enter* DIEGO

Dieg. It is the time he mentioned in his letter
For snatching this farewell. The night is fierce

And dark, as if the spirit of Lozano
Were maddening to remain, and still disturb us.
But now its worst is best. Oh, my great son,
Whose rarity sends thee out of house and home
To walk the inclement world, like to the spirit
Of Nature whom thou lovest, every sound
Of the wide-washing rain and headlong wind
Makes me think piteously of thy lorn state
And filial martyrdom, till I resent
Those weak unhonouring thoughts, and see thee as
The blessed and the lofty thing thou art.
The crowd o' the elements is a pomp to thee,
Honouring at once and hiding,—with the wind
Thy trumpet, and the balmy rains thy blessing,
Shed out of heaven's own cup; and so thou goest
Attended in thy magnanimity
By angels, who look at thee and each other.—
He comes not.—Stay—a clapping of a door—
'Twas what I heard before. Some one has left it
To the impatient handling of the wind.
A hundred voices are about the air,
Which the ear hears but knows not, answering
Like ministers to the lordly call o' the blast.
They fall. No—I hear nothing—nothing, but
The beat of my heart's blood up in my temples
Ticking, and hurrying like a crazy clock.—
The rain is over; and the freshened stars,
Like glad eyes after tears, look busily
And brightly forth. They look as if they saw him.
I am so anxious and so tired, I cannot
But walk on still out of mere restlessness;
My feet and mind ache when I sit. That cry!
'Tis my good hound Ardiente. Oh, perhaps
He knows that some one comes. Pray God he may;
Or strong desire, hurrying in all my limbs,
Will, with the press of sudden impossibility,
Snap my old wits. Hark! hark! 'Tis regular counting,
And quick—a horse—it clutches the wet earth—
Now quicker still—what passing! No,—a stop—
A fiery stop—Ah ha! Look there! My boy!

[RODRIGO *rushes into his arms.*

Safe and alone?

Rod. Quite so, dear father.

Dieg. Ay,
Call me so twenty times, and make me proud.
Oh gracious God! What a great thing it is
To be tender and proud together. [*He embraces him again.*

Rod. You will now—
Eat, father, and be merry, and sleep, and live
An age out?

Dieg. Ay, so that thou flourishest too.—
His head was at my feet.—Oh my blest son,
What greater name, as fond, and yet more worthy,
As young and yet more reverend, can I find
To give my large love utterance? Something must
Be done, for it will not be said:—prevent me not
From satisfying my soul;—I'll kneel. [*He offers to kneel down.*
Rod. No, no, Sir:
My dearest father!
Dieg. I will, and kiss
That hand, that took these grey hairs from the dust.
Rod. You must not—
Dieg. And set them in white honour up again,
And made my old eyes happy till they wept.
Let me do this.
Rod. I cannot, Sir: nor if
I have done anything, and may demand
A pleasure in repayment, as I do,
Will you so hurt the unalterable religion
Of nature, and the first time in your life
Make your son blush.
Dieg. I am bound not to do it.
But yet I will stand from thee for a while,
To take thy nature's height, and reverence it;
And could I have received thee as I ought
In stately wise, with banquet and with song
Of victory, and lovely ladies' looks,
And all that makes a stately heart like thine
Seem what it is, I would have planted thee
Where thou shalt sit thee yet, at top o' the board
O'er canopied; for he that bowed the head
Which thou didst bow, shall be the head of the house
Of old Lain Calvo.
Rod. Sir, these stately words
Cannot but make my spirit rise within me
To look at least as though it had deserved
Such glory face to face; but oh, dear father,
Let my reward be to have kept our house
From falling in thy great respect, and worthy
Of thy true chieftainship.
Dieg. Be it as thou wilt.
But glory, my Rodrigo, still will follow thee,
And in a worldly shape; sure as the ring
That waits aloof upon a saintly head.
You smile and yet look sad.
Rod. I was thinking, father,
How I should yearn amidst a heap of glories
For one small taste of home.
Dieg. 'Tis there, my son,
Thou'lt have it most. How I indulge myself

At thy expense! Attend. You have heard the news?
Rod. No: what?
Dieg. The Moors, perhaps emboldened by
Rumours of our dissensions here at court,
Have again risen. There are five bands of them
Each headed by a king; and 'twas but now
Fresh news arrived, that they have passed beyond
Burgos itself, and plundered all about.
Rod. I see.
Dieg. Yes—yes, but stay. A special messenger
Came to me from your cousin, Alvar Fanez,
A noble boy, who knows his kinsman's wishes
At all such times,—to tell me that the enemy,
Such is their confidence, and hitherto
Too just a one, will take the shortest road
To the capital by a dangerous defile;
Patience, dear boy—you shall be with them yet—
Trust me: 'tis that I meant to speak of. Now
I have ordered, on the instant, all my vassals
To get them ready for the king's assistance,—
A work that shews with double grace in me
Just now. They are assembling in the plain
Here to the left. Others as they march on
Will join them. They expect me to send out
A leader to them, when the trumpet's tongue
Asks for him twice; and think 'twill be Bermudo;
But—
Rod. It is I?
Dieg. Ay, boy; who else? Who else?
You'll join them with your vizor down, known only
By our white plume; not because any man of them
Would give you up, but that your nobleness
Would save them from all question with the king.
Rod. Oh father, if you talk of paying me,
Thus you pay all at once.
Dieg. Martin Antolinez
Will bear my snowy banner through the darkness;
And others of your youthful friends await you;
How will you turn upon them? Salvadores,
And Gustios, and Munoz, and Alvarez,
And Galin Garcia,—ay, your favourite set,
All, all, that murmur now you are away,
And meant to grow their plumes with you in war.
The rest you know.
Rod. I come up with the Moors
In the defile, and pierce them in that pound.
Dieg. You do; and at the least prevent their coming
Further, till other forces shall arrive.
And hark! [*A trumpet at a distance.*
Rod. It is the call.

Dieg. The first. Your horse
Is ready saddled for you in the stable,
Your favourite Baya. You will find with him
The helmet and the rest,
Rod. I have a horse.
Dieg. What—not take Baya? Where did ye get the horse? 68
Rod. A lady gave it me.
Dieg. A lady? Not
A favourite too, I hope? Or what must I
Have made you suffer?
Rod. Not a favourite,
As you mean, father.
Dieg. So; and yet I wonder
That those who take delight— [*Trumpet again.*
Away, away;
I must not trust myself to hold you fast.
Rod. I'll have your blessing round me. (*He takes his father's arms, and brings them round his own body.*) There! My horse
Will carry me like lightning, as it brought.
Dieg. I shall look out and see your feather go,
Like my plumed angel. I shall hear the shout too, 69
And then I'll sleep like an old soldier. You
Fight for a thousand fathers now.
Rod. Ay, and husbands,
Lovers, and sons, and carry a victory with me
From every one.
Dieg. Bravo, boy! And the result
Is easily guessed; you know my meaning, every way.
Rod. I hope so, and I think so. There, no more—
Look not on this as on a parting, father;
I only turn to speak to you 'twixt whiles
I' the battle. There—I shall look round at the window. [*Exit.*
Dieg. Armies of angels wheel about with you, 70
Like shooting walls of fire! Now—now he 's mounted.
[*He opens and looks out of the window: something darts by, and a little after a great shout. The curtain falls.*

[*Several scenes take place in this interval, among others the battle with the Moors. In the following and final scene* [VI], *the King of Castile is seated on his throne with his Nobles about him, awaiting the issue of a proclamation and challenge made against* RODRIGO, *in behalf of* DONNA XIMENA, *who is present when an Officer enters hastily.*]

Officer. An armed crowd, my liege, are entering
The city; and the people gathering on with them
Cry for Rodrigo de Bivàr.
King. Keep still
And in your places. Go you forth, and see, Sir.
[*Trumpets and other music growing nearer*

Enter another Officer

2d Off. My lord, the strangest cavalcade is coming,—
The vassals of the old Count Lainez, headed
By the five Moorish Kings,—although the latter
Are said to be taken prisoners. They say too
Rodrigo took them, but he 's not in the troop,—
And that he has been slain.

King. Look to the lady.

[XIMENA *faints. A noise of trumpets growing nearer.*

Enter Third Officer

3d Off. My lord, the strangest and the happiest news!
Rodrigo de Bivàr, at the head o' the vassals
Of the old Count his father, has surprised
The Moors in the defile, and sends their kings
Prisoners unto your greatness.

King. What of the conqueror?

3d Off. He, Sir, in his great modesty
And deference to your late reproof of him,
Has turned out of the path to his father's house,
Where he awaits your pleasure.

King. Go to him instantly,
And fetch both father and son. This is the noblest
Day of my life, though I am conquered too.

A March.—Enter ALVAR FANEZ *with the five Moorish Kings; all but the King and a few others uncover*

Alv. Fan. (*Kneeling and presenting a letter and a standard*).—My cousin, Sir, Rodrigo de Bivàr,
Having, he says, by fortune and his friends
Been blessed with quick prevention of the war,
Lays the green standard at your royal feet;
And begs your princely hospitality
In favour of these great and gallant enemies.
This letter will speak farther.

King. (*Uncovering with the rest, and descending from his throne*).—His wishes, and their own reverse of fortune,
Make it our business to receive them worthily.
These letters too enable us to shew
Our sense of the young lustre lately obscured
By some sad tears here. His own liberty,
Although unasked for, is restored to him,
And, as I think, to the delight of all.
You, royal Abdoulrahman, our great brother,
Who shewed that sparing virtue to our fields
In middle of all-wilful victory,
Be held, together with our other brethren,
Visitors at our court, which you will leave
At your own pleasure, after staying awhile
To heighten ours.

Abd. We are thrice conquered, Sir;
By your new general, his great soul, and yours.

Enter a Herald with a trumpet

Her. My liege, the venerable Count Lainez
And his victorious son, attend your bidding.
King. You and the other heralds usher them;
And let the music bid all hearts rise up
With its most numerous and majestic voice.

A full and noble March.—Enter eight Heralds with Trumpets, two and two, and then RODRIGO *supporting his Father. The King introduces* DIEGO *to the Moors, and then seats him in a Chair.*

King. Rodrigo, you have made us pant for words
With this great tide of glory. Let it suffice
That all which by a father of his country
Ought to be done for you, shall shew my thanks.
Rod. Sir, you do all for me in that one word.
King. Not so. After we have performed the ceremony
So lately and unhappily broken off,
Your knighting, there 's a crowning conquest still,
With which perhaps I may assist to make
Your aspect happy as glorious.—You would speak of it
Yourself, and win it otherwise?
Rod. I have, Sir,
I do confess, two favours still to ask;
And I should blush to ask them openly,
Had not a secret, as I understand,
Escaped with sweet sad breath to most here present.
King. Ask on:—it has.
Rod. Then first, Sir, to explain
That secret further. (*Turning to Almanzor*)—
My great-hearted friend,
Take up that veil from off thy nobleness.
Yes, Sir; it is Almanzor, once my combatant,
Who thought himself my rival in the affections
Of one whom he mistook for her fair cousin.
Your nephew, Sir, (*to Abd.*); and oh, my friend of friends,
[ALMANZOR *and* RODRIGO *rush into each others arms.*
You did not get my letter? You came here
And passed it on the road?
Alm. It must be so.
But it has shewn for me that I have gratitude;
Shewn thee! [*Embraces him again.*
Rod. And shewn another.—Sir, (*to the King*) they love
Each other nobly, as you now have seen;
And my first favour is, that you would make
Their union part of your festivity.
King. Theirs, and one more, I hope.
Rod. Pardon me, Sir,
I——

Dieg. Pardon me, my son. [*Goes towards* XIMENA.
Sweetest young lady,
Whom, with my son, I have unknowingly,
Almost until this hour, tried with such pain,
I could, as a fond father, ask you much;
I can, as a fond father, ask you nothing.
Yet there 's a difference, fair one; a great difference,
Though not for me to tell you. You will think of it.
But I may say, that had not this new taste
Of sorrow come to me through all these sweets,—
Why, I had died for joy ere long; and then
My boy might have been happy.
Xim. Not for that, sir:
Not with such help. I do not speak in anger.
I wish not you nor him otherwise than
As you now are, except in one fond habit
That mars his well-earned happiness. I can look
Even on you, sir, not bitterly; and am firm,
Not out of hate, but duty; you may see it. [*She weeps.*
King. Not to enlarge on the distinction, lady,
Which the Count speaks of, though I might well urge it
As witness to this matter, first and last;
Yet as the King,—I mean, as princely father
Of all my Spanish family, I may advise you
To weigh the involuntary death of one
In balance with these thousands of glad lives
Saved by our young and conquering cousin,—one
Whom you yourself—
Rod. May I entreat you, Sir?
I had one other favour. I would ask it.
Xim. My lord, to shew you all my heart at once,—
Its duties, its necessities, the shadow
Which the ever-present pall has cast upon it,—
To shew my sense, Sir, of your condescension,
Which I am forced thus publicly and painfully
To seem to undervalue;—and I may add
To shew how justly (I feel pale to say it,
Not blushing, even at all these eyes) I loved,—
I will abide, my lord—I will abide
By the decision of Rodrigo's self.
Rod. O the futility of toils and dangers,
Of burning, and of cold, and torn-up wounds,
And all the aches that gnaw into all patience,
Compared with one such agony o' the heart!
Pardon me, Sir.—And do thou pardon me,
Ximena, for a thought, which like a whirlwind,
Took my right sense away, even of thee.
She means not, Sir,—instinctively, she means not
To exile me from all hope, and make me mock
The last most awful spirit of self-sacrifice,
The very exacter of these trials,—Justice.

She means it not: or if she thinks she does,
I tell her, she does not;—the very favour
Which I was going to ask of you she construed
With the blest instinct of her heart too well.
Sir, I do ask that favour;—'tis to let
Lady Ximena be secure and quiet
From all solicitation;—she will let
Me in return, fancy at least I see
A far-set hope, like to a star in heaven,
Which I may try to journey to,—not frowned at
Even by a single face that looks upon me
Out of the placid world of the departed.
King. Be it so. Shall I not request her then
Even to remain during this honouring ceremony?
Rod. I did intend to hope, Sir, that she would,—
As my first hope, and for a toilsome while,
My last;—a sign, that at the least she recognizes
The spirit in me still, which she held honourable.

[XIMENA *slowly takes her seat again.*

Enter the proper Assistants with a Golden Bason, and Spur, and a Velvet Stool.

Abdoulrahman. Oh my most noble Cid, let me now grasp
This hand again, which took me indeed a prisoner.
Would it were I that had the knighting of thee!
King. What is that title, brother, which you give him?
Abd. I called him Cid; for my heart could not help
Speaking a native word: it signifies
Master and Lord.
King. It shall henceforward be
His most distinguishing title, both in honour
Of him who first conferred it, and of qualities
That make him understood so and admired
By friend and foe.—Plant thy foot here, Rodrigo.

[*A Herald throws a Mantle over his Shoulders, and the King puts the Spur on his Foot. Then rising, the King dips his Finger in the Bason, and crosses* RODRIGO'S *Forehead and his own.*

King. Be thou a faithful and right loyal knight
For God and for Saint Jago and for Spain.—
Cousins, my noble peers; you other nobles,
Officers, heralds, and all ye that hear,
This is Rodrigo de Bivàr, the Cid.

[*The Heralds, standing four on each side of the Company, blow their Trumpets loudly towards the Audience, and the Curtain falls.*

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

AS PERFORMED BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND AT WINDSOR CASTLE

January 23, 1852

[First published in 1840 (two editions). Reprinted 1844, 1857. Text 1857.]

One step to the death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel,
And one—oh where?—SHELLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

	As performed by Her Majesty's command at Windsor Castle, January 23, 1852.	*Original Cast at Covent Garden, 1840.*	*Revival at Sadler's Wells, 1850.*
Francesco Agolanti, a noble Florentine	Mr. Phelps.	Mr. Moore.	Mr. Phelps.
Antonio Rondinelli, another	Mr. Leigh Murray.	Mr. Anderson.	Mr. Waller.
Fulvio Da Riva, a poet	Mr. Bartley.	Mr. Bartley.	Mr. A Younge.
Cesare Colonna, an Officer of the Pope's Guard	Mr. C. Wheatleigh.	Mr. G. Vandenhoff.	Mr. Hoskins.
Matteo, a servant	Mr. J. F. Cathcart.	Mr. Payne.	Mr. Dolman.
Giulio, a page	Miss Marshall.	Mrs. Walter Lacy.	Miss Eliza Travers.
Ginevra, wife to Agolanti	Mrs. Charles Kean.	Miss Ellen Tree.	Miss Glyn.
Olimpia, } Friends of	Miss Vivash.	Miss Charles.	Mrs. Archbold.
Diana, } Ginevra	Mrs. J. Saville.	Mrs. Brougham.	Miss Marston.
Fiordilisa	Miss Robertson.	Miss Lee.	Miss Mandlebert.

SCENE.—Florence and its Neighbourhood.—TIME—during the Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

DEDICATION

TO ARMORER DONKIN, Esq., of Newcastle, without the aid of whose practical wisdom, in combination with his kind heart, the author might never have had health or leisure enough to indulge himself in an effort of this kind, the following PLAY is inscribed by his obliged and affectionate servant,

CHELSEA, *Feb.* 6, 1840. LEIGH HUNT.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The High-road from Florence to Rome.*

Enter DA RIVA *and* COLONNA, *meeting.*

Col. Fulvio, immortal boy—poet—good fellow—
Punctual, moreover, which is wonder's climax,—
How dost? and where hast been these eighteen months?
At grass, eh? fattening with thy Pegasus,
Like the most holy father!

Riva. Dearest Cesare,
'Tis you, methinks, are the immortal boy,
Growing nor fat nor thin, but still the same;
Still the same bantering, glittering, blithe, good soul,
Pretending to give blows, to excuse thy blessings.
Col. Nay, but the poet is the youth for ever,
Howe'er he grow; let him feign even a bit
Of a white top, like our old roaring boys,
Ætna and Vesuvius, with their sides of wine.
You know, Da Riva, for those hairs of thine
I ought to call thee father, if I could;
But then thine heart, and this warm hand to match,
Will never let me think thee, somehow or other,
A dozen years older than myself.
Riva. Years older!
A pretty jest, 'faith, when our souls were twins,
And thou but the more light one, like an almond
Packed in one shell behind a plumper. Well,
How dost? and how does Florio and Filippo?
And is the Pope really and truly come
At last, and in his own most sacred person,
To see and glorify his native place?
Or hast thou shot before him, like a ray
Out of his orb?
Col. Thy simile has it, 'faith:
Here is his ray, shining upon thyself,
As his ray should; and the good orb meanwhile,
Growing a little stout or so, reposes,
Some nine miles off, and will be here next week,
Just by the time your speeches are all ready.
Riva. And toilets?
Col. Ay, and your extempore odes.
Well, well; you see we are insolent as ever,
All well and merry.—Not so, eh? in Florence?
How is Antonio? and pray, who was he,
That fellow yonder—there he goes—that left you
Just as I came, and went off bowing so,
With such a lavish courtesy and close eye?
Riva. That lavish courtesy and that close eye
Will tell you how Antonio is. That fellow,
As you call him, is one of the most respectable men
In Florence. 'Men,' do I say? one of the richest
And proudest nobles; of strict fame withal,
Yet courteous; bows to every one, pays every one——
Col. Oh villain!
Riva. Flatters every one; in short,
Is as celestial out of his own house,
As he is devil within it. (*Whispering in his ear.*) Ginevra's husband.
Col. The devil it is! (*Looking after him.*) Methinks he casts a blackness
Around him as he walks, and blights the vineyards.

And all is true then, is it, which they tell me?
What, quite? Has he no plea? no provocation
From lover, or from wife?
Riva. None that I know of,
Except her patience and the lover's merit.
Antonio's love, you know, is old as his,
Has been more tried, and, I believe, is spotless.
Col. Dear Rondinelli!—Well, but has this husband
No taste of good in him at all? no corner
In his heart, for some small household grace to sneak in?
Riva. Nay, what he has of grace in him is not sneaking.
In all, except a heart, and a black shade
Of superstition, he is man enough:
Has a bold blood, large brain, and liberal hand,
As far as the purse goes; albeit he likes
The going to be blown abroad with trumpets.
Nay, I won't swear he does not love his wife,
As well as a man of no sort of affection,
Nor any domestic tenderness, can do so.
Col. A mighty attaching gentleman, i'faith,
And quite uxorious.
Riva. Why, thus it is.
He highly approves her virtues, talents, beauty;
Thinks her the sweetest woman in all Florence,
Partly, because she is,—partly, because
She is his own, and glorifies his choice;
And therefore he does her the honour of making her
The representative and epitome
Of all he values,—public reputation,
Private obedience, delighted fondness,
Grateful return for his unamiableness,
Love without bounds, in short, for his self-love:—
And as she finds it difficult, poor soul,
To pay such reasonable demands at sight
With the whole treasure of her heart and smiles,
The gentleman takes pity on—himself!
Looks on himself as the most unresponded to
And unaccountably ill-used bad temper
In Tuscany; rages at every word
And look she gives another; and fills the house
With miseries, which, because they ease himself
And his vile spleen, he thinks her bound to suffer;
And then finds malice in her very suffering!
Col. And she, they tell me, suffers dangerously?
Riva. 'Tis thought she'll die of it. And yet, observe now:
Such is poor human nature, at least such
Is poor inhuman nature in this man,
That if she were to die, I verily think
He 'd weep, and sit at the receipt of pity,
And call upon the gods, and think he loved her!

Col. Poor, dear, damned tyrant!—and where goes he now?
Riva. To Florence, from his country-house; betwixt
Which place and town, what with his jealousy
Of the sweet soul, and love of mighty men,
He'll lead a devil of a life this fortnight;
Not knowing whether to let her share the holiday
For fear of them, and of Antonio;
Or whether, for worse fear, still of Antonio,
To keep her in the shades, love's natural haunt.
Col. The town 's the hiding-place. Be sure he'll take
Some musty lodging in the thick of the town,
To hide her in: perhaps within the sound
Of the shows, to vex her; and let her see what pleasures
She loses in not loving him.—Well, here am I,
A feather in the cap of the fair advent
Of his most pleasant Holiness Pope Leo,
Come to make holiday with my Tuscan friends,
And lay our loving heads together, to see
What can be done to help this gentle lady
For poor Antonio's sake, and for her own.
Riva. Ay, and amidst those loving heads are lovely ones.
What think you of the bright Olimpia,
And sweet Diana, her more thoughtful friend?—
You recollect them?
Col. What! the divine widows,
That led that bevy of young married dames
At the baths of Pisa, and whom we used to call
Sunlight and Moonlight?
Riva. The identical stars.
She of the crescent has a country-house,
Here in the neighbourhood, close by Agolanti's.
There are they both; and there Antonio is
Waiting us two; and thence his friends the ladies,
Escorted by us two, will go to visit
Their friend Ginevra; partly, if they can,
To bring him better news of his saint's health,
Partly for other reasons which you'll see.
Col. Charming! And wherefore stand you looking then,
This way and that?
Riva. Why, *this* way is our road:
And that way I was looking to see how far
Our friend, the foe, was on his way to town.
I have never, you must know, been in his house;
And little thought he, when he saw us here,
What unexpected introduction, eh?
Was waiting us. I can't help thinking, somehow,
He'll hear of it, and come back.
Col. For Heaven's sake, haste then.
What! loitering!—May the *husband* take the hindmost!

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Villa Agolanti.*

Enter GIULIO *and* FIORDILISA, *meeting.*

Fior. Alas! my lady is very angry, Giulio!
Giu. Angry! At what?
Fior. At Signor Antonio's letter.
Oh, she says dreadful things. She says you and I
Will kill her; that we make her, or would make her,
Tell falsehoods to her husband, or bring down
His justice on our heads; and she forbids me,
However innocent you may call, or think it,
Bring letters any more. She bade me give it you
Back again—see—unopened.
Giu. 'Tis a pity
That, too.
Fior. Why, Giulio?
Giu. Oh, Signor Antonio
Read it me;—ay, he did—he 's such a gentleman.
He said,—' See, Giulio, I would not have you wrong
Your mistress in a thought; nor give you an office
Might do yourself the thought of wrong or harm.'
You know I told you what he wrote outside—
You recollect it—there it is—' Most harmless,—
I dare to add, most virtuous;' and there 's more
Besides here, underneath. Did she read that?
Fior. I know not. She read very quickly, at any rate;
Then held it off, as though it frightened her,
And gave it back. And she looked angry too;
At least, she did not look as she is used,
But turned right so, and waived me to be gone.—
I cannot bear to do the thing she likes not.
Giu. Nor I.
Fior. Well—so I think. But hush! a step! [*Runs to the window.*
And coming quickly! 'tis the Signor—'Tis!
So soon come back too!—Strike up the guitar—
Strike up that song of Hope my lady loves—
Quickly now—there 's a good little Guilio. [*Exit.*
Giu. Little! well, come, for such an immense young gentlewoman
That 's pretty well! she has fallen in love, I fear,
With some tall elderly person.—But the song.
(*sings.*)

> Hope, thou pretty child of heaven; I prythee, Hope, abide—
> I will not ask too much of thee—by my suffering side.
> Grief is good for humbleness, and earth is fair to see;
> And if I do my duty, Hope, I think thou'lt stay with me.

Enter AGOLANTI.

Ago. What frivolous ante-chamber tinkling now
Attunes the pulse to levity? puts folly
In mind of vice, as tho' the hint were needed?

(*Listening.*) The door shuts, now the song 's done. What was it ?
What sang'st thou, boy ?
Giu. A song of Hope, sir.
Ago. Hope !
What hope !
Giu. I will repeat it, sir, so please you ?
The words, not music. [*He repeats the words.*
'Tis a song my lady
Is fond of.
Ago. When she 's troubled most with sickness ?
Giu. No, sir, I think when she 's most cheerful.
Ago. That
Paper within thy vest—Is that the words ?
Give it me.
Giu. Nay, sir, it is none of mine.
Ago. Give it me, boy.
Giu. I may not, sir.—I will not.
Ago. Play not the lion's cub with me. That letter
Was given thee by Antonio Rondinelli
He, and the profane wit, Fulvio da Riva,
Were seen this morning by the Baptistery,
Talking with thee. Give it me ; or myself
Will take the answer to Antonio's house
In bloody characters.
Giu. (*aside*). 'Tis a most sacred letter,
And ought to fell him like a cuff o' the conscience.
Farewell, my place ! Farewell, my lady sweet !
Giulio is gone.—There is the letter, sir ;
Take it, (*aside*) and be a devil choked with scripture.
Ago. Unopened ! come—thou meanest me well, Giulio ?
Ah !—but—why didst thou loiter in thy message ?
How came it that this fair epistle kissed not
The lady's fairer hands ? for that 's the style.
Giu. It did, sir.
Ago. Did !
Giu. Yes, sir, my lady had it.
(*Aside.*) How like you that ?—You have not read the whole
On the outside. (*Aside.*) His very joy torments him.
Ago. She read it not, like the good lady she is,
But yet you gave it her.
Giu. He read it me ;
He did,—the noble Antonio read it me,
To save my youth, every way, from harm.
Ago. (*aside*). Some vile double signification, addressed
To riper brains, must have secured the words.
The foresight was too gross, if not a coward's !
There has been, after all, I needs must own it,
A strange forbearance for so hot a lover
In this Antonio. It is now five years
Since first he sought Ginevra ; nearly four

Since still he loved her, though another's wife;
And—saving that his face is to be noted
Looking at hers wherever it appears,
At church, or the evening walk, or tournament,—
And that I've marked him drooping hereabouts,
Yet rather as some witless, lonely man,
Than one that shunned me,—my sharp household eyes
Have fixed on no confusion of his making;
No blush; no haste; no tactics of the chamber;
No pertness of loud servant—not till now—
Till now;—but then this *now* may show all this
To have been but a more deep and quiet mastery
Of crime and devilish knowledge—too secure
To move uneasily,—and too high scornful
Of me, to give me even the grace of trouble.
And yet this seal unbroken, and these words— [*Reading.*
'Most harmless;—I dare to add, most virtuous'?
And here again below;—

'I have written what I have written on the outside of this letter, hoping that it may move you to believe the possibility of its not being unworthy to meet the purest of mortal eyes.'

Filthiest hypocrite! caught in his own bird-lime.

[*Opens and reads the letter.*

'As you have opened neither my first letter nor my second, written at intervals of six months each, from the moment when my name was first again mentioned to you since your marriage, I hardly dare hope that the words I am now writing shall have the blessedness of being looked upon, although they truly deserve it.

'Truly, for most piteously they deserve it. I am going to reward (may I utter such a word?) your kindness, by the greatest and most dreadful return I can make it. I will write to you no more.

'But this promise is a thing so terrible to me, and so unsupportable except in the hope of its doing you some good, that I have one reward to beg for myself; not as a condition, but as a last and enduring charity.

'I no longer ask you to love me, however innocently, or on the plea of its being some shadow of relief to you (in the sweet thought of loving) from an unhappiness, of which all the world speaks.

[AGOLANTI *pauses, greatly moved.*

Is it so then? and the world speaks of me,
And basely speaks! He has been talking, then,
And acting too. But let me know this *all.* [*Reading.*

'Neither yet will I beg you not to hate me; for so gentle a heart cannot hate anybody; and you never were unjust, except to yourself.

[*Pauses a little again.*

'But this I do beg; first, that you will take care of a health, which heaven has given you no right to neglect, whatever be your unhappiness, and which, under heaven, is the best support of it;—and secondly, that when you think of the friends of whom death has deprived you, or may deprive, and whom

it will give you joy to meet again beyond the grave, you may not be unwilling to behold among them the face of

'ANTONIO RONDINELLI.

'Written with prayers and tears before the sacred image of the Virgin.'

[AGOLANTI *crosses himself, and pauses; then holds the letter apart, as if in disgust; and then again resumes his self-possession.*

Giulio, I think since first I took thee from
The orphan college, now some three years back,
I have been no unkind master to thee, nor poor one;
Have stinted thee in nought fitting thy station,
Nor hurt thy growth and blooming?
Giu. Sir, you hired me
For certain duties, which, with kindly allowance
For faults of youth, I hope I have performed.
My life has been most happy; and my lady
Most bountiful to her poor songster. [*Sheds tears.*
Ago. Thou
Hast haply saved some little treasure then,
Against thy day of freedom?
Giu. Not a doit, sir.
What freedom should I think of, being free
From thought itself, and blithe as the blue day?
Ago. Antonio Rondinelli is not rich.
His mother and he hide in proud poverty
From all but a few friends.
Giu. (*aside*). Noble Antonio!
He gave me a jewel, ere I knew him poor,
Worth twenty golden florins; and his cap
Starved for it many a month.
Ago. New employers
Produce new duties, Giulio; to the hurt
Sometimes of old ones; and 'tis wise betimes
To see they vex and tangle not. These mixtures
Of services,—these new pure confidences
With masters not thine own,—these go-betweens
'Twixt virtue and virtue,—loves desiring not
Their own desires,—and such like angel-adulteries
(Heav'n pardon me the word!)—suit me not, Giulio,
Nor a wise house. Therefore, before thine innocent
Lady, (for such, with mutual love, I own her,
And scorn of this poor fop) learns dangerous pity
Of thy fair-seeming messages,—dangerous,
Not to her virtue, but her virtue's fame,—
This house thou leavest. Thou wouldst taste the pride
Of poverty, and will, and kinless freedom—
Do so! And when thou learn'st how friendship ends,
In treachery and in thanklessness begun,
And the cold crust turns bitter and quarrelsome,

Blame not thou me; nor think those tears are payment
For guilt on thy side, and for love on mine!
Giu. (*aside*). Love! what a word from him, and to poor me,
Thus thrust upon the world, he knows not whither!
(*Aloud.*) Sir, you mistake my tears; but 'tis no matter.
Guilty or not, I cannot quit this house
With thoughts less kind than sorrow.—Sir, farewell. [*Exit.*
Ago. 'Twas virtuously done, if not most falsely,
This seemingly celestial aversion
Of the very eyesight from unlawful words.
Or was it part of the system?—of the show,—
Which frets me daily with malign excess
Of undemanded patience? cold at best,
Resentful as the worst! Antonio,
I do suspect, she loves not; me, I know,
She hates; me, whom she should love; whom was bound
And sworn to love; for which contempt and wrong,
Fools, that love half a story and whole blame,
Begin to babble against the person wronged!
Times are there, when I feel inclined to sweep
The world away from me, and lead my own
Life to myself, unlooked into with eyes
That know me not; but use, and sympathy
Even with those that wrong me, and the right
Of comely reputation, keep me still
Wearing a show of good with a grieved heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lady, sir, hearing of your return
Home suddenly, and having visitors,
Entreats the honour of your presence.
Ago. (*aside*). Now
To test this hateful gossip. 'Suddenly';—
Was that her word, or the knave's? No matter. (*Aloud.*) Visitors,—
Who are they?
Serv. Lady Olimpia, and her friend
Lady Diana, with two gentlemen;
Strangers, I think, sir; one a Roman gentleman,
Come from his Holiness's court.
Ago. The same,
Doubtless, I saw this morning; by which token
The other is the sneering amorist,
Da Riva. He, I thought, respected me;
But see—he knows these women, they Antonio—
Have I been hasty? or is—The black plague choke
All meddlers with—
(*To the Servant.*) I will come speedily. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Another room in* AGOLANTI'S *house.* GINEVRA, OLIMPIA, DIANA, COLONNA, *and* DA RIVA, *discovered sitting.* FIORDILISA *standing behind her lady's chair.*

Olim. Dearest Lady Ginevra, to remain
Shut up when all the world are at the windows,
Or otherwise owning the great common joy,
Is clearly impossible.—Observe now, pray:—
On Friday the Pope comes; Saturday, chapel
At the Annunziata;—Sunday, at Saint Lorenzo;
Monday, the chase; Tuesday, the race; Wednesday,
The tilts and drama; and on Thursday he goes.
So there 's six lives for you; a life a day,
To make you well again, and merry, and careless.
Col. Most vital arguments?
Gin. Too vital, may-be.
Remember, Lady Olimpia, I have been ill;—
I am but getting better, and such draughts
Of pleasure and amazement, poured unceasing,
Might drown the little faculties of poor me.
Diana. One day—could you not try one day, and then
Enjoy or fear another as it suited?
Olim. Ay, one—one—one. Try but one day, and then
Trust me if one day would not give you strength
For pretty little two, and prettier three.
Riva. And, madam, the first day is both the noblest
And the most gentle,—a flow of princely draperies
Through draperied streets; bringing us, it is true,
Emotion, but yet soothing it, and blessing
With sacred hand. Weakness itself is touched
At ceremonial sights like these, with sweet
And no unstrengthening tears, bathing humility
In heavenly reassurance. And, dear lady,
'Twill give a nature, so composed as yours
With Christian grace and willing cheerfulness,
A joy at once sacred, and earthly, and charming,
To see the face of the accomplished man
Whom Providence, most potent seen, when mildest,
Has raised to be the prince of Christendom
In this our day, when wit is questioning faith,
And mild religion answers with *his* eyes
Of charity, the unanswerable conclusion.
Col. Da Riva, I am to bring thy verse and thee
To his beatitude's most knowing knowledge;
But do thou step before me, and speak thus,
And thou art made a cardinal.
Gin. Is his Holiness
So very and so beautifully gracious
To eloquence and letters?
Col. I' faith, madam,

Our blessed Father seems to be of opinion,
That whatsoever good or beauty exists
Must needs belong, like angels, to the church;
And as he finds them, where severer men
(Not the best judges of angels) might o'erlook them,
He makes us know them better; bids them come
Forth from the crowd, and show their winged wits,
And rise, and sit within his princely beams.
Olim. Come;—you accord? you cannot resist reasons
Sweet as all these? and to say truth, there is
One gentle reason more, which must convince you.
We want your husband's windows, lady mine;—
They face the veriest heaven of all the streets
For seeing the procession; and how can we
Enter that paradise of a balcony
Without the house's angel? What would people
Say to the intruders, you not being there?
Gin. Oh, nothing very unseasonable, be sure;
Nor what the lilies and roses in their cheeks,
And wit in their eyes, could not refute most happily.
Well, dear Diana, should my husband's judgement
Encourage me to think my health would bear it,
I would fain venture, but—I hear him coming.
At all events, the windows will be gladly
Filled with your pleasures; the report of which
Will afterwards make them mine.

Enter AGOLANTI.

Sir, the ladies
Olimpia and Diana you know well;
Also a name honoured by all, Da Riva;
Be pleased to know their friend, a courteous gentleman
From Rome, the Signor Cesare Colonna.
Ago. He 's welcome for his friend's sake, and his own.
I trust our holy Father keeps his health, sir,
In this his gracious journey?
Col. Sir, he holds him,
As his good habit is, in blest condition,
To the great joy of all that love good men
And sovereign church.
Ago. You hold, sir, I perceive,
Some happy office near his sacred person?
Col. One of the poor captains of his guard, sir;
Not near enough to make the fortune proud,
Nor yet so far removed as not to share
Some grace of recognition.
Ago. I may not envy you:
But I may be allowed to think such fortune
As happy, as 'tis worthily bestowed.
Pardon me; but this lady's delicate health

Will warrant some small trespass on your courtesies.
(*To* GINEVRA.) How fares it with my love these last three hours?
Gin. (*cheerfully*). Thanks—I do very well.
Olim. I fear we have tired her
Somewhat, with our loud talk, Signor Francesco.
Gin. No; 'tis like bright health come to talk with us:
Is it not? (*to her husband.*)
Ago. (*aside*). She knows I hate it.—Lady Olimpia
Brings ever a sprightly stirring to the spirit,
And her fair friend a balm. (*Aside to* GINEVRA.) What want they now,
This flaunter and this insipidity?
Gin. (*aloud*). Our neighbour and her friends bring a petition,
That it would please you to convenience them
With your fair windows for the coming spectacle;
Yourself, if well enough, doubling the grace
With your good company.
Ago. (*aside*). I thought as much.
At every turn my will is to be torn from me,
And at her soft suggestion. (*Aloud.*) My windows
Cannot be better filled, than with such beauty,
And wit and modest eloquence.
Col. (*aside to* DA RIVA). Is he sneering?
Or is his zeal, and fame for polite manners,
Proving itself, in spite of his own teeth?
Sharpening its edge upon this oily venom?
Riva. Somewhat of both; he sneers, because he hates us:
And would not have it seen, because he fears us.
His will and vanity count on our obtuseness,
Just as it suits them. [AGOLANTI *and the ladies talk apart.*
Col. Noticed you how pale
The unhappy lady turned, when the song ended,
And she bade shut the door?
Riva. She 's paler now.
Let 's interrupt him.—Good Signor Francesco,
We thank you much; but windows, friends, and spectacle,
And let us add, warranted by his love,
Husband and all, would miss the topmost flower
Of our delight, were this sweet lady absent;
And she has threatened us with the cruel chance,
Unless your better knowledge of her health
Think better, than herself, of its free right.
Ago. Oh, sir, it were impossible to know
A lady better than she knows herself.
What say you, Madam? [*To* GINEVRA.
Gin. The best thought of all,
Perhaps, were to await the time's arrival,
And see how I feel then.
Ago. Truly, methinks,
A discreet judgement, and approved by all,
Who set the lady's welfare above all,

As we in this room do.
Olim. And every one
That knows her,—unless it be the devil himself.
Manners forgive my uttering his name
In such good company. Dearest Ginevra,
Come you with me. A word with you in private,
As we descend. And we'll request these gentlemen
To clear our way before us.
Col. and *Riva.* A fair day
To Signor Agolanti, and may fairer
Befall us this day week. [*Going.*
Olim. Yes, Signor mine,
Be sure you make your wife well by that day,
With some transcendent charmingness; or none
But envious wives, and horrible old men,
Will think you the good spouse you are, or let you
Have any peace.
Ago. (*fiercely to his wife as she is going*). What insolence is this,
And woman's plot? Be in the purple chamber
In twenty minutes. Do you hear me *speak*?
[*He wrings her hand sharply, and she makes signs of obedience.*
A fair day to my courteous visitors,
And may they ever have the joy they bring. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Garden of Diana's Villa.*

Enter RONDINELLI, COLONNA, *and* DA RIVA.

Col. I pray thee, Antonio, be comforted.
Ron. I am, I am; as far as friends can comfort me:
And they do comfort. How can I love love,
And not love all things lovely? sweet discourse,
And kindness, and dear friendships. But this suffering
Sweet saint,—the man, the household fiend, I mean—
Will kill her.
Col. I tell thee, no. In the first place
Her health is really better. Is it not?
Riva. Olimpia and Diana both have staked
Their credit on it. The man's a fool no doubt,
But she is wise.
Col. Ay, is she; for lo! secondly,
She loves thee, Antonio.
Riva. Yes; by that pure look
We told thee of, at mention of thy name,
She does:—it was as though her mind retreated
To some blest, serious thought, far off but possible;
Then ended with a sigh.
Col. And blushed withal.
(*Aside.*) I did not see the blush, I must confess;

But being so virtuous, there must have been one,
And he'll be glad to hear of it. (*Aloud.*) Well, seeing
She loves thee then, as thou must needs believe,
For all that modest earthquake of thine head,
Bethink thee what a life *within* a life
She has to retire into, sweet and secret,
For help from common temper such as his;
Help, none the worse, eh? for a small, small bit
Of stubbornness, such as the best gentle wives
Must have in self-defence. Now——
Ron. Fear me not.
Such blessed thoughts must needs give me some comfort:
And I shan't quarrel with the comfort's fashion.
Col. Well then, you'll let me have my fashion out?
You'll let me speak after my old blithe mood,
Secure of my good meaning?
Ron. Ay, and thankfully.
Col. Why then, sir, look; there are a hundred marriages
In Florence, and a hundred more to those,
And hundreds to those hundreds, bad as this;
As ill assorted, and as lover-hated;
(Always allowing for the nobler difference,
And therefore greater power to bear;) and yet
They do not kill; partly, because of lovers;
Partly, of pride; partly, indifference;
Partly, of hate, (a good staunch long-lived passion;)
Partly, because all know the common case,
And custom's custom. There'll be a hundred couples
To-night, 'twixt Porta Pinti and San Gallo,
Cutting each other's hearts out with mild looks,
Upon the question, whether the Pope's mule
Will be in purple or scarlet;—yet not one
Will die of it; no, 'faith; nor were a death
To happen, would the survivors' eyes refuse
A tear to their old disputant and partner,
That kept life moving somehow.
Ron. By which logic,
You would infer, to comfort me, that all
Marriages are unhappy.
Col. Not unhappy,
Although not very happy.
Riva. With exceptions?
Col. Surely——for such good fellows as ourselves!
Riva. And doubtless
A time will come——
Col. Oh, ay; a time will come—
Poet and prophet—*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*
Now hear him on his favourite golden theme,
'A time will come;'—a time, eh? when all marriages
Shall be like some few dozen; exceptions, rules;

Every day, Sunday; and each man's pain in the head
A crowning satisfaction!
Riva. No; but still
A time, when sense and reason shall have grown
As much more rife than now, and foolish thorns
As much less in request, as we, now living,
Surpass rude times and savage ancestors.
Improvement stopped not at the muddy cave,
Why at the rush-strewn room? The wild man's dream,
Or what he might have dreamt, when at his wildest,
Is, to the civilized man, his commonplace:
And what should time so reverence in ourselves,
As, in his due good course, not still to alter?
Col. Till chariots run some twenty miles an hour?
Riva. Ay, thirty or forty.
Col. Oh! oh! Without horses?
Say, without horses.
Riva. Well, to oblige you,—yes.
Col. And sailing-boats without a sail! Ah, ha!
Well, glory be to poetry and to poets!
Their cookery is no mincing! Ah! ha! ha! [*They both laugh.*
They certainly, while they're about it, do
Cut and carve worlds out with their golden swords,
To which poor Alexander's was a pumpkin.
What say you, Antonio?
Ron. My dear friends both,
What you were saying of the good future time
Made me but think too sadly of the present;
Pardon me—I should think more sadly far,
But for your loves and ever generous patience.
Yet let me take you back to our fair friends,
From whom my gusty griefs bore you away.
Nay, my good wish rewards me:—see, one comes.

Enter OLIMPIA.

Olim. A certain Giulio, in a pretty grief
Though for himself alone, and not another,
Inquires for Signor Rondinelli. [ANTONIO *kisses her hand and exit.*
'Twas lucky that I saw this Giulio first,
For he 's a page of pages; a Spartan boy;—
Quite fixed on telling his beloved Signor
Antonio all the truths which the said Signor
May now, or at any time in all futurity,
Insist on knowing. Poor fellow! he 's turned away.
Riva. For what?
Olim Come in,
And you shall hear. Your ices and sherbets
Await you; and your cheeks will need the cooling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A chamber hung with purple, and containing a cabinet picture of the Madonna, but otherwise little furnished.* GINEVRA *discovered sitting at a window.*

Enter AGOLANTI.

Ago. Every way she opposes me, even with arms
Of peace and love. I bade remove that picture
From this deserted room. Can she have had it
Brought back this instant, knowing how my anger,
Just though it be, cannot behold unmoved
The face of suffering heaven? Oh artifice
In very piety! 'twere piety to veil it
From our discourse, and look another way.

[*During this speech,* GINEVRA *comes forward, and* AGOLANTI, *after closing the cabinet doors over the picture, hands her a chair; adjusting another for himself, but continuing to stand.*

Gin. (*cheerfully*). The world seems glad after its hearty drink
Of rain. I feared when you came back this morning,
The shower had stopped you, or that you were ill.
Ago. You feared! you hoped. What fear you that I fear,
Or hope for that I hope for? A truce, madam,
To these exordiums and pretended interests,
Whose only shallow intent is to delay,
Or to divert, the sole dire subject,—me.
Soh! you would see the spectacle! you, who start
At openings of doors, and falls of pins.
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady's nerves;
And a good hacking blow at a tournament
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn, for a stimulus
To pretty household tremblers.
Gin. I expressed
No wish to see the tournament, nor indeed
Anything, of my own accord; or contrary
To your good judgement.
Ago. Oh, of course not. Wishes
Are never expressed for, or by, contraries;
Nor the good judgement of an anxious husband
Held forth as a pleasant thing to differ with.
Gin. It is as easy as sitting in my chair,
To say I will not go: and I will not.
Be pleased to think that settled.
Ago. The more easily,
As 'tis expected I *should* go, is it not?
And then you will sit at happy receipt
Of letters from Antonio Rondinelli.
Gin. Returned unopened, sir.
Ago. How many?
Gin. Three.
Ago. You are correct, as to those three. How many
Opened?—Your look, madam, is wondrous logical;

Conclusive by mere pathos of astonishment;
And crammed with scorn, from pure unscornfulness,
I have, 'tis true, strong doubts of your regard
For him, or any one;—of your love of power
None,—as you know I have reason;—tho' you take
Ways of refined provokingness to wreak it.
Antonio knows these fools you saw but now,
And fools have foolish friendships, and bad leagues
For getting a little power, not natural to them,
Out of their laughed-at betters. Be it as it may,
All this, I will not have these prying idlers
Put my domestic troubles to the blush;
Nor you sit thus, in ostentatious meekness,
Playing the victim with a pretty breath,
And smiles that say 'God help me'.—Well, madam,
What do *you* say?
Gin. I say I will do whatever
You think best, and desire.
Ago. And make the worst of it
By whatsoever may mislead, and vex?
There—now you make a pretty sign, as tho'
Your silence were compelled.
Gin. What can I say,
Or what, alas! not say, and not be chided?
You should not use me thus. I have not strength for it,
So great as you may think. My late sharp illness
Has left me weak.
Ago. I've known you weaker, madam,
But never feeble enough to want the strength
Of contest and perverseness. Oh, men too,
Men may be weak, even from the magnanimity
Of strength itself; and women can take poor
Advantages, that were in men but cowardice.
Gin. (*aside*). Dear Heaven! what humblest doubts of our self-knowledge
Should we not feel, when tyranny can talk thus.
Ago. Can you pretend, madam, with your surpassing
Candour and heavenly kindness, that you never
Uttered one gently-sounding word, not meant
To give the hearer pain? me pain? your husband?
Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend
To be unlike.
Gin. I cannot dare pretend it.
I am a woman, not an angel.
Ago. Ay,
See there—you have! you own it! how pretend then
To make such griefs of every petty syllable,
Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn?
Gin. One pain is not a thousand; nor one wrong,
Acknowledged and repented of, the habit
Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

Ago. Of unprovoked! Oh, let all provocation
Take every brutish shape it can devise
To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,
Grind it in want, stoop it with family shames,
Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,
Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium
Makes the soul swoon within its rage, for want
Of some great answer, terrible as its wrong,
And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,
Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of lies,
This angel-mimicking non-provocation
From one too cold to enrage, too weak to tread on!
You never loved me once—You loved me not—
Never did—no—not when before the altar
With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded coldness
And lie on your lips, you took me for your husband,
Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,
By, but not for, the man you scorned to love!

Gin. I scorned you not—and knew not what scorn was—
Being scarcely past a child, and knowing nothing
But trusting thoughts and innocent daily habits.
Oh, could you trust yourself—But why repeat
What still is thus repeated, day by day,
Still ending with the question, 'Why repeat?'

[*Rising and moving about.*

You make the blood at last mount to my brain,
And tax me past endurance. What have I done,
Good God! what have I done, that I am thus
At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny,
Which from its victim demands every virtue,
And brings it none?

Ago. I thank you, madam, humbly,
That was sincere, at least.

Gin. I beg your pardon.
Anger is ever excessive, and speaks wrong.

Ago. This is the gentle, patient, unprovoked,
And unprovoking, never-answering she!

Gin. Nay, nay, say on;—I do deserve it,—I
Who speak such evil of anger, and then am angry.
Yet you might pity me too, being like yourself
In fellowship there at least.

Ago. A taunt in friendliness!
Meekness's happiest condescension!

Gin. No,
So help me Heaven!—I but spoke in consciousness
Of what was weak on both sides. There's a love
In that, would you but know it, and encourage it.
The consciousness of wrong, in wills not evil,
Brings charity. Be you but charitable,
And I am grateful, and we both shall learn.

Ago. I am conscious of no wrong in this dispute,
Nor when we dispute ever,—except the wrong
Done to myself by a will far more wilful,
Because less moved, and less ingenuous.
Let them get charity that show it.
Gin. (*who has reseated herself*). I pray you,
Let Fiordilisa come to me. My lips
Will show you that I faint.
[AGOLANTI *rings a bell on the table; and* FIORDILISA *enters to her mistress.*
Ago. When you have seen your mistress well again,
Go to Matteo, and tell him, from herself,
That 'tis her orders she be excused at present
To all that come, her state requiring it,
And convalescence. Mark you that addition.
She 's getting well; but to get well, needs rest. [*Exit.*
Fior. Needs rest! Alas! When will you let her rest,
But in her grave? my lady! My sweet mistress!
[*Applying a volatile to her temples.*
She knows me.—He has gone:—the Signor's gone.
(*Aside.*) She sighs as though she mourned him.
Gin. (*listening*). What 's that?
Fior. Nothing, madam;—I heard nothing.
Gin. Everything
Gives me a painful wonder;—you, your face,
These walls. My hand seems to me not more human,
Than animal; and all things unaccountable.
'Twill pass away. What 's that? [*A church-organ is heard.*
Fior. Yes, I hear that;
'Tis Father Anselmo, madam, in the chapel,
Touching the new organ. In truth, I asked him,
Thinking that as the Signor is so moved
By whatsoever speaks to him of religion,
It might have done no harm to you, and him, madam,
To hear it while conversing. But he 's old
And slow, is the good father.
[GINEVRA *kisses her, and then weeps abundantly.*
Gin. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven and the sweet sounds! I have not
Wept, Fiordilisa, now, for many a day,
And the sound freshens me;—loosens my heart. [*Music*[n].
O blessed music! at thy feet we lie,
Pitied of angels surely.
Fior. Perhaps, madam,
You will rest here, and try to sleep awhile?
Gin. No, Fiordilisa (*rising*). Meeting what must be,
Is half commanding it; and in this breath
Of heaven, my mind feels duty set erect,
Fresh out of tears. Bed is for night, not day,
When duty 's done. So cheer we as we may.
[*Exeunt; the music continuing.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Room in* AGOLANTI'S *Villa.*

Enter AGOLANTI.

Ago. What have I done, great heavens! to be thus tortured?
My gates beset with these inquisitive fools;
A wife, strong as her hate, so I be dumb,
Falling in gulfs of weakness for a word;
And all the while, dastardly nameless foes,
Who know where I am weak, filling my household
With talk of ominous things,—sad mourning shapes
That walk my grounds, none knowing how they entered;
And in the dead of night, outcries for help,
As of a female crouching to the door.
Let me be met by daylight, man to man,
If 'tis to come to this; and to loud lies
Answer with my contempt, and with my sword.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The gentlemen that were here the other day,
Signor Da Riva, and the Roman gentleman,
Desire to kiss your hands.
Ago. Fool! were not orders
Given you to admit no one?
Serv. To my lady, sir;
We did not understand to you.
Ago. Idiots and torments!

Enter DA RIVA *and* COLONNA. *Exit Servant.*

Col. We kiss your hands, courteous Signor Francesco.
Riva. And come to thank you for the seats you have given us.
In all the city there is no such throne
Of comfort, for a sovereign command
Of the best part o' the show; which will be glorious.
Col. And with your lady for the queen o' the throne,
The Pope himself may look up as he walks,
And worship you with envy.
Ago. Nay, sirs, you are too flattering. Perhaps
The lady—
Col. And what makes us the more delighted
With your determination thus to give her
Unto the grateful spectacle, is a certain
Vile talk, sir, that has come to our disdainful
And most incredulous ears of—What do you think?
Riva. Ay, sir, 'twill tax your fancy.
Col. Of your jealousy;
Nay, cruelty, forsooth!
Riva. We laughed it down;
Looked it i' the foolish face, and made it blush.

Yes, sir, the absurdity was put out of countenance;
But then, you know, that countenance was but one;
And twenty absurd grave faces, going about,
Big with a scandal, are as fertile as bees,
And make as busy multitudes of fools.
Ago. Sirs, with this sudden incursion of strange news—
And your as strange, I must say, though well-meant
Fancy, of the necessity of refuting it—
Col. Fancy, good sir!—Dear sir, we are most loath
To shock your noble knowledge of yourself
With the whole truth—with the whole credulous fiction;
But to convince you how requisite is the step
Thus to be taken in the truth's behalf,
The theme is constant, both in court and market-place,
That you're a very tyrant!
Riva. And to a saint!
Vex her from morn to night.—
Col. Frighten her—
Riva. Cast her
Into strange swoons, and monstrous shows of death.
Ago. Monstrous indeed! and shows! That is most true.
Those are the shows! and I am to be at the spectacle
To let her face make what display it can
Of the mean lie, and mock me to the world.
Pardon me—I'm disturbed—I'm not myself—
My house is not quite happy—you see it—Whose is?
But look, sir,—Why should Florence fall on me?
Why select me, as the scape-goat of a common
And self-resented misery! 'Tis a lie,
A boy's lie, a turned-off servant's lie,
That mine is a worse misery than their own,
Or more deserved. You know the Strozzi family,
You know the Baldi, Rossi, Brunelleschi—
You do, Signor Da Riva,—the Guidi also
And Arregucci:—well,—are they all smiles?
All comfort? Is there, on the husbands' sides,
No roughness? no plain-speaking? or, on the wives',
No answering, tart or otherwise?—no black looks?
No softest spite; nor meekness, pale with malice?
No smile with the teeth set, shivering forth a sneer?
Take any dozen couples, the first you think of,
Those you know best; and see, if matrimony
Has been success with them, or a dull failure;
Dull at the best; probably, damned with discord;
A hell, the worse for being carried about
With quiet looks; or horriblest of all,
Betwixt habitual hate and fulsome holiday.
Riva. Oh, sir, you wrong poor mixed humanity,
And think not how much nobleness relieves it,
Nor what a heap of good old love there lies

Sometimes in seeming quarrel. I thought you, sir,
I must confess, a more enduring Christian.
Col. And churchman, sir. I own I have been astonished—
Pardon one somewhat nearer than yourself
Unto the church's prince—to hear you speak
Thus strangely of a holy ordinance.
Ago. (*aside*). These men will make me mad. Have they come here
To warn me, or to torment me?—(*Aloud.*) Sir, the earth
Holds not a man bows down with lowlier front
To holy church and to all holy ordinances:
It is their worldly violation mads me.
If my poor name be ever in sacred mouths,
I pray thee say so; and add, I am a man
Not happy quite perhaps, more than some others
Of mankind's fallen race, in my home's Eve;
Who, with some humours, yet is good as fair,
And only makes me unhappy in the excess
Of my desire to make herself most blessed.
My conscience thus discharged, look'ye, fair sir,—
A man of a less trusting sort—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lady, sir,
Being worse since her last seizure at daybreak,
The Nurse would fain send in the neighbourhood
For—
Ago. Bid her do so. Tell her to send instantly
For whom she pleases. (*Exit servant.*) You will pardon me;—
This troubled house of mine—at the good spectacle,
I shall behold you.
Col. We take anxious leave, sir,
Wishing you all good speed with the sweet lady.
But something we had forgotten in our zeal
To tell our own poor story, tho' we came
Partly to give it you,—a letter, sir,
From a most dear and excellent friend of ours;
Who, we dare say it, for reasons which your delicacy
Will be glad, too, to turn to like fair grace
Of liberal trust and gentle interpretation,
Wishes your house all good and quiet fame.
'Tis something very special that he writes of,
So he assures us, and of instant urgency;
But what we know not. [*Exeunt.*

Ago. (*reads*). 'If Signor Agolanti values his wife's peace, ***and life***, he will meet the writer of this letter instantly; who will wait for him, an hour from the receipt of it, in the wood near his gate, by the roadside leading to Cortona.

'ANTONIO RONDINELLI.'

'Tis as I feared. He knows them, as I thought,
And well? Is it a league? Conspiracy?

And face to face too! He! This beats all boldness.
'Sdeath, must my time be *his* too! What strange matter
Can give him right of speech! 'Her life!' Who seeks it?
What bloody juggle is to beset me now?
I'll meet thee, Antonio; and before we part,
Strange mystery shall be plucked from some one's heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.* RONDINELLI *discovered waiting.*

Ron. My bosom is so full, my heart wants air;
It fears even want of utterance; fears the man,
For very loathing; fears his horrible right,
His lawless claim of lawfulness; and feels
Shame at his poisonous want of shame and manhood.
Yet she endures him; she can smile to him,
Would have him better. Oh, heavenly Ginevra!
Name, which to breathe puts pity in the air,
I know that to deserve to be thy friend
Should be to show all proofs of gentlest right.
Oh be the spirit of thine hand on mine;—
Hang by me, like a light, a face, an angel,
To whom I turn for privilege of blest patience,
Letting me call thee my soul's wife!
He comes.

Enter AGOLANTI.

Ago. I recognize the Signor Rondinelli;
And in him, if I err not, the inditer
Of a strange letter.—He would speak with me?
Ron. Pardon me. I am sensible that I trespass
On many delicacies, which at first confuse me.
Be pleased to look upon them all as summed
In this acknowledgement, and as permitted me
To hold acquitted in your coming hither.
I would fain speak all calmly and christianly.
Ago. You spoke of my wife's life. 'Twas that that brought me.
Ron. Many speak of it.
Ago. To what end?
Ron. They doubt
If you are aware on what a delicate thread
It hangs.
Ago. Mean you of health?
Ron. I do.
Ago. 'Twere strange
If I knew not the substance of the tenure,
Seeing it daily.
Ron. A daily sight—pardon me—
May, on that very account, be but a dull one.—
I pray you, do not think I use plain words
From wish to offend: I have but one object—such

As all must have, who know, or ever have known,
The lady,—you above all others.
Ago. Truly, sir,
You, and these knowing friends of yours, or hers,
Whom I know not, might leave the proverb alone,
Which says that a fool knows better what occurs
In his own house, than a wise man does in another's.
Good Signor Antonio, I *endure* you
Out of a sort of pity: you understand me;
Perhaps not quite a just one. This same letter
Is not the first of yours, that has intruded
Into my walls.
Ron. We understand each other
In some things, Signor Agolanti, and well;
In some things one of us is much mistaken;
But one thing we know perfectly, both of us,—
The spotlessness of her, concerning whom
We speak, with conscious souls, thus face to face.—
Signor Agolanti, I humbly beg of you,
Wellnigh with tears, which you may pity, and welcome,
So you deny them not, that it will please you
To recollect, that the best daily eyes,
The wisest and the kindest, made secure
By custom and gradation, may see not
In the fine dreadful fading of a face
What others see.
Ago. Signor Antonio,—
When others allow others to rule their houses,
To dictate commonplaces, and to substitute
For long experience and uncanting love
Their meddling self-sufficiency, their envious
Wish to find fault, and most impertinent finding it,
When this is the custom and the fashion, then,
And not till then, will I throw open my doors
To all my kind good masters of fair Florence,
To come and know more in my house than I do;
To see more, hear more, have a more inward taste
Of whatsoever is sweet and sacred in it,
And then vouchsafe me their opinions: order me
About, like some new household animal
Called servant-husband, they being husband-gods,
Yet condescending to all collateral offices
Of gossip, eaves-dropper, consulting-doctor,
Beggarly paymaster of discarded page,
Themselves discarded suitor.
Ron. (*aside*). Help me, angel,
Against a pride, that, seeing thee, is nothing.—
(*Aloud.*) You know full well, Francesco Agolanti,
That though a suitor for the prize you won
(Oh! what a prize! and what a winning! enough

Surely to make you bear with him that lost),
Discarded I could not be, never, alas!
Having found acceptation. My acquaintance
Not long preceded yours; and was too brief
To let my love win on her filial eyes,
Before your own came beaming with that wealth,
Which, with all other shows of good and prosperous,
Her parents justly thought her due. For writing to her
Since, with whatever innocence (as you know)
And for any opinions of yourself
In which I may have wronged you, I am desirous
To hold my own will in a constant state
Of pardon-begging and self-sacrifice,
And will engage never to trouble more
Your blessed doors (for such I'll hope they will be)
One thing provided.—Sir, it is,——
That in consideration of your possessing
A treasure, which all men will think and speak of
(The more to the just pride of him that owns it),
You will be pleased to show, even ostentatiously,
What more than care, at this supposed sad juncture,
You take of it: will call in learned eyes
To judge of what your own too happy ones
May slide o'er too securely; will thus revenge
Your wrong on ill mouths, by refuting them;
And secure kindlier ones from the misfortune
Of being uncharitable towards yourself.

Ago. I will not suffer, more than other men,
That wrong should be assumed of me, and bend me
To what it pleases. What I know, I know;
What in that knowledge have done, shall still do.
The more you speak, the greater is the insult
To one that asks not your advice, nor needs it;
Nor am I to be tricked into submission
To a pedantic and o'erweening insolence,
Because it treats me like a child, with gross
Self-reconciling needs and sugary fulsomeness.
Go back to the world you speak of, you yourself,
True infant; and learn better from its own school.
You tire me.

Ron. Stay; my last words must be heard.—
In nothing then will there be any difference
From what the world now see?

Ago. In nothing, fool.—
Why should there? Am I a painter's posture-figure?
A glove to be made to fit? a public humour?
To hear you is preposterous; not to trample you
A favour, which I know not why I show.

Ron. I'll tell you.
'Tis because you, with cowardly tyranny,

Presume on the blessed shape that stands between us;
Ay, with an impudence of your own, immeasurable,
Skulk at an angel's skirts.
Ago. I laugh at you.
And let me tell you at parting, that the way
To serve a lady best, and have her faults
Lightliest admonished by her lawful helper,
Is not to thrust a lawless vanity
'Twixt him and his vexed love.
Ron. Utter that word
No second time. Blaspheme not its religion.
And mark me once for all. I know you proud,
Rich, sanguine during passion, sullen after it,
Purchasing shows of mutual respect,
With bows as low, as their recoil is lofty;
And thinking that the world and you, being each
No better than each other, may thus ever,
In smooth accommodation of absurdity,
Move prosperous to your graves. But also I know you
Misgiving amidst all of it; more violent
Than bold, more superstitious ev'n than formal,
More propped up by the public breath, than vital
In very self-conceit. Now mark me——
Ago. A beggar
Mad with detection, barking like his cur!
Ron. Mark me, impostor. Let that saint be worse
By one hair's-breadth of sickness, and you take
No steps to show that you would have prevented it,
And every soul in Florence, from the beggar
Up to the princely sacredness now coming,
Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall follow you,
Plucking your shuddering skirts; women forego,
For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak
Words at you, as you pass; old friends not know you;
Enemies meet you, friend-like; and when, for shame,
You shut yourself in-doors, and take to your bed,
And die of this world by day, and the next by night,
The nurse, that makes a penny of your pillow,
And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,
Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
And count her wages!
Ago. (*drawing his sword*). Death in thine own throat!
Ron. Tempt me not.
Ago. Coward!
Ron. (*drawing his sword*). All you saints bear witness!
[*Cries of* 'Agolanti! Signor Agolanti!'.

Enter Servants in disorder.

First Serv. My lady, sir.
Ago. What of her?

Serv. Sir, she is dead.
Ago. Thou say'st what cannot be. A hundred times
I've seen her worse than she is now.
Ron. Oh horror!
To hear such words, knowing the end!—Oh dreadful!
But is it true, good fellow? Thou art a man,
And hast moist eyes. Say that they served thee dimly.
Serv. Hark, sir.
[*The passing-bell is heard. They all take off their caps, except* AGOLANTI.
Ron. She 's gone; and I am alone. Earth's blank;
Misery certain.—The cause, alas! the cause!
[*Passionately to* AGOLANTI.
Uncover thee, irreverent infamy!
Ago. (*uncovering*). Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly
A mute-struck sorrow.
Ron. Oh God! to hear him talk!
To hear him talk, and know that he has slain her!
Bear witness, you—you of his household—you,
That knew him best, and what a poison he was—
He has slain her.—What you all feared would be, has come,
And the mild thread that held her heart, is broken.
Ago. (*going off with the servants*). Pietro, I say, and Giotto! away!
away! [*Exit with servants.*
Ron. Ay, ay; to justice with him! Whither with *me*?
[*Exit opposite.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* DA RIVA. COLONNA, OLIMPIA, *and* DIANA *discovered, the first looking out of a window. A funeral-bell is tolling at intervals.*

Col. By the moving of the crowd the funeral comes.
No;—yet I thought I heard the Choristers.
Diana. You did. Hark now— [*A faint sound of choristers.*
And now like some sweet sigh
Of heaven and earth it pauses.—You look sadder,
Signor Colonna, than you thought you should,
Within this festal week.
Col. 'Faith, gentle lady,
I'd rather hear upon a winter's night
A dozen trumpets of the enemy
Blow 'gainst my nestled cheek, than this poor weakness,
Which comes to pass us, standing idly thus,
Swallowing the lumpish sorrow in one's throat,
Twixt rage and pity.
Olim. I have noted oft,
That eyes, that have kept dry their cups of tears,
The moment they were touched by music's fingers,
Trembled, brimful.
Diana. It is the meeting, love,

Of beauty so divine, with earth so weak.
We swell within us with immortal thoughts,
And then take pity on the feeble riddle,
That lies thus cold, and thus rebuked in death.
[*Choristers resume, and continue during the dialogue*
Col. I heard as I came in, one who has seen her
Laid on the bier, say that she looks most heavenly.
Diana. I saw her lately, as you'll see her now,
Lying but newly dead, her blind sweet looks
Bordered with lilies, which her pretty maiden,
'Twixt tears and kisses, put about her hair,
To show her spotless life, and that wrong man
Dared not forbid for very piteous truth;
And as she lay thus, not more unresisting
Than all her life, I pitied even him,
To think, that let him weep, or ask her pardon
Never so much, she could not answer more.
Col. They turn the corner now, and now they pass.
[*The choristers suddenly become loud, and are heard passing underneat*
the window. After they have passed, COLONNA *resumes.*
Farewell, sweet soul! Death and thy patient life
Were so well matched, I scarce can think thee altered.

Enter DA RIVA.

How now, Da Riva? Found you not Antonio,
That thus you look amazed? What is 't? No harm
To his poor self?
Riva. None, none; to him, or any;
None that shall be; monstrous, and strange, and horrible,
As ignorance of the peril might have made it.
Col., Olim., and *Diana.* To whom?
Riva. Prepare to hear, and to endure,
A chance, the very hope of which is awful,
It raises up a vision with a look
So mixed of life and death.
Col., Olim., and *Diana.* What is it?
Riva. You,
Colonna, will to Antonio instantly,
To keep him ignorant till all be known:
You, my sweet friends, with me, to seek some nest
Of balm and comfort, close upon the spot,
Against a chance—Think me not mad, but hearken.
Diana. He has murdered her! He thought to murder her,
And his hand failed.
Olim. Poison! Oh Heavens!
Col. (*to* DA RIVA). Pray, calm them.
Riva. Scarcely ten minutes had I left you here,
When Fiordilisa, paler than her mistress,
Found me with Giulio by Antonio's door.
Col. You have not seen him then?

Riva. Yes;—the poor maiden
Told us of an appearance she had noted
All night about the lips of the dear lady,
Which made her call to mind stories, too true,
Of horrors in the dreadful pestilence,
Of hasty shrouds, sleeps found to have been sleeps only,
And gentle creatures grown so desperate,
That they had raised their hands against their lives
For waking to the sense of life itself.
Olim. Where now they bear her!
Diana. Not unknown.
Col. Be tranquil,
Watch has been set?
Riva. And will look close till morn.
Giulio, from time to time, 'twixt them and us,
Will fly with news; and meantime sweep we all
Each to our tasks, and bless the hope that sets them.
If true, oh think where but in sleep she lies:
If vain, she still will bless us from the skies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A cemetery, with an open vault in the background, and a dim noise of revelry, as from some house in the neighbourhood.*

Enter GIULIO [*hearkening to the noise*].

Giu. What devilishness, and outrage to the dead,
About whose homes the rudest-footed churl
Treads softly e'en by day! The noble hearts
I serve, have been so generous, that these drunkards
Count it but as a folly worth their cheating,
And have shut up their promised vigilance
Within the roaring wine-house. (*Noise again.*) Only one
Remains within the gate, who let me in,
Staring 'twixt sleep and glass-eyed sottishness.
Yet see—the vault has been left open, wide
As fear could wish. What, if!—Methinks the man
Looked at me yonder;—yes, and is still looking;—(*Noise again.*)
And now the noise allures him, and he turns.
Hark! Not a sound, but when the riot swells!
So still all else, that I can hear the grass
Whisper, as in lament, through its lorn hair.
I'll in, and look.—What if a hope, almost
As dreadful, for the moment, as worst fear,
Show to my heart its selfish cowardice,
And I should see her, not still laid, but risen!
Sitting perhaps, with eyes encountering mine,
And muttering lips! I'll take thy burden, horror,
Upon me, for love's sake and gratitude's;
Oh will I, Heaven! e'en should my knees melt under me,
And every pore turn to a swoon of water.
[*He enters the vault, and returns.*

Gone! Borne away? or of her own self gone?
Gone, without friend to help, or to pursue!
And whither? or with help itself how dreadful!
What hands for lilied innocence in the night!
Perhaps that very house—What ho, there!—you!
[*The gate of the cemetery is loudly shut.*
He shuts the gate! he shuts, and is himself
Gone! and forbid it, Heaven, not for my sake,
But hers, but hers, left me, perhaps on purpose,
To call in vain, and 'gainst the bolts grow mad!
Pardon, sweet Heavens! I'll not be mad, for fear
Of madness, but be calm. What ho, there! Stay!
Come back, for Heaven's sweet sake, and ope the doors. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A room in* AGOLANTI'S *house in Florence.* AGOLANTI *discovered looking out of an open window, and then quitting it. Sound of lutes in the distance.*

Ago. That sound of homeward lutes, which I arose
Out of my restless bed, to feel companioned with,
For some few passing moments, was the last
To-night in Florence. Not a footstep more
Touches the sleeping streets; that now seem witched
With the same fears that walk around me still,
Ready to greet me with unbearable eyes.
All air seems whispering of me; and things visible
Take meaning in their shapes, not safe to know.
Oh that a masculine and religious soul
Should be thus feeble! And why! what should I fear?
My name has worship still; and still will have it,
If honourable wealth and sacred friends
Can shield it from mad envy; and if I erred
Sometimes as husband, she I loved erred more,
With spirit so swelling as outstrained her life.
Oh, every man's infirmities, more or less,
Mix with his love; and they who in excess
Feel not all passions, felt not love like mine,
Nor knew what worlds, when my despair seemed angriest,
I could have given for one, for but one look
Of sure and heartfelt pity in her eyes.
But she is gone; and for whate'er I did
Not well, I have humbled me to the god of power;
And given the shrine, near which her dust is laid,
New glorious beams of paintings and of gold,
Doubling its heaven to the white angelical tapers:
For which they say the sovereign Holiness
Himself will thank me. And yet,—thus, even thus,
I feel,—a shudderer at the very silence,
Which seems preparing me some angriness.
I'll close the window; and rouse Ippolito
To read to me in some religious book.

[*Going towards the window, he stops and listens.*

What was it? a step? a voice?

Gin. (*is heard outside*). Agolanti!

Francesco Agolanti! husband!

Ago. (*crossing himself, and moving towards the window*). It draws me,
In horror, to look on it.—Oh God!—I see it!
There is—something there—standing in the moonlight.

Gin. Come forth, and help me in—Oh help me in!

Ago. It speaks! (*very loudly.*) I cannot bear the dreadfulness!
The horror's in my throat, my hair, my brain!
Detestable thing! witch! mockery of the blessed!
Hide thee! Be nothing! Come heaven and earth betwixt us!

[*He closes the shutters in a frenzy, and then rushes apart.*

O God! a little life;—a little reason:—
Till I reach the arms of the living.—Ippolito!
Tonio! Giuseppe! Lights! Wake Father Angelo!

[*He staggers out.*

SCENE IV.—*A retired corner in Florence, in front of* RONDINELLI'S *house with garden-wall and trees.* RONDINELLI *out of doors, musing.*

Ron. A gentle night, clothed with the moon and silence.—
Blessed be God, who lets us see the stars;
Who puts no black and sightless gulf between
Those golden gazers out of immensity,
And mortal eyes, yearning with hope and love!—
She 's now a blessed spirit beyond those lights,
With happy eternal cheek. And yet, methinks,
Serious as well as sweet is bliss in heaven,
And permits pity for those that are left mourning.
Gentle is greatest and habitual nature!
Gentle the starry space! gentle the air!
Gentle the softly ever-moving trees!
Gentle time past and future; both asleep,
While the quick present is loud by daylight only:
And gently I come to Nature to be worthy
Of comfort and of her, and mix myself
With the everlasting mildness in which she lives.—
Sweetest and best! my couch a widower seems,
Altho' it knew thee not; and I came forth
To join thee as I could; for thou and I
Are thus unhoused alike, and in no home.
The wide earth holds us both.

GINEVRA *enters, and halts apart, looking at him.*

Gin. Antonio!

Ron. Oh earth and heaven! What art thou?

Gin. Fear not to look on me, Antonio!
I am Ginevra—buried, but not dead,
And have got forth and none will let me in.
Even my mother is frightened at my voice,

And I have wandered to thy gentle doors.
Have pity on me, good Antonio,
And take me from the dreadful streets at night.
Ron. Oh heaven! Oh all things terrible and beautiful!
Art thou not angel, showing me some dread sight
Of trial and reproof? Or art thou indeed
Still living, and may that hand be touched with mine?
[*She has held out her hand to him.*
Gin. Clasp it, and help me towards thy door; for wonder
And fear, and that long deadly swoon, have made
Me too a terror to myself, and scarcely
I know how I stand thus.
Ron. (*moving slowly, but eagerly, and breathless towards her*). Infold us, air!
Infold us, night and time, if it *be* vision!
If not—if not— [*He touches her hand and clasps her to his heart.*
It is Ginevra's self,
And in Antonio's arms!—She faints! Oh sweetest!
Oh cheek, whose tears have been with mine—She'll die!
She'll die, and I shall have killed her!
Gin. (*sliding down on her knees*). Strength has risen o'er me from the depths of weakness.
Oh Signor Rondinelli! Oh good Antonio,
Be all I think thee, and think not ill of me,
Nor let me pass thy threshold, having a fear
Of the world's speech to stain a spotless misery.
Ron. Oh rise; and when I think that thou canst stand
Unhelped of these most glad but reverent arms,
Aloof will I wait from thee, as far apart
As now I closely grasped thee. I was mad,
And am, with joy, to find thee alive, and near me;
But, oh blest creature! Oh lady! Antonio's angel!
Say but the word—do—and I love thee so,
That after thou hast tasted food and wine,
Myself will bear thee to thy house, thy husband,
Laying a heaven on his repentant heart.
Gin. Never. The grave itself has been between us;
The hand of Heaven has parted us, acknowledged
By his own driving me from his shrieking doors:
And none but thy door, and a convent's now,
To which thy honourable haste will guide me,
Shall open to me in this world again.
Shelter me till the morn. Thou hast a mother?
Ron. Blessed be Heav'n, I have;—a right good mother—
Gentle, and strong, and pious. She will be yours,
So long as our poor walls boast of inclosing you,
And instantly. You scarcely shall have set
Your foot in the house, but with religious joy,
She will arise, and take you to her bed,
And make a child of you, lady, till you sleep.
Gin. Blessed be Heav'n indeed. I can walk strangely. [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* RONDINELLI, *who enters.*

Ron. Five blessed days, and not a soul but we
Knows what this house in its rich bosom holds.
The man whom dear Diana bribed to secrecy
For our sakes, is now secret for his own;
And here our guest is taken for a kinswoman,
Fled from a wealthy but a hated suitor,
Out of no hatred, haply, to myself;
For which, as well as for her own sweet sake,
The servants love her, and will keep her close.
She holds my mother's hand, and loves her eyes;—
And yester evening she twice spake my name,
Meaning another's. Hence am I most proud,
Hence potent; hence, such bliss it is to love
With smallest thought of being loved again,
That though I know not how this heav'n on earth
Can change to one still heavenlier, nor less holy,
I am caught up, like saints in ecstasies,
Above the ground;—tread air;—see not the streets
Through which I pass, for swiftness of delight,
And hugging to my secret heart one bosom.
I live as though the earth held but two faces,
And mine perpetually looked on hers.

Enter GIULIO.

How now, sweet Giulio? why so hushed? our visitor
No longer sleeps by day. [GIULIO *kisses his hand.*
And why this style
Of pretty reverence and zeal, as though
You came betwixt myself and some new trouble?
Giu. Nay, sir.
Ron. You smile, to reassure me. Well;
Yet you breathe hard, and have been flying hither,
Your pretty plumage beaten with the wind,
And look as haggard pale as when you brought
The daybreak to us from that cage, and found
Safe housed our bird of paradise. What is it?
Giu. I came, that Marco might not come. I thought,
Dear lord and master, Giulio's lips had best
Bring news of one whose face the servants know not,
Now in the hall asking to speak with you.
Ron. What face?—Who is it?
Giu. He saw me, and started;
And yet not angrily.
Ron. Who saw? No kinsman
Of my dear mother's guest?
Giu. No, sir; no *kinsman.*

Ron. No officer from the court or clergy?
Giu. Neither.
Ron. Our mutual friends are all, this instant, with us,
Here, in the house. They, if they saw this man—
Say—would they know him?
Giu. Surely, sir; none better,
Or with less willingness; though five short days
Have bowed him down as with a score of years;
His eye that was so proud, now seems but stretched
With secret haste and sore anxiety;
And what he speaks, he seems yet not to think of.
Ron. Come, let us speak his name, lest a mad chance
That 'tis not he, make me repent the cowardice.
'Tis he? the man?
Giu. The Signor Agolanti.
Ron. (*aside*). Life is struck black. Yet not so, sweetest face,
Not so. He shall not hurt a hair of thy head,
While the earth holds us.—Guess you what he knows?
Giu. All.
Ron. How?
Giu. I saw, coming from out his door,
The sexton's boy, his lowering front in smiles
For some triumphant craft; and not long afterwards
Came he, half staggering, shrouding with his cap
His haggard eyes. He bent his steps this way,
And I took wings before him, to give Marco
Speech for him should he come, and be his harbinger,
Sir, with yourself.
Ron. Best boy! my friend, and brother!
But, Giulio, say you not a word elsewhere.
You understand me?
Giu. Oh sir,—yes.
Ron. Bid Marco
Conduct him hither.
Giu. Geri and myself
May remain then? Not within hearing, sir,
But within call?
Ron. Good lad! but there 's no need.
See you, that not another eye in the house
Behold him coming.—Let him be shown up.

[*Exit* GIULIO; *and after awhile, enter* AGOLANTI, *looking round the room. They pause a little, and regard one another.*

Ago. You know why I am here?
Ron. I do.
Ago. Five days—
(*Aside.*) Rouse thee, Agolanti. Never shook'st thou yet
At living face:—what quailed thee, coming hither?
(*To* RONDINELLI.) Five days, and nothing told a husband?
Ron. Nothing
Ago. Nothing that he deemed mortal.—But with whom

Am I thus speaking? With one honourable?
One who, though lawless in his wish, was held
Scrupulous in action? of nice thought for others?
Ron. The angel who came hither, is angel still.
Ago. Signor Rondinelli, respect this grief.
It respects thee, if thou art still the man
I thought thee once. A graver faith than most,
And love most loving, if its truth were known
Did, from excess of both—But what is past,
Is past;—a gentleman is before me;—his foe,
Or one he deemed such, at a disadvantage;
Illness, on all sides, gone;—I am here; am ready
To beg her pardon for that sore mistake,
Which for its very madness, friends, methinks,
Might haste to pardon;—and so take her home.
Ron. Your words are gentle, Signor Agolanti:—
I thank you; and would to Heaven, what must be borne,
Were always borne so well. The thing you speak of,
Seems easy, but in truth is not so.
Ago. How?
Ron. A bar has risen.
Ago. A bar!
Ron. Which, to speak briefly,
Has rendered it not possible.
Ago. Not possible!
(*Aside.*) He said that she was 'angel still'.—(*To* RONDINELLI.) She still
Is living?
Ron. Yes.
Ago. And here?
Ron. She is so.
Ago. Able
To move? recovered?
Ron. She is still but weak,
Yet hourly gaining strength.
Ago. What hinders then—
You do not speak. Tell me what strange prevention,
What inconceivable 'bar', I think, you called it—
Ron. Signor Francesco, I shall distress you greatly;
And, for all sakes, as you will see too well,
Would to God any other man on earth
Had to make this disclosure.
Ago. In God's name then,
What is it?
Ron. Her own consent would be required.
Ago. Well?
Ron. And 'twould not be given.—She'll not return.
Ago. Will not return!—How 'not return'? She 's well?
She 's better—perhaps would wait some days—yes, yes—
Well, sir—when will she? I'll see her instantly,
And then we'll settle when. But you can tell me

At once.—Be pleased to say, sir, when you think
She'll come.
Ron. 'Tis her own terrible word I speak, sir,
The night when she stood houseless at my door,
Dead to the past, alive to virtue only,
And honourable grief. She will return
Never.
Ago. Never return! Ginevra Agolanti
Never return? not come to her own house?
Impossible!—Witchcraft has been here! Seduction!
Where is she? Let me see her—instantly, sir!
Would you part man and wife?
Ron. Alas! she holds them
Parted already, not by me.
Ago. A wife
Has but one home, sir.
Ron. Sir, she thought so.
Ago. Sir, fever and delirium would not have made
A friend unpardonable in my eyes
For having mis-beheld me.
Ron. Surely, sir:—
Yet I conceive there is a difference.
But I am not the judge.
Ago. You are, sir;—I fear
You are;—I fear you have made yourself the judge, sir,
The criminal—the detainer. Why say nothing
Of her being here? Why let me find it out
From a gross boy, who has quarrelled with his master,
And makes my shame his profit? Housed with thee, too!
Ron. Nay, in the melancholy convent housed,
Soon as its doors, now hung with flowers for Rome,
Be open to admit the appeals of sorrow!
Ago. Appeals of lies and crimes.—And so my wounds
Must be torn open afresh! hidden from none!
All eyes must stare upon me! I demand
To see my wife;—the Lady Agolanti:—
She is detained here. Horrible light begins
To dawn; there has been dreadful mockery—
Conspiracy! Worse! You have dishonoured her.
Ron. 'Tis false.—Be calm. Let both be calm, nor startle
Feminine ears with words. Wait in this room,
Here, on the left, awhile:—I'll bring herself
To look upon thy speech, if it so please her;
If not, my mother, sir,—you have heard of her,—
From whom, so help me God, I never yet
Beheld her separate.
Ago. I demand—
Ron. This way.

[*Exeun*

SCENE II.—*Another Room.*

Enter RONDINELLI ; *and to him, from the opposite side,* GUILIO *with* FIORDILISA, *who kisses his hand.*

Ron. Sweet Fiordilisa, you attend your mistress
Too closely. You grow pale.
Fior. 'Twas Giulio's paleness, sir,
Struck me with mine.
Ron. Fear not for him, or any one ;
You see me pale, yet see me smiling too :
Now go, and with the like good flag advanced
Of comfort beyond trouble, tell your lady
I would entreat one word with her, alone.
Fior. I'll think, sir, trouble cannot come to stay
Within so quiet and so bless'd a house ;
And so I'll try to look. [*Exit* FIORDILISA.
Ron. (*who has been writing something.*) And now you, Giulio,
Go tell the friends who come to greet her rise
From the sick bed, what shade has followed them.
I fear, from some deep whispering on the stairs
I caught but now, as we were coming up,
They heard us wrangling. Say, all 's quiet now—
They'll see me soon ; and give this to my mother.
[*Exit* GIULIO *with the paper ; and enter* GINEVRA.
My mother would have been before me, lady,
To beg an audience for her son ; but you,
Being still the final and sole arbitress
Of a new question, come with sudden face ;
It might befit you also, for more reasons
Than I may speak, to be its first sole hearer.
Gin. What is it ?
Ron. Nothing that need bring those eyes
Out of the orbs of their sweet self-possession.
Your thoughts may stay within their heaven, and hear it.
'Twixt it and you, there is all heaven, and earth.
Gin. My story is known, ere I have reached the convent ?
Ron Even so.
Gin. And somebody has come to claim me ?
From *him* ?
Ron. Not *from* him.
Gin. From the church then ? No !
The state ?
Ron. I said not *from* him. He is shaken
Far more than you should be, being what you are,
And all hearts loving you.
Gin. Himself !
Ron. Himself.—
His haughty neck yet stooping with that night,
Which smote his hairs half grey. [*She weeps.*

Gin. (*aside*). Alas!—yet more
Alas, that I should say it.—Not loud then?
Not angry?
Ron. Only with your vows of refuge.
And those that stand betwixt his will and power;
Else humble; nay, in tears, and seeking pardon.
(*Aside.*) She's wrung to the core!—With grief is't? and what grief?
Oh now, all riddles of the heart of love,
When 'twould at once be generous, yet most mean;
All truth, yet craft; a sacrifice, yet none;
Risk all in foppery of supposed desert,
And then be ready in anguish to cry out
At being believed, and thought the love it is,
Martyr beyond all fires, renouncing heaven
By very reason that none can so have earned it;—
Oh, if she pities him, and relents, and goes
Back to that house, let her yet weep for me!
Gin. When I said 'Never' to that word 'return',
He had not suffered thus; had not shown sorrow;
Was not bowed down with a grey penitence.—
Sir—I would say, kind host—most kind of men—
My friend and preserver—
Ron. Say no more,
So you think well of me.
Gin. I could say on,
And twenty times as much, so you would think it
Best, some day hence.—Speak not.—
Ron. Yes, honour bids me;
Honour above all doubts, even of poor self.
Whether to gain or lose;—bids me say bravely,
Be wise, while generous—Guard the best one's peace,
Whoe'er that is;—*her* peace—the rights of goodness
And vindication of the o'er-seeing heavens,
High above all wrong hearts,—his,—or mine own.
Gin. Although you call me 'best', who am not so,
I'll write that last and noblest admonition
Within the strongest memory of my soul,
For all our sakes. The way to him.
Ron. One word.
My mother—she—will see you again sometimes
In your lot's bettering from its former state,
As surely it must, your friends now knowing all,
He sad for all.
Gin. It is a help I look for
Ron. Her son—forgive him that at this last moment
He makes this first and only mention of him,
Since you vouchsafed to rest your troubles with us.—
His first—his last;—may he too, as a friend,
Hope—that a thought of him—a passing memory—
Will sometimes mix with hers?

Gin. To think of her
Will be to think of both.
Ron. Oh gentlest creature,
If what I am about to say to thee
Offend thee in the least, count it such madness
As innocence may pity; and show no sign
Of thy displeasure. Be but mute; and sorrow
With as mute thanks shall resume common words.
But if, in thy late knowledge of Antonio,
Thou hast seen nought, that under happier omens
And with all righteous sanction, might have hindered thee
From piecing out his nature's imperfections
With thy sweet thoughts and hourly confidence,
Reach him, oh reach, but for one blissful moment,
And to make patience beautiful for ever,
Thy most true woman's hand.
[*She turns aside and holds out to him her hand.*
My heart would drink it.
[*He strains it with both hands against his bosom.*
Do thy worst, memory, now.—We have known each other
For twenty years in this. Your tears embolden you
Even to look at me through their glittering veil,
And set me some sweet miserable task:—
I understand;—yes, we'll go quietly,
And you will let me keep this hand to the door?
We will walk thus. This little walk contains
A life!—Might you say one word to me at parting?
Gin. Antonio!—may your noble heart be happy.
[*She clasps her hands, and speaks with constant vehemence, looking towards the audience.*
Alas! alas! Why was that one word uttered
To bear down the last patience of my soul,
And make me cry aloud to Heaven and misery?
I am most miserable. I am a creature
That now, for fifteen years, from childhood upwards,
Till this hard moment, when the heavens forbid it,
Have known not what it was to shed a tear,
Which others met with theirs. Therefore mine eyes
Did learn to hush themselves, and young, grow dry;
For my poor father knew not how I loved him,
Nor mother neither; and my severe husband
Demanded love, not knowing lovingness.
And now I cry out, wishing to be right,
And being wrong; and by the side of me
Weeps the best heart, which ought not so to weep,
And duty's self seems to turn round upon me,
And mock me; by whose law, nevertheless,
Do I abide, and will I; so pray Heaven
To keep me in my wits, and teach me better.
Turn me aside, sweet saints, and let me go.

[*While* RONDINELLI, *who has fallen on his knee, is stretching his hands towards her, the voices of* AGOLANTI, COLONNA, *and* DA RIVA, *are heard in violent quarrel.*[1]

Gin. His voice! in anger too? Did you not say
That he was calm? Heart-stricken?
Ron. He seemed so.
Gin. Perhaps is so, and they mistake his sorrow.
There 's mercy in it: for when danger comes,
Duty cries loudest. Ay, and here 's the friend
Will not forsake me still, but bear me on,
Right where the trumpet of the angel calls. [*He speeds her out.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*Another room in* RONDINELLI'S *house.* AGOLANTI *and* COLONNA, *in loud dispute, with their swords drawn,* DA RIVA *interposing.*

Ago. I say—
Col. What say you then?
Riva. Well, let him speak.
Ago. I say, that nothing upon earth, no insolence—
Col. House-coward!
Riva. Hush.
Ago. Nor prudent friend—
Col. Still, coward.
Ago. Nor talk of law, nor threats of church itself,
Shall move my foot one jot from where I stand,
Till she whom law, church, heaven and earth joined to me,
Shall join me again, and quit this infamous house.
Riva. To be twice slain in thine?
Col. And twice thrust forth,
If she return to fright thee?
Ago. I've seen the page here;
Seen you; guess at your women; and shall know
What hideous trap has steeped her soul in blushes,
If she come not.
Col. (*going to attack him*). Blush in thy grave to say so.

Enter RONDINELLI *and* GINEVRA, *followed by his mother,* OLIMPIA, DIANA, GIULIO, FIORDILISA, *and Servants.*

Ron. Forbear! an angel comes. Take her, and pray
Just Heaven to make her happy as thyself.
Col. Antonio, thou art damned to think it. See—
Riva. He shrinks from her again in very fear,
Which in his rage of vanity he'll avenge.

[1] The following words of the quarrel are supposed to be uttered during the most violent confusion, and partly at once:—
Ago. Who sent you here? I never asked for you,
Nor you—
Col. And who for you?
Ago. Who?
Riva. Shut the door, I say.
Col. Ay, who? What idiot, or what brute could that be?
Ago. Heaven itself, whom you blaspheme.

Ago. I hear not what they say, my poor Ginevra,
Thinking of thee alone.—Come, bear thee up,
And bravely,—as thou dost. We'll leave this place—
This way—So—so—
Riva. Antonio, will you let him?
Think of herself.—'Tis none of yours, this business,
But the whole earth's.
Ron. She will not have me stay him—
I dare not—My own house too—See, she goes with him.
Riva. Call in the neighbours— [GIULIO *goes out.*
Col. Do, there 's a right soul—
Tell all.
Ago. She 's with me still! She 's mine! Who stays us?
Olim. and *Diana.* Ginevra! sweetest friend!
Ago. Who triumphs now? Who laughs? Who mocks at panders,
Cowards, and shameless women?
Gin. (*bursting away from him*). Loose me, and hearken.
Madness will crush my senses in, or speak:
The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs crowns me;
The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me;
Every thing warns me. I will *not* return.
I claim the judgement of most holy church.
I'll not go back to that unsacred house,
Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish discord,
Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught.
I came to meet with pity, and find shame;
Tears, and find triumph; peace, and a loud sword.
The convent walls—Bear me to those—In secret,
If it may be; if not, as loudly as strife,—
Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets;
And there, as close as bonded hands may cling,
I'll hide, and pray for ever, to my grave.—
Come you, and you, and you, and help me walk.
Ago. Let her not stir. Nor dare to stir one soul,
Lest in the madness of my wrongs I smite ye.
Gin. (*to* AGOLANTI). Look at me, and remember. Think how oft
I've seen as sharp a point turned on thyself
To fright me; how, upon a weaker breast;
And what a world of shames unmasculine
These woman's cheeks would have to burn in telling.—
The white wrath festers in his face, and then
He 's devilish.
Ron. Will you let her fall? She swoons.
[*He catches her in his arms.*
Ago. (*turning to kill him.*) Where'er she goes, she shall not go there.
Col. (*intercepting him with his own sword*). Dastard!
Strike at a man so pinioned?
Ago. Die then for him. [*Strikes at* COLONNA.
Diana and *Olim.* Help! Help!
[*The doors fly open, enter* GIULIO *followed by officer and guard.*

Giu. 'Tis here? Part them, for mercy's sake.
Col. Die thou. [*He pierces him.*
Riva. He 's slain! What hast thou done?
Col. The deed
Of his own will. One must have perished, sir (*to officer*);
One, my dear friend (*to* DA RIVA). Which was the corse to be?
Riva (*looking at it*). There 's not a heart here, but will say, 'Twas he.
[*Curtain falls.*

LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS

OR, HOW WILL IT END?

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

[First printed in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, January 4-March 1, 1851. Reprinted 1857. Text 1857.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE CHEVALIER DE TORCY. | THE COUNTESS MONTALAIS.
CAPTAIN DE LA ROUSSE. | MADEMOISELLE DE LA MOTTE.
SERVANTS, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE.—*Paris and its Neighbourhood.*

TIME.—*The Wars of the Fronde.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Wood near the Walls of Old Paris.*

Enter two soldiers, looking about.

1st Soldier. I'll swear I heard some one hereabouts. He was singing, as if he was going to his mistress.

2nd Soldier. Or coming from her, mayhap, covered with love and glory.

1st Sol. Stand aside a bit. Devil 's in it, if we don't nab a purse or two, now that the general has pushed so much nearer the city than the enemy looks for. I haven't had a booty these three days, but market butter. Damn butter!

2nd Sol. And furiously damn eggs, hard or soft! We made the last fellow we met with 'em dance through a basketful, in his wooden shoes.

1st Sol. Hush! Now hear him. [*A loud singing is heard.*

2nd Sol. Coming this way, too, full butt.

1st Sol. I see him. Stand aside, man. Saw you ever a singing-bird hop into a snare as he will? He 's very pretty plucking too, if I'm not mistaken; a gentleman, every louis of him. It 's a pleasure to rob such a man.

2nd Sol. He does it as easily as if he was going to be shaved; or to buy a ribbon of a pretty milliner. How d'ye do, sir?

Enter DE TORCY, *the soldiers going on each side of him.*

1st Sol. Hope you're well, sir. Hope your mistress admires your singing as much as we do, sir.

2nd Sol. Hope your hat 's well, sir, and your pockets.

1st Sol. And your boots, dear sir. Hope they come off easy. Shall be happy to refresh you that way.

De Torcy (*aside*). Boots and pockets! Freebooters, by this light! or do they belong to the Prince's army? Here 's a couple of easy companions for you! And so near the city gates! (*Drawing his sword and backing.*) Gentlemen, may I crave your modest names and wishes? You have the advantage of me.

1st Sol. We have the advantage of you, sir, thank Heaven; and, please Heaven, we mean to keep it. Your hat is a most engaging hat, and your gloves——

2nd Sol. Are loves. We have the honour to take you prisoner, sir, that 's all.

1st Sol. You needn't go to head-quarters with us, provided you come down with the money handsomely, and make no noise.

De Tor. Noise, you fools! Off, you scoundrels, or I'll tap your drunken bloods for you! [*They fight.*

2nd Sol. All the devils! He has broken my head!

1st Sol. I've the damn'dest cut o' the knuckles! Hollo there! Hollo!

Both. Hoy! a hoy! Help for the Prince!

Enter Captain La Rousse.

La Rousse (*drawing his sword*). Oh, I must help you, must I, you shambling rascals? fellows that had your bones broken when you were footmen. Stand aside, and leave the gentleman to me. Now, sir, if you please.

De Tor. You may as well let 'em fight; for I shan't give in. Come on, every shabby sword of you.

La Rou. Nay, honest friend, civil war is civil war, and prisoners are prisoners; but if you, being a Parliament man, and not so well off in that matter, as you might be, are so hungry for a dab in the chops this morning, I flatter myself I can serve you well enough. (*They fight. Soldiers interfere.*) Get back, ye thieves, and let decent people have their way. (*He ejaculates like a fencer.*) Aha! aha! Sa! sa! Stop a moment. You fight devilish well, that 's the truth; but you'll gain nothing, come what will; for my whole troop has invested the spot by this time; so, as you can't escape, look about you as you may, and are such a ferocious fellow as to give me a respect for you, and above all, as I haven't finished my breakfast, why you might as well come quietly along with me, Armand de la Rousse, captain of the guard, instead of losing your hat and purse among these gentlemen. You can tap a bottle of the right claret with me, instead of the wrong; and after breakfast, send for your ransom comfortably; for I guess you don't happen to have it by you. Off, ye superfluous dogs. [*Exeunt soldiers.*

De Tor. (*aside, and clasping his hands*). The happiest path I ever trod, thus crossed
By knaves and fools! myself a prisoner!
And of my purse he guesses but too well.

La Rou. (*aside*). This fellow now, by his black looks and oaths,
(For he is swearing devilishly) is bound
On some affair of love, or honour; going
To kiss some pretty girl, or fight some friend.
I pity him.—Sir, my claret 's devilish good,

And what else I can do for you—
De Tor. Fight me,
And let me go, if I fight best. That 's all
That you can do for me; but that were every thing.
Oh! grace me thus, and give me a chance of going,
And I'll for ever count you my best friend;—
Next to my best.
La Rou. (*aside*). Ay, see! he fights 'em all,—
All his best friends! Faith, an attractive fellow;
And I could find it in my heart to oblige him;
But then my tailor's bill! (*Aloud.*) My good sir, fighting 's
A pretty settlement in its way; I own it;
But to be plain with you, it helps no rents.
One cannot fight those inconsiderate dogs,
One's draper and one's wine-merchant. I'm sorry,
And that 's the truth. I never met a man
Whom I would sooner pink in the way of friendship,
And let a little blood with, this hot weather,
Than—who, pray, is my prisoner? Favour me
With your most fiery and respectable name.
De Tor. Hold—there is one way more—one way to oblige me.
To do me the greatest favour, sir, on earth,
And yet not lose me for your captive. Ay,
Hear me—you'll find it so. You are a gentleman,
And think me one. Think me so truly one,
And like yourself, who count your word an oath,
As to deserve to have one brief hour's grace,
And I'll return;—in one hour I'll return,
By all that 's brave and honourable in man,
And blazon you for noble.
La Rou. With the ransom?
De Tor. With my heart's blood, man, if you choose to have it,
Until the ransom come.
La Rou. Is it a duel?
It must be a duel, you speak with so much pathos:
And if it is, by Heaven, as I'm a Christian,
And feel for others, I think I'll let you go:
Upon your word, you know: and you may take
One hour, or two, or four if you need surgery,
And must return in scarfs, or in a litter,
Which I'll hope not. And if you're killed,—I mean,
In case you should be,—you'll be good enough
To write a scrap for me, before you go,
Upon your banker, father, or what not;
Though I prefer a banker to a father.
De Tor. (*aside*). Is there a man on earth—(*Aloud.*) 'Tis no such thing.
I have a business on my hands, I swear,
More serious, far, than that; such an engagement,
As injures more than one, if I lose time;
And therefore I would beg you——

La Rou. Oh, some girl.
Faith, by your blushing, and your head-shaking,
I'm very much afraid it 's some weak girl—
Some pretty girl; well, if you like, some plain one;
Plain ones are often devilish *piquantes*.
Well, I'd not be offensive; but consider—
Nobody blushes that is going to fight;
There 's nothing to be ashamed of in that matter:
But as to girls!
De Tor. 'Sdeath, man! wilt hear me speak,
And set you right?
La Rou. Then they detain men so.
That makes a difference—oh! a horrible difference.
A man can get away in decent time
From a man's sword; there 's reason in a sword;
But from a girl!—I put it to yourself;—
You see it forces me to some perplexity;
Some delicate thoughts.
De Tor. (*aside and impatiently walking about*). Was ever baulk like this!—
And she!—great Heavens!
La Rou. You go now to some girl,
One, whom you love—for that 's the word you know—
A pretty, laughing, sighing, sidling thing,
Chuckling as fiddle-strings before a dance,
And it 's four o'clock and you're to leave at six,
And you hear neither six strike, seven, nor eight,
But about two in the morning, cry, 'God bless me,
I fear it 's late!'
De Tor. Come, Captain, you're too cheerful
To baulk an honest wish, though it be serious.
I'll tell you all frankly; and you shall hear
This voice again, in one brief hour, as sure
As your next call to horse. There is a lady——
La Rou. Ah! I knew how it was!
De Tor. There *is* a lady,
Whom I have promised within half an hour
To meet again, and see to her own house
In Paris, where, before the week is out,
She will be mine.
La Rou. Your wife? and is she rich?
De Tor. As good and fair.
La Rou. (*aside*). Unconscionable dog!
Rich, good, and fair, and all for his own eating!
Well, he can't wonder if it stretch his ransom
Two or three tradesmen further.
De Tor. An attack,
Unlooked for in a road held safe till now,
Swept from her side two elders of her kin,
With purse and passport, and had borne off her,
But for this sword, blest beyond all desert.

Sir, in their dread to lose their star, these eyes
Had hung upon her track from south to north;
And having thus been fortunate, and seen her
Housed in a village where she meant to rest
Hard by, I quitted her to seek new passports,
And was returning with them, when I fell
Into these bonds; which, but for one short hour
I do——

La Rou. (*interrupting him*). Honour me with the hand that every day
Cracks some new skull, and for such loving reasons.
May it be never met by a worse foe, [*They shake hands.*
Than a poor devil of a younger brother,
Whose tailors are so base, they will not take
Sentiments for their bills. Two hours I'll give you;
Three—four—if you would have it so. No? well,
Do as you will, or as the lady pleases,
One thing provided; which is, that you'll let me
Help you to see her safely through these lines,—
Her shortest way; that is, I mean to set them
Free to you both, not trespass on your company.

De Tor. 'Twill turn ill-luck itself to glad account,
And pay for my lost time.

La Rou. Enough; and if——
If I might catch one glimpse of her, one twinkle—
Just have a little bit of peep at her eyebrow,
In this damned dull campaign, why 'twould be kind of you;
That 's all.

De Tor. You shall. She is as frank as good,
And will not grudge to thank you. But, good Captain,
Not the least—you conceive me——

La Rou. Oh, dear sir.

De Tor. Not the remotest atom—

La Rou. Oh! oh! never.
My dear sir! Have you not met heartily
My lighter moods, and shall I not respect
Your gravest?

De Tor. Well, well. In all likelihood
Even my one hour will be less. But hold—
My name—you must know that—'tis the Chevalier—
But stay—I'll write it down.

La Rou. Never mind now.
Speed to the lady. Names, another time.
Suffice it, meanwhile, I shall see a gentleman. [*Exeunt on either side.*

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room. The* COUNTESS MONTALAIS *discovered in a travelling dress, sitting, and reading a letter.*

Countess (*reading*). 'Do not say anything about me to your friend, the Chevalier, till I speak further. Don't mention my name to him, for good and innocent reasons, which I will tell you when we meet. Though in full action as a Sister of Charity, I am at present only a novice, and shall probably

not be among the good ladies much longer, for reasons which I will also tell you. Suffice to say, till then, that while I do remain with them, I wish to be very private, unknown to all but my dear, ever-generous school-fellow, whose greater purse shall do as it desires, and help my small one to comfort the poor and sick. Since we last met, I have had troubles that she would little suspect; and these have made me sympathetic.'

Not they. The sympathy was ready-made,
Sweetest Louise! only you knew it not,
You had a heart so merry.
(*She proceeds with the letter.*) 'I regret to say——'
What is this?
'I regret to say that what you feared respecting the rumour is true. The good Sisters have heard it. But this, dearest Gabrielle, should only hasten you all the quicker to make it of no importance to the Chevalier, by disclosing the poor little amount of truth which is in it.'
[COUNTESS *rises, and paces the room.*
Would I had done so! But he looked so sad,
He looked so scornful (so at least it seemed)
Of all that might belie discernment in me,
Yet with a hope so bent to become rapture,
Could but my scorn trample the truth itself,
That I did trample it; and ever since,
Mine eyes, when they meet his, look anxiously
To see if they behold love or disdain.
So then, it seems, there *has* been talk of me!
Some feasters in the camp have talked of me
Over their cruel wine; one, most of all,
That should have most been dumb; or, if he spoke
Have spoken noblest. And De Torcy thus
Has had the cause to doubt me, which I feared.
Cause? No cause. Though, alas! women and men
Have different measures dealt them by the world,
E'en of the right to a misplaced good-will.
Oh, why did a weak fear of that false judgement
Make my lips guilty in disowning all? [*A bell rings.*
He comes!—I hear his voice at the hall-door,
Happy and loud. No danger, then, comes yet;
And I, too, will be happy, and be loud,
And meet his triumph worthily. Oh, all
Will still go well. Love comes to lead me forth,
And Charity shall bless me as I go.
And what care I for this base fop, De L'Orme?
No more than for the dust beneath my feet,
On which I walk to meet felicity.

Enter DE TORCY, *to whom the* COUNTESS *holds out her hands.*

De Tor. (*taking and clasping them*). You look as high and happy as the pride
You give this heart. So cunning without craft,
So exquisite in bounteous artifice,

Is all you do.
Countess. In artifice?
De Tor. In kindness:
In making what you give seem giv'n to you;
The only privileged artifice.
Countess. Not except
A word of comfort to the sorrowful?
De Tor. Oh, ever that.—I'll tell you presently
What has delayed me somewhat. Nothing serious.
The passport is renewed; a fresh good horse,
Found for me here, instead of the poor beast
Slain in these thievish wars; and two as dull,
Nice, acquiescent, glorified old gentlewomen,
Prepared to fill the places in the coach
Till you reach home, as ever took the hand
Of an old Duke at cards. Oh, I'm all insolence,
Laughing at great and small; and yet, not so,
But loving all things for the sake of you;
For let me once again, ere I speak more,
Thank you, and thank again, and again yet,
For that most blessed answer which you gave me
About this fop De L'Orme;—no, no; not answer;
You know I never questioned you. How could I,
On such a score as that? But when I think
With what a heavenly fire upon your cheek
You withered it, with what sweet leaping breath
And generous eyes, and how you deigned to tell me,
Not only that you scarcely knew the man,
But never listened to love talk but mine,—
Oh, this makes me so proud, so blest, so grateful,
Such a partaker of your own born triumphs
O'er all the ills and chances of the earth,
That I seem raised into some bright-eyed air,
Where none can live but such as love exalts,
And heaped with gifts as I would have heaped you,
Had I been lord of all things, and you nothing.
Countess. Men like not women to have loved before,
Nor even to have been supposed to love;
Altho' themselves may have loved many times
De Tor. Not I. How could I, having had a dream
Of such as you, and searching till I found you?
True 'tis, that custom giving fancy license
On the men's side, I sometimes let it loose;
But those I thought of were but prophecies
Of you, or portions rather; here an eye,
And there a lip, and there a pleasant manner;
So that with one, I could grow critical;
With this, dissatisfied; with that, e'en angry;
A thing unknown to true love's humbleness,
And marking but a passion in the blood,

Where anger keeps rude house with appetite:
But loving you, I knew I loved indeed,
Because, had you rejected me, I felt
I should have mourned, but bowed as to the heavens.
Countess. I have been anxious; and, I think, am scarcely
Strong enough yet, e'en to say thanks. The air
And journey will revive me.
De Tor. Let us move.
These terrors on the road—yet look now, sweet;
You must be strong enough, not for more terror,—
No, but a jest—a pastime; strictly such,
And food for pleasant memory.
Countess. What is it?
De Tor. It will but give me business during yours,
And for a day or so, and in blithe company;
But I'm a prisoner.
Countess. Prisoner!
De Tor. To your eyes
At one end of the chain; and at the other,
To a most merry Captain, one La Rousse;
Who stretching his rash nets here with his fowlers
To the very skirts of the wood and the town-gates,
Caught me, a careless singing-bird of love,
Whose claws availed not numbers.
Countess. And the ransom?
You must be pressed—I'll write for it this instant.
De Tor. (*arresting her*). Nay——
Countess. Nay! what nay? haven't I right?
De Tor. Sweet soul!
But there 's a certain set of cold third persons;
Lawyers to-wit, and drawers up of contracts,
Who, for the sake of the poor proud blessed man,
Must know him, ere she part with any thing.
Besides, the ransom must be paid at once,
And I've a friend who has it. There 's not time
To send to my own poor dismantled home,
And if there were—Well, 'faith, I'm almost sorry
I may not bankrupt you; nay, by those eyes,
I fancy I could wish myself still poorer,
That I might pull down on my blessed head
The heaven of all your virtues.
Countess. And I too.
A woman may confess she has dreamt that,—
Just that; and how you would have welcomed me
Barefooted at your door, and wrapped me round
With worship for my want. Life were too blest,
Did not some little jar, like this, break in,
To show our music earthly.
De Tor. No jar yet,
Being not only pastime in your absence,

But for yourself good-luck, and roads made short;
For this my new friend-enemy, La Rousse,
Who, being Captain, guessed what made me desperate,
And, being gentleman, had it owned to him,
Has set the outposts open for your sake;
Tho', like the bold man that he is, he dared,
And I dared too, being bolder, and you generous,
To hope, in passing, that the unknown face
Might, from its veil, show him one beam to grace him.
Countess. What is his name, you say? 'La Rousse'?
De Tor. La Rousse.
Countess. And he will be alone?
De Tor. Of course he will.
Countess. Come; and perhaps your Captain may discern
Reasons for——
De Tor. Faiths, which he has yet to learn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LA ROUSSE'S *apartments at head-quarters. He is discovered sitting after breakfast, and stretching himself.*

La Rousse. Well; I've made breakfast last as long as possible,
And what the devil shall I do now? No soul
Will love; nobody fight; Parmentieres, Villars,
Rohan, Beauvais, all gone with little Franc,
To the next town; my old Lieutenant sick;
My Cornet, poor boy, with a face and wit
Fit to chuck half the sex under the chin,
Staring all day at the tall Notary's daughter,
Because he saw her tie her shoe in a door-way;
And so I've nothing left me, not a cast
Of dice, nor e'en a wager on two blue-bottles,
To give a poor curst Captain a sensation.
I've read the *Army List*,—the *Rondeau Book*,—
The *Adventures of the Nun*;—nay, the old Sermon
Which the poor lad brought here with him, because
She copied it,—all in such a sweet bad hand;
And half the corners of her manuscript
Are drenched with oil, which makes a sort of pity
In love, and shows how above circumstance
Th' admirer's feelings are!—If that tall girl,—
That sallow girl,—doesn't take pity on him,
And treat him like a Christian, I see plainly
He'll marry her!—he will!—entreat the father,
Down on his knees, to be so noble-minded
As let him wed her poverty, and raise her
From figs and cheese to be a marchioness.—
I know that sort of thing; I mean, the notion
Of being seriously in love; though never—
I never thought—I'll do myself that justice—
Of matrimony ungilded; otherwise

Louise La Motte had been the wife for me;
She had,—had there been any reason for it,—
Poor little soul,—shaking you by the hand
So honestly, with eyes so thanking yours;
So witty, too, had she but known the world
A little better, and waived all that fuss
About her 'feelings', and her 'friends', and 'father'.
She was a sole heiress, for that matter;
Very small; and my father says, he'd pay
My debts, and rescue this estate of mine,
Would I but marry the least gentlewoman,
That might be shown at court. Louise La Motte
Might be shown anywhere, and grace the shower.
I wonder what's become of her? she cried
Somewhat too much; but that was when I left;—
And had the prettiest warble.—Well, she has gone
The way of all eternal constancies
By this time;—oh, of course;—dried up her eyes;
Married some gentleman in snuff-colour,
Not very amusing, but of great integrity;
And got a house full of children, and bread and butter.
I hate that sort of man.—Yes, 'faith, I loved her;
And yet it vexed me horribly to miss
The Countess Montalais, for she enraged me;
So rich as well as beautiful; the widow,
At twenty, of a Crœsus of fourscore,
Who married but a week before he died
On purpose to complete her maddening charms;
And yet to jilt me as she did; profess,
After permitting half a year's warm suit,
And suffering me to send her books and letters,
That there was some 'mistake'; some 'misconstruction',
Some 'fancy', which my natural gallantry
Had 'flattered her too far with!' Faith, there was;
A fancy that she had some decency,
And was not a mere face, cold as the devil;
A marble face; a spout; fit to turn fountain,
And chuck cold water on us. Devil take her!
I'll think of something else. Oh, ho! the sun
Carves this way, does it? takes a slice o' the floor
Tow'rds noon? my prisoner must be here anon,
And with him, zounds! a lady. How do I look?
[Jumping up, and consulting a glass.
That curl will never sit well when I want it;
And here 's my lace all crushed! Well, never mind;
A little philosophy and the last new tune
Cures all. (*Sings.*) It would be devilish funny though,
If the lady took a fancy to the Captain.
Prisoner 's a grave sound. Conquerors have advantages.

Enter the Captain's Servant.

Serv. The Chevalier de Torcy to wait on you, sir, with a lady.
La Rou. Entreat his presence. (*Exit Serv.*) Torcy! the Chevalier
De Torcy! why! that 's he, they say, succeeded
To my lost throne with Madame Montalais.
Well,—this is——

Enter DE TORCY, *bringing in the* COUNTESS.

De Tor. Madame Montalais, good sir,
Permits me to unite her thanks with mine
To Captain De La Rousse.
La Rou. (*aside*). By heaven and earth,
'Tis she, her very self!
Countess (*aside and despairingly*). De L'Orme! De L'Orme!
De Tor. (*introducing them*). My generous captor, madam. My fair friend,
The Countess Montalais.
La Rou. The Countess honours
An old acquaintance, sir, beyond all hope,
And all expression. 'Twere superfluous
To hope her health is good, with that bright cheek.
De Tor. You know the lady?
La Rou. (*sarcastically*). Well,—I have that honour.
De Tor. And you, madam, of course, know the good Captain?
You've changed your name then, Captain, for I see
Our fair friend knew not of your present one.
La Rou. The poor estate of a relation, sir,
Has, to La Rousse, changed——
Countess. Oh, I see sir;—yes,—
And Monsieur was not then an officer.
La Rou. No, Madam; I was then simple De L'Orme.
De Tor. (*aside*). De L'Orme!—She seems confused to see the man
That bragged of her acquaintance; that still brags it,
Saying he knew her well.—'I faith, good Captain,
Well as you know the lady, let us hope
You'll know her some day better. She admires——
Countess. A gentleman ever, and the kindest, most.
La Rou. (*aside*). He 's ignorant, I see, and so she'd keep him.—
(*Aloud.*) I must not boast a knowledge of you, madam,
Equal to his that speaks so handsomely;
But I were the most thankless man alive,
To pride me not, for ever and a day,
Upon those happy visits and blest walks,
When I breathed air whose heaven was envied me.
De Tor. (*aside*). Blushed she not so at bay, and heaved a bosom
So vexed in its tumultuous loveliness
(What ocean for such tempest!) doubt unutterable
Would rack me not. But she must not stay thus.
(*Aloud.*) Our time is short, dear lady; and the Captain
Will pardon our abruptness. Let me thank him

Once more, instead of your quick travelling breath
Unused to such road-whirlwind,—and so beg
He'll think you have said all things, old and new,
Which ladies say to compliments from Captains.
Countess. I am not well, and blush to have spoke no better
To one so more than flattering. Fare you well, sir!
De Tor. (*aside to* La Rousse *in going out*). You had no right to pain a lady thus,
Fancied you what you might.
La Rou. Nor shall you beard me,
Gulled as you are.
De Tor. (*fiercely*). I shall be back.
La Rou. (*as fiercely*). I look for it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I.—*The room at head-quarters. Enter* La Rousse, *borne wounded across the stage by his Servant and* De Torcy.

La Rousse (*speaking at once with vivacity and difficulty*). Batiste, how frightened and how fierce you look! You wish now——
De Torcy. That you wouldn't babble your soul out.
His shoulder, my good lad;—keep it more to him;
He bleeds but little, but his pain's unbearable;—
You see it in his face.
La Rou. Then his face lies.
I bear the pain as well as you bear me;
Which, I must say, is not too cleverly.
I should prefer a litter, or two porters.
De Tor. (*to* Batiste.) How came he, in that manner, to turn round
And stumble on my sword?
La Rou. Orange-peel, man,
Orange-peel; or a pip, or cheese-paring;
Or some such second for you. Little slips
Betray the mightiest men.
De Tor. (*to* Batiste.) You'll bear me witness,
I could not find a second in the camp.
Will his friend hasten back to take my place?
He doesn't bring the surgeon.
La Rou. Oh, don't doubt him.
Rohan's a devilish good fellow, and loves
To see an operation. All good fellows
In this world! capital good fellows all,
And corresponding women! constant lovers!
De Tor. Monstrous! to see the fool play monkey tricks
I' the face, perhaps, of death. Be still.
La Rou. Not I.
Had you shook hands, it had been another matter;
But not to be civil even in cutting one's throat!

I say again, man, that she loved me; ay,
Bear witness on't, whole evenings, while her grandam,
Rest her soul, snored; whole stationers' shops o' letters;
I'll give you a bundle of 'em, tied with old string.
Look to your trumps. But spotlessly, I grant;
Oh! devilish spotlessly.
De Tor. Vile fop! I'm vile
Myself, to be enraged with him. Soft now;
He 's turning paler.
La Rou. Send to your friend Orleans
For a little of his rouge.
De Tor. Will nothing on earth
Give his light soul gravity for one moment?
La Rou. Gravity! what, with pain before me, and probes,
And plasters, perhaps death; certainly gruel;
And when I've need of all the jests on earth?
You are—unreasonable.
De Tor. He faints,—now softly;
Your heel against the door.
Batiste. His bed 's to the left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in a house in Paris. The* COUNTESS *is discovered walking to and fro, looking through a window, and stopping at intervals to listen.*

Countess. Nobody comes! Nobody comes to tell
Which lives or dies! Misery to me, whichever.
Owing to me. To words. To things which seem
So little, and which come back, armed, so great,
Taunting their framer; crushing houses, families.
No one. No sight; no sound. The messenger
I sent was young, but shrewd beyond his age:
He brought me the first news; what keeps the second?
Was ever great highway so still, and dumb,
And void, so long together? Ha, the carriage
Impetuously coming! Some one else
Looks out, but who, I cannot see for tears;
Stops; and the messenger alights, and hands,
The other from inside—a lady—ay,
Sister of Charity—Louise herself!
Oh, has she come in charity too dreadful,
Knowing the need that I shall have for all? [*She sinks into a chair.*

Enter LOUISE.

Louise. Be tranquil; be secure; your friend is safe,
Unhurt, untouched.
Countess. The other?
Louise. Pained a little;
Nothing more. There seemed danger, but was none.
Be sure of it.

34 *1851 inserts* one *before* gravity.

Countess. Are you? Do you affirm it?
Forgive me, but——
Louise. By all that you and I
Ever held sacred!
Countess. O, my best Louise!
Louise la Motte! truth-telling, dear Louise!
[*She rises and embraces her in a passion of tears.*
Truth, truth. I clasp both it and you for ever.
Shall it not be so? Won't you come and live with me,
Or let me live with you? May we not have
One home, with arms about each other's waist,
As in the sweet and singing morn of life?
Louise. Dearest and ever-loving Gabrielle,
Never again can we be parted quite.—
But sit; and hear what I can tell you now,
With more than I designed to tell you ever.
Hear what a strange and fourfold link is ours. [*They sit.*
But let me first repeat, and re-repeat,—
For certainty itself will doubt, when frightened,—
There is no danger. Be as blithe, and free
Of all that fancy, as if you and I
Were dancing still among the eglantines.
The surgeon, whose good face encountered mine
Just as I reached his patient, had no sooner
Gazed on the wound, than turning with a smile,
He said—'There is nought here, which a strong hand,
And one good twist of a big bone displaced,
May not set laughing in an hour or two.'
'Twas but a broken sword-point and a sprain:
So judge if all goes well.
Countess. Would that it did!
Would that all else were sure and kind as you!
Yet am I happy; happy in a sort;
Light, yes,—and strong;—with something like disdain
For what is past, as far as I was right,
And something anger-like at what may come;
Nay, something even of triumphant joy.
Louise. Continue that. Continue crowned with right
And with your wrongs. Nay, hear me. I became
A novice of the Sisterhood of Charity,
Partly to see if I could take their vows
At the year's end—
Countess (*interrupting*). Which you must never do,
For reasons which I'll give them.
Louise. Well, I sought them,
Chiefly to learn how to contemn small griefs,
By the bedside of wants and agonies.
Countess. And to pour balm on those. But what is coming?
For I am selfish still.
Louise. Why first, hear this:—

'Twas I that sent you both your suitors.
Countess. You!
Louise. Yes; with my praises of my school-fellow;
Not with my will; not to my knowledge. Never,
Till this strange morning, knew I both had come,
The chattering officer, who came for help,
To the good sisters, told me by the way.
The first of your two visitors, De L'Orme,
Who now is called La Rousse, and who, I thought,
From never having heard such vows before,
Loved my own silly self, dear Gabrielle,
As surely as—Out with it, honesty!
There are no vulgar misconceivers here—
As surely as the silly self loved him—
Countess. Dearest Louise!
Louise. Nay, pity not, but laugh.
De L'Orme's a name which I can utter now,
With sighs for his sake, rather than my own;
And so I've brought back the old cheerfulness
To the new knowledge; and can sing again
Like any nightingale; whose dress, you know,
Is plain as mine. Well, this unloving lover,
Witty and brave, full of amusing thoughts
And pleasant ways, yet wounding one's belief
In best and noblest things, and his own heart,
With ignorant levity—
Countess. The man I found him,
Drawn to the life—
Louise. Left me because my tears
Too often made my own self-love, I fear,
Disquiet his; and so, he came to you,
In hopes to find the rich and flattered beauty
Easier of faith than the grieved simpleton.
But then, I wept him off, which only vexed him;
You cast him off, which humbled and enraged him.
Countess. Not for one moment did I love, nor he;
How could he, having missed a faith like yours?
But neither did you love him. No; you took
Some god your heart had painted for this fop;
And he, with that unconscious better knowledge,
Which is our very self-love's jealousy,
Resented the fine face you drew for his,
Alas! e'en I, that better knew the world,—
That is to say, had more of that experience
Of its least people and its hollowest modes,
Which the poor dupes, by a grand form of words,
Call knowledge of the world (O, mighty world!
O, universe!)—e'en I, too, let myself
Be followed, nay, be flattered by the wit
Of this same fop; answered it with my pen,

To please the foppery of my own pretensions
To the wit's art; nay, might have grown to love him,
(Own it, good blush) till I discerned how heartless,
Ay, and how senseless, wit itself can be;
How ignorant of one half, and the best half,
Of very brain; of whatsoe'er is wise
In grave and good, and sweet in pure and true;
A one-eyed, scoffing, unperceiving thing.
Oh, why was I ashamed to own all this,
Instead of being ashamed to feel the shame?

[*She rises and walks about;* LOUISE *rising too.*

Louise. Mourn it no more. Of all these strange events
In our joint history hear now the strangest.
Not many months after De L'Orme had gone,
De Torcy met me; pitied me, I think,
For a soft manner which he deemed his work,
And took his pity for—

Countess. The love it was.
Own it, Louise. Heed not my vanity.
I honour it, since it was love for you;
I welcome it, for balms it brings to me.

Louise. Love it was not. I told him what I could,
To save his pride; and it was saved so well,
That though he had addressed to me some score
Of endless ineffaceable epistles,
Long as from that day to eternity,
He told me, two days after, that he found,
What it would please my generous soul to hear;
To-wit, that when a lady proved heart-whole,
His heart felt speedily as whole as hers.

Countess. Should I be glad, and laugh? or should I grieve?

Louise. Be glad, if still you love him; for be sure,
He still loves you. His quarrel in your cause,
His anger with yourself, is no poor pique,
Re-dressed at the same mirror of self-love
Which saw it ruffled. Grief has changed his face
In three short hours: the very lad observed it.
Now be attentive, for my words must hasten,
And their import is equal to their speed.
When I arrived beside the patient's bed,
De L'Orme perceived me not, for he had swooned;
De Torcy knew me not, for I was veiled.
No sooner had the surgeon closed his work,
Which all assisted, friend and enemy,
Than I perceived De Torcy step aside,
And from the servant of the wounded man
Receive a packet. Hastily he read
Some words on the outside; then, with knit brows,
And lips which I saw tremble, raised his hand,
As though he threatened some result elsewhere;

Then turned as if in tears. Now the chevalier
Seemed, in that packet, to possess himself
Of those same answers to the wit you spoke of.
Countess. Doubt not he did.
Louise. Well then, I came away
Faster than he (for he, I'd lay my life,
Is coming too) and sweeping off your page,
Brought you the best rejoinders to those letters;
Namely, the love-letters he wrote to me.
[*She takes them out of her pocket and gives them to the* COUNTESS
Countess (*looking at the direction*). He said he never felt a serious lov
Until he met with poor, all-perfect me;
And yet I doubt, if pleading to Louise,
He laughed as I did, chattering to De L'Orme.
But I was 'false'. Is this then being true?
Louise. At all events, if true, 'tis a good text
To hear him preach the truth on (*bell rings*), and the bell
Rings you to church. I am a heretic,
Who needs must pass the preacher as he comes;
And so I hide my blushes. (*She drops her veil.*) Heaven be with you

Enter DE TORCY *and exit* LOUISE, *whom he looks at in passing.*

De Tor. I come, madam, unasked, perhaps unwished,
Chiefly to put in your possession matters
Best in such keeping; partly to inform you,
That the vile fop who could abase those eyes,
And beard the man who worshipped them, has tasted
Sharply, though briefly, of an honest sword,
And with no consequence so grave as death.
[COUNTESS *inclines her head in acknowledgeme*
The news, perhaps, has found a harbinger—
The lady, I presume, seen here but now—
A lady who professes charity,
And who, if I mistake not, is the same
I saw in tremours by the wounded man.
Countess. Friendship has saved what love would have destroyed,
My peace of mind.
De Tor. So threatened? gone for ever
Had the fool perished?
Countess. I permit myself
To say,—Had any one.
De Tor. He or his foe;
Or, had there been such, either of the seconds!
Countess. Truly.
De Tor. Is 't nobleness, or is 't contempt,
That puts a price on each so strange in value?
Countess. I know not by what right of courtesy,
Of benefits conferred, or griefs withheld,
Or noble and contrasting self-esteem,

You take this tone in questioning a lady;
But—
De Tor. And is this the tone in which the lady
Should amaze anguish in the questioner?
Has love no rights? has trust? has disappointment?
Anger itself? meetings of mad extremes?
When in the very heart of confidence,
Lured there, accustomed there, thinking I lived there,
I and an angel by my side for ever,
Heaven itself turned into a hell of doubt?
How was it, madam (perish the absurd,
Fantastic sound), how was it, Gabrielle,
You that once loved me, or professed you did,
How was it that I left you bowed in tears—
Countess. Which you refused to see—
De Tor. And find you high
In anger and in scorn?
Countess. When you had hoped
To see me bending still, to flatter you.—
I shall not do it; nor shall answer more.
Doubt would still follow doubt, say what I might.
De Tor. Would it? And what a frightful change is that?
And who first brought its hideous face between us?
Who sowed the poison of suspicion first,
In past, in present, and in all to come?
Made things discordant as in ghastly dreams?
Showed mockeries lurking under maiden faces,
Poisons in kisses, pits in household floors,
And young and good, old as grey-headed evil?
Countess. Truly, a host of creditable fancies!
Ask the poor dreamer when he wakes. You'll hear
Of some infirmity he has, that prompts them.
Yes, if he's wise; else he may dream again,
And stab the bosom that he loved for nothing.
De Tor. Nothing! and was it nothing then to hear
This braggart whom you knew not, boast you did?
Boast of his visits, of his walks, his heaven
That the world envied him? boast of all this
Before you, before *me*? boast of it *to* me,
Afterwards, on the field, with more besides,
And in the face of death?
Countess. 'Twas much; (*she weeps*) but nothing
Which a great love might not have spared resenting
After the truth was owned, and question challenged.
Was it on my side nothing—sir, this weeping
Is for myself alone—did I bear nothing,
When the poor tears at which I now must blush,
Poured forth the truth, the whole truth, and nought else,

239 Is] If *1851, 1857. Qy. misprint.*

As we two walked together down the passage,
And my arm pressed yours; pressed it to my heart;
And I begged pardon; pardon for myself,
Of *you*, sir, and entreated scorn for *him*,
And pity for us both, and for our friends,
And all in vain; you deigning not to cast
Your eyes once on me, but must needs go forth
And tear the man to pieces, to make whole
The wound inflicted, sir, not on your love,—
Oh, no, it wasn't that—'twas never that—
But your self-love. Love would have pardoned love;
Would have believed it; known what to believe;
Understood language which its own heart speaks;
But self-love, being nought but self, is ruined,
Till it be quite its whole poor self again.
De Tor. (*aside.*) She moves me; but her scorn sustains me too,
And something which is yet to test those pearls
Which drop such precious flattery on the past.—
(*Aloud.*) This is deep rhetoric, madam, and sounds well;
Is moving too: and if it had more hearers,
Haply might set them arming on your side,
Out of that very self-love which it scorns;
For most of us, the more self-love we have,
Are eager to pretend we have it not.
Countess. I pretend nothing, having cleared my breast
Of the sole falsehood fear had stained it with.
Are you as sure of crystal unreserve?
What is this truth which women must maintain
In deed and word, at every dread expense,
While man may cheat, shame, agonize, destroy
The very virtues which his very strength
Demands of those he calls the weaker vessel?
De Tor. Infamy hound such men. I own them not.
Nevertheless, weakness, for its own sake,
May need more bonds than strength does; and that 'truth'
You think so hard, have reasons many and grave;
Some grosser than might fit a lady's ear;
To question them at all might stain her lips.
Countess. Not one of them shall I, or do I, question;
Only, methinks, 'twere fit that those who framed them,
Being of wisdom so beyond our taxing,
Might in their own deeds be less taxable;
As they are wise, so they might be less wilful;
As they are strong, so the more merciful;
As they hate closeness and deceit, so candid;
As they love triumph over fops and secrets,
So be more cautious how they tempted falls.
De Tor. (*aside*). What can she mean?

288 they *1851* the *1857* (*misprint*).

Countess. But time, methinks, is pressing.
Come, sir, what more is there for truth to hear?
De Tor. Nothing to hear, madam. Something there is
For truth to see; something for the whole truth
Perhaps to own; something, at all events,
Into which no eye will have looked, but yours,
Since I received it from unworthy hands. [*He draws it forth.*
'Tis a fair packet of some dozen letters,
Directed, madam, to the Sieur De L'Orme.
Countess (*taking it*). Thanks. I expected it; and in return
I have the honour to present you, sir,
A counter packet.
De Tor. (*indignantly*). Nay, this is but insult.
What! give me back the letters I wrote you!
Give me them now! and in return for his!
Countess (*giving him the packet*).
Pardon me; 'tis, as you will please to see,
Directed to one Ma'amselle De La Motte. [*A pause.*
Now, sir, I have to beg, that as you told me
You had not read these letters of my writing,
Which was behaviour that became a gentleman;
And as, with a mistrust not quite so noble,
You have persisted to the last in doubting me,
Spite of the truth you should, and would, have recognized
In tone, air, manner, tears, laughs, every thing,
Had your own truth been such as knew its like,
I have to beg, nay, to demand, insist,
You will be pleased to take those letters back,
And read them utterly.
[*She offers, and he humbly and respectfully declines them.*
You will not? Then
I must impugn the grace of the refusal
By asking, whether, making all allowance
For the man's right of being in the wrong,
You feel as happy, and as high of brow,
In thinking I may read these your own letters,
As my weak self does, daring you to mine?
De Tor. You know the lady; therefore—
Countess. Know you vowed
As serious and as earnest love to her,
As ever to myself.
De Tor. Not such I found it.
Countess. No; because love was but self-love with you;
I told you so; and when it found no love
To worship it, even from one most lovable
It turned aside, and for its own poor sake
Mocked its own seeming.
De Tor. 'Twas before I saw you;
Deem of it as you will.
Countess. And so was mine;—

So was my writing to this gentleman ;—
For on my conscience, fop as he may be,
I do believe him more a gentleman
Than to have shown you letters from a lady,
Had he not known that they were laughing at you ;
Laughing with his poor jest and their own innocence.
And if I told you that I knew him not,
(Which is a blush upon my cheek for ever)
You also, sir, implied, on your own side,
A freedom from all tax on recollection,
Serious as mine ; implied it to match mine ;
To warrant having hoped for it and found it ;
And then, because mine failed, were merciless.
De Tor. The world——
Countess. The world ! oh, sir ! no more of that.
I give you all the pleas it helps you to ;
Which were not those you brought to help your suit ;
Your suit, and truth, and all unworldliness.
Let your sex guard and keep its lofty right,
Its noble corporate privilege, of using
Armours and arguments it grants not us ;
Of setting, in a high and general sense,
Its mighty wits against poor womankind ;
But in the special instance, I conceive,
'Twill be allowed us still to watch and ward ;
And since the chance is, that in any question
Possible to have risen 'twixt us two
In any time to come, you would still doubt,
And as I could not bear still to be doubted,—— [*Preparing to retire.*
De Tor. Suffer me—
Countess. I must tell you—
De Tor. One word—
Countess. Give
A lady leave, in common courtesy,
To utter for herself what the stern gentleman
Had, when he first came in, methinks, intended,
Whether in anger or in grief, to dictate ;
May I not count my very breath my own ?
Thanks,—if it be so. Sir, then, I must say,
Your presence hurts me : and we part for ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The room at head-quarters.* LA ROUSSE, *in a morning gown, and with his arm in a sling, is discovered conversing with* LOUISE LA MOTTE, *who is veiled in a fall.*

La Rousse. Well, to convince you I can speak the truth,
And so deserve a sight of you, I own
I did devise this news of a relapse,

On purpose to bring back those lustrous eyes,
That I might thank them. Would you heal my wounds,
Yet scorn my gratitude? I see the roses
Burn through this morning mist (*touching her veil*); let me remove it;
Do;—let me now;—and worship my Aurora.
Speak up to me at least, and let me hear you.
(*Aside.*) Any thing, so she will but stop, and argue.
Louise (*aside*). The same light heart, I fear, to nothing fixed.
His sufferings cost me some of the old sighs;
But this rights all; and he shall find it so.—
(*Aloud.*) You knew a cousin of mine once, I believe,
Daughter of General De La Motte, her name—
La Rou. (*eagerly*). Louise! What has become of her?
Where does she live?—I beg your pardon. See,
How any thing concerns me, linked with you.
Never mind answering those questions now:
Speak only of yourself.—(*Aside.*) Cousin! Louise!
The family voice, by Heaven! only more strong,
And sprightlier too. I recollect her mentioning
A cousin somewhere, a far giddier damsel
Than her sweet self.—Oh, I'm in luck twice over;
Grave and gay, 'faith.
Louise. You didn't know her much then,
This same good little cousin of mine? I fear,
She boasted.
La Rou. No, no. A young lady boast!
Nonsense. Daughter of General De La Motte,
Whom Richelieu treated so—Oh, yes, I knew her—
Knew her well—knew her very well—Louise—
Pretty Louise. She had an air of you,
Only less charming.
Louise. Yet they say you loved her.
La Rou. Her! what, Louise?
Louise. Ay, for a day or so.
Yours have been right Auroras, you know, Captain:
Seven to the week! a goddess every day.
La Rou. (*aside*). Captain! come, there's acquaintanceship in that;
A staunch, familiar, soldier-loving sound;
Sharp through the lips. Ah, these benevolent women!
They're the most loving virtues under heaven;
They take such pity on you, for *your* sake!
With such a ravishing want of selfishness!—
(*Aloud.*) Loved her! you don't mean seriously?
Louise. I do;
And so, 'twas thought, you did.
La Rou. To see the talk now!
Really I must say—
Louise. Then you loved her not?
La Rou. Never. I liked her—oh, yes; I admired her;
How could I help it, being a cousin of yours?

And doubtless should have loved her, had time served ;
But I was ordered home for being sleepless,
I used to study so with an old clergyman.—
Talk now ; say something ;—you talk charmingly ;
Or don't, if you don't like it ;—acquiesce ;—
That will do ;—signify you think as I do,
Just with a breath or so ; it 's so congenial.
Her chin was just like yours, the family chin,
A little, round, smooth, light, and pleasant chin ;
Something 'twixt properness and provocation :
One of those chins one feels as if one handled,
Merely by looking at ; it 's so suggestive.
Louise. What if I love a graver kind of talk ?
La Rou. Graver ! the best of all. All best is grave ;
All certainty, conclusion, rapture, trust,
And speaking face to face. Let 's try how grave,
And trusting we can be. (*Aside.*) It 's wonderful
How fond these women are of seeing gravity
And gaiety combined !
Louise. But there 's a grave
Distrust, and fear of speaking face to face.
Suppose you might not like my face ?
La Rou. (*aside*). That 's it.
Now she is going to show it me. [*Aloud.*] Not like it !
What have I done to make you say that ? Why,
I love your shape, make, gestures, feelings, thoughts ;
And where we like all these, I never found
The face belie them. Marvellous, if it did,
When the sweet soul, dwelling so handsomely,
Looks from those windows of its house—the eyes.
Let me behold it : let me see your soul
With all *my* soul.
Louise. It has preserved your life,
You tell me.
La Rou. Has it not ?
Louise. A life nigh lost
For scorn of a false woman ?
La Rou. Falsehood being
The thing I hate, especially to you.
Louise. That 's excellent. *Ecce signum* (*she unveils*). How, good Captain !
What ! not a word, and to a lady's face ?
Not even ask an old friend how she does ?
' Pretty Louise ! ' (*laughing*) you might have found an epithet
A little loftier, methinks, considering
The flights your grammar used to take of old,
When you were studying with the clergyman ;
But as you had to compliment my cousin,
Why, I must pardon you.

50 say *1851* saying *1857*.

La Rou. Judge of my feelings
By my lost speech.
Louise. Oh! what, you've lost a speech,
Have you? But how then can we judge of it?
Poor man! he has lost his speech! I hope some lad
Has picked it up, to make his first love with.
But really you should keep more speeches by you,
Particularly speeches for surprises.
It must be very unpleasant for a Captain
To be struck dumb.
La Rou. Nay, if the gravity
You asked me for, yourself, suit not your humour,—.
Exquisite humour, finer still than ever—
What if it should appear I was not quite
So unaware—so ignorant of——
Louise. Oh, don't;
Don't trump up that. I'll take it as a favour.
You really must not think of saying that:
The joke 's too old, dear sir, even for Captains.
Stick to the gravity; it 's so congenial:—
To the poor, dear lost speech: it 's so suggestive.
Well, adieu, Captain. Don't relapse again;
Or I shall think your health so more than settled,
That if you say you're dead, I shan't believe it.
La Rou. Another word, for pity. (*Aside.*) After all,
She did come to me: did attend me: saw me
Through my delirium. (*Aloud.*) I am rightly served
For being ignorant, till this wondrous moment,
How much I loved, and what a prize I lost.
Louise (*interrupting*). Heyday! what wolf and shepherd's boy now!
La Rou. Yet,
Not for my sake, but your own nature's sake,
May I not hope, that when you first came here——
Louise (*interrupting*). Oh! not at all. Yes, yes, some recollection
Of childish times, and good-will thereupon;
Doubtless, a bit of that. Of course. 'Twere barbarous,
Not to be better pleased to see a friend
Under the doctor's hands, than a mere stranger.
T'other day, for example, I attended
On a dear soul I knew just after you—
A Colonel, a delightful man. He then
Was only Captain, but he 's Colonel now.
I would advise you, by the way, in friendship,
To have your night-cap changed to one like his:
It sits with such an air. Yours, I observed,
Was like a shoemaker's: and this reminds me
Of a poor girl (for our good sisterhood
Disdain to wait on nobody) who says
She loves you, and that you're in love with her;
A tall, big girl.

La Rou. Impossible.
Louise. She raved
About your walking with a marchioness;
And said you were to marry her, to pay
Her father's bill, a draper. Positively
You should not overlook such twofold luck.
The man himself, in spite of his bill, loves you;
He says you doat so on a suit of clothes;
And she commenced her passion upon hearing you
Giving a list of ladies that adored
Your little finger. See now—why, you blush!
Gracious! a Captain in the Guards, and blush!
Dressed so well too! and in such luck with ladies!
Well, I can't leave his cheeks in better company,
And so I bid him heartily farewell.
La Rou. Hear me. Is there one word or thing on earth,
That I can say or do, to show how truly
Banter like this does shame me?
Louise. Certainly.
'Welcome the coming, speed the going guest,'
Says the good poet. Call the servant, please,
To order me the carriage.
La Rou. Might I beg—
Implore?
Louise. You can retract your word, of course.
La Rou. (*calling*). Batiste! (*Enter Batiste.*) The lady's carriage.
Louise. Thanks. Your servant. [*Exit with Batis*
La Rou. (*walking to and fro*). If ever I loved woman upon earth,
That's she. I'll prove it too, and face the devil.
Dolt that I was! fool! coxcomb! ay, that's it:
Courage—the word's out,—say it again;—a fop,
Upon my soul! a fop: a little boy;
Haven't I sixpence for myself? A school-boy!
And she's of age first. She's angry enough
To banter me, however: that's one comfort. [*Re-enter Batis*
Now then, Batiste, my coat:—this instant,—gown off—
Tear it—there—never mind the arm—What carriage?
What sort of carriage?—whose?
Bat. The old arms, sir.
La Rou. Old arms! whose arms?
Bat. The Countess's.
La Rou. The Countess's
What Countess?
Bat. Montalais.
La Rou. Death and the devil!
Bat. The Countess, sir, and ma'amselle De La Motte,
The coachman tells me, have been closeted
Twice in the last two hours, and the Chevalier,
Was at the house meantime, but went away.
La Rou. (*meditating*). Schoolfellows—old times—knew—me—them a
—oh!

I see it all: no matter: my time 's come.
I'll be a man; go here, go there; do everything.—
(*To Batiste.*) Quick, you fool. Ah! (*He cries out with pain*).
Never mind, man. This lady
Trembled, you say, to see me in the swoon?
Bat. Ay, sir.
La Rou. And bathed my temples?
Bat. Till the surgeon
Took you in hand.
La Rou. And she helped him?
Bat. Ask him, sir.
He said, she felt like nerves, yet helped like bones.
La Rou. By all the—curse the arm—There—that'll do—
Hat—never mind which. Gloves. If people call,
Say I'm in bed—any thing—the devil—an angel! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room, with a sword and hat on one of the chairs, and with trunks prepared for travelling.* DE TORCY *discovered in a military undress, sitting at a table with books, a decanter of water, &c., and holding a letter.*

De Tor. Lest she should think my acquiescence angry,
And my departure dumb from sullenness,
Here have I taken, in a few calm words,
My leave as fits a gentleman. And now,
One more uneasy slumber, and at dawn
I pass the cold blind windows of the house
In which herself will be locked up in sleep,
Careless of who goes by.—I did her wrong,
For want of reading by a juster light
Th' unequal measure of ingenuousness
Demanded of her sex by jealous men.
What flatterers—pah! the term itself 's a flattery—
What mean, ungenerous parasites and sycophants
Of our own selves we are! How we strut on,
For half a life, perhaps a whole life, taking
Our vanities for virtues, wills for deeds,
And our contemptuous measurements of others
For standards, in ourselves, of loftiest worth!
She 's gone, that might have been possessed;—she 's gone,
That should have been excused and comforted;—
She 's gone, that would have loved and worshipped me,
Had my own truth lent happy strength to hers.
And yet she too, all nobly as she rose
In that pure fire against an erring judge,
Erred in the excess of her own angry scorn.
She saw not, in the judge himself, the dupe
Of custom and despair; saw not, that men,
As well as those they wrong, are the sad heirs
Of taught mistake and forced self-ignorance,
Wearing such masks of ingrained sophistry

To their own souls, as need the fiercest hands
Of pain and grief to tear them up, and show
Poor flesh and blood its mutual human looks.
Too harshly therefore spoke those her last words:
Too harshly even for harshness harsher far;
In the discharge of which repented wrong
I pay with dumb obedience and bowed heart,
Answering no censure, and admitting all.
Thus in the burden of one pang, one misery,
Made of all pangs to come, I sum and show
The love I would have spread o'er all her life
In folding gold, in bright caressing joy;
And so we too are quits;—and now I'll be
The man I was, and turning from such thoughts,
Resume my studies for this northern field.

[*He reads out of a book on the table. A knock at the house door is heard and then a sound of voices within it, disputing.*

What can this mean, so late, and jangling thus?

Enter La Rousse *in a military undress, with his arm in a sling, and a good deal the worse for drinking.*

La Rousse. Noble De Torcy, pardon me. I ask
Ten thousand pardons; millions; or as many
As may be proper to excuse a man
For coming at this very odd, blinking hour,
To say he has been a fool. I fear, I've broken
Your servant's head; but the dull dog refused
To take me for a penitent; and truly
The fact is, I must say, 'tis difficult
To become perfect all at once. There's wine
And woman in me, noblest of chevaliers;
And if the first makes me somewhat erroneous,
The latter, oh! the latter, shall right all.

De Tor. (*in great anger*). Why must I be a party to your wine,
Or women either? What do you do here?
And why remain a moment, when I ask?

La Rou. Noble—

De Tor. Ridiculous! Pierre, there—

[*Enter Servant rubbing his head as if injured.*

La Rou. Stop; nonsense—
Hear what I have to say. Louise La Motte—

De Tor. Louise La *What*! . . . Stay away, Pierre. I'll call you.

[*Exit Servant.*

La Rou. Louise La *Motte*, not *What*. (*Aside.*) How very absurd.
Sounds any name like hers which isn't hers,—
Isn't the lovely thing! (*Aloud.*) Louise La Motte,
Or De La Motte,—ma'am'selle—you know Louise—
Tell me but where she is, or in what house
Her friend the Countess hides her own sweet face,
Ere you and she—oh, you—well,—take possession

Of the old Count's new house, and—
De Tor. What do you mean, sir?
Explain yourself this instant, or by Heaven—
La Rou. That's it. 'By Heaven' is where I wish to be;
By lovely De La Motte. Tell me what Eden Street,
What Paradise Row, contains that heaven on earth.
De Tor. (*aside*). This fellow, what with my contempt for him,
And the ascendancy which that name gives him
Over my stupid self, will drive me mad.
(*Aloud.*) Out with your business, sir, or quit me instantly.
La Rou. Well, I'm not orderly; stay, pardon me. (*Looking at the table.*)
There 's a strange out of the way physician here
I see. (*He pours a glass of water from the decanter, and drinks it.*)
Water 's the thing. Virtue the first.
De Tor. (*aside*). Of all the impertinent drunken vagabonds—
La Rou. (*finishing another glass of water*).
I beg your pardon; but you see, this arm
You gave me; 'tisn't quite so strong again
As haste would have it; so coming along
In search of that wild little dove of yours,
And finding my head giddy, I stopped short
And took a little of my friend champagne
To steady it. 'Twould go off in a minute,
Even without the water; for there 's sense,
For all his folly, in my friend champagne;
He doesn't stay long, when he isn't wanted.
De Tor. What would I give, that all his friends resembled him!
Well, sir, my time is precious, and I may not
Have the displeasure of your stay much longer.
What is this mummery? Do you want more winging?
La Rou. Come, come, I was abrupt; I'm sober now.
I came to say, first, that I beg your pardon,
Yours and the Countess's, for all that—whiz!
Accept it, pray, and don't spoil good intentions.
Lay my repentance at her feet. She never
Loved the damned ninny that you see before you;
Never was loved by the Jack fop himself;
He was in love already, and didn't know it;
Ay, with his lost, his lovely, great Louise,
Stanchest of scornful little glorious souls.
Why do you start and stare so, you who know
What a sweet soul she is?
De Tor. How, sir? know what?
La Rou. Know what? why all about my saint Louise,
A saint, blithe as a sinner, and stanch as leeches.
Oh, you're a lucky dog to live so near her—
What would I give—But hold!—I shall forget—
The next thing I must beg you to accept
Is this infernal sum of money. (*Feeling his pockets for it.*)
De Tor. Money!

Is the man drunk, or mad, or damned, or what?
La Rou. I was afraid I had lost it.
[*He puts a paper into a casket which he sees open on the table*
Not accept—
No, no—acceptance!—nonsense—reacceptance,
That's the word, man—repayment of the ransom;
There should have been no ransom, my dear friend;
The peace was signed eight hours before we took you;
Only the Cardinal kept it to himself
To raise the price of treason. (*Aside.*) That's a lie—
My last—I swear it to her lovely soul—
But the poor devil's poorer than myself:
He pushes, not the wine, but water-bottle!
De Tor. (*aside*). Is it the truth? There's something strange and fran
In the dog's face; and yet—Louise La Motte—
What the devil is it? And what am I to do?
La Rou. (*finishing another glass of water*).
Adieu, champagne. Noble De Torcy, listen.
You are a lover and a gentleman,
Friend of the Countess, therefore know her friend,
Daughter of General De La Motte. By Heaven,
And heaven on earth, in which I now believe,
By faces of first loves, and balms in wounds,
And all that's sweet and sudden in the world,
I've been a fool, an ass, noble chevalier,
And by your help would fain be thought to know it.
She whom I speak of, honoured this same fop
(I speak it to her glory, and the shame
Of the dull beast) by loving some good soul
She took for him, these five long years ago;
And now she treats the blockhead with disdain,
For knowing not his luck. Oh, take your stick there,
Take your stick, man, and break it on the head
Of this dull puppy-dog of twenty-five,
For that was his age then, and he's no older;
Or if a kindlier mode of schooling please you,
Give me your hand, as you have faith in love,
And own me for a new boy.
De Tor. (*giving it*). For a man.
He that to bravery of the blood, can add
Valour of soul enough to own a fault,
Nay, to confess that he has yet to learn,
May write himself, I hope, a man of men;
Else in the old school of adversity
Griefs would give no degrees; and that were dismal.
But you o'errate me, Captain;—oh, you do.
I, too, have faults to own; fopperies and follies;
Ay, and have lost myself with her I love.
La Rou. You! What, with her for whom you fought so well?
It isn't possible.

De Tor. 'Tis very certain.
La Rou. Not for those letters which I lied about?
De Tor. Yes; for I didn't read them.
La Rou. Ah, the devil!
That came of taking me too much on trust,
And yet believing there was no trust in me.
What you thought *billets-doux*, were blames and banters.
Well, but it proved me an unthinking ass,
And you a scrupulous gentleman. It did.
De Tor. But there were other letters; letters written
By my own self.
La Rou. Well—
De Tor. Given me in exchange
For yours.
La Rou. For mine?
De Tor. Yes, and with justice;
For they were written some four years ago
To—whom would you suppose?
La Rou. Some other charmer.
Oh! this is good. I like you all the better:
Fear you perhaps a little less; but not
A jot the less admire: nay, ten times more;
And love you twenty.
De Tor. But suppose the lady
Were the last person you would take her for?
La Rou. Well, so much the more fun. Astonishment
And love combined, eh? Some sweet little saint,
Grave, and locked up to every soul but you.
No?—well, what signifies? The rogue's a woman,
And last or first, I take that to be every thing.
Name her; name, name. Amaze me, if you can.
The toast for our next meeting. Out with it:
Shout to the stars.
De Tor. What say you to—'Louise'?
La Rou. Louise!
De Tor. Louise. The surname, De la Motte.
La Rou. Charlotte, you mean. The cousin.
De Tor. No; Louise.
The cousin was no cousin for one like her.
La Rou. You jest.
De Tor. Jest! Why? Is that a name to jest on?
La Rou. No, 'faith, and that's the reason why you jest,
And why I do not choose to hear the jesting.
De Tor. Stuff, man! Hear, and rejoice.
La Rou. To be twice thwarted;
To be twice crossed, and mocked, and made a fool,
And in the second mockery to be made
A million times more fool than in the first;
This is what all the women upon earth
Shall turn me not from punishing.

De Tor. They will.
Two words will; one will. Hear me out, I say.
La Rou. Why should I hear you out?
De Tor. For your own sake.
La Rou. For my own sake! What, lest I stumble again
On your old toasting-fork? Don't count on that.
De Tor. My sword is at a woman's feet; lay yours
At such another's.
La Rou. Out with your riddle then;
What is 't? I'll hear. She loved you, and then laughed at you,
Or you both laughed at me. Is that it?
De Tor. No.
She neither laughed at me, nor loved me ever.
And though you hardly merit to be told it,
After this wilful tempest of your words,
Yet for a penance which I owe, and pitying
Wounds which my own heart aches with, hear now this:—
You, vain or modest, Captain De la Rousse,
As you stand there, looking not very wise,
You were the reason why my suit was nought.
La Rou. Nonsense—you laugh—you dream it—you don't say it;
You wouldn't swear it—can't be sure of it.
De Tor. I say it, swear it, and am sure of it.
For she, as only such a heart as hers,
Brave with all goodness and true self-respect,
Could own it, did; though never till this hour
Knew I the name of—
La Rou. The prodigious fool,
Fop, dolt, and horrible brute-beast she honoured.
Oh, my dear friend! [*He runs and embraces him.*
But, having loved her once,
How could you cease to love her?
De Tor. How could you?
Well, well, you didn't cease; but the truth is,
I did but think I loved; you know what that is;
And so, at last, we both of us love only
Where only we loved ever.
La Rou. Hear him! hear him!
Hear him, oh all ye gods of love and wonder,
Who thus have brought together and perplexed
Four souls that ought to speed as merrily
As people in quartettes, or in a dance.
Oh, but they will—they must. The Countess loves you
Better than ever.—She can't help it, man.
(*Aside.*) She shall, somehow or other, if I cry
Fire for 't, and make her hear me at the window.
(*Aloud.*) That risking of one's blood in woman's cause
Leaves a warm light in their sweet cosy souls
To read their sighs by these fine, cold, spring evenings.
De Tor. Nothing has shown it. Risking of one's blood

She counts but risking others' peace of mind ;
Duellists, fools ; and one that kills his man,
A ghastly knave hung round with blood and tears.
La Rou. Ah, she may say so ; but—
De Tor. Conceive me rightly.
She has renounced me, Captain De la Rousse,
Solemnly, and for ever. I have reasons,
Which I will tell you when we meet again,
Why I must not contest this her free judgement ;
Therefore I quit at once both France and her.
La Rou. And love ?
De Tor. And love ? Oh, no. Love goes with me,
Bearing the double burthen of the thoughts
That still love her, and all the thoughts, now dead,
With which she once loved me.
La Rou. (*aside*). And this, forsooth,
Is all my precious work !—Oh, I shan't bear it,
Whatever he may do. The double burden
Of him and me is a little too much for me,
And I shall lay it without further ceremony
At her own door :—tell some infernal lie,
And bring her back to him. What shall it be ?
[*Pacing about and striking his forehead.*
O haste, O night !—wits—wits—(*aloud*). When do you go ?
De Tor. Besides, I did her wrong. You see this letter,
And have been wondering at this dress of mine.
They mean, that I have joined the troops for Flanders,
And that I march with them at dawn. The letter
Is a farewell, which the good people here
Will give her when I'm gone.
La Rou. Shall I give it her ?
[*Snatching the letter out of his hand.*
No, no, I see (*returning it*) ; I beg your pardon—
(*Aside.*) No. 19—that 's it—Vineyard—(*aloud*). What now ?
To-night ? to-day ? some five or six hours hence ?
De Tor. Surely. The morning-wind itself will call me,
Blowing in gold. The trumpets pass the door.
La Rou. (*preparing to go*). I keep you up.
De Tor. No, I shall not lie down
For a good hour, and then but in my clothes.
La Rou. (*impatiently*). Good-bye.
De Tor. Don't go.
La Rou. Yes.
De Tor. Not on my account—
I swear to you—
La Rou. If things here don't go right with me,
I'll follow you to Flanders, and eat Spaniards.
But there 's a debt I have to pay a friend,
Whom, if I don't see instantly—
De Tor. You'll break

The porter's head. What says my own? What, Pierre? [*Opening the door.*
La Rou. Hush! It's all right. The dog was half asleep,
When he insisted upon having his head broke;
And I'm so late I'll owe him for the plaster.
Stay where you are.
De Tor. No, no; I'll let you out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A drawing-room, with wax-lights on the table, nearly burnt out. The* COUNTESS *and* LOUISE, *both in evening dresses, are discovered, conversing and embroidering.*

Countess (*sighing*). Suppose we change our theme.
Louise. With all my heart.
What think you of these flowers, that I have finished
For the poor widow?
Countess. They are beautiful;
And so is the whole trail. 'Tis like sweet thoughts,
Loving and clinging to a bed of sorrow.
Louise. That was my fancy. Flowers cannot but please,
They seem such pure good nature on the part
Of Nature's self.
Countess. Even when poisonous?
Louise. Yes, when we come to know them; for the poison
Is, itself, medicine for some great need.
Countess. You make me feel as mournful music does;
I mean, as if no beauty could exist
But for some mourning; some dark ground to set
The diamonds of delight in. By the way,
Have you observed that there's a sort of talk
In music; something that appears to mean
More than we give its lovely tongue the credit of,—
Positive argument, and chains of reasoning?
Louise. Often. De Torcy used to love an air
I played on the spinnet, that seemed to question,
Answer, and question, and so run the round
Of some sweet logic; every link of it
Being so drawn from, so deduced, from t'other,
That at the close you felt as much convinced
Of some fine truth, although you knew not what,
As though an angel had been talking it.
'Twas called the Lover's Plea, and came from Rome.
Countess. I've heard De L'Orme play it upon the flute.—
But why bring back De Torcy?
Louise. Why De L'Orme?
Countess. See what the candles tell us. We sit here,
Talking and babbling, and should be in bed.
[*They rise, and prepare to light their tapers. The house-bell is heard loudly ringing.*
What can that mean?
Louise. 'Tis very late.

Countess. So loud too!
After the Sister's fashion!
Louise. Should I go?
Countess. I wouldn't pain you by advising not;
But people must be told that you design
To cast your feathers and take nest with me;
Else bird-calls may grow dangerous. [*A voice is heard on the staircase.*
What is this?

Enter a Servant followed by LA ROUSSE.

Servant. Madam, the strangest gentleman.—
La Rou. By no means.
These ladies know me very well.—Oh Countess,
Oh Mad'moiselle La Motte, exquisite friends,—
Admirable, amiable, adorable women,
Be pleased to utter not a syllable,
Till you have heard me speak. Not for myself;
I'm nobody; or rather, I'm a rascal,
Jack-pudding, fool, and fop; but for a gentleman
Worthy your pity and your instant help.
My only merit is that he has pardoned me;
And this emboldens me to ask, not only
Pardon from you, which, with eternal shame,
And infinite self-abasement, on my knees—
Though I don't kneel—horrible haste not letting me—
I do, desperately, ask,—but faith, belief,
E'en in La Rousse's words, when I inform you
That if you don't assist,—I mean *you*, madam— (*to the* COUNTESS.)
This poor unfortunate gentleman, this instant,
With your good word, your testimony, knowledge
Of his good name, and who in fact, he is—
That being the question with the magistrate—
I wouldn't give a rush for his existence
A fortnight longer. (*Aside.*) That's the gravest lie
I ever uttered; but these worthy souls
Will make us do it!
Countess. What is all this, sir?
And who is it you speak of?
La Rou. The Chevalier—
Noble De Torcy; who has had, it seems,
The misery to offend you; which he mourns,
With such a desperate sorrow, that he willingly
Suffers these people to confound him, madam,
With a wild fool, a cousin, who has slain
A rival shamefully—committed murder:—
Murder;—and so here's the Chevalier, madam,
Locked in his room with twenty men about him,
All watching him with their infernal eyes
To see he does not kill himself. I left him
Handcuffed and manacled—Oh, Ma'm'selle La Motte!—

And owning, with a kind of savage joy,
That he possessed not in the whole vile town,—
Town, mind—not country—that 's a different matter—
One single friend to speak to his good name.
Countess. But he has, sir. That cannot be. He has.
I know at least of one: for—
La Rou. What, the man
He had some money of, for something? He,
Heav'n bless you, is the very man that 's gone,
And left him thus to settle for them both.
Countess (*aside to Louise*). Good heavens! the ransom!
La Rou. (*aside*). That 's well guessed, however.
(*Aloud.*) And the worst is (for I am bound to own it,)
He would not let me come to speak to you:
At least, he utterly forbade it; told me,
That he should die with shame, and hate and loathe me,
He loves you so, but thinks you so above
His late mistake and present misery.
So that unless you do a thing not pleasing
To your own self, however good for him,
My folly will have slain him. Oh, the day!
Countess (*aside to* Louise). What think you?
Louise (*pointing underhand to* La Rousse). What is 't possible to think,
'Twixt doubts of *him*, and the strange look of truth?
Countess (*to* La Rousse). Couldn't I send? or couldn't some authority
Be sent to me?
La Rou. Yes, when too late. Ten minutes
May see the charge made out, the prisoner gone,
And—
Countess. Money, sir—I am ashamed, but money—
La Rou. Might have done much—oh, yes—bribes—poor Chevalier!
How he blushed up to the eyes when they were hinted—
Then sighed, and vowed, and I believe him too,
He wouldn't have given a franc to save his going
To twenty deaths. But pardon me;—Time, time,
Time's every thing; and though while I stay here,
I cannot be quite wretched, yet, alas!
I must go back alone, if you won't trust me.
Nay, as to that, don't trust me. Let your servants
Come with us, every one of them, all armed,
And cut me into pieces at his door,
If you don't settle it all in twenty seconds,
And so return. (Countess *and* Louise *confer.*) Let them but come togethe
And—(*aloud, and bowing to the* Countess, *as if taking his leave.*) You
unhappy servant.
Countess. Stay: we'll go, sir.
Bid, if you please, my servants get the carriage,
And we'll attend you.
La Rou. Will you? Then by all [*Exeunt the ladies*
The hopes I raise, what if my own should fall! [*Exit*

SCENE THE LAST.—*The apartment of* DE TORCY, *who is discovered reading.*

De Torcy (*closing the book*). I cannot do it. Every page I read,
I have to read again; and then, for nothing.
Strange, that the eyes and mind, which needs must act
In concert, should in very concert part,
The eyes retaining mind enough to know
Each word they take into their conscious orbs,
While yet the mind, which *is* the consciousness,
Not only knows not what it tells the eyes,
But is absorbed and absent, far away,
In thought as foreign to the page it reads
As tongues unknown, or starlight to broad day.
I read of armies, and I think of her;
I read of foreign plains, of trenches, ramparts,
Marches and countermarches, watching fires,
And mornings opening upon endless hosts,
And all the while am in a little room,
Gazing on her exalted angry face,
And hating my own soul for wounding hers.
Speed, speed, mad, foolish hours, and let me feel
The bustling of the world once more about me,
Waking into the crowd and common lot.

[*A violent knocking, at which* DE TORCY *rises, is heard at the street-door. The room-door is then thrown open, and enter the* COUNTESS *and* LOUISE, *followed by* LA ROUSSE, *who retires to the back of the scene.*

What more than heavenly vision,—for 'tis earth's
Most blessed spectacle to earthly eyes,—
Comes—for it cannot come ungraciously—
To raise and to forgive a mourning soul!

[*The* COUNTESS *looks vaguely about the room, then at* DE TORCY, *then at* LOUISE.

Moves it you thus? What must it do with me?
A second vision too, worthy the first,
Is with it, doubling both my shame and joy,
Because she knows all truly and with kindness.
What is the matter, that my love stands thus,
Gazing and dumb?

Louise. Conceive us rightly, sir;
We have been lured here on a false pretence,
And she 's in doubt whether yourself are true.

De Tor. What false pretence? True! Then am I wronged
In turn, and do delightedly forgive her,
And must be twice believed; for I'm as true
As hurts in hopeless wounds, or balm in bliss.
No?—Nothing then? No meaning?—Chance! 'Pretence!'
What 's the pretence? Where was it? When? Whose making?
Oh God! was it this fool's? this drunkard's? Tell me—

[*Looking at* LA ROUSSE.

La Rou. (*pointing to the table*). That letter there, I trust—

De Tor. (*furiously, and as if going to strike him*). Leave it alone.
Countess (*loudly*). Touch him not.
De Tor. Never.—Never, while you forbid me
Never, because you have forbidden me.
But is it true? Did he? Did the disastrous
And despicable——Stay.—There is a remedy—
Mademoiselle La Motte, be pleased to open
The door beside you; for my hands— [LOUISE *opens the door*
The joy
That came I know not how, or why, unwillingly,
Is free to go. No hand, no voice, no breath
Shall come 'twixt her and world-wide liberty.
[*The* COUNTESS *and* LOUISE, *the latter with a curtsey, go out.* LA ROUSSE, *in a desperate manner, comes a little forward.*
Not a word, fellow. Don't be seen. Don't dare
So low, as to vex one that cannot fell you.
Don't look at him. You have no right to look
Upon the tears and anguish of a man.
[*He weeps silently, with his face hidden in his hands. A door gently opens at the back of the stage, the* COUNTESS *and* LOUISE *re-enter; and the former, holding the letter in one hand, comes up behind* DE TORCY, *and lays the other hand on his shoulder.*
Leave me, La Rousse. I can believe you meant
Not ill, but this new misery—
Countess. De Torcy!
De Tor. (*starting round*). Who is it? Are my senses leaving me,
Or has she come again?
Countess (*who has opened her arms*). With all her heart.
[*They rapturously embrace.* DE TORCY *then kisses the hands of* LOUISE, *and opens his arms to* LA ROUSSE.
La Rou. (*aside and coming out of them*). I've done it though.
[*The* COUNTESS *shakes hands with* LA ROUSSE, *and then she and* DE TORCY *walk to the back of the stage conversing.* LA ROUSSE *goes to embrace* LOUISE, *which she declines; but shakes hands with him.*
Couldn't you imitat
Your generous friend, and be, and make all happy?
Come, dear Louise; think of old times; consider
How I have risked the loss e'en of yourself,
Partly for friendship's sake, but most for love's;
Ay, to convince you how in very falsehood
Truth had the worship still of poor De L'Orme.
Come, let me seize this moment of all moments,
Giv'n me by friends who love and honour you.
Oh, let me speak. Do, do. Hear me but speak.
Louise. Do you not speak? Well, sir, speak on, and briefly.
La Rou. Dearest Louise—Well, well,—Ma'am'selle La Motte—
Come—I've been foolish, ignorant, undeserving;
Worthy your laughter, painful to my own;
But as I've loved you ever, and you only,
If I have loved at all, and as I now—

Louise (*pointing to the floor*). Stay—there 's a pin.
La Rou. A what?
Louise. A pin! (*Stooping to pick it up.*) Gold pin.
Is 't yours?
La Rou. I've done.
Louise (*aside*). The tears are in his eyes.
La Rou. Be yet so kind, as when our friends return,
Not to expose me to the show of failure;
Not quite at once, nor without some regret.
'Tis the last spark of vanity within me;
Tread it out gently.
Louise. Fear not their return,
Take for my answer, this. (*She gives him her hand.*)
La Rou. Your hand!
Louise. Myself.
The Countess spoke for you; your friendship spoke;
Your tears, yourself have spoken; and Louise.
I do believe you love me.
La Rou. That says all.
I thought I was undone, and I'm in heaven.
You're my good spirit.
Louise. Oh, and you were mine.
Yes; when you loved me first, I teased your mirth
With fond self-reference and foolish tears,
Because you were no graver. 'Twas a vanity
Wanting rebuke on my side; and you gave it me.
La Rou. I was a stupid fool, and you're an angel.
Countess (*returning with* DE TORCY). What 's that?
Louise. Oh, nothing. Only I'm an angel.
De Tor. So you are—both;—and heaven 's a lodging-house.
Countess. Oh, but take care we're not avenging angels.
Louise (*aside*). Excellent, that. (*Aloud.*) The Captain De La Rousse
Permits me to unite his fate with mine,
Dear Countess Montalais. My captor, madam. [*Presenting him.*
Countess (*in affected surprise*). Captor! La Rousse! why that 's my friend De L'Orme.
I know him well, a writer of epistles,
Which must be trumpeted on pain of death.
[*The gentlemen make signs of entreating mercy.*
Louise (*to the Countess with pretended rage*). You have no right to use a captain thus,
Honour him as you may.
Countess (*to* LOUISE *in the same manner*). Nor shall you lose him,
Kind as you are.
Louise (*furiously*). We'll all be happy.
Countess (*with the same fury*). I look for it.
All. Ah! ha! ha!
[*They take each other's hands and come forward.*
Louise. We laugh, that we may set old fancies free.
Countess. But not the less adore sincerity.
[*The curtain falls.*

ACT IV OF A MS. PLAY

A Rejected Sketch for 'Lovers' Amazements'

[Now first printed from a MS. (watermark 1839) in the possession of Messrs. W. Parsons and Sons, by their kind permission and that of Mr. R. Trevor Leigh-Hunt. For the relation of this fragment to the final version of 'Lovers' Amazements' see the notes.]

ACT IV

Scene I.—*A room in the Chateau of the* Duke de Vendôme. De Livry *impatiently walking up and down.*

Enter a Gentleman *of the Duke's household.*

Gentleman. My Lord Duke says, if he must see you again,
He will, Sir; but he thought you had left the place.

De Liv. Be pleased to say, Sir, that this once again,
And only once, and for the briefest speech,
And with all thanks, I crave his princely hearing.

Gent. His Excellence, as governor of Lyons,
Has much to hear, and from all sorts of people.
He has been busied two whole days with hearing
Some message from the Sisterhood of Charity.

De Liv. An audience, Sir, most worthy of his rare
And ample spirit. And its mention favours me. [*Exit* Gentleman
I find myself right courtier, and to men
Of doubtful worth; and fall to adulations
In very fear of being held too stiff,
Pedantic, and a man of formal virtues;
Nay, even of doing wrong to rich desert,
And poor, ill-used high station. This great lord
I know to be a state-intriguer; doubt
His common truth: suspect, though dread to think,
He may have deeply injured her I love;
And yet because great prosperous wrongs perplex
The sense of right, heav'n seeming to ordain them,
Or because anger might risque all, and right
May possibly be his, and woe meantime
Is surely mine, I keep my slavishness
In heart with pitying him for my own doubts,
And so get leave to court him!—Oh ye poets,
Now know I ye may still be true, yet pay
A dole of dinner with the food of gods!
Oh bald and bent old warriors, blush no more
At bending worse, nor at your tattered papers
That know how to fall back in their own folds,
Like joints of beggars' dogs. The wife awaits you,
Armed with the old, pale, patient, mutual smile
At the bad news: nor can ye stoop so low,
As the excuse of your brave hearts is high.

Enter an Usher.

Usher. My Lord the Duke!

Enter the DUKE DE VENDÔME : *and exit* USHER.

Duke. Your pleasure once again, Sir.
You will be quick ; for words are quick with me.
De Liv. My Lord, I hold your Lordship's time so precious,
I scarcely dare to touch it with excuse,
Nay, thanks ; though you must know me full of them.
I come—
Duke. To make no repetitions then,
I trust, Sir. If you do—we end—
De Liv. My Lord.
Duke. Hear me—we end our conference. You found
How beyond all amazement 'twould have been,
And the world's laughter, to deprive my house
Of what your boyish zeal was pleased to term
The fortune of this lady.—Hear me out, Sir—
And you found also, that with reference
Ev'n to herself, and what might have been just
To a great nature shorn of a great means,
Turns to a scorn, or at the best, a pity
For one, that—Well, I spare the honest heat
However credulous, mounting to your cheeks.
There 's truth in that.
De Liv. Truth, my Lord !
Duke. Aye, Sir, truth.
Meets a young courtier, think you, an old statesman,
And from the latter's eye hoodwinks the difference
'Twixt fair set phrases and a flashing blood ?
And so you'd have this lady get a fortune,
If she could, whether she'd have you, or not ?
But if she couldn't, why you'd take the lady
With all your soul and your most small resources,
If she would have you ? Is that it ? Is that truth ?
If so, take my advice ; think better of it :—
This mixture of romance and court-address,
Of truth of nature and a little lying,—
Aye, for a lady,—gives me a regard for you.
It makes me think, that with some little plucking
Of your green outer leaves, you'd make some day,
A very fair, good, pleasant, tall ambassador.
Come, there are ladies, plenty here, in Lyons,
And more in Paris, willing to take pity
On a young fellow with two earnest eyes.
I'll send you to the court, and make your fortune.
De Liv. My fortune ! Oh sweet heavens ! 'tis in the hand—
Where art thou, thou poor hand ? of her I love.
Duke. Love ! And what 's love ? 'tis time, a brain like yours
Ask'd that ; what 's Love ? a fancy of the blood,
Of vanity, and the prodigious sense
Two people have of one another's merits ;
A thing of letters, rhymes, and locks of hair,

Pinched fingers under tables, and sweet eyes;
Smiles, if you flatter; tears, if you offend;
Horrors, if you think well of John or Mary;
All pretty enough, and pastime, while unvexed
With little things called duties, habits, laws;
But when those come! oh, then, no more a fancy,
But the dull fact that it was all a dream;
A waking to the intolerable sense
Two people have of one another's faults;
And a mere wonder and astonishment
How we could be the fools we thought our sires,
And why our sons *will* run the self-same round.—
Well, Sir, you sigh with a tired brow, as though
Such follies touched not on your case. In brief then,
If case there be, and it be new, what is it?
Be quick and be sincere, you'll find me so.
De Liv. I came to say, my Lord, and beg, but this.
To-morrow I set out on my return
To Paris.
Duke. Walking?
De Liv. Why not?
Duke. Nay, why blush
To say it? I have known poor gentlemen
Of house as ancient step that way as bravely.
De Liv. (*warmly.*) My Lord Duke—Pardon me. One half my blush
Is for a noble gentleman, my friend,
Who strained a purse for me, already lamed,
And to such hurt, beyond my least suspicion,
As makes it fit I should have honest feet,
And be his pilgrim till we meet again.
To Paris I return; and there arrived,
Shall once more try, if she I love can give me
Hopes I may one day comfort her. If not,
I join the good side in the Spanish wars;
And should my death shew you I was a man
Who loved so well, that he could *not* love money,
Perhaps you'll be to this young orphan lady
What my whole life had been, had Heaven so pleased,
Her saviour from the chances of mean wants.
As one that is alive, reckon me nothing;
But inasmuch as I may cease to live
Look on my face an instant, and hold out
Your hand to one standing betwixt two worlds,
And say you'll do it.
Duke (*aside*). On my life I think
He's noble: and if he is!—(*To* De Liv.) Such mortal seal
(Granting, as I will grant, it speaks it earnest)
Might claim all fellowship with mortal hand,
Were all foregone conclusions what it deems them.
Such are they not. Sir, this your noble dream

I must disperse with a mean, living fact,
A startling, stooping, perhaps shameful fact;
One, that unless its very abasement touch
Some marvellous extreme in the strange round
Of exaltations, leaves your idol low
As an Egyptian's, when he worshipped moles.
This lady, that you talk of with such faith,
Has wandered from her friends, without their warrant;
Strayed through the county, with that wilfulness
That takes its sullen humour for a reason,
And most when it is most unreasonable,
Because the sense of self is then most perfect.
You've met with some such tempers.
De Liv. By herself?
Duke. Disguised, they tell me, as a Sister of Charity.
De Liv. Not alone then. I have seen her.
Duke. How know you that?
De Liv. Where was she, when you heard of her?
Duke. At hand:—
Ev'n here;—here in the neighbourhood of Lyons.
Nay, I have learnt but now, that you may see her
This very day, at vespers, by a convent,
Begging, they tell me, for some lazar-house;
If not a worse, and what one names with shuddering.
De Liv. And you can know it, and not rescue her?
Hard-hearted, simple, miserable men!—
Blessings on both their heads, for I see all.
Duke. You'll see her then?
De Liv. See her? I'd haunt the place
Months, till she came, and made it doubly sacred.
Duke. How, if not sacred, boy; but false, and worse;
Pride worse than pulled down; folly, perhaps vice.
De Liv. 'Tis but your vicious and corrupt court soul
Dare think it. And I have done with you the sooner.
'Tis not within the possible pangs of earth,
Or all the ruins of all souls and bodies,
Such a thing should be; and yet I'll tell you, Sir,
That if it could, Love were a god victorious
Ev'n o'er that face of consternation; aye,
And for the face's sake. D'ye think the heavens
Look upon any unhappy face as you do?
Now Love is of the heavens, and bids me scorn you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A broken wall near a public road, with the Virgin and Child painted on one corner of it. A vesper bell going.*

Enter DE LIVRY.

De Liv. This is the spot;—and this the hour, when men
All breathe a prayer, and charity's meek boons

Are best desired of thoughtful multitudes.
Some stop, and look this way; yet I see no one,
Nor glimpse of one that comes.—A broken wall,
Newly protected by a sacred image;—
Heaps yet of dust and ashes, unremoved;—
Coarse weeds that grow in corners among shards,
Where the sun blisters; and before my feet,
A bed of flints!—The poorest kneeling-place
Of guilt and shame, crowned with the throne of pardon!
Supremest height, visiting lowest earth.—
What *is* guilt? and what pardon? what the measure
Of each to each in this unequal life?
Of joy and sorrow, wit and ignorance,
And circumstance that makes and fashions all?
Why should some perish for small sin, and some,
Made strong with great, ride starry o'er the world,
Shouldering the heavens? Why reputation, wealth,
Health, honours, children, soft beds and bright days
To one rank wretch, and the cold starving night,
With horrors that teach curses to mild tongues,
To the soft bosom that believed him better?
Why these, if those? and why should vain good men,
Instead of being the fops of accident,
And thinking themselves blest in the dread difference,
Not blush to be held better? shudder not
To feel more happy, honoured, comforted;
Nor loudly claim to share and share alike
With shame and grief, and so at last pull down
Change on all earth out of the honest heavens?
But oh, you same sweet and mysterious skies,
That have permitted man in his sharp tears
To question thus your suffrances, you also
Touch, as with ends of your soft beams, his heart
With patience, and humility, and hope,
And bid him mildly in his tasks work on.
[*The cup and clapper of a leper is heard.*
What sound is that? of all the trivial sounds
Of earth the fearfullest! and thence most fearful,
Because so trivial light, and yet so wretched!
I now, amidst the weeds and dust, discern
The cup with which the lepers beg; nought else,
Nor any soul that might have caused the sound;
Yet shuddering peasants come to drop their alms.

Enter PEASANTS, *who quickly go away crying 'A leper! a leper!' and leaving the* OLD PEASANT *that appeared before.*

Old Peasant. Save you again, Sir, save you. 'Tis the cup
And clapper of the dreadful leprosy:
Though some do say how she that sits within
Is not one suffering like, herself, but only

Some poor soul begging for the hospital;
Some say a penitent, and some a saint,
And some a terrible poor loathly thing,
Ashamed for to be seen. You are too bold, Sir,
Methinks, to go so near. I wouldn't do it,
For all my life is worth. She sits, you see,
Behind that wall, to warn folks not to stop.
I cannot bear to look on him; that's truth. [*Exit* OLD PEASANT.

De Liv. Should she, by some miraculous woe, have fallen
Into this misery! her face defeatured!
Her being dreadful to herself!—Perhaps
'Tis not herself, but poor Louise, and she
Not smitten thus. Why should—either be smitten?
The peasant doubted it:—he said all doubted it.
Oh! if no such thing be, this place, for all
Its woeful looks, will be a Paradise.
Come best, come worst, let her but love me still
And her poor eyes shall fill not all with tears. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A rugged court-yard inside a wall, with low blocks of stone lying about;* MADELEINE *sitting upon one of them, veiled.*

Enter DE LIVRY.

De Liv. Oh grief and joy, which of you is't will kill me?
She stirs not; and she wears a dreadful veil;
And as she sits in that poor loneliness,
Methinks I could lie down, and kiss her feet,
And weep myself away for love and pity.—
I know not if she sees me. I'll step nearer.—
More near,—and listen if she speaks. No whisper.
Louise had spoken, had it been Louise.
She trembles!—(*He addresses her*) Oh! lest blushing ignorance trespass
On the lorn charities of one unknown,
Or lest it wrong sweet reverent memories
Sacred to one sole friend and to myself,
Be pleased to make some sign if I may speak,
And if it be such, let it be, I pray,
So full of meaning and of memory,
And all that would be said, if the stuffed throat
And tears could speak, that I may know, this heart
With beating heart is met.—Great God, she puts
Ashes upon her head, and bows to me!— [*He weeps.*
What for? what for? I did not bargain, sweet,
For that; nor ever dared to ask of thee
But that thine eyes would open their true orbs,
And see beyond us all.—If I have dashed not
My being at thy feet, 'twas but for fear
Of frighting thee, and starting the soft nerves
Made weak with sympathies beyond this earth,
Perhaps with saddest burthens of thine own.

[*She rises. Meantime he has gradually got close to her, and lays his hand upon hers.*

I have thine hand, and the touch hurts thee not!—
Madeleine!—Say, we'll never part again.
Walk with me strongly, if you can, and leave
This place;—if you are feeble, lean upon me,
And I will tell the people, where you live,
That your betrothed has come to help with them,
And live, and die, with Madeleine.
Mad. (*lifting her veil, and clasping her hands*). Behold
The lowliest, thankfullest, remorsefullest,
Yet happiest face that ever shone with tears. [*They embrace.*
De Liv. Look at me.
Mad. Mine own!
De Liv. Who?
Mad. De Livry.
[*They embrace again.*
De Liv. You tremble still!
Mad. More; but it is with joy.
De Liv. Sit down again.
Mad. Let me but hold you thus,
And with the very fierceness of the tremble
I seem to root tow'rds earth. And 'twill subside,
Fear having gone.
De Liv. What fear?
Mad. I know not what.
Fear of the heavenly newness of your sight,
And that with all my sorrow, I had yet
Borne not enough.
De Liv. To join the stars at once?
Better remain with poor frail earth and me.
Mad. The same, the same,—ever the same kind face
And generous words. Yet see—'tis but two months,
And care has worn it!
De Liv. And yourself are weak,
For all your boasting. These sweet earnest shoulders
Pressing up tow'rds me thus, have yet somehow
A piteous stooping in their joys.
Mad. I seem
To have been bending ever since I saw you,
With prayers that you might prosper, and with pity
Ev'n for myself;—but mark—I suffered none
To thank me beyond what the truth made just.—
Nay, let me say it. Shall not my whole soul
Henceforth, for ever, think out loud before you?
And then in still hours, when some patient slept,
And I sat looking on the unthought-of floor,
I would imagine, how, some day or other,
If you still wished it, nor had found a heart
More crystal clear in which to see your own,
I might take courage to creep back to you,
And whisper underneath some veil, and say,

'I have learnt and suffered, and I now can come,
And tell you I am poor, and beg you take me.'
De Liv. Which last most generous and most blessed words
I tried at first to think were ever coming,
When the door opened.
Mad. And you think at last
The words are here.
De Liv. To my eternal joy.
Mad. Not so.
De Liv. Not all. I said not all of them,
Only the blessed poverty and the gift.
Mad. Nothing can I yet give you, but farewell,
Till in a letter I say more to-morrow;
And yet meantime I may say this,—Be glad,
And hopeful: and this also must I say,
My truth must now be tested on the spot,
And your faith too, and by myself who doubt it
Nor ever did, no more than you this palm,
Which I hold up (*he kisses it*) for what I knew was coming.
But I am Madeleine, am I not?
De Liv. Who doubts it?
Mad. And yours?
De Liv. Or that?
Mad. Therefore a truth-teller?
De Liv. All three, as surely as sun, moon, and stars.
Mad. And yet, as surely as I am Madeleine,
And yours, and true, I am not Madeleine:
Nor yours, till I am suffered to be yours;
Nor true, except I tell you I am false,
Seeming, nor lightly so, what I am not.
De Liv. Wonder can kill me not, ev'n with such words,
As long as you look at me with such eyes;
No, though they fill with tears.
Mad. Because I'm forced
To speech, for truth's sake; and yet not to speak,
For duty's sake; being ordered, when I do,
To say thus much alone, and then be mute.
Will you believe in me?
De Liv. Do I look at you?
Mad. Come then to-morrow to these convent walls,
Early as happy thoughts are glad to rise;
And at the wicket, where the portress waits,
You'll find a letter; one, shall make you think
The whole world changed, even yourself. By that,
Judge if the change *can* be for ill. Farewell.
The star that rules me, forces me away;
But only to prepare a glorious day. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

LOOK TO YOUR MORALS

AN AFTERPIECE IN TWO ACTS

[Now first printed, by kind permission of Lady Butterworth, from a MS. in her possession. This MS. is water-marked 1843, and inscribed : Leigh Hunt, 32 Edwardes Square, Kensington. For the most part it is not in Leigh Hunt's handwriting, but has insertions by him. An earlier autograph MS. (1833–40) is in the British Museum. For particulars see the notes at the end of the book. A few incidental differences between the two MSS. are given in the footnotes.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(The names in square brackets are those in the earlier MS.)

Sir Harry Creole, a deaf old West India baronet, in love with his ward, Charlotte.
Captain Creole, his nephew, loving and beloved by the same.
Squire Bull [Manning], an English country-gentleman.
Tittle, a lawyer.
Tattle, an apothecary.
Papps [Dobbs, *alt. from* Papps] the Captain's valet.
Drunken Man, Clowns, &c.
Charlotte Stanley [Lady Susan Arlyn, a young widow ; in both MSS. sometimes called Miss Compton], ward to Sir Harry Creole.
Annette, A French girl, Papps's wife.

LOOK TO YOUR MORALS

ACT I

Scene I.—*A room in the country-house of* Sir Harry Creole.

Enter Sir Harry, *leading his ward.*

Sir Harry. So the Captain has written you a very angry letter ?

Charlotte (*loudly in his ear*). Outrageous. He loads me with abuse, consigns me to the infamy attendant on jilts and coquettes, calls heaven and earth to bear testimony to his wrongs, and all that sort of thing ; as if heaven and earth would make their appearance in a witness-box, to vindicate the serenity of his temper.

Sir Har. Good. I told you what sort of style he could write.

Char. (*Always continuing to speak loudly as before.*) He says, that when he visited you in Barbadoes, you yourself encouraged him to make love to me.

Sir Har. Child's play, child's play.

Char. That when you first came to England, you had not altered your mind, as he can shew by your letters.

Sir Har. I never alter my mind.

Char. That when he rejoined us in the South of France, he first observed the change both in you and in me ; but that he still thinks I would have had him, if you would have given up his fine contested estate of four thousand a year.

Sir Har. What! he thinks you mercenary, eh? and yet that you would have rejected in his favour my far finer estate of twenty thousand a year! Pretty consistent piece of self-complacency, that!

Char. Immense! However, as you now mean to give him up his estate, he will see the folly of his conclusions.

Sir Har. (*Doatingly.*) And the compliment I pay my darling's notions of delicacy.

Char. Why, it would not have been so well to deprive the poor man of all his hopes;—of a penny and a passion at once; especially as he must have had the estate handed over to him some time or other.

Sir Har. (*Laughing.*) No, no; ay, ay. Though, let me tell you, four thousand a year is a very pretty penny between you and me. Besides, it kept him under my thumb. Then there is this very house. Do you know that as soon as I give him the document handing over the estate, he can turn me on the instant out of this house? the house in which you first returned the regard of your faithful Harry.

Char. (*In a lower voice.*) Faithful Harry! Old Harry he means. I wonder how I can stand out this face-making so long.

Sir Har. Do you know, the Captain has brought his sober-looking valet with him, that was born in the village here, and that used to play me such tricks in the South of France?

Char. Has he indeed?

Sir Har. Yes, and the silly fellow has got a young wife, a Frenchwoman of all things, of whom he is horribly jealous. She'll give him reason, and shew him what it is to be the bearer of love-messages. It 's wonderful to see the blindness of conceit. The clown must be forty! Ah! ha!

Char. Ah! ha! it is indeed! with its eyes too staring wide open! (*Aside.*) Not half so old as himself; in fact in the prime of life, and as honest a creature as breathes.

Sir Har. To complete the joke, the bridegroom has purchased the old inn that has been ruined by the rail-road.

Char. You don't say so! What, the house you bought yourself for the Game-keeper? How can that be?

Sir Har. (*Laughing sarcastically.*) Hush! not so loud. I'll tell you how it can be, by and by. It 's a little too good a joke at present.—(*Aside.*) The landlord gives me back the purchase-money with a hundred pounds forfeit, to let him sell it to better advantage.

Char. Some shabby trick I'll be sworn, which nothing but your wealth and effrontery could out-face.

Sir Har. (*Stooping.*) Eh? What is that you say?

Char. (*Bawling.*) I say, luckily, you have nobler seats than this, especially the one at Prout-place;—where they were hay-making so long, you know. You remember the hay-making?

Sir Har. Bewitching eyes!

Char. (*Tenderly and taking hold of his chin.*) Foolish physiognomy!—(*very loud*). Too flattering Sir Harry!

Sir Har. (*Taking her round the waist.*) Exquisite beholder!

Char. Nay, guardian, endearments must be all on my side at present, if you please.

Sir Har. Don't call me guardian then, and I'll—ah, you little—But why speak so loud ?

Char. (*Softly and archly in his face.*) Because, to my great good luck, though you are as disagreeable as age and impudence can make you, you are as deaf as a post.—(*Loudly, and close in his ear.*) Because you have a presumptuous way of courtship, and must be reminded of good behaviour.

Sir Har. No, no. You flatter. I mean you speak the truth over much. I don't behave so ill.

Char. Well, then, to do you justice, you do behave correctly enough, considering ; so now to business like a good proper nice man, and let us go through this repetition you speak of, against our important day's work.

Sir Har. Why, you know, I have sent the carriage to the town for the poor devil ; we shall have to dress and receive the visitors before we see him ; and it is desirable for all parties to be certain, at the last moment, that we have a thorough understanding of what is to be done. Be pleased therefore to repeat after me once again.—In the interview we are about to have with my nephew Captain Creole——

Char. In the interview we are about to have with your nephew Captain Creole——

Sir Har. You agree to renounce him before my face.

Char. I agree to renounce him before your face.—(*Aside.*) Bless his heart.

Sir Har. In the strongest and most unequivocal terms.

Char. In the strongest and most unequivocal terms.—(*Aside.*) As the astronomer did the doctrine of the earth's turning round the sun.

Sir Har. In consideration of which renouncement—Ah, it 's a very serious thing.

Char. In consideration of which renouncement,—ah, it 's a very serious thing.

Sir Har. Well, but is it not ?

Char. It is, it is. I beg your pardon. Go on.

Sir Har. I give him this deed——

Char. I give him this deed——

Sir Har. Empowering him to take possession of the property which I might continue to dispute.

Char. (*Loud and soft.*) Empowering him to take possession of the property, which—he ought to have possessed long ago.

Sir Har. Loud, loud. Shout it, if it be only to let me see you like what you are saying.—In consideration of which consideration——

Char. In consideration of which—abomination——

Sir Har. You on the afternoon of the same day, to wit, the day now before us, agree, in the presence of witnesses, to marry me.

Char. Marry me ! How can you utter such a word ! a man of your taste ! so like a broken sixpence ; or the end of an old song. (*Sings*)

' Hey, said the old man, will you marry me ? '

Sir Har. Don't mention it. 'Tis, as you say, a plebeian word. Well ; you promise to give me your hand. Say that. 'Twas your own phrase. I'm not particular, so that the dear hand be mine.

Char. Oh, I'll be as good as my word. I promise emphatically to

give it you ;—my hand (*giving her left hand*). You may have a taste of it beforehand.—(*Aside.*) He hasn't got the *right* one, though.

Sir Har. (*Kissing it.*) Exquisite creature !

Char. (*Fondly.*) Mistaken old gentleman !

Sir Har. (*Bending his ear.*) Repeat the charming words ; the heart-felt ebullition.

Char. (*Bawling.*) I said, how absurd it was to mistake you for an old gentleman.

Sir Har. (*With misery.*) Don't speak of it. It 's too ridiculous. I say—Do you know why I pretend to be deaf ?

Char. (*Aside.*) Because truth itself is a pretence with you.—(*Aloud.*) Some engaging piece of archness, I have no doubt.

Sir Har. It 's because—it 's because—I always wish to bring you as close to me as possible.

Char. (*Starting off.*) 'Oh ! Oh ! ' as you say in Parliament. Aren't you ashamed ?

Sir Har. Not at all ; not at all. I'm ashamed of nothing.—(*Aside.*) They like to hear us say so.

Char. (*Aside.*) His reverend age excepted, I verily believe him.—(*Aloud.*) Ah, sad man ! I told you it was necessary to keep you to good behaviour. Adieu then—*Au revoir.* (*Going.*) I have a world of things to do, besides meditating on the awful change in my condition.

Sir Har. Saucy sobriety ! skittish fawn ! magnet ! I shall follow you to your chamber door, I shall.

Char. (*Laughing.*) No, you shan't.

Sir Har. Yes, I must.

Char. (*Laughing.*) No, you mustn't.

Sir Har. Yes, but I must, must, must, must. H'm ! h'm ! h'm ! Cat after mouse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A passage-room in a sea-port hotel. Noise of steam-coaches, horns, bells, cannon, &c. Enter* CAPTAIN CREOLE *with a whip, booted and spurred.*

Captain. Go it, my boys ! Go it, steam-coaches, horns, bells ; cannon, wine-glasses, waiters, and women's voices. Ten millions of thousand times, go it. And hail thou, O England, as the poets say ; land of my birth, ancestors, and all that. If I had Pasta's voice, I would salute thee in proper style, dear, active, native, glorious, green, beautiful, rainy, divine, muddy country. Hail, after five years' absence from thy jolly fogs, and ten months' separation from my lovely Charlotte, pearl of all the laughing nymphs of Barbadoes, duteous deceiver of that very deaf and preposterous old gentleman, my uncle. Oh South of France ! charming was it to rejoin her in thy vineyards ; but how much more charming will it be to rejoin her, as I now hope, for ever, amidst the rains and mists of old England. I wonder how often I've read her letter of this morning. I wonder how often I mean to read it again. (*Taking it out and reading.*)

4 Pasta's *crossed through in later MS.*

My dearest George,

A thousand, thousand welcomes from Boulogne. Your letter was conveyed to me last night, without a shadow of suspicion, by means of your cautious valet. I know not how to behave myself for joy. I do a hundred giddy things every moment, which your uncle attributes to my delight at the supposed termination of our regard, and my preference of his twenty thousand a year to your four thousand; which said four thousand, observe, is at all events secured to you against every future chance of his disputatious iniquity, by the document, of which I gave you hopes in my last. So now, Sir, compliment my disinterestedness again, if you dare; for I think I shall have feathered our nest pretty well, considering that you were but a poor dear delightful half-pay officer with an estate in chancery, and I a sorry bit of a ward in ditto with three hundred a year to buy you sword-knots. Let Papps be on the look out at twelve o'clock for the carriage which is to convey you to your perdition. It is to contain, besides yourself, two or three visitors from the town, whom my guardian with his usual enchanting delicacy, and consideration for other people's feelings, has thus invited to the dance and breakfast at the Grove, and who are to witness that acceptance of his triumphant self, which is to follow my renunciation of his nephew. Bewitching, isn't it? Who is to wonder that this Shylock of ancient fops has converted into a plotter, and a Portia, your giddy but affectionate

Charlotte?

Captain. A Portia truly, and deserves the name; for she saves me from a Jew who would rob me of my heart's blood, and brings me wealth, freedom, and her generous self. Ho there! Papps, idle dog! most uxorious of valets!

Enter Papps.

Can't you leave your bride for ten minutes, and let me have news of the arrival of this dilatory carriage?

Papps. Dilatory, Sir! Why it wants twenty minutes at least of the time, if not a full half hour.

Captain. (*Looking at his watch.*) A quarter at most; and don't you know that every body and every thing ought to be a quarter of an hour before the time? Wasn't Nelson always a quarter of an hour before his time? And didn't he attribute to that quarter the whole prosperity of his life? Were not you always a quarter of an hour before your time, when you went courting pretty Annette at the old vine-dresser's, and cursing every body that looked at her?

Papps. (*Looking at his watch.*) Your uncle's carriage won't be here before twenty-two minutes and a half.

Captain. Eighteen, by the watch; and that 's only three minutes to the quarter. So be off.

Papps. Ah, Sir, but yours is a French watch.

Captain. A Genevese.

Papps. And mine 's an English watch; and where will you find any

40 Papps. *In the earlier MS. a blank is left for the valet's name throughout the first part of this scene; afterwards 'Dobbs', sometimes corrected to Papps.*

watch like an English ? so true, so conscientious, Sir, as I may say ; so un-foreign ?

Captain. Nonsense. Get out. Go to your post.—(*Aside.*) This fellow so bepraises his countrymen, it becomes a national merit to contradict him.—The carriage may arrive at the door before you suppose, and who 's to know it amidst the noise of the street ?

Papps. Well, Sir, if you insist on it.

Captain. I do. I came on purpose to tell you. Recollect, you are going to quit me to-morrow for this inn you have purchased ; so you must do what you can meantime, and help me to bear this intolerable delight,—delay, I mean. Come to me the instant the carriage arrives ; bawl out ; come running, and knock every body down. What ! You can't help looking at the door for Annette ? Now mind ;—I shall return shortly to see if you are on the watch, and if I catch you in the landlady's room with her, I'll—I'll—I'll give her a kiss. [*Exit* CAPTAIN.

Papps. (*Returning, after pretending to go the other way.*) You're a good master and a pleasant gentleman, noble Captain ; perhaps a little too pleasant to be always quite agreeable ; but you won't go into that room, at all events, for I'll have her out of it. I don't like the landlady's daughter. There are two fellows dangling after her, and one of them looks like a Frenchman ; and though my wife 's French, I choose that she should have English habits. What a refreshment to see real downright English habits again, after twelve years' travelling with as many half Frenchified families abroad. (*He knocks at a door*)—Annette ! Annette !

Enter ANNETTE.

The Captain desires me to watch for the carriage before its time ; which, you know, is natural to a lover ; so as I am a lover too, though a husband, or rather because I'm an English husband,——

Annette. Ah ! ver cunning.

Papps. No, no ; straightforward ; all above-board ;—I shan't go directly ; and when I do go, I thought I might as well have you with me in the passage—the gallery—the ante-room. It turns round there to a window, at which I must keep watch ; so you can sit here and work, and then every now and then I can still indulge myself with a sight of my charmer. If the Captain should return now, for instance, he'd only think I had just walked this way. But you remember what I told you. In England, if you meddle with nobody, nobody meddles with you ; so sit still and take no notice, and people will only go by ; and if you want me, I'm within call. You've put your hat and cloak on, I see. Good girl, to be ready to start.

Annette. Ready to start ! I start all de moments in dis house. Dere ! (*Bells, horns, and cannon.*)

Papps. Why, every thing starts here, to be sure—travellers of all sorts—men, women, and children ;—they're all losing no time ; all starting. Very different from France and Italy, eh ? No picking olives here, loitering away one 's time, and sleeping after dinner. All bustle, and sense, and strength, and doing one 's duty. Did you ever see such a country ?

Annette. Never, since de *tremblement* of de *terre*—vat you call? earthquake in de Sicile.

Papps. What a pity that you and I have been poking half our lives with humdrum sick travellers, and not been together all the while in this wonderful country! Every thing you want here! Such riches!

Annette. And rains!

Papps. And green fields!

Annette. And fogs to dem!

Papps. Nay, and then such fire-sides!

Annette. To sulk-a by!

Papps. No, no; the Captain's been joking. To be comfortable by, and sensible by, and have friends and foaming ale, and the punch-bowl! And then to be fond by, you know, Annette, and secret, and loving,—with one's wife; for this is the country of virtue, you know, my love, and propriety, and decency. No *cicisbeos* here. None o' that sort o' thing. No serenades, and maskings, and mummeries, and walking about all night in summer, and nobody taking no more notice than the images in the gardens. Women must be very cautious here indeed,—very cautious. Must take care how they—you understand me?—and I assure you, my love, that the least—you comprehend?—But then the men respect them so! treat them with such real gallantry, such modest—What shall I call it?

Annette. Cannot say. Perhaps de same—vat is de sort of ting you call?—*fidelité*?

Papps. Of course, my love, of course. That 's incumbent upon us.

Annette. And de approach—de accost, in de manner de most full of de *politesse* in de street?

Papps. Eh?

Annette. Peeping in de most affectionate way under deir bonnets and de *parapluie*, de umbrella?

Papps. No, no.

Annette. And asking de young woman if she does not vant vone husband?

Papps. What, you've been going out again now without your bonnet?

Annette. Vy, I did run over de way last-a-night to get vone littel needle and thread, and de rain made-a me take the ombrella, and so two pretty gentleman did peep under it at vonce.

Papps. See there now! See! I told you that something unpleasant would happen, if you went without your bonnet. I told you they did not like it in England.

Annette. Pardon. I did forget dere was so much of de virtue in de bonnet. I was angry vid de next gentleman that spoke-a to me.

Papps. The next!

Annette. Oh yes; and I told him I had vone husband of mine own; and he asked me vat sort of de fool you vas, to let such pretty girl as me *courir* about by myself.

Papps. 'Pon my honour! I told you I should be disrespected. I see I shall be disrespected. I was afraid how it would be.

Annette. So I was ver glad to see de Captain coming up de street, and he gave de man von big *froncement*—de frown—Ahau! said de Captain,

in de attitude *imposante*;—'Go you along'; and den he put my arm into his, and brought-a me home.

Papps. The devil he did! and in public too! and every body, of course, staring and laughing at you all the way!

Annette. Vat, in dis respect-a-ful country?

Papps. Oh, don't tell me.—(*Aside.*) And he'll be here again in a minute, taking some of his pleasant off-hand liberties, and sending me back to look out of the window. I don't think he means anything particular, though Captains in love have a mighty trick of seeing their mistress's likeness in every other pretty girl.—I wish this deaf old fool of a baronet and Miss Stanley would arrive.

Annette. (*Coaxingly.*) Come-a now, you be ver good, for I am ver good indeed.—Oh! truly.—Give-a me a kiss.

Papps. Pshaw! no, no—somebody will.—Eh? well—there—well—(*kissing her*).

Enter CAPTAIN CREOLE.

Captain. Ah-h-h-! What, you can't stay now at the window a couple of minutes!—Well, no wonder; eh, pretty dimple? (*Touching her chin with the end of his whip.*) But go along with you, do, I'll see that nobody meddles with pretty Annette. Besides, we're in England now, and haven't you told her a thousand times that there is no such thing as impropriety in England? So what can you be afraid of?

Annette. Ah, sure, and he say all English say so, except the Captain for joke.

Captain. Of course. So back to your post, you villain. Why, you wouldn't scandalize a British hotel, would you? nay, an absolute public room and passage?

Papps. No, no, Sir, but—— (*As he is going, he whispers Annette.*)

Annette. (*Aside to her husband.*) He only tickled my chin.

Papps. (*Aside to his wife.*) But I don't call it 'only'. I tell you I don't call it 'only'. A devilish deal comes of 'only'. [*Exit.*

Captain. (*Aside in a rapture.*) The carriage will be here now in ten minutes, I shall be at the Grove in twenty or thirty, shall see the most charming of charmers: and cheat the deaf old Nabob gloriously before his face. I must embrace somebody, I'm so happy. (*Clasps Annette, who cries out.*) What the devil! I was thinking of somebody else, my dear; I was, upon my soul.

Annette. Dat is ver strange reason to von other lady.

Re-enter PAPPS.

Papps. What 's the matter?

Captain. A rat! a rat!

Annette. Somebody else.

Papps. Somebody else! Which body else?

Captain. Something ran across the floor. Here, puss, puss, puss.

Annette. 'Twas de cat did start-a me, not de rat. I am so confuse. 'Twas much bigger dan rat.

Papps. A cat five feet ten, I'll be sworn.

Captain. 'Twas only an English cat. There 's no harm in him.—(*Aside.*) Good-natured South of France, I love thee.

Papps. (*Aside.*) However, she was heartily frightened. Delightful to see that!

Captain. All 's right now; away to your post. Your wife faints very prettily.

Papps. (*Aside.*) Oh devil take your fainting, and your post too. —But here comes Lawyer Tittle who was last night with your uncle. I don't mind leaving my master to the law. Here 's Lawyer Tittle, Sir. [*Exit.*

Captain. (*Aside.*) I haven't seen him these three years. I'll surprise him. (*Captain pats* ANNETTE *on the cheek and goes behind a screen.*)

Annette. Dis is English innocence, of which my husband boast. 'Tis de shriek vat is de fault; ah, yes, ver pretty silence, 'pon my vort; ver grave decorums.

Enter TITTLE.

But here is de lawyer—true grave man, de lawyer. Now I shall see de *pudeur*—vat is it? *modestie Anglaise.* (*Glancing at him.*) Ver sharp *sérieux* eye. No man for de pretty girl. (*Sits down and takes out a stocking of her husband's to mend.*)

Tittle. (*Aside.*) Devilish pretty girl that!

Annette. (*Aside.*) He looks all every where round about, not tinking of me.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) Nobody here. I wonder if she belongs to any body.

Annette. (*Aside.*) De lawyer understand every ting, so he will *comprend* dat I do de *proprieté*, mending my husband's stocking.

Tittle. That 's a very pretty little stocking you're mending, my dear.

Captain. (*Aside, looking from behind the screen.*) Case well opened. Tittle *versus* Papps.

Annette. (*Laughing heartily aside.*) Pretty littel stocking of my husband! Ah, he! He vil call de calf de lamb! ah, ha! de great big beef de littel skip-about in de meadow.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) Is she laughing at me, or with me? A stocking at all events seems to make her very merry. A French laugh, I guess, by the loudness of it and look of her face.—(*Aloud.*) The wearer of that stocking must be a very charming creature; a little delicate love.

Annette. Ah, ha, ha! Pardon, I cannot help pushing de *éclats de rire*—de laughters.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) French, by all the Cupids.—Pardon you, my pretty merry soul. Any body must pardon any thing in the owner of such a stocking as that; such a creature of dimples and bewitching eyes. The hand that belongs to the foot that belongs to that stocking, must be as charming. (*Gradually approaching her.*) I should like to pay my respects to it, to salute it, to press it with cordial affection.

Annette. Ah, ha, ha! For de gentleman of de long robe, Sare, you are not ver ambitious.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) Oh, ho! True French. Delicacy is wasted here. (*He takes hold of her.*) Give me a kiss, my dear.

Annette. (*Angrily starting up.*) A kiss! (*Gives him a box on the ear.*) Dere it is; *tout de suite*; hands and respects, and all.

Captain. (*Re-entering.*) Ah, ha! Tittle, my friend! At your old

tricks, eh. How dost! How do you find yourself? Making amends for the dryness of the law?

Tittle. No, no. Rejoiced to see you, my dear Captain. Nonsense. But she was French, you see; and I grant, that a recollection of old times—Nobody else saw me, did they?

Captain. Why her husband my valet, is not a great way off; but I was the only man in the witness-box. Never fear. Let her look quietly out of the window, and she'll take no more notice. She 's a very good-tempered girl: only her husband, to keep her steady, has told her that we grave English people have nothing but gravity about us. Are you among the diners to-day at my uncle's?

Tittle. Yes, and I would not have this foolish piece of business mentioned; for Tattle, the baronet's medical man, will be there, and I should never hear the last of it. Besides, as you say, the character of the nation——

Captain. I'll speak to the girl to be silent, and you must do what good you can to her husband in his project of the inn which he has purchased.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) I must either oblige him or get rid of him, that 's certain. Thanks, thanks. Well, but you look very merry, Captain, though your uncle, I understand, has invited a whole set of us purely to let us know he has deprived you of your mistress.

Captain. (*Aside.*) Delicate and benignant mention of a flattering purpose! Why you see, Tittle, though he deprives me of my mistress he gives me up my disputed estate; and that, I take it, is no bad exchange.

Tittle. (*Aside.*) Oh, the wind lies thereabouts, does it! Money, money! Human nature!—I rejoice, my dear friend, to see you care so little about a foolish girl, and so much about a valuable property. But I think I see Tattle talking to your servant. Can't you put me, eh? in your witness-box? I should like, of all things, to see medicine caught as well as law. Besides, it might——

Captain. I'll prepare the doctor, before he comes in. But consider the character of the nation.

Tittle. Oh, damn the nation.

[*Exit* CAPTAIN. TITTLE *hides behind the screen.*

Annette. (*Coming from the window and looking after the Captain.*) All le two gone. De Captain he send my husband again down stairs in a kind of de rage, and den speak-a vid new grave gentleman, vat look dis vay; ver grave gentleman indeed: ver; *au, au, magnifique.* He *haws* nd *hums* good deal. Ah, now I shall see de real grave Inglis gentleman vat ny husband speak.

Enter TATTLE.

Tattle. H'm! hau! how d'ye do, my dear? What, we've been rightened, have we? Our nerves have been shaken? Our biliary ystem a little agitated? Give me your hand.

Annette. (*Aside and retreating.*) Vat is ve? He speaks like de rince!

Tattle. (*Following.*) But we have no fever: so don't be alarmed. Ve have bright eyes, a clear complexion, lips of florid health. In short, re are charming, and we know it, eh?

Annette. (*Still retreating.*) Some poor, mad gentleman.

Tattle. (*Aside.*) What is the little fool at ?—Give me your hand, my pretty simpleton. I must feel your pulse.

Annette. Excuse, Sare ; you are so wild.

Tattle. Wild ! I'm wild enough, my dear, when I'm in France to be sure ; but here in England every thing is under the rose.

Annette. Under the rose ! Oh, he is ver mad.

Tattle. Is your pulse never felt in France by the doctor ?

Annette. De doctor ! Oh, are you de physician ?

Tattle. (*Feeling her pulse.*) To be sure, I am, my dear ; at least, medical man, and that means physician, surgeon, apothecary, chemist, druggist, and every thing ; all cheap and respectable.

Annette. But I do not vant de physician.

Tattle. Oh, but you do. Charming creatures always want a physician; somebody to talk to, and confide in, and all that. (*Taking out his watch.*) Pulse fluctuating, colour increasing, eyes (*aside*) divine, upon my soul. Besides, you've been frightened by that horrid animal.

Tittle. (*Peeping from the screen.*) Horrid animal too ! Thanks, treacherous Captain.

Tattle. How did it frighten you ? Shew me, my dear.

Annette. Ver like physician.

Tattle. Like a physician ! What like me ! (*Aside.*) Strange that ! a great black cat like me.—Why, what did it do ? It did not do so, I am sure (*kissing her hand*). Nor so (*trying to kiss her*). Nor so (*taking her in his arms*).

Annette. Mais, but—yes, it did (*struggling*).

Tattle. The devil it did ! And what did you do, my pretty trembler ?

Enter PAPPS.

Papps. (*Aside.*) What do mine eyes behold ?

Tattle. Eh, my little panting dove ? What did you do ?

Annette. Why, I did so (*giving him a tremendous box on the ear*).

Tittle. (*Behind the screen.*) That'll do for all parties ! [*Exit* TITTLE.

Papps. (*To Tattle.*) I congratulate you, Mr. Doctor, on the strength of your patient's arm.

Tattle. (*In a rage.*) If she hadn't been a woman.—Go to the devil. (*Pushes her away and exit.*)

Papps. You are a good girl ; but this is your manners now ; you have been at some of your dancing and laughing.

Annette. Oh, stuff. I am tired—*enragée.* Dis is your sobare Inglis—your fine grave-a peoples. If you laugh-a too, I vil laugh ; but if you be *sérieux* and speak-a stuff, oh I vil speak-a more stuff ; I vill not spare you de *sincérité*—de very absurd——

Papps. Come along ; there, give me a kiss of your pretty honest lips.

Annette. Oh, idel chap—well—(*lets him kiss her*).

Papps. The carriage has come and my master won't expect me these two hours, so we shall follow him out of this infernal town, and go and see our purchase in the country. There you'll find real English manners, the good old manners, nothing but truth and simplicity. This is all town work, I assure you, the manners of people from London. In the country

which I left when I was a boy at the good vicar's, you will see nothing but innocence, and fields, and farms, and daisies, and good old gentlewomen who make pickles, and ploughmen who pull their hats off and bid you good evening, and everything as pretty and gentle as the shepherds and shepherdesses on the bed-curtains.

Annette. Ah, my friend, dat be charming!—(*Aside.*) I vondair veder de bonnet be *necessaire* in de voods.

Papps. (*Aside.*) Thank heaven, at all events, she has not seen the drunken man—the fellow that they can't get out of the house. (*Noise of Drunken Man approaching.*) Is it possible!

Annette. Oh! who is dis vat come?

Enter DRUNKEN MAN.

Drunken Man. Aha, my little people! That 's it, is it? Waiting in a corner to catch me! Waiting to turn me out; eh, my little landlord and landlady? Viscount and Viscountess! Peeresses and Beeresses! I'll turn *you* out.

Papps. Stand off! Keep away!

Drunken Man. What 's a landlord? I'll ruin him. Bohea for ever! I'm going to be a tea-totaller. Push the water-bottle. Hong and Kong with me, you jolly dog:—frog, I mean. Hop out, ye frogs.

Papps. Lay a hand on us, and I shall forget you are a drunken man, and kick you to the devil. Keep behind me, Annette.

Annette. Oh, I shall give de slip.

Papps. No, no. Keep off! Waiter! Waiter! Several waiters!

Enter WAITERS.

Drunken Man. Waiter! Water, you mean. Water for ever! I say,—he, he, the tea-pot stands with you. Push the tea-pot. Eh, my little washerwoman? Have you heard the new song? (*Sings.*)

(AIR. Zeno, Plato, Aristotle.)

Hip, and Pip, and little Wee-pot,
All were lovers of the tea-pot:
Cobblers, weavers, and stay-makers,
Youthful tailors, aged bakers,
All admire the sweet souchong;
All require it not too strong.
Every pleasure has its season;
Toast and water are no treason.

(PAPPS *and* WAITERS *push out the Drunken Man, who keeps singing.*)

Papps. Oh fields! fields! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

350 daisies *qy.* dairies *as earlier holograph MS.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Apartment as before in the house of* SIR HARRY CREOLE.

Enter SIR HARRY *and* SQUIRE BULL.

Sir Har. Well, Squire, you and I were always sparring you know. You don't then, it seems, quite——

Bull. Why, look'ye, Creole. I accepted your invitation, because the other neighbours being invited I wouldn't affront you ; but bad matches are bad matches, even among the brute creation, as every jockey will tell you. How much worse then with the old lords and the young ladies of the creation ! I tell you plainly I shan't express any satisfaction at this marriage of yours ; so don't look towards my side of the table, when the bride is toasted ; for though I shall mumble some damned nonsense or other about health and happiness, I shan't look at all as if I believed a word of it.

Sir Har. (*Laughing.*) Ah—well—we all know your ways ; so never mind that.—(*Aside.*) Spiteful old brute. He thinks I invited him for his good word ; whereas I did it to excite his envy.—(*Aloud.*) If the lady approves me, you will allow, I hope, that I can dispense with the sanctions even of my honest friend Bull.

Bull. If. 'Much virtue in if,' as the poet says. I can't make head or tail of the business, for my part. I don't understand at all, how that fine open-hearted boy, my gallant young friend the Captain, should renounce his love, even for his estate ; and as to my pretty little Charlotte, she always appeared to me a girl of sense and virtue, with plenty of fun in her besides ; and what fun she can see in marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather, is above my comprehension. I can't help thinking she means to play you some jade's trick yet ; and if she does, 'egad, I'll be an old fool myself, and dance in the gout.

Sir Har. Grandfather ! Why how old do you take me to be ?

Bull. Oh come : no nonsense thereabouts, Creole. You left school just as I entered it ; and I've been a grandfather myself these ten years.

Sir Har. Did you never understand, that I was put to school ridiculously early ?

Bull. Never.

Sir Har. Nor that I really am no older than I look ?

Bull. That 's possible enough.

Sir Har. And don't you know that men may be grandfathers at forty ?

Bull. Ay, and second children at sixty.

Sir Har. Why, a girl was in love with Dean Swift when he was forty-four.

'Vanessa not in years a score,
Sighs for a gown of forty-four.'

Bull. Yes, and a pretty business, for all his wit, he made of it.

S D. *Throughout this scene the name of Squire Bull is inserted in the later MS. L. H's. own handwriting in a space previously left blank.*

Sir Har. The famous Abelard himself who is supposed to have been as young as Eloisa, was old enough, as you have said, to be her father.

Bull. Abelard was a humbug.

Sir Har. Abelard a humbug! Hear that, ye lovers and poets and pretty women!

Bull. So say I. Hear it, and double hear it, all you that *can* hear. Why, by the time Eloisa had become a buxom woman of forty, she might have been forced to bawl into old Abelard's ears, as loud as my lady Creole will into yours.

Sir Har. Oh pooh!—The youngest men are often deaf;—stone-deaf; deaf and dumb.—(*Aside.*) The man 's an idiot.

Bull. (*Aside.*) Think of saying 'my love' and 'my dear' as loud as thunder! Why, I could say the most abusive things to the old fop before his face, and he be none the wiser. I'll do it, by Jove. It will refresh my spleen a bit.—(*Looking civil.*) I say, Sir Harry; what a confounded ugly old fool you are!

Sir Har. What do you say?

Bull. (*Very loud.*) When do you expect the rest of the people in the breakfast room?

Sir Har. Every moment.—(*Aside.*) And I shan't be sorry, when they come, to fling you off into your corner, where you may sit, and spite your soul out.

Bull. (*Looking respectful.*) I don't know which to admire in you most, Sir Harry, your age, ugliness, folly, foppery, tyranny, or false teeth. There 's my hand and seal to it. (*Offers his hand.*)

Sir Har. Eh?

Bull. I said it would be foolish after all in you and me to have any misunderstanding. So don't take my words literally. You know I'm accustomed to jest.

Sir Har. (*Taking his hand.*) Well, well.

Bull. (*Cordially.*) May you undergo every species of jest and ridicule from the whole county.

Sir Har. I firmly believe it.

Bull. May you——

Sir Har. Amen, amen.

Bull. Damn it, if he speaks so, I can't go on either.—(*Very loud.*) I think I hear the last carriage.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Captain Creole, Sir, with Mr. Tittle and Mr. Tattle.

Sir Har. Shew the Captain into the Library, and the other gentlemen into the breakfast-room. (*To* BULL.) You'll join 'em then, my good neighbour?

Bull. Thankye, thankye,——

Sir Har. So adieu, till the bell rings for breakfast. (*Aside.*) An old ass! [*Exit* SIR HARRY.

Bull. I'm afraid, by his parting look, I let him off too cheaply. Well, he'll be paid all scores before long. As to his lawyer and his apothecary, I shall be stifled with gossip quite soon enough, to need their additional suffocation. So I shall take a turn out of doors for a little fresh air. Lord help his musk and his mummery. [*Exit* BULL.

SCENE II.—*A woody spot with the near prospect of a village and its church.*

Enter PAPPS *and* ANNETTE.

Papps. There it is! there 's the old village, bless its heart! there 's the church, and the manor-house, and the ale-house, and the wind-mill—I told you, that must be the windmill—and the pond, and the swallows flying about as if nothing had happened,—and Gaggle-goose Green—charming—and there, stretching to the right, skirting the common, is Bloody-bones Lane.—Delightful! Isn't it beautiful, my love?

Annette. On my fait', 'tis ver *riante*—vat you call, laughing, and Paradise;—and here be de littel muttons—de sheeps—all nibble.

Papps. Yes; and here I declare is old Nanny's the washerwoman's, still, with the hog-sty, and the duckweed, and the shirts on the clothes line all beating the breeze as if they were in a rage—lovely!

Annette. Ver funny and lovely indeed.

Papps. And here 's the very tree—look at this, Annette—the very tree—no, that 's it, next—I know it by the two bumps—from which I fell one day, birds nesting with Dick Jolter, and almost broke my neck—Exquisite. Oh Memory! Memory! What does the poet say about it? I forget. But what 's very odd, I think we hardly met a soul on the road, as we came along. To be sure I was very much taken up, looking on before me; but still, I remember there used to be hundreds of coaches and horsemen. It must be some holiday somewhere, and every body gone to it. Our inn stands to the left, and we must see that first, otherwise I had a great mind to go on to the village, just to see old faces and have a chat.

Annette. Here is coming somebody. Speak-a to him.

Enter CLOWN.

Papps. Can you tell me, friend, whereabouts Ned Winker lives? *if* he lives.

Clown. Anan! Lives *if* he lives! That 's a good 'un. Ah, ha! hau, hee, ho. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Papps. A born fool. There are such, my dear, in all countries. Here comes somebody that looks more English;—steady and straightforward.

Enter SECOND CLOWN.

Papps. Will you be good enough to tell us whereabouts Edward Winker lives?

2nd Clown. Follow your nose. [*Exit* 2ND CLOWN.

Papps. (*Aside.*) Here 's a brute! If my wife wasn't with me.—But hold. Here comes a fellow that looks neither stupid nor sulky.

Enter THIRD CLOWN.

Pray will you be so obliging as to tell me which is the cottage of Squire Bull's shepherd, Mr. Winker?

10 duckweed] duckweed-pond *in earlier holograph MS.*

25–48 *In the later MS., were added in L. H.'s own handwriting on the verso of the leaf. They occur in the earlier MS.*

3rd Clown. Why, they used to say in old times 'Follow your nose'; but since the march of intellect, we point it out in what they call 'taking a sight'. [3RD CLOWN *gesticulates accordingly, and Exit.*

Annette. Dese men are not of de men of your village.

Papps. You're right my love, they live outside. They belong to some other parish. Besides, to tell you the truth, the village of Little Wildish is a little out of the way in these parts; I mean out of the way of the new lights, the cheap literature, and all that; and so it isn't quite the specimen of England it ought to be. But here comes the right sample at last—the real Englishman—no less a person than Squire Bull himself, the lord of the Manor. I know him as well as if I had seen him but yesterday, though he 's grown older and stouter. He is a great gentleman is the Squire, owner of half what you see about you, and a very good gentleman too, as merry and affable as one should wish to see in a summer's day.

Enter BULL. PAPPS *and* ANNETTE *pay their respects.*

Bull. Your servant, my good friends. I think I recollect that face.

Papps. Your worship has a good memory. I left the vicar's twelve years ago to travel with his brother-in-law, Colonel Seedy. My name is Thomas Papps.

Bull. Ah, Thomas Papps. Ah, I recollect. Went away a little in trouble about the pretty lass at the Wheatsheaf?

Papps. No, Sir,—no indeed. No, my love. That was my cousin William, who lost the vicar's mare, and went for a soldier.

Bull. Ah, your cousin William, was it? He had a good deal of your look. Will you not introduce me to Mrs. Papps, Thomas?

Papps. Sir, you do us a great deal of honour. His Worship Squire Bull, my love, lord of the manor of Little Wildish.

Bull. With your leave, pretty Mistress (*going to kiss her; she draws a little back.*)

Papps. (*To* ANNETTE.) By all means, my love. The Squire does us honour. This is right old English manners, all fair and above board.

Annette. (*Kisses the Squire heartily, as he is going to kiss her.*) Sure, you give me de honourable pleasure.

Bull. (*Aside.*) An honest, hearty girl, 'faith. She reminds me of the widow who kept the hosier's shop at Auxerre.

Papps. (*Aside to* ANNETTE.) It is not expected of you in England to kiss in return.

Annette. (*Aside to* PAPPS.) Oh, it is he vat kiss in return.

Bull. You have made a French conquest indeed, Thomas. You are the Wellington of Valets.

Papps. Oh, Sir. But in truth she is a very good girl, and happy to become acquainted with our solid ways.—Pray, Sir, may I ask if the good vicar is living still?

Bull. Ay, is he, and likely to live a good deal longer, thank Heaven; for he is a very good man indeed, very kind to the poor, and takes his horseback and his bottle of wine as regular as clock-work.

Papps. (*Looking triumphantly at* ANNETTE.) And may I be so bold as to ask how the great fox-hunting gentleman, Squire Barham does?

86–7 Barham *added in L. H's. own handwriting in a blank space previously left for it.*

Bull. You may ask anything you like, Thomas. Why, Barham takes his two bottles as he used to do, and is after the hounds as hard as ever, with his ruddy face and his white locks; and I think will live to a hundred.

Papps. (*To* ANNETTE.) See there, see there. Now you have come into England at last; real, solid England.—(*To* BULL.) And the good young gentleman, Sir, that lived next him, the serious young gentleman who didn't like to see us laughing on Sundays—rather particular;—Squire—Squire Corner. He 's not quite so young as he was then.

Bull. No, nor quite so particular; for he has been the ruin of his cook-maid, the Sexton's daughter.

Papps. Is it possible? Well, of all—But then there was his rival, Sir, a very lively gentleman, who married the lady they were both in love with.

Bull. Ay, Dick Doubler. He 's very lively still, Thomas, and so attached to the married state, that he ran away last year with the miller's wife.

Papps. Mercy on us! Can it be, and in Little Wildish?

Bull. Ay, and in Big Wildish—and a great many other places. England's a very great and a very good country, Thomas, but there are people of all sorts in all countries; and to think otherwise (*patting* ANNETTE *on the cheek*) is to be a ninny, my dear, and unprepared for surprises. So don't you take every man you meet to be as good a man as your husband, or as well behaved a one as an old *passé* fellow like me. Oddzooks, when I was a young chap on horseback—But never mind that.

Papps. Excellent advice, my love, and right English; though his worship is pleased to undervalue himself.

Annette. Ah! de right Inglis can be ver pleasant gentleman.

Bull. Proud as you are of your country, Thomas, I see you have not travelled for nothing among our flattering neighbours. But what are you doing now? Not travelling still, I suppose, now you are married?

Papps. No, Sir. I am just about to quit the service of Captain Creole, and set up a little establishment of my own, with your worship's good leave and licence.

Bull. Ah, what, an inn, eh? and Captain Creole's service? You are at the breakfast then here, this morning?

Papps. I am to be with my master again as soon as I hear the bell. Meantime my wife and I had come to look at the inn here.

Bull. What, the Goose and Gridiron?

Papps. The same, Sir.

Bull. Why, you haven't concluded your purchase of that inn, I hope?

Papps. May I ask why?

Bull. Why, what 's the good of a ruined inn, man; a place ruined by the new road, the rail-road?

Papps. Ruined by a new road and a railroad! Forty thousand devils! I beg your pardon, Sir, but I concluded the bargain for it in a steamer at Boulogne with my old friend the landlord, Bill Tucker. I didn't know a word about the rail-road.

101 Doubler *similarly added by L. H.* Dammy *in earlier MS.*
125 Goose and Gridiron] Bird in the Hand *earlier MS.*

Bull. The devil you didn't! Poor unsuspecting, patriotic, travelled Thomas! Then Bill is what I always took him for; as great a scoundrel as ever was forced to run for it from Little Wildish.

Papps. (*Bewildered.*) I thought he had something on his mind, he sniffed so, and never looked me in the face. But I never dreamt it was about the inn.

Annette. (*Crying loudly.*) Oh my *pauvre* husband! I vill be ruin by dat man, and you shall not have a penny.

Bull. But you haven't paid more than the earnest money?

Papps. No, Sir: but what does it signify? The bargain is made.

Bull. Don't be sure of that. I see a hope. Follow me in a quarter of an hour to Sir Harry Creole's. I'll speak to him myself; and it 's hard if for his own sake—Well, well,—Cheer up, my pretty Annette. I trust you will have to give me another kiss yet, for good news.

[*Exit* BULL.

Annette. (*Calling after him.*) Oh Sare, you make-a me *hop*; and I shall go with you to the old gentleman.

Papps. He'll do what he says, depend on't, will Squire Bull, and he'll succeed too. I see it in his eyes. So cheer up indeed. Look about, and let 's walk slowly after him. We'll cross by the stile yonder, over these pretty fields. Ah—the country begins to look again as it should do. What a silence! What sweetness! What security! (*A noise at hand of fox-hunters, who give the view hollo.*) What the devil! (*Noise again.*) The fox-hunters! and they have left their horses on purpose!

Enter Fox-hunters, making way to ANNETTE.

Keep off, gentlemen.

Fox-hunter. Found, by Jove! Here sits pretty puss. She 's mine.

Second Fox-hunter. No, Barham, mine. I started her first. I'll have the first kiss.

Third Fox-hunter. No, no. I beat her up. I've got her.

Papps. Unhand her. She 's my wife. I'll fight ye all round.

Annette. Oh, have pity on me, Messieurs hunters to de fox! (*She runs wildly about, followed by them.*)

Fox-hunters. Smuggled French game! Soho! Soho!

Papps. To the Squire! to the Squire! after him for your life. (*She runs out.*)

Fox-hunters. Stole away! Yoicks! Hark forward!

Papps. The right lane! The right! not that. There 's no turning.

[*Exeunt in confusion.*

SCENE III.—*Room as before in the house of* SIR HARRY CREOLE, *who is discovered with* CAPTAIN CREOLE *and* CHARLOTTE.

Sir Har. (*Taking a paper out of his pocket.*) Well, Madam, I am extremely glad to find that the Captain at last views my conduct in so just a light. I only wish I could prevail on him to give you the same benefit of his good opinion.

151–70 *Added in L. H's. own handwriting on the verso of the leaf. The incident occurs in the earlier MS.*

Charlotte. Believe me, Sir Harry, I have not the slightest wish to alter the Captain's opinion. He is at liberty to think of me just what he pleases: nor shall I exhibit the least resentment. I wish him joy of the estate, of which you are pleased to let him take possession; and shall simply repeat, that I am ready to give you my hand in the presence of the visitors now in the house, the moment it pleases you to accept it.

Sir Har. Exquisite flattery! how could I help being intoxicated by such a preference? Choice was free, you know, Captain; and after long consideration of our respective pretensions, it fell upon me. Was it in human nature to say it nay? You are a Creole, however, as well as myself; son of my own considerably elder but estimable brother, and doubtless will find some elegant, if not equally elegant, young lady, to be the ornament of your existence. Here then is the estate, no longer contested, which will enable you to settle in life with a decent propriety (*giving him the paper which the Captain accepts with a bow*); and now, since all disputes are at an end between us, let me exhort you once for all, to subdue—a little to subdue, if you cannot entirely eradicate—those feelings which you entertain respecting the conduct of this amiable third party, who has exhibited, as she says, and as you must allow, no resentment of your very extraordinary transports.

Captain. (*Very loudly and furiously.*) Never, Sir, never. My feelings towards yourself are certainly of a different sort; but as to Miss Compton (*going up to her and shaking his fist in her face, and speaking lower*). You are a dear divine creature, and I shall love you to my dying day.

(Sir Harry *interferes.*)

Char. (*Very loudly and sarcastically.*) Oh, Sir, pray let the gentleman go on. I am delighted to hear him.

Captain. (*With furious gestures, and in the same lower tone.*) You are the dearest and most bewitching of human beings.

Sir Har. No, no.—(*Aside.*) It 's delightful too to see him in such a passion, only I wish it would not make him speak so low. He is almost speechless for rage.

Captain. I don't know which to admire most,—your voice, your eyes, your lips, your manners, your heart, or your witty treatment of this 'grey-beard iniquity'.

Sir Har. Don't believe him. He is not in earnest, when he compliments me at your expense.—(*Aside.*) This is too flattering.

Captain. (*Very loudly.*) Dare you answer me, Madam? Dare you look me in the face, and answer me?—(*Softly.*) Say something kind for heaven's sake. Your very pretence of sarcasm gives me a horror. Let your words be as sweet, as your looks are scornful. (*Lays his hand furiously on hers.*)

Sir Har. (*Hastening between them and putting a hand on each.*) Decency, nephew, decency. You really must not make use of such terrible words.—(*Aside.*) What he says must be dreadful.

Char. (*Very loudly and in order to get rid of* Sir Harry.) Unhand me, gentlemen. I will not be controlled.—(*Goes furiously up to the Captain,*

27 Miss Compton] Charlotte Stanley *in the list of* dramatis personae. *See notes.*

and speaks with an air of soft contempt.) Can you doubt my love for an instant? You know you are the master of every pulsation of my heart.

Captain. Beloved Charlotte!

Char. Ever dear George!

Sir Har. (*Aside.*) I must positively put an end to this, or he will do her a mischief.—Captain Creole, I must positively call in the visitors. You would not pursue this strain in their presence?

Captain. (*Pretending to control himself.*) Don't be alarmed, Sir, and don't let me interrupt business. I shall be able to command myself. I cannot help feeling perfidy, but I flatter myself I am still a gentleman.

Sir Har. As the house is now yours, I am loth to hint at your quitting it for however short a period, till we return to Sussex; but the visitors being assembled, and prepared to be told what it might displease you to hear, perhaps you would not like to stop any longer.

Captain. Oh Sir, don't mistake me. I am afraid you have been labouring under a considerable misconception. I have learnt to know the lady so well by this time, and am so far from objecting to anything she may say or do, that I have been describing to her the woman I love, and am content, if it pleases you both,—to stay and hear the declaration about to be made.

Sir Har. Oh, with all my heart, if Miss Compton has no objection.

Char. I! None in the world.

Sir Har. (*Aside.*) These airs of coolness and ease in the Captain are a little too affected. He'll be punished for them in a minute. However, it's not my fault. (*Rings the bell. Enter* SERVANT.) Open the folding doors, and beg the visitors to advance.

Enter Visitors, male and female, including SQUIRE BULL, TITTLE, TATTLE, PAPPS, *and* ANNETTE.

Sir Har. What does the Captain's valet do here? and who is this female?

Squire Bull. (*Taking* SIR HARRY *and others apart.*) As the man has been threatening to make a noise before you in your capacity of magistrate, Sir Harry, and so might have alarmed the ladies, I thought you would prefer relieving him and his wife of a strange mistake under which the poor people are suffering. Mr. Tittle informed me the other day——

Tittle. (*In a fright.*) Excuse me, my very good Sir—Indeed you are under a mistake of your own.

Bull. Mr. Tattle, then informed me, that Mr. Tittle——

Tattle. (*In a fright.*) I, my dear Sir! Permit me to repeat, it is the strangest misconception.

Bull. Well then, Sir Harry, neither Tittle nor Tattle informed me, that a bargain was concluded the other day for the sale of a late inn, and the earnest paid down; and that nevertheless, by a collusion between the parties, another bargain was concluded for the same inn for a price quite ridiculous, and the purchase money again paid down by my friend here, Mr. Papps. Now as the inn-keeper talks very freely, and has fled the country——

80 *Squire Bull.* So corrected from *Man.* (i.e. *Manning*, as in earlier MS.) in the later MS. In his succeeding speeches *Man.* has generally been left uncorrected.

Sir Har. He 's a horrible liar, you know. (*Aside.*) With my three hundred pounds in his pocket, and the forfeit not returned !—Say no more, Squire, say no more. The second bargain is clearly void ; and Mr. and Mrs. Papps may go—(*Aside*) to the devil with yourself for the interruption.—(PAPPS *and his wife retire behind the visitors.*)

Squire Bull. I knew you would like to nip a falsehood in the bud. —(*Aside.*) That 's a damn'd lie of my own.

Sir Har. Of all things in the world ; of all things in the world.—And now, with the leave of this fair lady, to business of a more serious though delightful nature ; one of the objects of which is to rescue me from the imputations of having exercised a false and foolish authority over herself ; a suspicion, which, curiously enough, will be doubly disproved by the accidental presence of the lady's supposed choice, my worthy and gallant nephew, Captain Creole. Deign to speak, Madam ; utter one charming word, simply to inform our excellent friends and neighbours, that it is your intention with your own free will, to make me a present of this inestimable hand.

Char. You will first do me the justice, Sir Harry, to acknowledge on your own part, that I have always thought this ceremony unnecessary ; nay, have repeatedly begged you, from motives of what you considered superfluous delicacy, to forego it.

Sir Har. 'Tis true, 'tis true ; fifty thousand times true. You are all delicacy ; all thought and consideration for every body ; and only consented to come forward, at my repeated request, for the vindication of my honour.

Char. Thus much then being understood, it becomes me nevertheless as an honest woman, to inform these honourable persons, that you *have* been a considerable bit of a sad naughty tyrant, Sir Harry, and to more persons than one.

Sir Har. (*Astonished.*) What is it you say ?

Char. Those other persons shall be nameless. But I must needs own, before this independent and respected company, that, up to the present moment I have really not been my own mistress in the affair, and that it was impossible for me, with any reciprocity of sentiment, to contemplate the honour which my guardian designed me.

Sir Har. What, in the devil's name, is all this ?

Char. I therefore find it incumbent upon me, further to confess, that in return for the numerous tricks which I am informed, and indeed which it is the very gallant old gentleman's boast, of his having played our poor sex, one woman has at length played him a little trick herself. You have read the divine play called *The Merchant of Venice*, Sir Harry ? You have read that admirable play, my dear Squire ? (*To* BULL.)

Bull. I have, I have, my darling ; and can't but say I'm glad to see another lovely Daniel in petticoats come to judgment.

Char. I promised to give Sir Harry Creole my hand ; and *this* hand accordingly (*holding forth her left hand*) I do indeed give to Sir Harry Creole ; but it is after the fashion that Portia gave her client's flesh. To Sir Harry it belongs. The letter of the law of my promise allows it, and the court awards it. Let him take it if he must ; tear it, if he will. But, this hand (*holding forth her right*)——

Bull. 'A Daniel still I say, another Daniel!'

Char. (*Presenting her hand to the Captain.*) I give to *him*, who has long possessed it in spirit, therefore by right; being of opinion with those who think, that the hand, and the heart, and the time of life, and the approbation of all honest beholders, should ever accompany one another.

Bull. O learned judge! Mark, all young ladies and ancient gentlemen, an upright judge!

Sir Har. (*Between hysterics and an affectation of superiority and indifference.*) Really—he—he—upon my honour, he, these are very pretty proceedings! It may be supposed that I am mortified, angry, overwhelmed (*violently taking snuff*).

Char. I assure you, guardian, it has been extremely painful to me to——

Sir Har. (*Very angrily.*) Silence!

Captain. If any thing on earth that we can do to shew——

Sir Har. Nonsense! It 's the old story of the damned jilting sex, and you'll—ha! ha! find it so. Where 's that—stupid beast my valet? My carriage, and my drops, you fool! my carriage and my drops. (*Some of them lead him out.*)

Char. (*To the* CAPTAIN.) Are you afraid of me?

Captain. Am I afraid of goodness and delight? He was born and bred among slaves at a period which I had the luck to escape; so let us wish him a good night.

Bull. Glory be to the Captain. (*Shaking him by the hand. The others pay their respects.*)

Tittle. (*To Charlotte.*) Permit me to congratulate true English virtue on the——

Annette. (*Pulling* TITTLE *by the sleeve.*) How you do, Mr. Tittle?

Tattle. (*To the* CAPTAIN.) Allow me to hope that a family so exemplary——

Annette. (*To* TATTLE.) How you find yourself, Mr. Tattle?

Papps. Annette, Annette, my love, recollect that English females are retiring.

Annette. (*To* CHARLOTTE *and the* CAPTAIN.) Tousand pardon. But I am so happy, I could dance for de joy.

Captain. Say you so? The best of all reasons for a dance: indeed the only reason, or something very like it. So a dance let us have. What say you, my friends? let us chuck the past to the winds, and begin the delightful future. And in honour of the bride here of my good butler (for such is her husband now) as well as of the lady she is adoring let the band on the lawn be told to strike up the new dance of 'France and England'.

CURTAIN FALLS TO THE DANCE.

SIR EDGAR, SIR GRAHAM, AND SIR GRAY-STEEL

[Now first printed from the MS. in the British Museum (Add. MS. 38111, ff 421–44). The MS.—a fair copy with very few alterations—is unfinished and without title. The folios are numbered from 2 to 24 and in place of folio 1 is a well-executed drawing of a Knight lying across his fallen horse, his lance broken. In *Stories in Verse* 1855, a footnote to 'Kilspindie' refers to Ellis's *Metrical Romances* for a summary of the story of Grey-steel and to 'a Scottish volume, the title of which I forget' for the whole of the original. This 'Scottish volume' proves to be David Laing's '*Early Metrical Tales*; including The History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill' Edinburgh, 1826.]

Sir Graham look'd from out his bower
In the sloping woodside tower,
And gaz'd upon the lovely sight,
His stern face handsome with delight:
He gaz'd below, he gaz'd aloft;
With lonely sighs his heart grew soft,
Fill'd to o'erflowing, like the vale,
With pleasure of the nightingale;
Till, pondering upwards on the moon,
Thoughts came again but ill in tune
With the sweet bird's enamour'd song,
And 'Edgar' thought he, 'journeys long:
Two weeks he bade me wait, to know
What secret 'twas he guarded so;
And now two months, and nigher three,
He stays; nor with his love is he;
Nor stoops her pride to speak one word
Of care about her future lord,
But conquering goes, 'twixt town and tower,
In her frontless thirst of power,
With a cheek that shines, not glows,
A petrifaction of the rose,
And eyes whose joy is like a foe's!
God send the love thus won at last
Beat not the pangs he fancies past,
With smiles at best as endless cold
As those of yon fair witch of old,
Who meets the look of glad and sad
Alike, and drives the gazer mad.
O grief! to think a soul like his
Should love and doat where no love is;
Should task its priceless worth to gain
A puppet made of hard and vain,
Who boasted she could love no knight
Without the fame of matchless might!

Without the grace to have beat down
Ev'ry fresh plume that topp'd renown,
And at the peril of her scorn,
Should some fool come, robuster born!
Fame is fame truly and might might,
But love like this outvenoms spite;
Welcomes new chances of defeats
And final loss, for him that beats;
And should his task be ever done,
Crowns his bad luck, in being won!'

Sir Graham smiled with grim disdain,
Then sigh'd to think his scorn was vain,
When suddenly there reach'd his ear
A sound to heed, if not to fear,
Which seem'd to yearn, in pain and woe,
Heavily from the croft below.
With eager caution, swift and soft,
He stoop'd, and look'd into the croft.
Full on the grass the moonlight shone;
His steed fed there, and was alone;
And all was still, his ear beneath,
Save the cropp'd herbage in its teeth.

Yet hark! the groan was surely nigh;
Sir Graham starts, and turns his eye
Round his own room to his own door,
And staggering o'er the unhappy floor
Bursts in Sir Edgar, the good knight,
A bloody and a doleful sight.
His face was smear'd with his own hands,
Which yet were dress'd with swathes and bands;
He had more wounds with sword and knife,
Than ever man that had his life.
To the couch with help he went,
And mov'd his lips as though he meant
To speak, but nothing could he say,
And fainted with a groan away.

Sir Graham clasp'd him with wet eyes,
And 'What is this, great God!' he cries:
'Where hast thou been, and not with me?
Alas! that I should live to see
The day when thou wert in distress,
And I at home in carelessness!
What dastards can have carv'd thee thus?
What murderer, that shall yet mourn us?'

Oh! piteous was Sir Edgar's groan:
'One warrior met me—one alone.
Gone is my fame for evermore,
And gone the lady; gone Linore.'

'Oh no!' cried Graham: 'such renown
How can one brief mischance pull down?
A fame built up of hundreds more,
And such as thou shalt thrice restore.
Must not e'en thou endure the chance
Of a lam'd steed, or a warp'd lance?'

'No more, no more;' the knight replied;
'Never had man arms better tried,
Nor horse, nor health; and I rode forth
To meet one man, and he is worth
Ten such as I am. Let me lie,
I prythee, seen of none, and die.'

And as he spoke, he swoon'd again:
His eyes were clos'd for shame and pain:
His hands lay by him, like one dead;
And tears crept forth he could not shed.

With cordials, and with noble words,
Just as the happy morning birds
Had made his feeble eyelids weep,
Sir Graham lull'd his friend to sleep,
And then he stood, and mark'd him well.—
Sad was his state, and strange to tell;
For all in front, from side to side,
And all about his shoulders wide,
And arms and hands, and either knee,
One fretwork of fierce wounds was he.
The blood from most—a piteous sight—
Had oozed, and stained the linen white:
But all had carefully been dress'd
With skill and grace the tenderest;
The odour of the balsams rare
Touch'd with sad sweet the morning air,
And on one hand there was a glove,
As soft as gift of lady love,
Tied close about the wrist with silk:
The stuff was white as morning's milk.
Like Misery that had met with Love,
Were those poor wounds, and balms, and glove.

'Some lady,' sigh'd his friend, 'has done
What *his* would hear of but to shun:
Some stranger, with no heart of stone:
Would he had paid her with his own.'

He then, to keep the news unspread,
Awoke his page and squire in bed,
And sent them forth in endless quest
Of the friend thus re-possess'd;

And then Sir Edgar's brother Clare
He summon'd to assist his care,
A close, but true and loving boy,
And these two watch him, and with joy
Perceive that he sleeps sound and long:
For not again did sweet bird's song
Move him; nor any jar within
The penitent, sad room; nor din
Of brass for bees; nor headlong steed
Neighing to pleasures in the mead;
Nor roof and casement cluttering loud
With hailstones, when a hard big cloud
Split on the sapphire edge of June,
And stainless left the afternoon.
And as he slept thus, like a child,
With open mouth, up breathing mild,
His brother swept aloof, with soft
Still hand, the fly returning oft;
And longing to hear all, Sir Grame
Ponder'd a deed beyond a name.

All day he slept, and all next night,
And waking with the pious light
Of the third dawn, he breath'd a prayer,
Despairing, yet with mild despair,
And smiling on those two, he press'd
Their hands, and thus his friend address'd:—

'I heard in secret of a knight
Come over seas, of matchless might,
Who slowly shifting his abode
From place to place upon the road,
And quelling every knight that came,
Was hither bent, to crown his fame.
I, in my foolish pride, God wot,
Thinking to save more shields from blot,
And speed his coming with his own
Revers'd, and as my trophy shewn,
Rode forth to meet this man half-way.—
Loud as the bird I sang that day.

'Far eastward rode I, over hill
And vale, and moorlands blackening still,
And sullen countries of no sound,
Until a forest girt me round;
And there I heard the pleasant fall
Of woodman's axe, and at my call
Forth came the woodman, and I then
Heard surely of this man of men.
Too dull he seem'd to pity me,
That peasant; yet confus'd to see

Another bold wretch doom'd to die;
And staring, ask'd me earnestly
If I had fame in my own land.
The knight, he said, was close at hand,
Lodg'd in the house of him last slain,
And was a man of great disdain,
Who left a mark on those he slew
In scorn of what they dar'd him to.
No plume he wore, nor aught of gay
Or bright, but all in armour grey
Was lock'd and shap'd, from head to heel,
And hence men call'd him Sir Gray-steel
With beard his face was overgrown,
Sharp his small eye, his speech unknown;
And seldom utter'd he a word,
But when his horrid heart was stirr'd
By some huge gash which he bestow'd,
And then his bloody laughter flow'd.

'I left the woodman, and went straight
Through lanes of pine-trees to a gate
Which open'd on a glade right fair;
A mighty horn was hanging there,
Like the dumb voice of the slain knight.
I made it speak with all my might,
Chearful and wide; and then I pass'd
The gate, and for a while stood fast.
My stand was good, my heart in mirth,
I felt the fear of none on earth.

'Nothing I heard, until my steed
Look'd up before him, taking heed
Of something coming in the trees;
And then, with headlong earnestness,
Making him charge with all his might,
Forth on his horse there rush'd a knight.
We dash'd asunder as we met,
For speed. Alas! my side was wet
With the first gliding of his spear.
Like a wind he pass'd mine ear,
And turn'd him to the couch again,
And miss'd me; but my steed was slain.
I leap'd to earth, my foot was free,
I would have drawn my sword; but he,
No knight in that, but churl and clown,
Rode on me, Grame, and trod me down.'

'Curst be his soul for deed so base!'
Cried Grame; 'and call you this disgrace?
Call you this fighting and defeat?'

188 was lock'd and shap'd *del. in MS. and left unreplaced.*

'Alas! the wolf and lion meet
Sometimes,' Sir Edgar sigh'd, 'in one.
Think of these wounds but then begun.
I got my sword out as I might,
And steed for steed I slew. The knight
Then drew his own sword, a dread sword;
The blood about my shoulders pour'd;
A brief confusion fell on me,
And then I heard him screech for glee.
I paus'd an instant;—I saw glare
Through his barr'd helmet and his hair
His ferret eyes; and as I look'd,
Strokes like a sledge my pause rebuk'd,
Cuffing me with a bulk of pain,
And then he screech'd and laugh'd again.'

''Tis some brute beast or devil come
To shame us, out of Heathendom,'
Sir Graham cried:—'Heav'n help my vow,
So as I swear.—But what didst thou?
How paidst thou him—for thou didst pay—
For all the sores thou broughtst away?'

'Were it good for me to live on,
Well it had been my sword was gone,
For never had I brought away
Blood else, enough to creep to day
But with me was my dagger still:
I ran with it against his will
Betwixt his hands, and made him quit
His sword, and draw his own to it,
And then we too, Grame, knife to knife,
That dev'l and I, we fought for life.
Under his belt, with all my pith,
I struck a blow which he groan'd with;
And then I got blood out of him
Here and there, through all his trim,
And forc'd him to breathe hard, and grasp
My waist in stooping, clasp for clasp,
And up into each other's face
We struck. Alas! it was great grace
I saved mine eyes, for he struck well;
My brow seem'd stoop'd on prongs of hell;
But straining all my strength, I gave
A blow which to his own brow clave,
And with his blood half made him blind:
Alas! it left the blade behind.
A dash yet with the heft he got,
Which cost his mouth some teeth, I wot;
But what for loss of arms and blood,
Weaker and more weak I stood,

While spitefully he stuck his dirk:—
Mine habergeon of Milan work
Serv'd me no better than my skin,
Nor the Milan quilt therein
Which in a battle once had kept
My father safe. I almost wept
To think it had wrapp'd him and me;
But felt too dull with enmity.
Hands, rage, all fail'd me. Every mesh
Of steel seem'd only in my flesh;
By nought but his own grasp I stood;
My blind eyes grew forlorn with blood,
And my brain reel'd, and down I fell
Betwixt his hands. He gave a yell
Which seem'd to wither up my head,
Then dropp'd me, and I lay for dead.

'How long I lay I know not. He
Was gone, when sense return'd to me;
And with him from my hand was gone
(This hand the gentle glove is on)
A little finger. I, for woe,
Lay back, and wish'd my life would go,
When to mine ear there came a sound
Of water through the grassy ground.
I rose, and on my hands and feet
I crept, and found that water sweet.
I steep'd me in it, all I could,
The freshness was so pure and good,
And wash'd the blood from out mine eyes,
And breath'd till I could better rise,
And then I stood a little space,
And look'd about through all that place.
No one I saw; but near me lay
My gear that had been hack'd away,
My broken sword, and haft of knife,
And red the grass was, nigh with life.
I could have wrung my hands to see
What mockery had been made of me.
My steed, a little farther on,
Lay stuck. He seem'd my last friend gone;
But looking round again, I spied
Another, saddled. Heavy-eyed
He rais'd his neck from where he fed,
To hear me speak with voice half dead;
And seem'd to love, yet doubt my sight,
For he belong'd to that slain knight;
And stopping oft, he came to me.
Oh! heavily and painfully
I clomb that steed, and paced him forth:
The task was not the trouble's worth.

'Slowly I rode till it was night:
I saw a turret by a light
A little from a murmuring town;
And as I near'd it, I got down
And sate me on a bank to rest
My wounds, and think what course was best,
For help they needed, flesh and bone,
And I was loth my name were known.
The pain they gave me made me speak
Against my will, I was so weak;
And at the little cry, I heard
A startled and a gentle word,
And then a call upon a name,
And tow'rds me many servants came
Out of a doorway in the wall,
And help'd me in to a great hall,
Where stood three ladies, waiting me
With brows of aching sympathy,
And hands that help'd me, ere we met;
Mine eyes at theirs turn'd glimmering wet.
Beauteous they were, sweet sisters all;
It seem'd a sudden heav'n, that hall.
The eldest had been walking forth
To mourn a knight of matchless worth
Slain by the very man I met:
She counted every wound a debt
For him she lov'd and paid it me,
She, and the whole sweet sisters three,
With care and cost full tenderly.
Oh! such a life I just had led
'Twas heaven alone to see a bed.
In a silver goblet first
They gave me water for my thirst;
And in a silver goblet thrice
With their own hands they bath'd mine eyes.
Roses gave the water grace,
And breath'd a bliss upon my face.
I never knew till then what dowers
Of Eden lay in leaves of flowers.
I felt as if mine eyes and hair
Suddenly met angels' air,
And my life began anew,
Far as man's nigh slain could do.
With their gentle fingers dear
They remov'd then all my gear,
And wash'd my wounds, and made them calm
With many a costly tent and balm,
And words that did me good no less
'Twixt pleasantry and tenderness;

And when they found I thought it shame,
They never tried to know my name,
Nor yet would have my face be seen,
But let the curtain blush between
The light of it; though half the day
They would extol me as I lay,
And every night a guard would keep
And lull me with a lute to sleep,
Singing low of all sweet things
That sort with shades and murmurings,
But none that either wept or laugh'd,
(And that, methought, was lovely craft)
Till into rest my grief and I
Went drooping with the harmony.
And when their care had heal'd me so,
That I could rise, and needs must go,
And would not wait a stronger hour,
They stay'd me not with wayward power
Nor any the least shade of look
That gives a hasting guest rebuke
But only begg'd that I would take
All comforts with me for their sake,
And set me on a noble steed,
And shook my hand; and then indeed
I saw their beauteous bosoms rise,
And farewell drops perplex their eyes,
But still they smil'd with chearful glee,
And said all happy words to me,
And those were surely angels three.'

'In Welcome's very Paradise,'
Thought sad Sir Graham; 'yet thine eyes
Could quit them to behold again
Halls that exclude thee with disdain!
The sullen, overlooking bower
Of devilish Pride's own paramour!'

'I rode,' Sir Edgar said, and sigh'd,
Many a morn and even-tide

There follows a cancelled half-line: Right soft and well *and the remainder is missing.*

AN UNFINISHED POEM IN HEROIC COUPLETS

[By the kindness of Mr. Francis Edwards I am enabled to print the following unfinished poem for the first time, from a MS. in his hands. The length of the poem and its incidental beauties seem to entitle it to a place, however belated, in the text of this edition, rather than in the notes. The MS. is on eight half-sheets of note-paper, six of them written on both sides, the versos being used for more or less rough notes towards the poem. The first six rectos yield a continuous and fairly finished poem (ll. 1–137), into which are here inserted, between square brackets, conjecturally and for the sake of their beauty, two passages from the versos. Folios 7 (both sides) and 8 consist of experimental versions, mostly uncancelled. In the footnotes the rectos are numbered 1–8 and the versos 1*a*, &c. Illegible words in the MS. are represented by a query; the blanks correspond to blanks in the MS. Many variant readings are suppressed. Lines 25–6 are themselves a variant of the last two lines of the Epilogue (also in heroic couplets) to 'The Descent of Liberty', 1815 (see p. 313) and lines 152 to the end may have been attempts towards the versification of what finally appeared as a prose stage-direction in that poem (see pp. 304–5). Fragments (*e*), (*f*), (*g*) support the suggestion that these heroic couplets were intended for 'The Descent of Liberty'.

It was the time when Autumn with the thrill
Of Summer's farewell kiss was sparkling still,
And each new day had its renewed delights:
Fresh morns, and golden noons, and silver nights,
When forth at eve I took [*left incomplete*]
Calm with the finished labours of the day,
To breathe fresh air and fresher change of thought,
And while the balmy gales my temples sought,
To mark o'er all how Twilight's shadowy hand
Came with its gentle blessing on the land.
[The darkening trees that stood between the light
Tufted [?] arrayed, a graceful sight,
In the blue void just moved their silv'ry plumes,
While ever and anon, subtle perfumes
By tricksome airs from bank and briar let free
Swept o'er the sense with long-drawn luxury.
Then would there come from Philomela's throat
The softest, clearest, lowliest, liquid note,
Piercing the calm, like [nectar *del.*]
Sucked up by sighing airs from founts of pearl.
Such mournful meaning seemed it, as expressed
By spirit suffering in that little breast
Magic transformed, or doomed for small offence
To range the year in gentle penitence.
Nature lay thrilled, and Silence, without might,
Sat with her finger up hushing Delight.]

Proud had the day gone past, profuse of gold,—
And welcomed like a conqueror of old,
As with a ling'ring pride he towered along,
With nature's pomp, full gales, and vocal song,
And waving palms, and living tap'stry hung
From tree to tree, by the strong breezes swung.

But now from vale to hill, from hill to sky
Was stillness all and wrapt obscurity
Till the moon rose; and as I gained a mound
That sloped into a dell with groves walled round,
I met, full gaze, her gentleness of light
Bending with calm attention through the night,
As though she came, with mute o'erlifted face,
To view the slumber of that lovely place.
Half dusk with shade it was and half o'erlaid
With the pure silver that the moonlight made,
Which from a neighb'ring brook might scarce be known
So dewy light and chrystal was its tone
But that the stream went babbling on its road
And had a sparkling motion as it flowed.
So [*left incomplete*]
The turf felt double to my lightsome feet
The very turf [*cancelled*]
And led me step by step [*left incomplete*]

It seemed a spot shut out from vulgar eyes
For spirits when they [chose *del.*] to leave the skies,
What time to celebrate a poet's birth
They pay a radiant visit to the earth
While the [ ] homeward swain
Sees the quick fires flash downward to the plain
And often [ ] and often looks behind
At the strange voices calling in the wind.
Often my path I turned, but oftener stood
And ran my sight around the circling wood,
Marking its massy outline in the sky
And fancying oft, with half expectant eye,
To see some fairy train [*cut through*]
Some gentle ghost, for whom such walks are made,
Might take its nightly wand'ring from the shade.
But most I loved to fix my placid look
Not on that shade, nor on that sparkling brook,
Nor yet on that fair light, with calmness fraught,
That seemed to look the silence into thought,
But on one star, sparkling and yet as still,
That in the holier distance seemed to thrill,
Touched haply by the hand that bade it rise
Or trembling to the sounds that woke the skies
And set the spheres afloat in mingling harmonies.
Once, I remember well, 'twas at the time
When Love beset me first and stole my rhime
I woke and from the pillow leaned to see
What light it was that kissed me as I lay
And shed upon the wall a christal ray,
When full upon my eyes with smiles of flame
Like a kind fair the radiant stranger came:

I knew the star, and blessed the sweet surprise
But never had I seen it leave the skies
So bright before, for it withholds its sway
Unless the [vulgar ?] planets are away
As well as from the lustier stare of day.
That month and more (how well I call to mind !)
My mistress and my muse alike were kind,
And the whole world, so blest had been my sight,
Seemed hope, and newness all, and holiday delight.
Smit with a rushing mem'ry of the past,
My limbs upon the springy turf I cast
And while the pensive joy o'erflowed my breast,
Thus in my bending thought the star addressed :—

Fair visitant, who from that highest sphere,
Doubtless in range of heav'n, yet smilest here,
Like a blest friend to other climes removed,
Whom distance only makes more fixed and loved,
Whether called Venus when thou bring'st the night,
Or Phosphor, when the strength of morning's light—
(Names giv'n to shew us how thy beauties share
Whate'er in either sex is brightly fair)
Thy sparkling mildness surely must dispense
Some more than common starlight influence,
So touching are thy beams, so made to bless
Earth-pitying souls, and all the man possess
With meek internal light and patient tenderness.
Thee at returning eve, his labours done,
The lover hails, impatient of the sun.

To thee the mourner at her window side,
Mother or child bereaved, or widowed bride,
Lifts up her glistening cheek and thinks that there
New to his wings he skims the unbounded air,
Or that awhile permitted to contrast
His present bliss with all the fev'rish past
He [looks *cut through*] [ ] from above
A holy pity hardly weaned from love.
Her little infant, stretching from her knee,
At first half wonders what that grief may be,
Then in the precious drops that glance so bright
[Scrambles ?] his little hands with ignorant delight.
These are the links that fasten earth and heav'n ;
'Tis then all selfish and all worldly leaven
Quits the pure mind, that like a subtle flame
Darts up the golden chain from whence it came.
Tranced by the touch of heav'n the body sleeps,
The sense that shudders, and the eye that weeps,
And freed, upraised, awakened, and alone,
The disembodied spirit claims its own.

E'en now while gazing upward to thy face,
Thou first and fairest of the starry race,
Thy smile seems travelling [ ] from on high
To win my loos'ning spirit to the sky,
Bathing mine eyes with kisses dipt in balm,
And through the strange enthusiastic calm
Fuming with noiseless whisp'ring, seems to say—
Steal from thy mortal self, and come away.

[Not such enchantment looked the son of May
Fresh dropt from heav'n upon a cloudless day,
Nor the young Bacchus, yet unspoiled and fair,
Nor frank Apollo with his laurelled hair.
Nor e'er did [?] vision half so bright
Warm the shut eyes of Phidias, when at night
O'ertoiled, he leaned against the living stone
And dreamt th' immediate Godhead filled its throne.]

Philosophy! Tis she herself aspires
High as the Muse, and mounts with the same fires,
Springing from world to world, and in her flight
Calling the conscious wonders to unite
In thrilling witness of th' immortal soul,
And breathe the grand conviction as they roll.

(*a*)

To other ears I sing, and fain would draw
Such audience as the star of evening saw
On Sunium's brow, when [Truth, then playful young, *cut through*]
On Plato's knee [*cut through*]
While Nature's eloquence [*cut through*]
While the gales whispered, and the waves stole round
Talking beneath as with a spiritual sound
And ocean, vast and viewless, stretched before
The living [*left incomplete*]
And heav'n above bending its thousand eyes,
Seemed ready to disclose its mighty mysteries.

(*b*)

To loftier hearts I sing, and gentler ears,
With harp new touched to the preluding spheres,
And fain would gather round th' aetherial song
Souls happy to escape the worldly throng.

(*c*)

Calm spirits that by stream or bow'r enjoy
And by poetic [?]
To [ ] in pure skies
With half arrested step through field or grove,
By springing airs refreshed
And in still spot, blest from unholy stir,
Commune with poet or philosopher.

(*d*)
Calm spirits, inward eyed, who daily read
That book more wond'rous and of holier need
Than all the learned Babel of the shelves,
The meek restraining volume of themselves.

(*e*)
Calm spirits, the quick eyed, who know to read
Whether their native Muse delight them best
[ ] with native virtues blest
Their country's Muse free as its Liberty

(*f*)
Strong as its strength, and as its freedom free

(*g*)
Kindness its climate, flowing as its sea,
Sound in its heart, and as its spirit free

(*h*)
Or wing their fancy to Italian groves
Where helmed and [ ] embowered laurel-shaded

(*i*)
Or wing their fancy to the Tuscan groves
And laurel bow'rs that shade luxurious loves

(*j*)
Or send their fancy upon sunbright wings
With knightly visions held and basking loves

(*k*)
Or send their fancy upon sparkling wings
To Italy's blue skies and silver springs
Where plumed visions thread the stately groves
And [ ] and peeping pleasure roves
Through laurel shades that hide impassioned loves.

NOTES

P. 1. *The Story of Rimini.* By the kindness of Mr. T. J. Wise I am enabled (i) to print for the first time an interesting MS. version of the commencement of this poem and (ii) to collate the printed text of 1816 with the fragmentary MS. rough draft and fair copy of Cantos II–IV, and to reproduce therefrom Byron's pencilled comments.

Together with these the following notes contain the variant readings of the first version, 1832, 1855; of second version, 1844, 1857, 1860. ('*1844 etc.*' below = 1844, 1857, 1860; '*1844–60*' = 1844, 1855, 1857, 1860.) In 1857 and 1860 the first version of Canto IV, 1–412, was reprinted, with alterations, as a separate poem, *Corso and Emilia.* The variations of *Corso and Emilia* from 1817 are indicated thus: *C. & E.* The American edition of 1844 follows the text of 1832. Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 37210 ff. 50–105, consists of the 'Rimini' pages from 1832 patched and pasted up with MS additions and alterations converting it into the text of 1844.

Canto I. MS. version (131 lines). The MS. is on four 4to sheets, with a blank wrapper. Three of the sheets have both sides written on. The paper is watermarked '1810'.

In days when Italy with prowess rung
Of jarring chiefs, and gentler arts were young,
Guido, a Prince grown old in danger's school,
In fair Ravenna held his sullen rule,
A common mind, and kept upon his throne
More by his subjects' merits than his own.
Fierce, and embroiled with all his neighbours round,
No sabbath from the sword his people found,
And long ago they might have turned in rage
Despairing, and have smote his hardened age,
But that the fear of impious wars at home,
And wounds through which a foreign lord might come,
Kept down the wrath, and changed it to a pray'r
That better days might be their children's share,
And a fond blessing on the Prince's heir.

And well indeed did all the gentle rays
In that fair quarter, gild their ev'ning gaze
And justify, for once, the trusted fates,
(That old credulity of dying states)
For not by contrast loved was Guido's heir,
Nor the mere dotage of a realm's despair,—
No pampered prodigal, unshamed in waste,
Whose childishness remains when youth is past,—
No smirking ideot, trusting for its throne
To custom and a worn-out race alone,—
Nor ought that makes an old head shake to see
The fond neglect of sinking royalty;
But just and good, with ev'ry striking part
Tempered by heav'n, and glowing from the heart,
Young—but from filial trials early wise,—
Female—but therefore gentler in all eyes—
Lovely, in short, and genial as the light,
The princely virtue well became her height,
And fair Francesca's name was blessed from morn to night.
But you, whom poetry and beauty fire,
Would you with closer eyes the fair admire,
And see the portrait to your fancy dressed,
Recall the days when love your visions blessed

When o'er your walks by day and dreams by night,
Some well-known face, concentring all delight,
Presided like a star, intent and bland,
And shed a patient rapture o'er the land.
Such was the maid, so sparkling and serene,
Such her sweet looks and balminess of mien,
And all that love has dreamt, but rarely seen.
Unwise I deem th' historian of the fair
Who in his fond conceit or amorous care
Draws from a partial model, and in haste
To prove his own, will risk the gen'ral taste.
Alcina's eyes the Tuscan poet drew
A thrilling black, yet some have wished them blue;
Helen's, of blue, no lustre sure could lack,
Yet there are tastes that would have had them black.
Warned by this fond camelion then,—this taste,—
No brilliant pallets on the dame I waste,
But fairly leave to the good reader's guesses
The colour of her eyes and clust'ring tresses,
What jet or sapphire was by these outdone,
Or how the latter shone against the sun,—
Premising this alone, that in my mind
They were the very loveliest of their kind.

Yet may I not omit each forming grace:—
Long was her neck, and oval was her face;
Frank ivory her forehead, dropt with curls;
A smile of roses, streaked with hiding pearls;
The soul sat orbed in her benignant eyes,
That towards each other took a gentle rise,
And shed around, clear as the summer brooks,
Feeling and sense, the warmth and light of looks.
Then what a breathing mould her bosom stood!
Yet 'twould have been less witnessed if it could;
But perfect nature hindered, and a fall
Of shoulders shelving to the cincture small,
Not sudden or with art, but sweetly less,
A shapely round and a free loveliness.
The shafts of her round arms hung near, and graced
With their contrasting lines the [ ] waist,
But varying oft as the smooth motion swayed,
The living impulse of her hands obeyed,
Hands that seemed tapered for the trembling lyre,
To sweep its panting chords, and search its fire.
I may not trust the warm poetic sense
To tell what beauties downward swelled from thence,
Nor how they wound within the robe's retreat;
But well they finished with two airy feet,
And never sure was lovelier goodness found,
With youth, with beauty, and with honour crowned,
Pure to the core, and faultless to the ground.

So bright a cluster of auspicious charms
Shone with full influence on an age of arms.
Francesca first the rude Ravennian clay
To softness broke, and visited with day;
Francesca first inspired the yielding times
With taste, and civilized their clownish rhymes,
Roused a young zeal where ancient duty failed,
And lent a grace to wars that she bewailed.

77 the adjective is cut out in the MS. and not replaced by another.

'Twas thus she fired th' obedient flame anew,
Or in transferring, made it still more true;
Her gracious image led the warrior's hand;
She stamped the current virtues of the land;
She changed the dull and the deserted court
To willing service and a bright resort;
And was the total mistress of delight,
Song to the feast, and spirit to the fight.
Yet all she did had such a want of art,
Such truth of eyes and tenderness of heart,
And all the woman so embalmed her air,
That nothing haughty or of pomp was there.
The very pages,—poor, unthinking boys,—
Who bounded at her call and spurned their toys,
Thrilled when she spoke,—'twas such a magic sound,—
And turned their rising blushes to the ground.
Nor lived there youth in all that city rare,
But wished his lady might be half as fair;
And not a wedded love, but prayed the skies,
Such and so filial might their daughters rise;
And not a face, when she was seen abroad,
But flocking, mingled in the living road;
For oft, on days of feast or holy pride,
Following she graced her haughty father's side,
While ev'ry heart turned from him as he past
To fix on her, and wish that day his last.
How glorious then she came, a bright relief!
How doubly fair, and chas'd the ling'ring grief!
How beamed around, disdaining to be coy,
Supplied the smiles, and reconciled the joy!
So comes the moon, silv'ring the sullen back
Of a slow-moving cloud, and clears the rack!
So beams Aurora on the skirts of night,
So balmy comes upon the fresh'ning sight,
And reassures the land, and tips its tears with light.

Canto I

Argument [*1844 etc.*]—*Giovanni Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, has won by his victories the hand of the Princess Francesca, daughter of the reigning Count of Ravenna; and is expected, with a gorgeous procession, to come and marry her. She has never yet seen him. The procession arrives, and is described.*

1, 2. 'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay *1844 etc.*

3, 4. *Om. 1844 etc.*

7–12. And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,
Dazzles the bride-maids, looking from the towers:
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,
Glitter with drops; and heaven is sapphire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,
And odours from the citrons come and go, *1844 etc.*

12. grassy] grassier *1832, '55.*
13. scene . . . earth] landscape—earth, and sky *1844 etc.*
15. springing] lov'd *1844 etc.*

16–18. E'en sloth, to-day, goes quick and unreprov'd;
For where 's the living soul, priest, minstrel, clown,
Merchant, or lord, that speeds not to the town? *1844 etc.*

16. delicious] delightful *1855.*
18. As though they shar'd the transport in the town *1855.*

19. While] Hence *1844 etc.*
22. scattery] scatter'd *1832–60.*
25. who can] the world *1844 etc.* come crowding there] conspire to come *1855.*
Between ll. 25-6. By field, by forest, and the bright sea-foam *1855.*
26. If] Where *1855.*
Between ll. 26–7. Princes, and donatives, and faces fair *1855.*
27. May weather] the spring *1832, 1844 etc.*
28. Can set enjoying [men's hearts and *1844 etc.*] fancies on the wing *1832, 1844 etc.*
Are summonses to bring blithe souls together *1855.*
29. sparkling] beauteous *1844 etc.*, great glad *1855.*
31. A bride to ransom an exhausted land *1832–60.*
For 37–40. The road, that way, is lined with anxious eyes,
And false announcements and fresh laughters rise.
The horseman hastens through the jeering crowd,
And finds no horse within the gates allow'd;
And who shall tell the drive there, and the din?
The bells, the drums, the crowds yet squeezing in, *1844 etc.*
38. expectation] joy increasing *1832, '55.*
40. The deep talk heaves] Yearns the deep talk *1832, '55.*
41. *Om. in 1844 etc.* 42. And] The *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 42, 43. The [And *1844*] mothers with their babes in sore affright *1844 etc.*
43. And armed bands] The bands of troops *1860.*
45–6. Minstrels, and friars, and beggars many a one
That pray, and roll their blind eyes in the sun, *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 46–7. And all the buzzing throngs, that hang like bees
On roofs, and walls, and tops of garden trees? *1844 etc.*
47. With tap'stries bright the windows overflow, *1844 etc.*
49–51. Till by their work the charmers take their seats,
Themselves the sweetest pictures in the streets,
In colours by light awnings beautified; *1844 etc.*
52. Some re-adjusting tresses newly tied, *1832–60.*
55. with smiles prepared, and] flowers, and all with *1844 etc.*
56. all] most *1844 etc.* fluttering] flattering *1857, 1860.*
57. And hark !] At length *1844 etc.*
59–60. The crowd are mute; and, from the southern wall,
A lordly blast gives welcome to the call *1844 etc.*
61. heave] press *1832, '55*, comes *1844 etc.* crowd] crush *1844 etc.*
63. balconied] baluster'd *1832–60.*
64. On . . . overlooks] Its portico commands *1832–60.*
65. Duke] Count *1860.*
67. But far too well the square has been supplied; *1844 etc.*
69. feet regained] nothing gain'd *1844 etc.*
70. peaceful . . . order] order, first found easiest *1844 etc.*
71. door-] path- *1832, 1844 etc.*, foot- *1855.*
72. The space] The lordly space *1855.*
74. The sides are nearly fill'd all round about *1855.*
75. road entire] horse-way clear *1844 etc.*
76. And, round a fountain in the midst, appear—. *1844 etc.*
While, opposite the ducal seat, a quire *1855.*
77. the central] one houseless *1855.*
For ll. 77–8. Seated with knights and ladies, in discourse—
Rare Tuscan wits and warbling troubadours,
Whom Guido (for he lov'd the Muses' race)
Has set there to adorn his public place. *1844 etc.*
80. Of bays and roses,—trees of wit and love; *1844–60.*
82. A] The *1844 etc.*

85. talking . . . ladies] with the wits and beauties *1844 etc.*
86. As in some nest of faëry poetry, *1832–60.*
87–8. Some of the chiefs, the noblest in the land,—
Hugo, and Borso of the Liberal Hand, *1844 etc.*
88. princely] stately *1855.*
89. Azo] Gino *1844 etc.*, Guelfo *1855.* Obizo . . . grace] Ridolfo . . . flowe
1844–60.
90. Of jousters, Everard [Galeas *1855*] of the Sylvan Tower *1844–60.*
92. Repaid the Black-Band robbers, Lionel; *1844–60.*
93, 94. With more that have pluck'd beards of Turk and Greek,
And made the close Venetian lower his sails, and speak. *1844–60.*
96. the] a *1844–60.* 102. Breaks] Break *1832–60.*
104. sudden] crimson *1844–60.*
105. Of snowy white disparts its draperied shade, *1832.*
Opens to right and left its flowing shade *1844–60.*
109. pensive comes] seems all thought *1844 etc.*
114. Are mix'd with thoughts of lofty charity *1844 etc.*
117. glance] sense *1844 etc.*
118. patient mouth] sweet proud lip *1844 etc.*
121. lovely] cheeks and *1844 etc.*
122. A clipsome waist] A perfect waist *1832*, The locks that fall *1844 etc.*, Swee
natural waist *1855.*
123–4. *Om. in 1832.*
For ll. 123–8. Beauty's whole soul is hers, though shadow'd still
With anxious thought, and doubtful maiden will;
A lip for endless love, should all prove just;
An eye that can withdraw into as deep distrust *1844 etc.*
123. The white dress orange-mantled, or the curls *1855.*
125. one] a *1832.*
125–8. Let each man fancy, looking down, the brow
He loves the best, and think he sees it now.
The women dote on the sweet dress; the men
Dote on the face, and gaze, and gaze again. *1855.*
129. tip-toe] earnest *1844 etc.*
But now comes something to dispute the gaze *1855.*
130. Another] For a new *1855.*
141. clattering] clustering *1844–60.*
For ll. 143–6. The most majestic sound of human will:
Nought else is heard sometime, the people are so still. *1844–60*
151. To the steed's motion yielding as they go, *1832–60.*
158. *Note in 1832–60.* The arms of the Malatesta family.
163. steeds are ruddy] horses are deep *1844 etc.*
For ll. 168–73. Two in a rank, their falchions by their side,
But otherwise unarm'd, and clad in hues
Such as their ladies had been pleas'd to chuse,
Bridal and gay,—orange, and pink, and white,— *1844 etc.*
176. his] the *1832–60* steed] horse *1844 etc.*
For ll. 177–84. Instead of helm, in draperies they appear
Of folded cloth, depending by the ear: *1832.*
177–84. *Om. in 1844 etc.*
179. And on its border hangs a jewel, gleaming;— *1855.*
180. air] seeming *1855.*
For ll. 185–90. The horses, black and glossy every one,
Supply a further stately unison—
A solemn constancy of martial show;
Their frothy bits keep wrangling as they go.

The bridles red, and saddle-cloths of white,
Match well the blackness with its glossy light,
While the rich horse-cloths, mantling half the steed, *1844 etc.*

185. And the steeds also make a mantled show ; *1832.*
186. Their] The *1832, '55.* golden] polish'd *1855.*
187. With gold the bridles glance against the sun *1832.*
The ruddy bridles burn against the sun *1855.*
188. And the rich horse-cloths, ample every one *1832, '55.*
189. *Om. in 1832, '55.*
190. Which, from the saddle-bow, dress half the steed *1832, '55.*
191. Are some of them all thick with golden thread ; *1832–60.*
192. *Om. in 1832–60.*
193. Others have spots, on grounds of different hue— *1832–60.*
195. purple smearings] heart's-ease purple *1844 etc.*
197–8. Or silver roses in carnation sewn,
Or flowers in heaps, or colours pure alone : *1844 etc.*
199–200. But all go sweeping back, and seem to dress
The forward march with loitering stateliness. *1832–60.*
201. The crowd, with difference of delight, admire *1844 etc.*
202. Horsemen] Horseman *1844 etc.*
203–5. Some watch the riders' looks as they go by,
Their self-possess'd though pleas'd observancy ;
And some their skill admire, and careless heed, *1844 etc.*
206, 207 The] Or *1844 etc. (twice).*
209–10 (*om. in 1844 etc.*). The travell'd hues of some, the bloom of those,
And scars, the keepsakes of admiring foes. *1832.*
210. swaling] flowing *1855.*
211–13. Others are bent upon the horses most,—
Their shape, their breed, the glory of their host :
The small bright head, free nostrils, fetlocks clean, *1844 etc.*
215–18. *Om. in 1844 etc.*
216. That seems half thinking as it glances by *1855.*
229. unattired] azure-draped *1844 etc.*
For l. 232 :
But sprightly malice glances in the face ;
They doubt their masters in a foreign place : *1832.*
233–4 *transposed in 1855 to precede l.* 231.
233. Slender . . . shapes] They too themselves seem young *1855.* meet] greet *1844 etc.*
235–6. *Om. in 1855.*
235. quoit-like drop] easy pitch *1832, 1844 etc.*
For l. 236 : The very ease seems something to beware :
The yielding head has still a wilful air. *1832.*
Their yielding heads have half a loving air *1844 etc.*
242. is] in *1844 etc.*
243. yet . . . come] still the train appear *1832–60.*
244. A fervid [fervent *1860*] whisper fills the general ear *1832–60.*
255. and affection free] like a piteous plea *1844 etc.*
264. trembling] echoing *1855.*
265. fine] fair *1844 etc.*
267. every] many a *1844–60.*
276. takes his . . . a gallant bow] takes, to all, his . . . a bow *1844 etc.*
278. fluttering] pouring *1844 etc.*
283. brilliance] bravery *1832–60.*
284–7. *Om. in 1832–60.*
297. Full . . . readable] As easy to be read *1844–60.*
298. And such true gallantry the sex descries *1832–60.*

299. frank lifting of] grave thanks within *1844 etc.*
310. perhaps] in truth, *1844 etc.*
312. Dance] Dart *1844 etc.*
315. On such a mind, now seemingly beheld *1844 etc.*
316. would . . . be compelling] were . . . one compell'd *1844 etc.*, were . . . call' compelling *1855.*
317, 318. And see! the stranger looking with delight
Tow'rds the sweet fountain with its circle bright *1844 etc.*
317. coming slowly round] looking tow'rd the bowers *1855.*
318. Where half the court sat intermix'd with flowers, *1855.*
319. goes] looks *1844 etc.* 320. *Om. in 1855.*
For ll. 320–1 : Beckons a page, and loos'ning from its hold *1855.*
322. dropping] princely *1844–60.*
324. father] master *1844 etc.*
325. youth smiles up] poet starts *1844 etc.*, youth, all thanks and bliss, *1855.* *1855 om.* a
327–8. Looks homage to his great new friend, who bows
With cordial haste, for now he nears the sovereign's house. *1855.*
328. nods] bows *1844 etc.*
329. is sufficient for] charms all sorrow from *1855.*

Canto II

Argument.—*The Prince is discovered not to be Giovanni Malatesta, but his brothe Paulo, whom he has sent as his proxy. Francesca, nevertheless, is persuaded to b affianced, and goes with him to Rimini. Description of the journey, and of the Ravenn Pine-Forest. 1844 etc.*

1. We'll pass] Pass we *1832, '55,* I pass *1844 etc.*
1, 7. *Byron has underlined* We'll pass *and* got : *presumably as too colloquial, bu the facing page with his comments is missing.*
2. a hinder] an outer *1844 etc.* 3. duke] Count *1844 etc.*
4. In time to greet his guest at the hall-door *1844 etc.*
7. got in clumps] stood in groups *1832–60.*
18–83 *represented in the MS. by a prose summary.*
19. poxy] Paulo *1844 etc.*
For l. 20. The former, said to have a handsome face,
Though lame of foot, ('some victory's very grace;'—
So Guido call'd it,) yet was stern and proud *1844 etc.*
21. sort of] chilling *1844 etc.*
22. cold] blunt *1844 etc.*
23. proper] sovereign *1832–60.*
24. hereafter. Guido] too soon. The father *1860.*
25. The prince's faults; and he was conscious too *1832–60.*
28. She had a sense of marriage, just and free *1819–60.*
29. match . . . bore] match look'd ill for harmony *1819, '32, '55,* lover wooed bu ruggedly *1844 etc.*
30. with firmness, and refuse] , for aught he knew, and fail *1844 etc.*
32. kind enough] not unkind *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 35, 36 (For lovers of the Muse, alas! could then
As well as now, be but half-loving men), *1844 etc.*
40. another] a third *1832, 1844 etc.*
And proxies might be found, though not preferr'd; *1855.*
For l. 41. Only the duke [Count *1844 etc.*] thus farther must presume,
For both their sakes,—that still a prince must come *1832–60.*
46. creature] man *1844 etc.*
47. Noble as eye had seen since earth began *1844 etc.*
50, 51. One truth, however, craft was forc'd to tell,
And chance, alas! supported it too well *1844 etc.*

51. restored her to herself] had rous'd her whole sweet wits *1855*.
52. all] they *1844 etc.*
53. leisurely] stupefied *1844 etc.*
54. Of anger next, of candour in a while *1844 etc.*
55. an easy] a begging *1844 etc.*
56. great] deep *1844 etc.*
57. something] troubles *1844 etc.* 58. defer] delay *1844 etc.*
68, 69. And gave her thanks, in terms, and with a face,
So fill'd with attribution of all grace,— *1844 etc.*
69. appreciated] whose worth is felt *1855*.
76. smiles] words *1844 etc.*
80. She knew no longer how she could oppose : *1832–60*.
81. were the marriage-rites] was the plighted troth *1844 etc.*
in conclusion] at the close *1832–60*.
82. midst] mid *1844 etc.*
83. meek] sweet *1844 etc.*
84. Two days and nights ensued. At length, a state *1844 etc.*
85. door] gate *1844 etc.*
87. wedded].affianc'd *1844 etc.*
88. sullen] people's *1844 etc.*
90. And bringing the good coin by handfuls out *1844 etc.*
96. Careless] Sullen *1844 etc.* 98. morning] gorgeous *1844 etc.*
104. day] time *1844 etc.* 107. heart] wits *1844 etc.*
108. sear'd, as twere] cross'd and sear'd *1832, '55*.
Had over-borne in pure astonishment *1844 etc.*
109. passionate] starting *1832, '55*, wilder'd *1844 etc.*
122. backwarder] in her grief *1844 etc.*
For ll. 124–7. The morn was sweet, as when they journey'd last ;—
The smoke from cottage-tops ran bright and fast, *1844 etc.*
140. Of the dear scenes her happy childhood knew ; *1844 etc.*
Of those dear scenes, as back from sight they flew : *1855*.
150. pranksome] playful *1832–60*.
151. measure] heed *1844 etc.*
152. with . . . treasure] a lady down the hill, *1844 etc.*
153. pleasure] will *1844 etc.*
155. to her] on the *1832–60*.
161. She fell into her musing mood again ; *1844 etc.*
163. early] first blithe *1844 etc.*
168, 169. Chequer'd with thorns, and [with *1855*] thistles run to seed,
Or plashy pools, half-cover'd with green weed, *1844–60*.
171. they] you *MS.* (*Byron notes the phrase* as you go by *as* '*prosaic*').
In the hot sun, a noisome company *1844–60*.
175. with] in *1844 etc.*
176. The knights are for a moment forc'd to rein *1844 etc.*
181–7. 'Very good indeed'—Byron.
184. baring] bearing *1844, '57*.
For ll. 186–7. Or peering into spots that inwardly
Open green glooms, and half-prepar'd to see
The lady cross it, that as stories tell,
Ran loud and torn before the [a *1844*] knight of hell[1]. *1844 etc.*

[1]The famous story in Boccaccio and Dryden. [*1844 etc.*]

Between ll. 187–8. For in these woods it is, and hereabouts,
As not a soul in all Romania doubts,
That the proud dame, who drove the knight to death,
On stated days, resuming mortal breath,
Naked, and crying 'Mercy!' with wild face,
Is doom'd to fly him, as he spurs in chase,

And have her heart, through pitiless wide wounds,
Torn from her shrieking side, to feed his hounds.[1] *1855.*

[1] See the story in the *Decameron*, Book V, Tale viii; or in Dryden's fine versio of it, entitled *Theodore and Honoria.* [*1855.*]

188 ff. *missing in MS.* 'Very very good.'—Byron (on preceding verso).
193. flings] growths *1832–60.*
194. long-haired] flat-topp'd *1844–60.* 196–7. *Om. 1844 etc.*
197–9. With its new leaves now burning goldenly,—
A tree that seems as it should only grow
Where lonesome winds or solemn organs blow. *1855.*
For l. 200 Anon the sweet birds, like a sudden throng
Of happy children, ring their tangled song
From out the greener trees; and then a cloud *1844 etc.*
202–3. Like savages at ships; and then again
Nothing is heard but their own stately train, *1844 etc.*
Like a wild people, when invaders come;
Then all again, but for themselves, seems dumb, *1855.*
205. tow'rds] toward *1844 etc.*
For l. 206. But what they mostly hear, is still the sound
Of their own pomp and progress o'er the ground;
And, birds except, they scarce meet living thing, *1855.*
208. aslant] askance *1844 etc.*
209. With ruminant meek mouths and sleepy glance *1844 etc.*
211. Passing, half-wond'ring—half indifferent— *1844 etc.*
218. first . . . up] woke the bride indeed *1844 etc.*
For ll. 219–26. The sacred bell by which all hearts are stirr'd,—
The tongue 'twixt heav'n and earth, the memory mild,
Which bids adore the Mother and her Child.
The train are hush'd; they halt; their heads are bare;
Earth for a moment breathes angelic air.
Francesca weeps for lowliness and love;
Her heart is at the feet of Her who sits above. *1844 etc.*
220. if] though *1855.* 222. shot-out raptures] floods of rapture *1832, '5*
226. -suspended] -suspending *1832, '55.*
227. So . . . delight] Softly they move again *1844 etc.*
228. Till now, by stragglers met, and watch-dogs bay'd *1844 etc.*
230. sheeted] day-like *1832–60.*
234. passion-plighted] love-remember'd *1832–60.*
236. square-lit] moon-lit *1832–60.* slumbering] wakeful *1844 etc.*

Canto III

Argument.—*Effects of the sight and manners of her husband upon the bride. H character. Paulo discovers the part he had been led to play. Result of the discovery him and Francesca. Giovanni is called away from Rimini by a revolt. Descripti of a garden, and of a summer-house. 1844 etc.*
2. Or] And *1832, '55.* 3, 4 *om. in 1832, '55.*
4, 9, 10. *Byron underlines* caged, leafy, tear-dipped, *but the facing page with comments is missing.*
5–13 *replace ll.* 5–16 *of Canto IV in 1855, which position also they occupy 'Corso and Emilia' 1857, '60.*
7. *Note.* The greater portion of this poem was written in the prison to whi the author, then editor of *The Examiner*, was condemned for some severe remar on the Prince Regent, at a time when freedom of speech was not allowed to the pr as abundantly and wisely as it is now; and the state of his health was such as render confinement more than ordinarily injurious. *1855* [as Canto IV, l. 7].
9. affords] afford *C. & E.*
14. Why [How *1832*] mar the face of beauty, and disclose *1832, '55.*

14–29. 'All good' *opposite line* 14; 'very good too as a whole' *at foot of page.*—Byron.

16. How] And *1832, '55.*

23. *Byron underlines* cheek *and* colour. *Over* cheek *he has written* smile, *and on facing page*: 'suppose you say: "a colour of the *cheek* or hair"—or in lieu of "cheek" "a smile."'

27. more robust, the other *Byron* somewhat stouter, t'other *L.H.*

30. Pride in his warlike fame made some prefer *1855.*

31. countenance] *Byron suggests* visage *or* aspect.

For ll. 1–31. WEAK were the moon to welcome princely trains:—

Thousands of lights, thousands of faces, strains
Of music upon music, roaring showers,
High as the roofs, of blessings mix'd with flowers;
Through these, with one huge hopeful wild accord
The gentle lady of a fiery lord
Is welcom'd, and is borne straight to the halls
That hold his presence in the palace walls;
And there, as pale as death, the future wife
Looks on his face that is to sway her life.
It stoop'd; she knelt; a kiss was on her brow;
And two huge hands rais'd her she scarce knew how.

Oh, foolish, false old man! now boast thine art,
That has undone thee in a daughter's heart.

Great was the likeness that the brothers bore;
The lie spoke truth in that, and lied the more.
Not that the face on which the lady stared
Was hideous; nay, 'twas handsome; yet it scared. *1844 etc.*

With ll. 32–5 compare The likeness was of race, the difference dire—

The brows were shadow'd with a stormy fire;
The handsome features had a wild excess,
That discommended e'en the handsomeness;
And though a smile the lip now gentlier warm'd,
The whole big face o'erhung a trunk deform'd,—
Warp'd in the shoulder, broken at the hip,
Though strong withal, nor spoilt for soldiership;
A heap of vigour planted on two stands
Of shapeless bone, and hung with giant hands. *1844 etc.*

34. eagle's] eagle *1855.*

For ll. 36–40. Compare with this the shape that fetch'd the bride!
Compare the face now gazing by its side!
A face, in which was nothing e'en to call *1844 etc.*

37. finer still, I think] surely the more fine *1832*, to a finer end *1855.*

39. angel] 'say a "*Spirit*". The common idea of Angels is benignant—notwithstanding your authority from Tasso and Milton'.—Byron.

41. or] and *1844 etc.*

42. its . . . ready] the . . . there *1844 etc.* 43. steady] rare *1844 etc.*

44. its] the *1844 etc.*

46. graceful nose] nose of taste *MS.* 'Say Grecian, Roman, what you will—but not "of taste".'—Byron.

The very nose, lightly yet [though *1855*] firmly wrought *1832, '55.*

46–9. *Om. in 1844 etc.*

47. Down . . . of] Shewed taste; the forehead a *1832*, Refinement show'd; the brow, *1855.*

50. It was a face] A countenance *1844 etc.* 51. could] would *1844 etc.*

52–4. 'Excellent—particularly the first and last of the triplet. I would cut out the second, not because bad, but unequal to the other two.'—Byron.

53. every pompous] looks of loftier *1832–60.*

For ll. 55–66. Nevertheless, the cripple foremost there,
Stern gainer by a crafty father's care,
But ignorant of the plot, and aught beside,
Except that he had won a peerless bride,—
This vision, dress'd beyond its own dress'd court
To cloak defects that still belied its port,
Gave the bewilder'd beauty what was meant
For thanks so gracious, flattery so content,
And spoke in tones so harsh, yet so assur'd,
So proud of a good fortune now secur'd,
That her low answers, for mere shame, implied
Thanks for his thanks, and pleasure in his pride;
And so the organ blew, and the priest read,
And under his grim gaze the life-long words were said.

A banquet follow'd, not in form and state,
But small, and cheerful, and considerate;
Her maidens half-enclos'd her; and her lord
With such mild grace presided at the board,
And time went flowing in a tide so fair,
That from the calm she felt a new despair.—
Suddenly her eyes clos'd, her lips turn'd white,
The maidens in alarm enclos'd her quite,
And the Prince rose, but with no gentle looks;
He bade them give her air, with sharp rebukes,
Grasp'd her himself with a suspicious force,
And altogether show'd a mood so coarse,
So hasty, and to love so ill attun'd,
That, with her own good will, the lady swoon'd.

Alas for wrongs that nature does the frame!
The pride she gives compensates not the shame.
And yet why moot those puzzles? 'tis the pride,
And not the shape, were still the thing to hide.
Spirits there are (I've known them) that like gods
Who dwelt of old in rustical abodes,
Have beam'd through clay the homeliest, bright and wise,
And made divinest windows of the eyes.
Two fiends possessed Giovanni's,—Will and Scorn;
And high they held him, till a third was born.
He strove to hide the secret from himself,—
But his shape rode him like some clinging elf
At once too scorn'd and dreaded to be own'd.
Valour, and wit, and victory enthron'd,
Might bind, he thought, a woman to his worth,
Beyond the threads of all the fops on earth;
But on his secret soul the fiend still hung,
Darken'd his face, made sour and fierce his tongue,
And was preparing now a place for thee
In his wild heart, O murderous Jealousy! *1844 etc.*

64. *Note in 1832, 1855:* The two famous knights of the Round Table, gre
huntsmen, and of course [therefore *1855*] great carvers. Boars and peacocks, serv
up whole, the latter with the feathers on, were eminent dishes with the knights
old, and must have called forth all the exercise [profundity *1855*] of this acco
plishment.

67. worst] 'Colloquial—say "*sin* of".'—Byron.

69. able if he chose] '"formed whene'er he chose", or "wished" or "willed
as *chose* and *please* bring the s's's too nearly together'.—Byron.

67–86. 'The whole passage is very fine and original.'—Byron.

With ll. 67–72 *compare* Not without virtues was the Prince. Who is?
But all were marr'd by moods and tyrannies.
Brave, decent, splendid, faithful to his word,
Late watching, busy with the first that stirr'd,
Yet rude, sarcastic, ever in the vein
To give the last thing he would suffer,—pain,
He made his rank serve meanly to his gall,
And thought his least good word a salve for all. *1844 etc.*

73. Virtues in him of no such marvellous weight *1844 etc.*
74. Claimed] Claim *1860.* tow'rds himself] tow'rd themselves *1844 etc.*
82. all things else go [may *1855*] sleep] fancied fast asleep *1844 etc.*
83. there lies] can lie *1855.*
84. Cored in thy heart, poor Self-complacency *1855.*
85. would have touched him] touch'd his temper *1844 etc.*
87–98. 'Capital—and true to Nature.'—Byron.
87. would have whelmed you] overwhelm'd it *1844 etc.*
88. Been] Was *1844 etc.* 89. ill-tempered] ungenerous *1844 etc.*
92. or] nor *1832, '55.* 93. virtue] daring *1844 etc.*
97, 98. many . . . any] small . . . all *1844 etc.*
100. perhaps] in part *1855.*

For ll. 99–212. What sort of life the bride and bridegroom led
From that first jar the history hath not said:
No happy one, to guess from looks constrain'd,
Attentions over-wrought, and pleasures feign'd.
The Prince, 'twas clear, was anxious to imply
That all was love and grave felicity;
The least suspicion of his pride's eclipse
Blacken'd his lowering brow, and blanch'd his lips,
And dreadful look'd he underneath his wrath;—
Francesca kept one tranquil-seeming path,
Mild with her lord, generous to high and low,—
But in her heart was anger too, and woe. *1844 etc.*

113–22. *Om. in 1832, '55.*
127. sparkling feast] feast, or dance *1832, '55.*
128. Or minstrelsy with roving plumes from France *1832, '55.*
129. A] Or *1832, '55.* 140. far] as *1855.*
145. And hoped] Hoping *1855.* 147. Trying her] And trying *1855.*
156. urn] vase *1855.*
160. 'This passage is superlative—but why *trembling*? say "fondling" unless her fears are not from the bird, but some other cause.—If she feared she would hardly play with him.'—Byron. ('loving' in *1855.*)

175–7. And hope his day had worn a happy face;
Ask how his soldiers pleas'd him, or the chase,
Or what new court had sent to win his sovereign grace. *1832, '55.*

180. slow in common] in general slow *1832, '55.*
181. To accept attentions, flattering to bestow *1832, '55.*
185. taste for rural] love of all sweet *1855.*
192. *Note in 1832, '55:* 'Sir Ferumbras' was a knight of Romance. The cloak of King Ryan, or Ryence, was said to be made of the beards of his royal brethren, whom he had conquered. Richard is Richard Cœur de Lion, a terrible knight *de facto* as well as in fable.
200. For what will love not think its idol's due *1855.*
205–12. 'This is very fine.'—Byron.
210. taste] grace *Byron* (adopted 1855).
For ll. 213–16. Paulo meantime, the Prince that fetch'd the bride
(Oh, shame that lur'd him from a brother's side!) *1844 etc.*
218. Which . . . that evening to his] That . . . to his admiring *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 234–5. Not that he lov'd him much, or could; but still
Brother was brother, and ill visions ill. *1844 etc.*

238. power grown less and] little power grown *1844 etc.*
242. come] twine *1855.* 244. touching] soul-rich *1844 etc.*
245–58. Byron marks this with a line in the margin, underlines 249–50, and comments 'Beautiful'.
For ll. 248–381, *1844 etc. have:*

Oh wretched sire! thy snare has yet but half been wrought.

Love by the object lov'd is soon discern'd,
And grateful pity is love half return'd.
Of pity for herself the rest was made,
Of first impressions and belief betray'd;
Of all which the unhappy sire had plann'd
To fix his dove within the falcon's hand.
Bright grew the morn whenever Paulo came;
The only word to write was either's name;
Soft in each other's presence fell their speech;
Each, though they look'd not, felt they saw but each;
'Twas day, 'twas night, as either came or went,
And bliss was in two hearts, with misery strangely blent.

Oh, now ye gentle hearts, now think awhile [l. 340]
Now while ye still can think and still can smile; [l. 341]
Thou, Paulo, most;—whom, though the most to blame,
The world will visit with but half the shame.
Bethink thee of the future days of one
Who holds her heart the rightest heart undone.
Thou holdest not thine such. Be kind and wise;—
Where creeps the once frank wisdom of thine eyes?
To meet e'en thus may cost her many a tear:
'Meet not at all!' cries Fate, to all who love and fear.

A fop there was, rich, noble, well receiv'd,
Who, pleas'd to think the Princess inly griev'd,
Had dar'd to hope, beside the lion's bower,
Presumptuous fool! to play the paramour.
Watching his time one day, when the grim lord
Had left her presence with an angry word,
And giving her a kind, adoring glance,
The coxcomb feign'd to press her hand by chance
The Princess gaz'd a moment with calm eyes,
Then bade him call the page that fann'd away the flies.

For days, for weeks, the daring coward shook
At dreams of daggers in the Prince's look,
Till finding nothing said, the shame and fright
Turn'd his conceited misery to spite.
The lady's silence might itself be fear;
What if there lurk'd some wondrous rival near?
He watch'd.—He watch'd all movements, looks, words, sighs,
And soon found cause to bless his shabby eyes.

It chanc'd alas! that for some tax abhorr'd,
A conquer'd district fell from its new lord;
Black as a storm the Prince the frontier cross'd
In fury to regain his province lost,
Leaving his brother, who had been from home
On state affairs, to govern in his room. *1844 etc.*
Three months had Paulo been from home; nor had
One least surmise yet made the husband mad. *1844 only.*
Right zealous was the brother; nor had aught
Yet giv'n Giovanni one mistrusting thought. *1857, '60.*

He deem'd [thought *1844*] his consort cold as wintriest night,
Paulo a kind of very fop of right;
For though he cloak'd his own unshapeliness,
And thought to glorify his power, with dress,
He held all virtues, not in his rough ken,
But pickthank pedantries in handsome men.

The Prince had will'd, however, that his wife
Should lead, till his return, a closer life.
She therefore disappear'd; not pleas'd, not proud
To have her judgment still no voice allow'd;
Not without many a gentle hope repress'd,
And tears; yet conscious that retreat was best.
Besides, she lov'd the place to which she went—
A bower, a nest, in which her grief had spent
Its calmest time: and as it was her last
As well as sweetest, and the fate comes fast
That is to fill it with a dreadful cry,
And make its walls ghastly to passers by,
I'll hold the gentle reader for a space
Ling'ring with piteous wonder in the place. *1844 etc.*

For ll. 253–8. And then he would suppose her all his own,
Himself the bridegroom, her his right alone,
And dote on the sweet gaze, till ending with a groan. *1855*

257. this world has got] in earthly lot *1855.*
272. he . . . her] wishing could reverse no *1855.*
280. If . . . its] Provided he kept close the *1855.*
294. went-a-hawking] train'd her hawk *1832, '55.*
295. talking] talk *1832, '55.*
309–13. 'This sounds like a concetto, but yet it is too good to part with. —Byron.
316. succeeded] flew on *1832, '55.*
317. Thus link'd in white and loving unison *1832, '55.*
326–7. 'Superlative.'—Byron.
340. And] Ah *1832, '55,* Oh *1844 etc.* pair] hearts *1844 etc.*
344. still, within] in ye still *1855.* 345. retrospective] recollected *1855.*
348. contemplation] thought require *1855.*
349. Fresh mutual comfort, dangerous to desire *1855.*
371. being in] yielding to *1855.* 378. resolute] final *1832, '55.*
383–7. *Represented by eleven lines in the MS.:*

Part lately added from a neighbouring wood,
Part, next the palace, in trim order laid
With beds of flowers, and shrubs of odorous shade.

The former was a turfy land of trees,
In dell and upland varying by degrees,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks
Of amber twilight sloping into brooks, [*cf.* 419]
Where at her drink you started the slim deer, [420]
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear. [421]

The other ground was flatter, and a scene
Of colour'd brightness just refresh'd with green.

383. round with trees] and tree-girt *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 383–4. A small sweet house o'erlook'd it from a nest
Of pines:—all wood and garden with the rest, *1844 etc.*
384. Indeed . . . leafy] Lawn, and green lane, and covert *1844 etc.*
For ll. 386–94. With here and there a swan, the creature born
To be the only graceful shape of scorn.
The flower-beds all were liberal of delight:
Roses in heaps were there, both red and white,

Lilies angelical, and gorgeous glooms
Of wall-flowers, and blue hyacinths, and blooms
Hanging thick clusters from light boughs; in short, *1844 etc.*

388–93. 'all good, but "*lady lily*" is perfection in expression.'—Byron.
396. perfumed] leafier *1844 etc.*
397. citron [sweetbrier *1855*] honeysuckle, and] red geraniums, and of *1844 etc.*
398. With] And *1844 etc.* 399. they'd] they *Byron, 1832–60.*
401. circling] darksome *1844 etc.*

For ll. 404–23 *the MS. has sixteen lines:*

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half way,
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,—
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:
On three sides ran a tall and rooty mound
With shelving shrubs, and rising by degrees [*cf.* 438]
In larch and poplar, mixed with bushier trees, [*cf.* 439]
In which the happy birds kept leafy house, [*cf.* 422]
Or glance'd and gambol'd in and out the boughs. [*cf.* 423]
The fourth side open'd to the wood and had
A little stream to part it, clear and glad,
That rose from out the shade, and on it's way
Seem'd smiling with delight to feel the day.
The ground within was lawn, heap'd here and there [*cf.* 444–5]
With shrubs and flowers, scenting the tricksome air,
Which gathering now and then upon the calm,
Pass'd by you in a sweepy trail of balm:

For ll. 404–5. So now you stood to think what odours best
Made the air happy in that lovely nest;
And now you went beside the flowers, with eyes
Earnest as bees, restless as butterflies; *1844 etc.*

405. white, azure, golden] purple and gold and *1855.*
406. now . . . leafy] then . . . shadier *1844 etc.*
407. lovers'] lover's *1844 etc.* 408. now] then *1844 etc.*
412–13. At last you enter'd shades indeed, the wood,
Broken with glens and pits, and glades far-view'd *1844 etc.*
420. started] startled *1844 etc.* 423. sparkled] darted *1844 etc.*
432. slender] rugged *1832, 1844 etc.*
438–9. Of sloping orchards,—fig, and almond trees,
Cherry and pine, with some few cypresses *1844 etc.*
440–1. Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,
(You saw it not, but heard) there gush'd a rill, *1844–60.*
444. plots of] fruits and *1844 etc.* 445. and with] half of *1844 etc.*
446. about] with bay *1832, '55.*
447. With bay and . . . out] And . . . to the day *1832, '55.*
446–7. And in the middle of those golden trees,
Half seen amidst the globy oranges, *1844 etc.*
448. Lurk'd a rare summer-house, a lovely sight,—*1844 etc.*
449. mellowy] creamy *1844 etc.* 450. With yellow] Its top with *1844 etc.*
451. orange] bay-tree *1844 etc.* 455. with] by *1844 etc.*
458. most] some *1832, 1844 etc.*
467. reverent *1855, '60*, reverend *MSS.* (two), *1816–44, '57, '60,*
470–1. And round about ran, on a line with this,
In like relief, a world of pagan bliss, *1832–60.*
474. water sporting] stream at play *1844 etc.*
For ll. 475–9. Some pelting the young Fauns with buds of May,— *1844 etc.*
480. sidelong-eyed] half-asleep *1844 etc.*
482–3. While from their careless urns, lying aside
In the long grass, the straggling waters slide [glide *1844 etc.*] *1832–60*

Between ll. 485–6. The furniture within, as you'll have guessed,
Was suitable and made for summer rest;
But not to tire you, this shall be pass'd by.
Here might you sit for hours, with calm vague eye,
And only hear the rustling of the shade,
Or the small dash the distant fountain made,
Or now and then two doves that haunted there,
And sometimes started forth, a milk-white pair,
From out the myrtle clumps, and skimm'd the sunny air.
MS. (*rough draft*).
Ah, happy place! balm of regrets and fears,
E'en when thy very loveliness drew tears!
The time is coming, when to hear thee nam'd
Will be to make Love, Guilt, Revenge's self asham'd. *1844 etc.*

486. green garden . . . shade, and] sweet range, wood . . . grassy *1844 etc.*
491. with grateful] often with *1844 etc.*

For ll. 492–3. More sorrowful by far, yet sweeter too;
Sometimes with firmer comfort, which she drew
From sense of injury's self, and truth sustain'd:
Sometimes with rarest resignation, gain'd
From meek self-pitying mixtures of extremes
Of hope and soft despair, and child-like dreams, *1844 etc.*

493. summer] vernal *1832*, *'55*. 498. gentle] sweet, rich *1844 etc.*
Between ll. 503–4. Oh weak old man! Love, saintliest life, and she,
Might all have dwelt together, but for thee. *1844–60.*

504. a summer afternoon] a gentle [an early *1855*] autumn noon *1844–60.*
505–6. When the cicale cease to mar the tune
Of birds and brooks, and morning work is [was *1844*, has *1855*] done
1844–60.

505. *Note in 1855.* The *cicala* (*cicale* in the plural,—the *cicada* of Virgil and *tettix* of Anacreon) might be called the tree-cricket, from the noise which it makes, if science warranted the term.

521. Yet how it was she knew not, but that day *1832–60.*
531. snatching] turning *1832–60.* fields] trees *1844–60.*
535. a bright romance] a high romance *MS.* (*rough draft*) *alt.* a tale of yore
536. Of love and war, lately sprung out of France *MS.* (*rought draft*) *alt.* Which she had enter'd on the day before
young pulses] the spirits *1855.*
543. In hopes King Arthur might resent his wrong; *1844 etc.*
544. at distance] ere long *1844 etc.* 546. far] calm *1844 etc.*
557. pities] pitied *1832–60.*
561. Like stone thereat the mother stood, alas!— *1844 etc.*
562. that] the *1844 etc.* 564. inmate] pupil *1844 etc.*

569, 570. And here, such interest in the tale she took,
Francesca's eyes went deeper in the book. *1844–60.*

573–4. The other on the table, half enwreath'd
In the thick tresses over which she breath'd. *1844 etc.*

Between ll. 580–1. Twice had he seen her since the Prince was gone,
On some small matter needing unison;
Twice linger'd, and convers'd, and grown long friends;
But not till now where no one else attends.— *1844 etc.*

585. apt] wont *1832–60.* 588. was] were *1832–60.*
590. this they sat . . . to the] this sat . . . to read the *1844 etc.*
594. Leaned] Came *1844–60.*
601–8 *on a leaf missing from the MS. Near the top of the facing page Leigh Hunt has written in ink:*
Dear Byron,
Shall I keep this couplet?

Byron replied in pencil (filling up the page): Why not? unless you can make it better, and this will not be done easily. With the whole since my last pencil marks in the first pages, I have no fault to find, but many more beauties than there is time or place to express here.

604. kissed . . . to mouth] in his arms she wept *1855*.

For ll. 605–8. Oh then she wept,—the poor Francesca wept;
And pardon oft he pray'd; and then she swept
The tears away, and look'd him in the face,
And, well as words might save the truth disgrace,
She told him all, up to that very hour,
The father's guile, th' undwelt-in bridal bower,—
And wish'd for wings on which they two might soar
Far, far away, as doves to their own shore,
With claim from none.—That day they read no more. *1844 etc.*

605–6. *Om. in 1855*.

607–8. The world . . . the joy] Oh thou unhappy father! Woes in store
Await thy craft *1855*.

Canto IV

Argument.—*The lovers are betrayed to the Prince. He slays them, and sends their bodies in one hearse to Ravenna. 1844 etc.*

1–16. *Om. in 1832*.

For ll. 1–427 *1844 etc. have:*

But other thoughts, on other wings than theirs,
Came bringing them, ere long, their own despairs.
The spiteful fop I spoke of, he that set
His eyes at work to pay his anger's debt,—
This idiot, prying from a neighb'ring tower,
Had watch'd the lover to the lady's bower,
And flew to make a madman of her lord,
Just then encamp'd with loss, a shame his soul abhorr'd.

Pale first, then red, his eyes upon the stretch,
Then deadly white, the husband heard the wretch,
Who in soft terms, almost with lurking smile,
Ran on, expressing his 'regret' the while.
The husband, prince, cripple, and brother heard;
Then seem'd astonish'd at the man; then stirr'd
His tongue but could not speak; then dash'd aside
His chair as he arose, and loudly cried,
'Liar and madman! thou art he was seen
Risking the fangs which thou hast rush'd between.
Regorge the filth in thy detested throat.'
And at the word, with his huge fist he smote
Like iron on the place, then seized him all,
And dash'd in swoon against the bleeding wall.

'Twas dusk:—he summon'd an old chieftain stern,
Giving him charge of all till his return,
And with one servant got to horse and rode
All night, until he reached a lone abode
Not far from the green bower. Next day at noon,
Through a bye-way, free to himself alone,
Alone he rode, yet ever in disguise,
His hat pull'd over his assassin eyes,
And coming through the wood, there left his horse,
Then down amid the fruit-trees, half by force,
Made way; and by the summer house's door,
Which he found shut, paus'd till a doubt was o'er.

Paus'd, and gave ear. There was a low sweet voice:—
The door was one that open'd without noise;
And opening it, he look'd within, and saw,
Nought hearing, nought suspecting, not in awe
Of one created thing in earth or skies,
The lovers, interchanging words and sighs,
Lost in the heaven of one another's eyes.
'To thee it was my father wedded me,'
Francesca said:—'I never lov'd but thee.
The rest was ever but an ugly dream.'—
'Damn'd be the soul that says it,' cried a scream.
Horror is in the room,—shrieks,—roaring cries,
Parryings of feeble palms—blindly shut eyes:—
What, without arms, avail'd grief, strength, despair?
Or what the two poor hands put forth in prayer?
Hot is the dagger from the brother's heart,
Deep in the wife's:—dead both and dash'd apart,
Mighty the murderer felt as there they lay;
Mighty, for one huge moment, o'er his prey;
Then, like a drunken man, he rode away.

To tell what horror smote the people's ears,
The questionings, the amaze, the many tears,
The secret household thoughts, the public awe,
And how those ran back shrieking, that first saw
The beauteous bodies lying in the place,
Bloody and dead in midst of all their grace,
Would keep too long the hideous deed in sight;
Back was the slayer in his camp that night;
And fell next day with such a desperate sword
Upon the rebel army at a ford,
As sent the red news rolling to the sea,
And steadied his wild nerves with victory.
At court as usual then he reappear'd,
Fierce, but self-centred, willing to be fear'd;
Nor, saving once, at a lone chamber-door,
Utter'd he word of those now seen no more,
Nor dull'd his dress, nor shunn'd the being seen,
But look'd, talk'd, reign'd, as they had never been.

Nevertheless, his shame and misery still,
Only less great than his enormous will,
Darken'd his heart; and in the cloud there hung,
Like some small haunting knell for ever rung,
Words which contain'd a dawning mystery,
'It was to thee my father wedded me.'
The silence of his pride at length he broke,
With handmaid then, and then with priest he spoke,
And, sham'd beyond all former shame, yet rais'd
From Jealousy's worst hell, his fancy gaz'd
On the new scene that made his wrath less wild—
The sire ensnaring his devoted child.
Him foremost he beheld in all the past,
And him he now ordain'd to gather all at last.

2. That] How *Corso and Emilia* (*1857*, *'60*).
For ll. 5–16 *1855 and C. & E. substitute here ll.* 5–13 *of Canto III.*
17. to . . . a] they say, to one with *1832*, *'55*, *C. & E.*
Between ll. 20, 21. 'Tis hard to think it, till the note be heard,
A joy too often and too long deferr'd.
Yet come it will, hereafter, if not here;
And good meantime comes best from many a tear. *1855*, *C. & E.*

21. Tales like the present, of a real woe, *1855, C. & E.*
23, 24. The woes were few, were brief, have long been past ;
The warnings they bequeath spread wide and last. *1855, C. & E.*
31–48. *Om. in 1855, C. & E.* 34. smilingly] cheerfully *1832.*
38. recriminating] retort of sorry *1832.*
47–8. *Not in MS.*
For ll. 49–51 *MS. has* Francesca [*alt.* Paulo] came thither first, and how it look'd
For. ll. 49–52.
A month has [Three months have *C. & E.*] pass'd ;—how pass'd
remains unknown ;—
But never now, companion'd or alone,
Comes the sweet lady to her summer bower.
Paulo [Corso *C. & E.*] did once, arm'd with the sterner power
Of a man's grief. He saw it ; but how look'd
The bow'r at *him* ? His presence felt rebuk'd. *1855, C. & E.*
55. mere] fop's *C. & E.*
56. A vain negation] Poor weak half virtues *C. & E.*
68–9. Come too to her ! doom'd, and by him, to bear,
In the dire lot, poor woman's direr share !— *C. & E.*
70. such whelming thoughts] horrors thus heap'd *C. & E.*
71. for . . . his] or they would crush his brain-sick *C. & E.*
72. he] they *C. & E.*
76–7. He thought of things, whose love we seldom heed,
Till sin or sorrow make the help a need,— *C. & E.*
79. thoughtful] boundless *C. & E.*
83. others'] hopeless *C. & E.* 84–5 *om. in C. & E.*
89. That sacrifice of self would earn them grace *C. & E.*
90. usual] wonted *C. & E.*
91. grave at heart . . . himself] restless still . . . his looks *C. & E.*
93. mount . . . and] greeting his blithe courser *C. & E.*
94. Seemingly blithe as he, gazing about *C. & E.*
95. As he glode by] On tow'r and cot *C. & E.*
109. The daughter, sacrific'd in evil hour *1855, C. & E.*
111. might] should *MS.*
The . . . the] Wife that still was, and *1855, C. & E.*
124–5. She would get up, and humbly kneeling raise
A pray'r of penitence, as once of praise *MS., corrected.*
131. reach'd . . . from off his stand] stoop'd . . . to court her hand *1855, C. & E.*
143–53. *Om. in 1855, C. & E.*
154–5. Meantime her lord, who by her long distress
Seem'd wrought, at first, to some true tenderness *1855, C. & E.*
156. fresh surprise] sore amaze *1855, C. & E.*
157. wound] vex *1855, C. & E.*
158. other helps perhaps] helps of wondering tongues *1855, C. & E*
159. In moods (he thought) so bent to disagree *1855, C. & E.*
Between ll. 159, 160. And in all else she look'd and said, and all
His brother did, who now in bower or hall
Seldom dar'd trust his still ingenuous face,—
The secret of a sure and dire disgrace. *1855, C. & E.*
160. sensation] belief *1855, C. & E.*
161. Astonishment, abasement, profound grief *1855, C. & E.*
For ll. 162, 163. Self-pity, almost tears, thence self-disdain
For stooping to so weak and vile a pain,
With mad impatience to surmount the blow
In some retributive and bloody woe,— *1855, C. & E.*
166. disease's visions] the dreams of madmen *1855, C. & E.*
168. Smoothed . . . then] Pride's self would needs hold fast *1855, C. & E.*
169. Next night] One dawn *1855, C. & E.*

173. loudlier] louder *1832, '55, C. & E.*
For l. 177. With the worst impulse of his whole fierce life
The husband glared, one moment, on his wife:
Then grasp'd a crucifix, and look'd no more. *1855, C. & E.*
178. his sword] two swords *C. & E.*
183–4 *and henceforward* Giovanni . . . Paulo] Lorenzo . . . Corso *C. & E.*
185–6. The husband, motioning while turning round,
To lead the way, said, 'To the tilting ground.' *1855, C. & E.*
187. with an air] while despair *1855, C. & E.*
188. Surprised and shocked] Rush'd on his face *1855, C. & E.*
191–4. *Om. in C. & E.*
191. from . . . descending] down the stairs they bend *1832.*
192. attending] attend; *1832.*
191–2. Paulo's sad squire has fetch'd another sword,
And down the stairs they bend without a word; *1855.*
193. issued] issue *1832, '55.*
194. toward] towards *1855.* crossed] cross *1832, 1855.*
200. As mute his brother and himself went by *1832, '55, C. & E.*
202 *and henceforward* Francesca] Emilia *C. & E.*
203. twilight] dawning *C. & E.*
209. the . . . withdrawn] waiving [waving *1860*] the two squires *C. & E.*
For ll. 210–13. Then pressing with his hand his labouring heart,
The prince spoke low and close, (and as he spoke *C. & E.*
For ll. 215–24. 'Sleep hath reveal'd a villain,' were his words:
Then gave his paler brother one of the two swords. *C. & E.*
225. Corso's heart rose, exalted with despair *C. & E.*
227. a] the *C. & E.*
229–30. Answer'd, 'The sword is sheath'd. So rest it ever.
Misery's self shall fight no brother. Never.' *C. & E.*
232. The vile . . . asked . . . with] Hideous . . . bade . . . fight *C. & E.*
233. O traitor to the noble name] O wretch! O traitor to the name! *1855, C. & E.*
234. Of Malatesta, I deny] Dash'd in thy teeth, and cursed be *1855, C. & E.*
237. Malatesta] brother of mine *1855, C. & E.*
242. What woe? what further? yes, one still may be *1855, C. & E.*
246. dare] dared *1855, C. & E.*
253–5. With sudden start, and then with bow'd, meek look
Waiving the charge, yet not its worst rebuke,
Th' offender sigh'd; then rose without a word *C. & E.*
256. He] And *C. & E.*
260. Preparingly on earth] The ground beneath him with *1855, C. & E.*
261. rushed] rush *1832, '55, C. & E.*
262. told] tell *1832, '55, C. & E.* 263. cried] cries *1832, '55, C. & E.*
273. One half in rage, as to himself he speaks *1832, '55, C. & E.*
275. all . . . main] nerve in every limb *1832, '55, C. & E.*
276. strike again] match with him *1832, '55, C. & E.*
278. One only of the two on blood was bent *C. & E.*
305–6. scorning . . . morning] scorn . . . morn *1832, '55, C. & E.*
313–14. And thou wert the most generous of thy store,
That ever made a happy face at door; *MS.*
318. eat] ate *1855, C. & E.* 325. indeed] at first *C. & E.*
326. Trying, with greedy search, to doubt the worst *C. & E.*
328. raise the body up] lift the corse, and wait *C. & E.*
340. To tell the message of that mortal day *1832, '55, C. & E.*
343–4. And that the news, though to herself unknown,
On its old wings of vulgar haste had flown. *1832, '55, C. & E.*
346. her] the *1832.* to . . . her] by the pale and *1855, C. & E.*
349. 'twas] grief *1832, '55, C. & E.*

354. And would have ris'n, but found she wanted power *1832, '55, C. & E.*
362. Brangin] Nina *1832, '55, C. & E.*
373–412. *A prose version precedes the verse in the first rough draft, ending with*
no motion—not a breath,
The gentle body lay at peace in death.
387. voice] tone *MS.*
391. wore] held *1855, C. & E.*
401. feels . . . within] knows where faults may first begin *C. & E.*
402. Shall bid not earth be just, before 'tis hard, with sin ? *1832, '55, C. & E.*
415–20. *The following unrhymed lines appear in the MS., replaced on the facing page by the finished couplets :*
In which the silent people here and there
As if they fear'd they might disturb her yet.
The gentle-temper'd their own griefs forgetting,
The hotter, apter now to take offence,
Yet hushing as they spoke
416. if] though *1832, '55.*
421. get] fetch *MS.*
Between ll. 421–2 *the rough draft has these lines, crossed through :*
The Prince, whom busy with his pen they found,
Was told immediately ; he turn'd half round,
Still sitting where he was, and looking hard
With grave and fixed but not severe regard,
Said, after a brief pause, ' Let every thing
Be done as suits

Why dwell indeed on what may pain us all
More than enough ? Enough we've seen befall ;
And
428. Next day, however] One dull day, therefore *1844 etc.*
431. Of knights and squires] A remnant [portion *1855*] of *1844–60.*
432–45. *Not in 1844 etc.*
446. With churchmen intermixt ; and closing all, *1844 etc.*
447. Appeared a] Was a blind *1844 etc.*
For. l. 450. Simply they came along, amidst the sighs
And tears of those who look'd with wondering eyes :
Nor bell they had, nor choristers in white, *1844 etc.*
451. within . . . expected] as most expected, within sight *1844 etc.*
452. gates—the bridge—] streets, the gates, *1844 etc.*
For ll. 454–62 *one line only* Before it left, the Prince had sent swift word *1844 etc.*
457. Had fix'd at once the course he should pursue *1832, '55.*
467. can, and must] must and shall *1844 etc.*
469. once] first *1844 etc.*
472. his room about] about his room *1832–60.*
473. Trembling, and seiz'd as with approaching doom *1832–60.*
487. Whose trunks, wet, bare, and cold, seem'd ill at ease *1844 etc.*
Whose shivering life seem'd drawing to the lees *1855.*
504. Many a gentle spirit ill could bear *1844 only.*
509. but . . . months] but some [not two *1844*] brief years since *1844 etc.*
511. first of womankind] honour'd, fair, and kind. *1844 etc.*
512–20. *Om. in 1844.*
For ll. 513–15 *1855 has seven lines :*
Bringing him thus, in that one dismal sum,
The whole amount of all for which his heart
Had sunk the father's in the schemer's part,
He rose, in private where he wept, and seem'd
As though he'd go to them, like one that dream'd,
Right from the window, crying still, ' My child ! '
And from that day thenceforth he never smil'd.

P. 37. *Hero and Leander. For ll. 1–41 1832–60 substitute the following 37 lines:*

Old is the tale I tell, and yet as young
And warm with life as ever minstrel sung:
Two lovers fill it,—two fair shapes—two souls
Sweet as the last for whom the death-bell tolls:
What matters it how long ago, or where
They lived, or whether their young locks of hair,
Like English hyacinths, or Greek, were curled?
We hurt the stories of the antique world
By thinking of our school-books, and the wrongs
Done them by pedants and fantastic songs,
Or sculptures, which from Roman 'studios' thrown,
Turn back Deucalion's flesh and blood to stone.
Truth is for ever truth, and love is love;
The bird of Venus is the living dove.
Sweet Hero's eyes, three thousand years ago,
Were made precisely like the best we know,
Looked the same looks, and spoke no other Greek
Than eyes of honey-moons begun last week.
Alas! and the dread shock that stunned her brow
Strained them as wide as any wretch's now.
I never think of poor Leander's fate,
And how he swam, and how his bride sat late,
And watched the dreadful dawning of the light,
But as I would of two that died last night.
So might they now have lived, and so have died;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side.

Beneath the sun which shines this very hour,
There stood of yore—behold it now—a tow'r,
Half set in trees and leafy luxury,
And through them looked a window on the sea.
The tow'r is old, but guards a beauteous scene
Of bow'rs, 'twixt purple hills, a gulf of green,
Whose farthest side, from out a lifted grove,
Shows a white temple to the Queen of Love.
Fair is the morn, the soft trees kiss and breathe;
Calm, blue, and glittering is the sea beneath;
And by the window a sweet maiden sits,

P. 39. *Between ll. 73–4, 1832–60 insert the following 20 lines:*

An aged nurse had Hero in the place,
An under priestess of an humbler race,
Who partly served, partly kept watch and ward
Over the rest, but no good love debarred.
The temple's faith, though serious, never crossed
Engagements, missed to their exchequer's cost;
And though this present knot was to remain
Unknown awhile, 'twas bless'd within the fane,
And much good thanks expected in the end
From the dear married daughter, and the wealthy friend.
Poor Hero looked for no such thanks. Her hand,
But to be held in his, would have giv'n sea and land.
The reverend crone accordingly took care
To do her duty to a time so fair,
Saw all things right, secured her own small pay,
(Which brought her luxuries to her dying day,)
And finishing a talk, which with surprise
She saw made grave e'en those good-humoured eyes,
Laid up, tow'rds night, her service on the shelf,
And left her nicer mistress to herself.

P. **52.** *The Panther.* See Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.* [H.] [Oxford translation, vol. i, pp. 51–2.]

P. **62.** *The Palfrey.* Only the first two paragraphs of a long prose preface to the 1842 edition were retained in subsequent editions. These two paragraphs are subjoined :

'The following story is a variation of one of the most amusing of the old French narrative poems that preceded the time of Chaucer, with additions of the writer's invention. The original, which he did not see till it was completed, is to be found in the collection of Messrs. Barbazan and Méon, (*Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des* 11, 12, 13, 14, *et* 15^e *Siècles*, &c. Edition 1808.) His own originals were the prose abridgment of M. Le Grand (*Fabliaux*, &c., third edition, volume the fourth,) and its imitation in verse by Messrs. Way and Ellis, inserted in the latter's notes to the select translations from Le Grand by the former of those gentlemen.

'The scene of the old story,—the only known production of a poet named Huon le Roi (possibly one of the "Kings of the Minstrels," often spoken of at that period,) —is laid in the province of Champagne ; but as almost all the narrative poems under the title of *Lays* (of which this is one) are with good reason supposed to have had their source in the Greater or Lesser Britain—that is to say, either among the Welsh of this island, or their cousins of French Brittany, and as the only other local allusions in the poem itself are to places in England, the author has availed himself of the common property in these effusions claimed for the Anglo-Norman Muse,

"Begirt with British and Armorick knights,"

to indulge in a license universal with the old minstrels, and lay the scene of his version where and when he pleased ; to wit, during the reign of Edward the First, and in Kensington, Hendon, and their neighbourhoods,—old names, however new they sound. There is reason to believe, that the woody portions of Kensington, still existing as the Gardens, and in the neighbourhood of Holland House, are part of the ancient forest of Middlesex, which extended from this quarter to the skirts of Hertfordshire : and it is out of regard for these remnants of the old woods, and associations with them still more grateful, that he has placed the scene of his heroine's abode on the site of the existing palace, and the closing scene of the poem in the hall of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, who are supposed to have had a mansion at that period in the grounds of the present Holland House, near the part called the Moats.'

P. **78.** *The Glove and the Lions.* This was reprinted in Joseph Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, with a few slight differences, notably :

23. By God] Par Dieu

P. **81.** *Captain Sword and Captain Pen.*

DEDICATION, 1835 [reprinted 1844]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, WITH WHOM THE WRITER HUMBLY DIFFERS ON SOME POINTS, BUT DEEPLY RESPECTS FOR HIS MOTIVES ON ALL ; GREAT IN OFFICE FOR WHAT HE DID FOR THE WORLD, GREATER OUT OF IT IN CALMLY AWAITING HIS TIME TO DO MORE ; THE PROMOTER OF EDUCATION ; THE EXPEDITER OF JUSTICE ; THE LIBERATOR FROM SLAVERY ; AND (WHAT IS THE RAREST VIRTUE IN A STATESMAN) ALWAYS A DENOUNCER OF WAR, THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED BY HIS EVER AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

Jan. 30, 1835. LEIGH HUNT.

ADVERTISEMENT, 1835 [reprinted 1849, 1857]

THIS Poem is the result of a sense of duty, which has taken the Author from quieter studies during a great public crisis. He obeyed the impulse with joy, because it took the shape of verse ; but with more pain, on some accounts, than he chooses to express. However, he has done what he conceived himself bound to do ; and if every zealous lover of his species were to express his feelings in like manner, to the best of his ability, individual opinions, little in themselves, would soon amount to an overwhelming authority, and hasten the day of reason and beneficence.

The measure is regular with an irregular aspect,—four accents in a verse,—like that of Christabel, or some of the poems of Sir Walter Scott:

Càptain Swòrd got ùp one dày—
And the flàg full of hònour, as thòugh it could feèl—

He mentions this, not, of course, for readers in general, but for the sake of those daily acceders to the list of the reading public, whose knowledge of books is not yet equal to their love of them.

POSTSCRIPT, 1835

[Reprinted in part as 'On the duty of considering the horrors and the alleged necessity of war' in 1849, 1857, 1860.]

CONTAINING SOME REMARKS ON WAR AND MILITARY STATESMEN.

THE object of this poem is to show the horrors of war, the false ideas of power produced in the minds of its leaders, and, by inference, the unfitness of those leaders for the government of the world.

The author intends no more offence to any one than can be helped: he feels due admiration for that courage and energy, the supposed misdirection of which it deplores; he heartily acknowledges the probability, that that supposed misdirection has been hitherto no misdirection, but a necessity—but he believes that the time is come when, by encouraging the disposition to question it, its services and its sufferings may be no longer required, and he would fain tear asunder the veil from the sore places of war—would show what has been hitherto kept concealed, or not shown earnestly, and for the purpose—would prove, at all events, that the time has come for putting an end to those phrases in the narratives of warfare, by which a suspicious delicacy is palmed upon the reader, who is told, after everything has been done to excite his admiration of war, that his feelings are 'spared' a recital of its miseries—that 'a veil' is drawn over them—a 'truce' given to descriptions which only 'harrow up the soul', &c.

Suppose it be necessary to 'harrow up the soul', in order that the soul be no longer harrowed? Moralists and preachers do not deal after this tender fashion with moral, or even physical consequences, resulting from other evils. Why should they spare these? Why refuse to look their own effeminacy in the face—their own gaudy and overweening encouragement of what they dare not contemplate in its results? Is a murder in the streets worth attending to—a single wounded man worth carrying to the hospital—and are all the murders, and massacres, and fields of wounded, and the madness, the conflagrations, the famines, the miseries of families, and the rickety frames and melancholy bloods of posterity, only fit to have an embroidered handkerchief thrown over them? Must 'ladies and gentlemen' be called off, that they may not 'look that way', the' sight is so shocking'? Does it become us to let others endure, what we cannot bear even to think of?

Even if nothing else were to come of inquiries into the horrors of war, surely they would cry aloud for some better provision against their extremity *after* battle – for some regulated and certain assistance to the wounded and agonized—so that we might hear no longer of men left in cold and misery all night, writhing with torture—of bodies stripped by prowlers, perhaps murderers—and of frenzied men, the other day the darlings of their friends, dying, two and even several days after the battle, of famine! The field of Waterloo was not completely cleared of its dead and dying till nearly a week! Surely large companies of men should be organized for the sole purpose of assisting and clearing away the field after battle. They should be steady men, not lightly admitted, nor unpossessed of some knowledge of surgery, and they should be attached to the surgeon's staff. Both sides would respect them for their office, and keep them sacred from violence. Their duties would be too painful and useful to get them disrespected for not joining in the fight—and possibly, before long, they would help to do away their own necessity, by detailing what they beheld. Is that the reason why there is no such establishment? The question is asked, not in bitterness, but to suggest a self-interrogation to the instincts of war.

I have not thought proper to put notes to the poem, detailing the horrors which I have touched upon; nor even to quote my authorities, which are unfortunately

too numerous, and contain worse horrors still. They are furnished by almost every history of a campaign, in all quarters of the world. Circumstances so painful, in a first attempt to render them public for their own sakes, would, I thought, even meet with less attention in prose than in verse, however less fitted they may appear for it at first sight.[1] Verse, if it has any enthusiasm, at once demands and conciliates attention; it proposes to say much in little; and it associates with it the idea of something consolatory, or otherwise sustaining. But there is one prose specimen of these details, which I will give, because it made so great an impression on me in my youth, that I never afterwards could help calling it to mind when war was spoken of; and as I had a good deal to say on that subject, having been a public journalist during one of the most interesting periods of modern history, and never having been blinded into an admiration of war by the dazzle of victory, the circumstance may help to show how salutary a record of this kind may be, and what an impression the subject might be brought to make on society. The passage is in a note to one of Mr. Southey's poems, the 'Ode to Horror', and is introduced by another frightful record, less horrible, because there is not such agony implied in it, nor is it alive.

'I extract' (says Mr. Southey) 'the following picture of consummate horror from notes to a poem written in twelve-syllable verse, upon the campaign of 1794 and 1795: it was during the retreat to Deventer. "We could not proceed a hundred yards without perceiving the dead bodies of men, women, children, and horses, in every direction. One scene made an impression upon my memory which time will never be able to efface. Near another cart we perceived a stout-looking man and a beautiful young woman, with an infant, about seven months old, at the breast, all three frozen and dead. The mother had most certainly expired in the act of suckling her child; as with one breast exposed she lay upon the drifted snow, the milk to all appearance in a stream drawn from the nipple by the babe, and instantly congealed. The infant seemed as if its lips had but just then been disengaged, and it reposed its little head upon the mother's bosom, with an overflow of milk, frozen as it trickled from the mouth. Their countenances were perfectly composed and fresh, resembling those of persons in a sound and tranquil slumber."'

'The following description (he continues) of a field of battle is in the words of one who passed over the field of Jemappe, after Doumourier's victory: "It was on the third day after the victory obtained by general Doumourier over the Austrians, that I rode across the field of battle. The scene lies on a waste common, rendered then more dreary by the desertion of the miserable hovels before occupied by peasants. Everything that resembled a human habitation was desolated, and for the most part they had been burnt or pulled down, to prevent their affording shelter to the posts of the contending armies. The ground was ploughed up by the wheels of the artillery and waggons; everything like herbage was trodden into mire; broken carriages, arms, accoutrements, dead horses and men, were strewed over the heath. *This was the third day after the battle: it was the beginning of November, and for three days a bleak wind and heavy rain had continued incessantly.* There were still remaining alive several hundreds of horses, and of the human victims of that dreadful fight. I can speak with certainty of having seen more than four hundred men *still living*, unsheltered, *without food*, and without any human assistance, most of them confined to the spot where they had fallen *by broken limbs*. The two armies had proceeded, and abandoned these miserable wretches to their fate. *Some of the dead persons appeared to have expired in the act of embracing each other.* Two young French officers, who were brothers, had crawled under the side of a dead horse, where they had contrived a kind of shelter by means of a cloak: they were both mortally wounded, and groaning *for each other*. One very fine young man had just strength enough to drag himself out of a hollow partly filled with water, and was laid upon a little hillock groaning with agony; A GRAPE-SHOT HAD CUT ACROSS THE UPPER PART OF HIS BELLY, AND HE WAS KEEPING IN HIS BOWELS WITH A HANDKERCHIEF AND HAT. He begged of me to end his misery! He complained of dreadful thirst. I filled him the hat of a dead soldier with water, which he nearly drank off at once, and left him to that end of his wretchedness which could not be far distant.'

'I hope (concludes Mr. Southey), I have always felt and expressed an honest and

[1] For reasons given in the Preface to the present edition, these notes and authorities are now added. [H. 1849–60; but the Preface itself was *not* reprinted in 1860.]

Christian abhorrence of wars, and of the systems that produce them; but my ideas of their immediate horrors fell infinitely short of this authentic picture.'

Mr. Southey, in his subsequent lives of conquerors, and his other writings, will hardly be thought to have acted up to this 'abhorrence of wars, and of the systems that produce them'. Nor is he to be blamed for qualifying his view of the subject, equally blameless (surely) as they are to be held who have retained their old views, especially by him who helped to impress them. His friend Mr. Wordsworth, in the vivacity of his admonitions to hasty complaints of evil, has gone so far as to say that 'Carnage is God's daughter', and thereby subjected himself to the scoffs of a late noble wit. He is addressing the Deity himself:

> 'But thy most dreadful instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter:
> Yea, Carnage is thy daughter.'

Mr. Wordsworth is a great[1] poet and a philosophical thinker, in spite of his having here paid a tremendous compliment to a rhyme (for unquestionably the word 'slaughter' provoked him into that imperative 'Yea', and its subsequent venturous affiliation); but the judgement, to say no more of it, is rash. Whatever the Divine Being intends, by his permission or use of evil, it becomes us to think the best of it; but not to affirm the appropriation of the particulars to him under their worst appellation, seeing that he has implanted in us a horror of them, and a wish to do them away. What it is right in him to do, is one thing; what it is proper in us to affirm that he actually does, is another. And, above all, it is idle to affirm what he intends to do for ever, and to have us eternally venerate and abstain from questioning an evil. All good and evil, and vice and virtue themselves, might become confounded in the human mind by a like daring; and humanity sit down under every buffet of misfortune, without attempting to resist it: which, fortunately, is impossible. Plato cut this knotty point better, by regarding evil as a thing senseless and unmalignant (indeed no philosopher regards anything as malignant, or malignant for malignity's sake); out of which, or notwithstanding it, good is worked, and to be worked, perhaps, finally to the abolition of evil. But whether this consummation be possible or not, and even if the dark horrors of evil be necessary towards the enjoyment of the light of good, still the horror must be maintained, where the object is really horrible; otherwise, we but the more idly resist the contrast, if necessary —and, what is worse, endanger the chance of melioration, if possible.

Did war appear to me an inevitable evil, I should be one of the last men to show it in any other than its holiday clothes. I can appeal to writings before the public, to testify whether I am in the habit of making the worst of anything, or of not making it yield its utmost amount of good. My inclinations, as well as my reason, lie all that way. I am a passionate and grateful lover of all the beauties of the universe, moral and material; and the chief business of my life is to endeavour to give others the like fortunate affection. But, on the same principle, I feel it my duty to look evil in the face, in order to discover if it be capable of amendment; and I do not see why the miseries of war are to be spared this interrogation, simply because they are frightful and enormous. Men get rid of smaller evils which lie in their way—nay, of great ones; and there appears to be no reason why they should not get rid of the greatest, if they will but have the courage. We have abolished inquisitions and the rack, burnings for religion, burnings for witchcraft, hangings for forgery (a great triumph in a commercial country), much of the punishment of death in some countries, all of it in others. Why not abolish war? Mr. Wordsworth writes no odes to tell us that the Inquisition was God's daughter; though Lope de Vega, who was one of its officers, might have done so—and Mr. Wordsworth too, had he lived under its dispensation. Lope de Vega, like Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey, was a good man, as well as a celebrated poet: and we will concede to his memory what the English poets will, perhaps, not be equally disposed to grant (for they are severe on the Romish faith), that even the Inquisition, *like War*, might possibly have had some utility in its evil, were it no other than a hastening of Christianity by its startling contradictions of it. Yet it has gone. The Inquisition, as War may be hereafter,

[1] great] fine *1849–60*.

is no more. Daughter if it was of the Supreme Good, it was no immortal daughter! Why should 'Carnage' be,—especially as God has put it in our heads to get rid of it?

I am aware of what may be said on these occasions, to 'puzzle the will;' and I concede of course, that mankind may entertain false views of their power to change anything for the better. I concede, that all change may be only in appearance and not make any real difference in the general amount of good and evil; that evil to a certain invariable amount, may be necessary to the amount of good (the overbalance of which, with a most hearty and loving sincerity, I ever acknowledge): and finally, that all which the wisest of men could utter on any such subject, might possibly be nothing but a jargon—the witless and puny voice of what we take to be a mighty orb, but which, after all, is only a particle in the starry dust of the universe.

On the other hand, all this may be something very different from what we take it to be, setting aside even the opinions which consider mind as everything, and time and space themselves as only modifications of it, or breathing-room in which it exists, weaving the thoughts which it calls life, death, and materiality.

But be his metaphysical opinions what they may, who but some fantastic individual, or ultra-contemplative scholar, ever thinks of subjecting to them his practical notions of bettering his condition! And how soon is it likely that men will leave off endeavouring to secure themselves against the uneasier chances of vicissitude, even if Providence ordains them to do so for no other end than the preservation of vicissitude itself, and not in order to help them out of the husks and thorns of action into the flowers of it, and into the air of heaven? Certain it is, at all events, that the human being is incited to increase his amount of good: and that when he is endeavouring to do so, he is at least not fulfilling the worst part of his necessity. Nobody tells us, when we attempt to put out a fire and to save the lives of our neighbours, that Conflagration is God's daughter, or Murder God's daughter. On the contrary, these are things which Christendom is taught to think ill of, and to wish to put down; and therefore we should put down war, which is murder and conflagration by millions.

To those who tell us that nations would grow cowardly and effeminate without war, we answer, 'Try a reasonable condition of peace first, and then prove it. Try a state of things which mankind have never yet attained, because they had no press and no universal comparison of notes; and consider, in the meanwhile, whether so cheerful, and intelligent, and just a state, seeing fair play between body and mind and educated into habits of activity, would be likely to uneducate itself into what was neither respected nor customary. Prove, in the meanwhile, that nations are cowardly and effeminate, that have been long unaccustomed to war; that the South Americans are so; or that all our robust countrymen, who do not 'go for soldiers', are timid agriculturists and manufacturers, with not a quoit to throw on the green, or a saucy word to give to an insult. Moral courage is in self-respect and the sense of duty; physical courage is a matter of health or organization. Are these predispositions likely to fail in a community of instructed freemen? Doubters of advancement are always arguing from a limited past to an unlimited future: that is to say, from a past of which they know but a point, to a future of which they know nothing. They stand on the bridge 'between two eternities', seeing a little bit of it behind them, and nothing at all of what is before; and uttering those words unfit for mortal tongue, 'man ever was' and 'man ever will be'. They might as well say what is beyond the stars. It appears to be a part of the necessity of things from what we see of the improvements they make, that all human improvement should proceed by the co-operation of human means. But what blinker into the night of next week—what luckless prophet of the impossibilities of steam-boats and steam-carriages—shall presume to say how far those improvements are to extend? Let no man faint in the co-operation with which God has honoured him.

As to those superabundances of population which wars and other evils are supposed to be necessary in order to keep down, there are questions which have a right to be put, long before any such necessity is assumed: and till those questions be answered and the experiments dependent upon them tried, the interrogators have a right to assume that no such necessity exists. I do not enter upon them—for I am not bound to do so; but I have touched upon them in the poem; and the 'too rich', and other disingenuous half-reasoners, know well what they are. All passionate remedies for evil are themselves evil, and tend to reproduce what they remedy. It is high time

for the world to show that it has come to man's estate, and can put down what is wrong without violence. Should the wrong still return, we should have a right to say with the Apostle, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'; for meanwhile we should 'not have done evil that good may come'. That 'good' may come! nay, that evil may be perpetuated; for what good, superior to the alternatives denounced, is achieved by this eternal round of war and its causes? Let us do good in a good and kind manner, and trust to the co-operation of Providence for the result. It seems the only real way of attaining to the very best of which our earth is capable; and at the very worst, necessity, like the waters, will find its level, and the equity of things be justified.

I firmly believe, that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives—a logic indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the 'good old times'. The world has seen the absurdity of that practice: why should it not come to years of discretion, with respect to violence on a larger scale? The other day, our own country and the United States agreed to refer a point in dispute to the arbitration of the[1] king of Holland; a compliment (if we are to believe the newspapers) of which his majesty was justly proud. He struck a medal on the strength of it, which history will show as a set-off against his less creditable attempts to force his opinions upon the Belgians. Why should not every national dispute be referred, in like manner, to a third party? There is reason to suppose, that the judgement would stand a good chance of being impartial; and it would benefit the character of the judge, and dispose him to receive judgements of the same kind; till at length the custom would prevail, like any other custom; and men be astonished at the customs that preceded it. In private life, none but schoolboys and the vulgar settle disputes by blows; even duelling is losing its dignity.

Two nations, or most likely two governments, have a dispute; they reason the point backwards and forwards; they cannot determine it; perhaps they do not wish to determine it; so, like two carmen in the street, they fight it out; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity; just as if the two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hat besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. They then 'go at it', and cover themselves with mud, blood, and glory. Can anything be more ridiculous? Yet, apart from the habit of thinking otherwise, and being drummed into the notion by the very toys of infancy, the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous; no, nor a thousandth part enough so. I am aware that a sarcasm is but a sarcasm, and need not imply any argument; never includes all;—but it acquires a more respectable character when so much is done to keep it out of sight—when so many questions are begged against it by 'pride, pomp, and circumstance', and allegations of necessity. Similar allegations may be, and are brought forward, by other nations of the world, in behalf of customs which we, for our parts, think very ridiculous, and do our utmost to put down; never referring them, as we refer our own, to the mysterious ordinations of Providence; or, if we do, never hesitating to suppose, that Providence, in moving us to interfere, is varying its ordinations. Now, all that I would ask of the advocates of war, is to apply the possible justice of this supposition to their own case, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the question.[2]

But they will exultingly say, perhaps, 'Is this a time for investigating the question, when military genius, even for civil purposes, has regained its ascendancy in the person of the Duke of Wellington? When the world has shown that it cannot do without him? When whigs, radicals, liberals of all sorts, have proved to be but idle talkers, in comparison with this man of few words and many deeds?' I answer, that it remains to be proved whether the ascendancy be gained or not; that I have no belief it will be regained; and that, in the meanwhile, never was time fitter for questioning the merits of war, and, by inference, those of its leaders. The general peacefulness of the world presents a fair opportunity for laying the foundations of

[1] the] a *1849-60.*

[2] *The next eleven paragraphs were omitted in 1849-60.*

peaceful opinion; and the alarm of the moment renders the interrogation desirabl for its immediate sake.

The reappearance of a military administration, or of an administration *barel civil*, and military at heart, may not, at first sight, be thought the most promisin one for hastening a just appreciation of war, and the ascendancy of moral ove physical strength. But is it, or can it be, lasting? Will it not provoke—is it no now provoking—a reaction still more peremptory against the claims of Toryism than the state of things which preceded it? Is it anything but a flash of success still more indicative of expiring life, and caused only by its convulsive efforts?

If it be, this it is easy enough to predict, that Sir Robert Peel, notwithstandin his abilities, and the better ambition which is natural to them, and which struggle in him with an inferior one, impatient of his origin, will turn out to be nothing bu a servant of the aristocracy, and (more or less openly) of a barrack-master. He wil be the servant, not of the King, not of the House of Commons, but of the House o Lords, and (as long as such influence lasts, which can be but a short while) of it military leader. He will do nothing whatsoever contrary to their dictation, upo peril of being treated worse than Canning; and all the reform which he is permitte to bring about will be only just as much as will serve to keep off the spirit of it a long as possible, and to continue the people in that state of comparative ignorance which is the only safeguard of monopoly. Every unwilling step of reform will b accompanied with some retrograde or bye effort in favour of the abuses reformed cunning occasion will be seized to convert boons, demanded by the age, into gift of party favour, and bribes for the toleration of what is withheld; and as knowledg proceeds to extort public education (for extort it it will, and in its own way too a last), mark, and see what attempts will be made to turn knowledge against itself and to catechize the nation back into the schoolboy acquiescence of the good peopl of Germany. Much good is there in that people—I would not be thought to under value it—much *bonhommie*—and in the most despotic districts, as much sensua comfort as can make any people happy who know no other happiness. But Englan and France, the leaders of Europe, the peregrinators of the world, cannot be con fined to those lazy and prospectless paths. They have gone through the feuda reign; they must now go through the commercial (God forbid that for anybody' sake they should stop there!), and they will continue to advance, till all are instructe and all are masters; and government, in however gorgeous a shape, be truly thei servant. The problem of existing governments is how to prepare for this inevitabl period, and to continue to be its masters, by converting themselves frankly and trul into its friends. For my part, as one of the people, I confess I like the colours an shows of feudalism, and would retain as much of them as would adorn nobler things I would keep the tiger's skin, though the beast be killed; the painted windo though the superstition be laid in the tomb. Nature likes external beauty, and ma likes it. It softens the heart, enriches the imagination, and helps to show us tha there are other goods in the world besides bare utility. I would fain see the splendou of royalty combined with the cheapness of a republic and the equal knowledge of a classes. Is such a combination impossible? I would exhort the lovers of feud splendour to be the last men to think so; for a thousand times more impossible wi they find its retention under any other circumstances. Their royalties, their educa tions, their accomplishments of all sorts, must go along with the Press and its irr sistible consequences, or they will be set aside like a child in a corner, who has insiste on keeping the toys and books of his brothers to himself.

Now, there is nothing that irritates a just cause so much as a threatening of force and all impositions of a military chief on a state, where civil directors will, at leas do as well, is a threatening of force, disguise it, or pretend to laugh at it, as its impose may. This irritation in England will not produce violence. Public opinion is t strong, and the future too secure. But deeply and daily will increase the disgu and the ridicule; and individuals will get laughed at and catechized who cannot easi be sent out of the way as ambassadors, and who might as well preserve their se respect a little better. To attempt, however quietly, to overawe the advance improvement, by the aspect of physical force, is as idle as if soldiers were drawn o to suppress the rising of a flood. The flood rises quietly, irresistibly, without violen —it cannot help it—the waters of knowledge are out, and will 'cover the earth

Of what use is it to see the representative of a by-gone influence—a poor individual mortal (for he is nothing else in the comparison), fretting and fuming on the shore of this mighty sea, and playing the part of a Canute reversed—an antic really taking his flatterers at their word?

The first thirty-five years of the nineteenth century have been rich in experiences of the sure and certain failure of all soldiership and Toryism to go heartily along in the cause of the many. There has been the sovereign instance of Napoleon Bonaparte himself—of the allies after him—of Charles the Tenth—of Louis Philippe, albeit a 'schoolmaster',—and lastly, of this strange and most involuntary Reformer the Duke of Wellington, who refused to do, under Canning, or for principle's sake, what he consented to do when Canning died, for the sake of regaining power, and of keeping it with as few concessions as possible. Canning perished because Toryism, or the principle of power for its own sake, to which he had been a servant, could not bear to acknowledge him as its master. His intellect was just great enough (as his birth was small enough) to render it jealous of him under that aspect. There is an instinct in Toryism which renders pure intellect intolerable to it, except in some inferior or mechanical shape, or in the flattery of voluntary servitude. But, by a like instinct, it is not so jealous of military renown. It is glad of the doubtful amount of intellect in military genius, and knows it to be a good ally in the preservation of power, and in the substitution of noise and show for qualities fearless of inspection. Is it an ascendancy of this kind which the present age requires, or will permit? Do we want a soldier at the head of us, when there is nobody abroad to fight with? when international as well as national questions can manifestly settle themselves without him? and when his appearance in the seat of power can indicate nothing but a hankering after those old substitutions of force for argument, or at best of 'an authority for a reason', which every step of reform is hoping to do away? Do we want him to serve in our shops? to preside over our studies? to cultivate 'peace and good will' among nations? wounding no self-love—threatening no social?

There never was a soldier, purely brought up as such—and it is of such only I speak, and not of rare and even then perilous exceptions—men educated in philosophy like Epaminondas, or in homely household virtues and citizenship like Washington—but there never was a soldier such as I speak of, who did more for the world than was compatible with his confined and arbitrary breeding. I do not speak, of course, with reference to the unprofessional part of his character. Circumstances, especially the participation of dangers and vicissitude, often conspire with naturally good qualities to render soldiers the most amiable of men; and nothing is more delightful to contemplate than an old military veteran, whose tenderness of heart has survived the shocks of the rough work it has been tried in, till twenty miserable sights of war and horror start up to the imagination as a set-off against its attractiveness. But, publicly speaking, the more a soldier succeeds, the more he looks upon soldiership as something superior to all other kinds of ascendancy, and qualified to dispense with them. He always ends in considering the flower of the art of government as consisting in issuing 'orders', and that of popular duty as comprised in 'obedience'. Cities with him are barracks, and the nation a conquered country. He is at best but a pioneer of civilization. When he undertakes to be the civilizer himself, he makes mistakes that betray him to others, even supposing him self-deceived. Napoleon, though he was the accidental instrument of a popular reaction, was one of the educated tools of the system that provoked it—an officer brought up at a Royal Military College; and in spite of his boasted legislation and his real genius, such he ever remained. He did as much for his own aggrandizement as he could, and no more for the world than he thought compatible with it. The same military genius which made him as great as he was, stopped him short of a greater greatness; because, quick and imposing as he was in acting the part of a civil ruler, he was in reality a soldier and nothing else, and by the excess of the soldier's propensity (aggrandizement by force), he over-toppled himself, and fell to pieces. Soldiership appears to have narrowed or hardened the public spirit of every man who has spent the chief part of his life in it, who has died at an age which gives final proofs of its tendency, and whose history is thoroughly known. We all know what Cromwell did to an honest parliament. Marlborough ended in being a miser and the tool of his wife. Even good-natured, heroic Nelson condescended to become an executioner

at Naples. Frederick did much for Prussia, as a power; but what became of F as a people, or power either, before the popular power of France? Even Washingt seemed not to comprehend those who thought that negro-slaves ought to be free

In the name of common sense then, what do we want with a soldier who was bo and bred in circumstances the most arbitrary; who never advocated a liber measure as long as he could help it; and who (without meaning to speak presumptu ously, or in one's own person unauthorized by opinion) is one of the merest soldie though a great one, that ever existed—without genius of any other sort—wi scarcely a civil public quality either commanding or engaging (as far as the wor in general can see)—and with no more to say for himself than the most mechanic clerk in office? In what respect is the Duke of Wellington better fitted to be a parli mentary leader, than the Sir Arthur Wellesley of twenty years back? Or what h recast the habits and character of the Colonel Wellesley of the East Indies, to gi him an unprofessional consideration for the lives and liberties of his fellow creature

And yet the Duke of Wellington (it is said) *may*, after all, be in earnest in h professions of reform and advancement. If so, he will be the most remarkab instance that ever existed, of the triumph of reason over the habits of a life, and t experience of mankind. I have looked for some such man through a very remarkab period of the world, when an honest declaration to this effect would have set him the top of mankind, to be worshipped for ever; and I never found the glorio opportunity seized—not by Napoleon when he came from Elba—not by the all when they conquered him—not by Louis Philippe, though he was educated adversity. I mean that he has shown himself a prince born, of the most aristocra kind; and evidently considers himself as nothing but the head of a new dynast When the Duke of Wellington had the opportunity of being a reformer, of his own fr will, he resisted it as long as he could. He opposed reform up to the last mome of its freedom from his dictation; he declared that ruin would follow it; that t institutions of the country were perfect without it; and that, at the very least, t less of it the better. And for this enmity, even if no other reason existed—ev if his new light were sincere—the Duke of Wellington ought not to have the *hono* of leading reform. It is just as if a man had been doing all he could to preve another from entering his own house, and then, when he found that the bystand would insist on his having free passage, were to turn to them, smiling, and s ' Well, since it must be so, allow me to do the honours of the mansion '. Everybo knows what this proposal would be called by the bystanders. And if the way which greatness is brought up and spoilt gives it a right to a less homely style of rebu (as I grant it does), still the absurdity of the Duke's claim is not the less evident, r the air of it less provoking.

I can imagine but two reasons for the remotest possible permission of this glari anomaly—this government of anti-reforming reformers—this hospital of sick gui for the healthy, supported by involuntary contributions: first, sheer necess (which is ludicrous); and second, a facilitation of church reform through the Lo and the bench of Bishops; the desirableness of which facilitation appears to be no proportion to the compromise it is likely to make with abuses. I have re I believe, all the utmost possible things that can be said in its favour, the artic for instance, written by the *Times* newspaper (admirable, as far as a rotten cause let them be, and when not afflicted by some portentous mystery of personal rese ment); and though I trust I may lay claim to as much willingness to be convinc as most men who have suffered and reflected, I have not seen a single argum which did not appear to me fully answered by the above objection alone (ab the ' honour '); setting aside the innumerable convincing ones urged by reason on the other side: for as to any dearth of statesmen in a country like this, it ne existed, nor ever can, till education and public spirit have entirely left it. Th have been the same complaints at every change in the history of administratio and the crop has never failed.

Allow me to state here, that any appearance of personality in this book is invol tary. Public principles are sometimes incarnate in individual shapes; and, attacking them, the individual may be seemingly attacked, where, to eyes which l a little closer, there is evidently no such intention. I have been obliged to ident in some measure, the Power of the Sword with several successive individuals, and w

the Duke of Wellington most, because he is the reigning shape, and includes all its pretensions. But as an individual who am nothing, except in connexion with what I humanly feel, I dare to affirm, that I have not only the consideration that becomes me for all human beings, but a flesh and blood regard for everybody; and that I as truly respect in the Noble Duke the possession of military science, of a straightforward sincerity, and a valour of which no circumstances or years can diminish the ready firmness, as I doubt the fitness of a man of his education, habits, and political principles, for the guidance of an intellectual age.

I dislike Toryism, because I think it an unjust, exacting, and pernicious thing, which tends to keep the interests of the many in perpetual subjection to those of the few; but far be it from me, in common modesty, to dislike those who have been brought up in its principles, and taught to think them good—far less such of them as adorn it by intellectual or moral qualities, and who justly claim for it, under its best aspect in private life, that ease and urbanity of behaviour which implies an acknowledgement of its claims to respect, even where those claims are partly grounded in prejudice. I heartily grant to the privileged classes, that, enjoying in many respects the best educations, they have been conservators of polished manners, and of the other graces of intercourse. My quarrel with them is, that the inferior part of their education induces them to wish to keep these manners and graces to themselves, together with a superabundance, good for nobody, of all other advantages; and that thus, instead of being the preservers of a beautiful and genial flame, good for all, and in due season partakable by all, they would hoard and make an idolatrous treasure of it, sacred to one class alone, and such as the diffusion of knowledge renders it alike useless and exasperating to endeavour to withhold.

I will conclude this Postscript[1] with quotations from three writers of the present day, who may be fairly taken to represent the three distinct classes of the leaders of knowledge, and who will show what is thought of the feasibility of putting an end to war—the Utilitarian, or those who are all for the tangible and material,—the Metaphysical, or those who recognize, in addition, the spiritual and imaginative wants of mankind—and lastly (in no offensive sense), the Men of the World, whose opinion will have the greatest weight of all with the incredulous, and whose speaker is a soldier to boot, and a man who evidently sees fair play to all the weaknesses as well as strengths of our nature.

The first quotation is from the venerable Mr. Bentham, a man who certainly lost sight of no existing or possible phase of society, such as the ordinary disputants on this subject contemplate. I venture to think him not thoroughly philosophical on the point, especially in what he says in reproach of men educated to think differently from himself. But the passage will show the growth of opinion in a practical and highly influential quarter.

'Nothing can be worse', says Mr. Bentham, 'than the general feeling on the subject of war. The Church, the State, the ruling few, the subject many, all seem to have combined, in order to patronize vice and crime in their very widest sphere of evil. Dress a man in particular garments, call him by a particular name, and he shall have authority, on divers occasions, to commit every species of offence, to pillage, to murder, to destroy human felicity, and, for so doing, he shall be rewarded.

'Of all that is pernicious in admiration, the admiration of heroes is the most pernicious; and how delusion should have made us admire what virtue should teach us to hate and loathe, is among the saddest evidences of human weakness and folly. The crimes of heroes seem lost in the vastness of the field they occupy. A lively idea of the mischief they do, of the misery they create, seldom penetrates the mind, through the delusions with which thoughtlessness and falsehood have surrounded their names and deeds. Is it that the magnitude of the evil is too gigantic for entrance? We read of twenty thousand men killed in a battle, with no other feeling than that "it was a glorious victory". Twenty thousand, or ten thousand, what reck we of their sufferings? The hosts who perished are evidence of the completeness of the triumph; and the completeness of the triumph is the measure of merit, and the glory of the conqueror. Our schoolmasters, and the immoral books they so often put into our hands, have inspired us with an affection for heroes; and the hero is more heroic in proportion to the numbers of the slain—add a cypher, not one

[1] this Postscript] these remarks *1849–60*.

iota is added to our disapprobation. Four or two figures give us no more sentime of pain than one figure, while they add marvellously to the grandeur and splendo of the victor. Let us draw forth one individual from those thousands, or tens thousands,—his leg has been shivered by one ball, his jaw broken by another—is bathed in his own blood, and that of his fellows—yet he lives, tortured by thir fainting, famishing. He is but one of the twenty thousand—one of the actors a sufferers in the scene of the hero's glory—and of the twenty thousand there is scarc one whose suffering or death will not be the centre of a circle of misery. Look aga admirers of that hero! Is not this wretchedness? Because it is repeated ten, t hundred, ten thousand times, is not this wretchedness?

'The period will assuredly arrive, when better instructed generations will requi all the evidence of history to credit, that, in times deeming themselves enlightene human beings should have been honoured with public approval, in the very propo tion of the misery they caused, and the mischiefs they perpetrated. They will c upon all the testimony which incredulity can require, to persuade them that, passed ages, men there were—men, too, deemed worthy of popular recompense who, for some small pecuniary retribution, hired themselves out to do any deeds pillage, devastation, and murder, which might be demanded of them. And, st more will it shock their sensibilities to learn, that such men, such men-destroye were marked out as the eminent and the illustrious—as the worthy of laurels a monuments—of eloquence and poetry. In that better and happier epoch, the wi and the good will be busied in hurling into oblivion, or dragging forth for exposu to universal ignominy and obloquy, many of the heads we deem *heroic*; while t true fame and the perdurable glories will be gathered around the creators and diffuse of happiness.'—*Deontology*.

Our second quotation is from one of the subtilest and most universal thinke now living—Thomas Carlyle—chiefly known to the public as a German scholar a the friend of Goethe, but deeply respected by other leading intellects of the da as a man who sees into the utmost recognized possibilities of knowledge. See wh he thinks of war, and of the possibility of putting an end to it. We forget wheth we got the extract from the *Edinburgh*[1] or the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, havi made it sometime back and mislaid the reference; and we take a liberty with hi in mentioning his name as the writer, for which his zeal in the cause of mankind w assuredly pardon us.[2]

'The better minds of all countries', observes Mr. Carlyle, 'begin to understa each other, and, which follows naturally, to love each other and help each other, whom ultimately all countries in all their proceedings are governed.

'Late in man's history, yet clearly, at length, it becomes manifest to the dulle that mind is stronger than matter—that mind is the creator and shaper of matter that not brute force, but only persuasion and faith, is the King of this world. T true poet, who is but an inspired thinker, is still an Orpheus whose lyre tames t savage beasts, and evokes the dead rocks to fashion themselves into palaces and state inhabited cities. It has been said, and may be repeated, that literature is fa becoming all in all to us—our Church, our Senate, our whole social constitutio The true Pope of Christendom is not that feeble old man in Rome, nor is its autoc the Napoleon, the Nicholas, with its half million even of obedient bayonets; su autocrat is himself but a more cunningly-devised bayonet and military engine the hands of a mightier than he. The true autocrat, or Pope, is that man, the re or seeming wisest of the last age; crowned after death; who finds his hierarchy gifted authors, his clergy of assiduous journalists: whose decretals, written, not parchment, but on the living souls of men, it were an inversion of the laws of natu to disobey. In these times of ours, all intellect has fused itself into literatur literature—printed thought, is the molten sea and wonder-bearing chaos, in whi mind after mind casts forth its opinion, its feeling, to be molten into the gene mass, and to be worked there; interest after interest is engulfed in it, or embark

[1] [*Edinburgh Review*, March 1831. 'Taylor's Historic Survey of Germ Poetry,' *ad fin.*]

[2] Since this paragraph was written, I need not say what a name Mr. Carlyle h procured himself by his writings on the 'French Revolution', &c. [H. 1849–60.]

in it; higher, higher it rises round all the edifices of existence; they must all be molten into it, and anew bodied forth from it, or stand unconsumed among its fiery surges. Woe to him whose edifice is not built of true asbest, and on the everlasting rock, but on the false sand and the drift-wood of accident, and the paper and parchment of antiquated habit! For the power or powers exist not on our earth that can say to that sea—roll back, or bid its proud waves be still.

'What form so omnipotent an element will assume—how long it will welter to and fro as a wild democracy, a wilder anarchy—what constitution and organization it will fashion for itself, and for what depends on it in the depths of time, is a subject for prophetic conjecture, wherein brightest hope is not unmingled with fearful apprehensions and awe at the boundless unknown. The more cheering is this one thing, which we do see and know—that its tendency is to a universal European commonweal; that the wisest in all nations will communicate and co-operate; whereby Europe will again have its true Sacred College and council of Amphictyons; wars will become rarer, less inhuman; and in the course of centuries, such delirious ferocity in nations, as in individuals it already is, may be proscribed and become obsolete for ever.'

My last and not least conclusive extract (for it shows the actual hold which these speculations have taken of the minds of practical men—of men out in the world, and even of *soldiers*) is from a book popular among all classes of readers—the *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, written by Major Sir Francis Head. What he says of one country's educating another, by the natural progress of books and opinion, and of the effect which this is likely to have upon governments even as remote and unwilling as Russia, is particularly worthy of attention.

The author is speaking of some bathers at whom he had been looking, and of a Russian Prince, who lets us into some curious information respecting the leading-strings in which grown gentlemen are kept by despotism:

'For more than half an hour I had been indolently watching this amphibious scene, when the landlord entering my room said, that the Russian Prince, G———n, wished to speak to me on some business; and the information was scarcely communicated, when I perceived his Highness standing at the threshold of my door. With the attention due to his rank, I instantly begged he would do me the honour to walk in; and, after we had sufficiently bowed to each other, and that I had prevailed on my guest to sit down, I gravely requested him, as I stood before him, to be so good as to state in what way I could have the good fortune to render him any service. The Prince very briefly replied, that he had called upon me, considering that I was the person in the hotel best capable (he politely inclined his head) of informing him by what route it would be most advisable for him to proceed to London, it being his wish to visit my country.

'In order at once to solve this very simple problem, I silently unfolded and spread out upon the table my map of Europe; and each of us, as we leant over it, placing a forefinger on or near Wiesbaden (our eyes being fixed upon Dover), we remained in this reflecting attitude for some seconds, until the Prince's finger first solemnly began to trace its route. In doing this, I observed that his Highness's hand kept swerving far into the Netherlands, so, gently pulling it by the thumb towards Paris, I used as much force as I thought decorous, to induce it to advance in a straight line; however, finding my efforts ineffectual, I ventured with respectful astonishment, to ask, "Why travel by so uninteresting a route?"

'The Prince at once acknowledged that the route I had recommended would, by visiting Paris, afford him the greatest pleasure; but he frankly told me that no Russian, not even a personage of his rank, could enter that capital, without first obtaining a written permission from the Emperor.

'These words were no sooner uttered, than I felt my fluent civility suddenly begin to coagulate; the attention I paid my guest became forced and unnatural. I was no longer at my ease; and though I bowed, strained, and endeavoured to be, if possible, more respectful than ever, yet I really could hardly prevent my lips from muttering aloud, that I had sooner die a homely English peasant than live to be a Russian prince!—in short, his Highness's words acted upon my mind like thunder upon beer. And, moreover, I could almost have sworn that I was an old lean wolf, contemptuously observing a bald ring rubbed by the collar, from the neck of a sleek, well-fed

mastiff dog; however, recovering myself, I managed to give as much information as it was in my humble power to afford; and my noble guest then taking his departure, I returned to my open window, to give vent in solitude (as I gazed upon the horse bath) to my own reflection upon the subject.

'Although the petty rule of my life has been never to trouble myself about what the world calls "politics"—(a fine word, by the by, much easier expressed than understood)—yet, I must own, I am always happy when I see a nation enjoying itself and melancholy when I observe any large body of people suffering pain or imprisonment. But of all sorts of imprisonment, that of the mind is, to my taste, the most cruel; and, therefore, when I consider over what immense dominions the Emperor of Russia presides, and how he governs, I cannot help sympathizing most sincerely with those innocent sufferers, who have the misfortune to be born his subjects; for if a Russian Prince be not freely permitted to go to Paris, in what a melancholy state of slavery and debasement must exist the minds of what we call the lower classes?

'As a sovereign remedy for this lamentable political disorder, many very sensible people in England prescribe, I know, that we ought to have recourse[1] to arms. I must confess, however, it seems to me that one of the greatest political errors England could commit would be to declare, or to join in declaring, war with Russia; in short, that an appeal to brute force would, at this moment, be at once most unscientifically to stop an immense moral engine, which, if left to its work, is quite powerful enough, without bloodshed, to gain for humanity, at no expense at all, its object. The individual who is, I conceive, to overthrow the Emperor of Russia—who is to direct his own legions against himself—who is to do what Napoleon had at the head of his great army failed to effect, is the little child, who, lighted by the single wick of a small lamp, sits at this moment perched above the great steam press of the "Penny Magazine", feeding it, from morning till night, with blank papers, which, at almost every pulsation of the engine, comes out stamped on both sides with engravings, and with pages of plain, useful, harmless knowledge, which, by making the lower orders acquainted with foreign lands, foreign productions, various states of society, &c., tend practically to inculcate "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men". It has already been stated, that what proceeds from this press is now greedily devoured by the people of Europe; indeed, even at Berlin, we know it can hardly be reprinted fast enough.

'This child, then,—"this sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"—is the only army that an enlightened country like ours should, I humbly think, deign to oppose to one who reigns in darkness—who trembles at day-light, and whose throne rests upon ignorance and despotism. Compare this mild, peaceful, intellectual policy, with the dreadful, savage alternative of going to war, and the difference must surely be evident to everyone. In the former case, we calmly enjoy, first of all, the pleasing reflection that our country is generously imparting to the nations of Europe the blessing she is tranquilly deriving from the purification of civilization to her own mind—far from wishing to exterminate, we are gradually illuminating the Russian peasant, we are mildly throwing a gleam of light upon the fetters of the Russian Prince; and surely every well-disposed person must see, that if we will only have patience, the result of this noble, temperate conduct, must produce all that reasonable beings can desire.'—*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, p. 164.

By the 'Penny Magazine', our author means, of course, not only that excellent publication, but all cheaply-diffused knowledge—all the tranquil and enlightening deeds of 'Captain Pen' in general—of whom it is pleasant to see the gallant Major so useful a servant, the more so from his sympathies with rank and the aristocracy. But 'Pen' will make it a matter of necessity, by and by, for all ranks to agree with him, in vindication of their own wit and common sense; and when once this necessity is felt, and fastidiousness shall find out that it will be considered 'absurd' to lag behind in the career of knowledge and the common good, the cause of the world is secure.

May princes and people alike find it out by the kindliest means, and without further violence. May they discover that no one set of human beings, perhaps no single individual, can be thoroughly secure and content, or enabled to work out his cas

[1] recourse] resource *1835*.

with equal reasonableness, *till all are so*—a subject for reflection, which contains, we hope, the beneficent reason *why all are restless*. The solution of the problem is co-operation—the means of solving it is the Press. If the Greeks had had a press, we should probably have heard nothing of the inconsiderate question, which demands, why they, with all their philosophy, did not alter the world. They had not the means. They could not command a general hearing. Neither had Christianity come up, to make men think of one another's wants, as well as of their own accomplishments. Modern times possess those means, and inherit that divine incitement. May every man exert himself accordingly, and show himself a worthy inhabitant of this beautiful and most capable world!

ADDITIONAL PREFACES, 1849 [reprinted 1857]

A FEW MORE FIRST WORDS, OCCASIONED BY IMMEDIATE EVENTS

Since this book went to press, the Peace Congress at Paris has added to the importance of the movements against war, and the startling letter of Mr. Gurney corroborated the financial arguments of Mr. Cobden and others. All the reasoning which has been adduced on the other side of the question may be found in the columns of the *Times* newspaper, set forth with the usual wit and fine writing which distinguish that extraordinary journal. But the reasoning is not new, nor does it seem very self-satisfied. The instincts of the writer's better genius are against it, whatever his 'knowledge of the world', or his sense of the political expediency of the moment, may induce him to say in favour of common-places.

It is related of Queen Victoria, that when she heard of the first war that broke out within the bounds of the empire since her accession to the throne, her Majesty said, with the tears in her eyes, that she 'had hoped to have a bloodless reign'. I know not if the story be true; but it is in unison with all that is understood of her sensible and considerate nature. And who indeed can doubt, that she would fain have every one of her subjects as safe and sound as peace and prosperity could make him? Is a time never to come, when the desire of every human heart, from the throne to the cottage, shall work out a corresponding determination? Shall we acquiesce in an evil, and think it irremediable, merely because it is enormous? That may be an argument with superstition, and with other slavish states of the human mind. It was once an argument against interfering with plague and pestilence. But we now take steps against pestilence, because it is at our doors. Shall we take none against war, merely because it tears our friends and children to pieces *at a distance*?

We know what the Prime Minister thinks of war. We know what the majority of statesmen, both in England and France, think of the inexpediency of it at the present moment. But the ministers and statesmen of other countries, it is argued, may not be so wise, and they are under Sovereigns very different from our own.

Refuse them the supplies, says Mr. Gurney. Refuse them for your own sake, or wars will make you bankrupt.

Refuse them, says Mr. Cobden, for humanity and decency's sake; and refuse them also (if that is not sufficient), for the sake of the very considerable chance of non-return. You are lending money for bad purposes, to men who have repeatedly been insolvent.

This admonition has been strangely called a violation of the principles of free trade; as if freedom of action, and indifference to its consequences, were identical. It might as well be argued, that a druggist had an equal right to sell poison to the best and worst man in his neighbourhood, and that it would be mere officiousness in a by-stander to warn him against the mistake.

Elemental necessity in the nature of things (like poison itself, or hydrogen), or unavoidableness, owing to the passions of men (which might amount to the same thing), or expediency in the particular instances, must either be the grounds on which war is defended, or the advocate must fairly say, at once, 'It is a perplexing and painful subject, and I do not choose to argue it'. Now, unless arguments have been advanced, which I have overlooked in the perusal, this latter determination, however it may seem to have talked otherwise, appears to me to be the real state of the case at present with those who could surely argue better than they do, if they went to the root of the matter at all.

I still, therefore, cannot but think it incumbent on a hater of war to endeavou to render it as intelligible and hateful as possible.

To descend to a climax of 'tremendous insignificance' (as the Gascon gentlema said), I am afraid that the references of some of the notes to their authorities, in th edition of my poem, are incorrect. The copier had omitted them; illness has pr vented my going to the British Museum to ascertain them; and I have been unabl to procure the books in other quarters. But due pains will be taken for their rectifica tion, should the poem be republished[1]; and, at all events, the writer feels that he under no necessity of vouching for his veracity. The passages extracted speak fo themselves;—to say nothing of his character as an honest man.

One word more. The first and second editions of the poem were dedicated t a noble and learned Lord, for whom the writer has never ceased to entertain gre and grateful respect; but as his lordship's opinions on the subject appear to hav undergone some modifications that might have rendered the address to him not s proper, I have done what I thought least unbecoming to the space which it occupie by leaving it unappropriated to anybody.

October 12th, 1849. LEIGH HUNT.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION [1849]

CONTAINING FURTHER REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT

[Partly reprinted 1857]

THE poetical portion of this book, together with the remarks on the *Duty of co sidering the Horrors of War*, &c., was first published in the year 1835. The note which detail those horrors, as described by soldiers themselves, or by the historia of soldiers, on military authority, now appear for the first time; and I have adde a few to the remarks.[2]

Of the poetry (if, without being immodest, I may venture to speak of it at all, an to apply to myself a term used in criticizing painters) I would observe, in passin that it is written in the Author's later and more spiritual manner, which experienc led him to adopt after quitting the material school of Dryden; and that he look upon it, in regard to expression, as one of the least faulty of his productions. I hop he need not add, that he is far from wishing any comparison to be instituted betwee himself and that master, whose powers would 'cut up' into half a dozen cadets reputation, in schools greater than his own. I only mean to say, that the author *Absalom and Ahithophel*, and of the *Fables from Chaucer*, &c., is inferior, as an imagina tive guide, to the poets whom he himself venerated, and to that innermost delica of perception, which they included in natures no less robust.

The notes, to which I have just drawn the reader's attention, I withheld from th first edition of the poem, for reasons which are given in the remarks. In the secon edition, I omitted the worst part of the horrors which the poem itself containe assigning also reasons for the omission, which no longer need be regarded. I no reprint the poem entire, and subjoin the horrors on which it was founded, not o of any regard for what are considered attractions of that kind (than which I ho nothing to be more indicative of a wrong state of mind and feeling), but in counte action to the neutralizing assertions of those who maintain that everybody is agre respecting the horrors of war, and that the only difficulty is how to find a remed for them.

I reply to these persons, that supposing everybody to be agreed on that poin everybody is far from being agreed to the same purpose, or with the same amou of knowledge and sympathy—that the agreement, which, in most instances, is litt else than faint and verbal, is too often assumed for the purpose of getting rid of t subject—and that, in order to prove the zeal for discovering the remedy, it wou be as well, in future, not to confine the agreement to the affirmation, but to ta some step in the direction of the search.

[1] I have been unable to effect this at present. [H. 1857.]

[2] *This first paragraph and the two concluding paragraphs were omitted in* 1857, *a the third paragraph was slightly altered.*

I am not a writer (as I have before observed) whose habit it is to deal in painful subjects, however I may be forced, now and then, by a sense of duty, out of the track of pleasant ones. It is not my custom to invite the attention of my readers to wounds and sores. I am sometimes accused of doing the reverse; of finding too many pleasures in pains; too much of the 'soul of goodness in things evil'; nor have I failed to accompany the present exposure with intimations of that comfort—of that beautiful, and, to me, irrefutable certainty. My belief in the goodness of Nature, and in the final happiness of all things, is unbounded. The very pain through which Nature works, considering the beauty that accompanies it, is a proof to me that her object is great and noble. I accept it with exultation, even if I perish in the course of it; and I accept it with transport, believing that everything will be found right and joyous in its immortal consummation.

But human beings meantime, by the incitement of Nature herself, are among the instruments of human progression; and as it is specially incumbent on those who are of a pleasurable tendency, not to shrink from the communion of pain, but to see what they can do, either towards bearing and helping to bear it, or to hasten its termination, so I would say, to any man of sense and feeling who takes up this volume, and who has not yet happened to turn his attention to the great cause advocated by the societies of Peace and Brotherhood,—Read my verses, or not, as you please; read or not, as you please, the remarks on war and statesmen;—but read, by all means, the notes detailing the horrors of war;—read them, and reflect on them, if it be but for half an hour (for no pain need be longer than is requisite for a good result); and if, at the end of that half hour, they have not supplied the casting vote in favour of whatever step it may be in your power to take on the side in question—be it no greater than sixpence to a subscription, or a word of encouragement to those who can better afford to give it—then sense and feeling have reasons for declining to assist humanity, which it is beyond the faculties of my mind to conceive.

As to those who have considered the question enough already, perhaps with too great emotion, I say to them,—Don't read the horrors at all, whether in prose or verse. Confine youselves to the March, and the Ball-room, and to the peaceful militations of Captain Pen. Nay, read not even those, if they associate themselves with ideas too painful. It is enough that you have suffered pain already, and have sympathized to some purpose. But admit the book, nevertheless, into your house. Let your children see it. Let them grow up acquainted, not only with drums and trumpets, but with what comes *after* the trumpet and the drum. The happy nature of childhood is seldom liable to impressions too serious. But impression will be made; and, by-and-by, it may be useful.

Nobody, I believe, will dispute the propriety of designating the cause a 'great cause'. It may not have yet attained to the prosperity entitling it to the honours of a 'great fact'; though it is a fact which is growing daily, and one, it may be assumed, of no despicable dimensions. But a greater cause, except that of the poor (and there is no mean link between both) is hardly conceivable. And the opposition to it, and sometimes contempt of it, are proofs of the greatness; for they show the difficulties through which it forces its way—amounting, says the contempt, to 'impossibility'. It is what contempt has said to every great cause, till prosperity has won its adhesion. The Anti-Corn-Law movement was treated with contempt till it became a 'great fact'. Reform was treated with contempt in like manner. Sir Thomas More treated heresy, and Strafford treated revolution, with contempt. The Jews treated Christianity with contempt; and Christianity (not, indeed, of the most Christian sort) returned the contempt till the other day, when Judaism was found to be, if not a very great fact, yet a very rich and respectable fact—at least, in the City of London; and, for my part, I heartily wish it success everywhere, seeing what a Christian thing it is, and what an example it sets of good behaviour. Everything has been treated with contempt, which contradicted, even in the gentlest manner (the more indeed on that account) the preconceptions, and therefore the self-love, of the contemners.

'But it is contrary to human nature,' say these gentlemen, 'to the passions of men, that there should be no war. You must alter the creature himself first—make him another being.'

How do they know? And from what do they reason? They reason from the speck

of time called history. They reason from an ignorance of the vast measurements
time to come, of the mystery of being itself, and of all which it is in the power
time and being to effect. If, in so short a space of time as four thousand years,
even as the twenty or thirty thousand of the orientalist, or the myriads themselv
of the geologist (of the humanity of which we know nothing); if, in short, duri
the little space of time of which we have any knowledge or tradition, war has be
modified as much as it has been—softened and civilized—made a thing even
courtesy and consideration—why may it not be modified in proportion, as tim
advances, or not be done away with altogether? Who is to say where the modificati
is to stop? Especially, now that the world have got a press, and wisdom need nev
be forced back, and railroads and electrical intercourse have arrived, and the sen
of the comfort, and even the necessity of neighbourly communion *must* contin
advancing?

There was once a time when inquisitors would have laughed in your face, if you to
them that inquisitions would be abolished; when cannibals would have laughed
your face, and appealed to your 'passions', if you told them that cannibalism wou
be abolished; when our British ancestors, sitting with their legs in ditches inste
of drawing-rooms, and their bodies naked and painted, instead of being invest
with the elegancies of Mr. Nichol, would have thought a man out of his senses, if by a
possibility of imagination he could have conceived the celestial advent of a pair
cotton stockings, or the millennium of Bunhill-row. For, not to mention (they wou
have said) the inconsistency of such luxurious states of existence, how could a
true Briton, *tattooed* with glory, ever give up the enchanting faces of sun and moo
with which he decorates his stomach? Or, how could the passions of such of us
reside in York, ever permit us to put an end to wars with the natural enemies th
inhabit London?

Now London and York fight no more, though they fought in the times of t
ancient Britons. Lancashire and Surrey fight no more, though they fought in t
times of the Saxons. And they fight no more, simply because they have discover
the inconvenience of fighting, and prefer living in neighbourly brotherhood. Wha
then, is to hinder France and England from fighting no more—as intercourse increas
and the vine-grower learns to consider the soldier of no earthly use in his exchan
of goods with the manufacturer?

There was a time when no Scotchman sat down to dinner with a neighbour, witho
sticking his dirk into the table by the side of his trencher, as a caution in case
argument, and an intimation of the sort of point with which it might be necessa
to conclude it. Does he do so now? Yet his 'passions' are the same. Must he
necessity vent them in the same manner? Must he stick a dagger into someboo
in some part of the world, before he can feel comfortable with his 'passions
Before he can settle his difference of opinion with a papal or anti-papal antagonis
And if not he, why anybody? If not anybody, why a nation? The Scotchm
appeals, perhaps, to a court of law—or, if he is wiser, to arbitration; and the sta
of opinion, in his once pugnacious country, is such, that the arbiters are as little und
the necessity of enforcing their award by a file of soldiers, as Scotchmen after dinn
are under the necessity of fighting out an appeal to their host. What is to hind
the growth of such feelings from intersocial to international good sense?

Oh! but we shall grow too commercial, too mechanical, and, above all, t
effeminate, for want of occasionally blowing each other to bits; of shrieking
water, and for termination to our misery, on fields of battle; and of the fir
massacres, and worse horrors, of cities that are besieged.

Why so? Do not other acquirements progress, as well as those of commerc
Do not the minds of the commercial progress with them, and issue forth to advanta
on the arenas of legislation? Do these minds hate books, and languages, and f
arts, and intellectual and moral progress of any kind? And, nevertheless, do th
not inhabit strenuous and active bodies, that go through more fatigue in a sess
than soldiers do for years, except during an actual campaign? Does mechani
itself not take poetical and exalting shapes in the wonders of steam and electricit
And as to education, why need education cease to be robust and noble, because m
have considered the subject more closely, and seen into the bodily as well as men
wants of its disciples? Why may it not, indeed, become far nobler than it is, a

ubstitute manly training of all kinds, within the bounds of reason—for instructions ow to grow mad, and organize one another's death and misery?

Great qualities may undoubtedly be fetched out by war, and may adorn it. They ay blind us even to its calamities. Nature, in the course of the great working of er designs, will have no misery unexalted or unadorned by moral qualities. She ill insist on comforting us by the way. But are we to refuse, on that account, er incitements to advance—to enter happier regions of time and wisdom? If so, hy does she put the thoughts into our heads? and into heads, observe, not of the erely simple and believing, but of some of the greatest men that have instructed, nd that have *altered* the earth? Why did Plato, and Bacon, and Sir Thomas More imself, speculate on their 'Utopias'? Why did the French philosopher endeavour o laugh down war? And why has there existed scarcely a philosopher of any ation, or man of common sense either, who has not both ridiculed and deplored t? What made Henry the Fourth himself, Frenchman and conqueror as he was, nticipate the feelings of the Peace and Brotherhood Societies, and propose to set p Arbitration in its stead?

But I am entering into a new discussion, when I intended only an advertisement. Besides, I am afraid that the absurdity, with which the question in favour of war is egged, has been leading me, now and then, into a tone hardly serious enough for he grave matter which follows.

To the gravest portion of that matter, if the reader is not yet thoroughly acquainted ith it, or has not yet been led to take any steps towards the prevention of what it ecords, I again beg his earnest attention.

KENSINGTON, LEIGH HUNT.
July 17th, 1849.

NOTES, 1849 [reprinted 1857, 1860]

115–16. 'In action man is quite another being. . . . The soul rises above its vonted serenity, into a kind of frenzied apathy to the scene before you—a heroism ordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted, *the eye full and open, noving quickly in its socket, with almost maniac wildness: the head is in constant notion, the nostrils extended wide, and the mouth apparently gasping.*'

'In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French attery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly ttempting to force the bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay y the musketry of the inner files. Further on, you traced the spot where the cavalry f France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled, nd the heavy Norman horse of the imperial guard were interspersed with the grey hargers which had carried Albin's chivalry. There the Highlander and tirailleur ay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge pon his helmet, was grasped in death by the Polish lancer.

'On the summit of the ridge, the ground lay cumbered with dead, and *trodden, etlock deep, in mud and gore.*'—Booth's *Accounts of Waterloo*, p. xlii.

122–6. Campbell, the poet, during the first wars of the revolution, saw the rench army, under Moreau, enter Hohenlinden after defeating the Austrians. The avalry were wiping their bloody swords on the manes of their horses.

'Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some ay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; *some, with deep noanings, expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,*

> *'Jerked out their armed heels at their dead masters,*
> *Killing them twice.*'—Booth's *Waterloo.*

132. See any picture of such a *mêlée*, in paintings or engravings; and consider , not with the 'eye of an artist', but with the feelings of a fellow-creature.

The circumstance of 'lolling the tongues out', during a charge of bayonets, on a hot nd exhausting day, was told me in my youth, on the authority of a soldier who had erved in Holland.

137–8. 'The smell which hung not only about the interior, but the exterior f the cottage, was shocking. Not that the dead had as yet begun to putrify; for hough some of them had lain for a couple of days exposed to the influence of the

atmosphere, the weather was far too cold to permit the progress of decompositi to commence; but the odour, even of an ordinary field of battle, is extremely disagr able. I can compare it to nothing more aptly than the interior of *a butcher's slaught house*, soon after he may have killed his sheep or oxen for the market. Here th species of perfume was peculiarly powerful; and it was not the less unpleasant th the smell of burning was mixed with it.'—Booth's *Waterloo*.

219–27. 'Some poor fellows (among the wounded) could be seen *raising th knees up to their chins, and then flinging them down with all their might*. Some attempt to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his ha to his bleeding head, then fall, and roll down the hill, to rise no more.'—*Memoirs John Shipp*.

For 'Water', which is the universal cry of the wounded on a field of battle, see anecdote from Southey in the 'Remarks on War'.

260–6. 'A few stragglers of each party still continued engaged, and this pa of the affray took place within twenty yards of us. One of our dragoons came the water with a frightful wound; *his jaw was entirely separated from the upp part of his face, and hung on his breast*; the poor fellow made an effort to drink that wretched condition.'—Cooke's *Peninsular War*, vol. i, p. 173.

'I ran towards the large breach (at Ciudad Rodrigo), and met an officer slow walking between two soldiers of the rifle corps. I asked who it was, when he faint replied, "Uniacke", and walked on. *One of his eyes was blown out, and the fle was torn off his arms and legs*. He had taken chocolate with our mess, an hour a a half before! He died in excruciating agony.'—Cooke, vol. i, p. 121.

'One round shot had struck down seven of the enemy on the left of the roa some of them were dead, others still alive, with either legs or arms knocked off, otherwise horribly mutilated, and were crying out in extreme anguish, *and implori the soldiers to shoot them, and put an end to their dreadful sufferings*. A German huss in our service, answered them that they would be kindly treated by our medic officers. "No! no!" they vociferated, "we cannot bear to live. Countrymen, are Germans; pray kill us, and shorten our miseries."'—Cooke, vol. i, p. 279.

Speaking of a man who was hacked and hewed for being a spy, the author sa 'This poor fellow, it was supposed by the medical men, must have died a death extreme agony, *for the ground under him was dug up with his struggling under torture which had been inflicted on him*.'—Id.

'When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the fie what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must ha presented. Fancy may conceive it; but description must necessarily be scanty a imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,0 *men and horses were lying*. The luxurious crop of *grain*, which had covered the fie of battle, was *reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth*; and the surface trodd down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon wheels, was strewn with ma a relic of the fight. *Helmets and cuirasses, scattered fire-arms and broken swords, the variety of military ornaments*, lancers' caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of eve colour, *plume and pennon, musical instruments*, the apparatus of artillery, drum bugles; but, good God, why dwell on the harrowing picture of a slaughter fiel Each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the miseries of such battle.'—Booth's *Waterloo*.

270–4. Alluding to followers of the camp, and others, who rifle the field after t battle, and who are understood to kill as well as plunder. Some have been said be females! so brutalizing is war. Smollett, as if in excuse for the execrable natu of his hero, 'Count Fathom', has made one of these his mother. She is shot a dying dragoon, while about to dispatch him herself!

'The dead could not be numbered; and by those who visited this dreadful fie of glory and of death (Waterloo), the day after the battle, the spectacle of horror th it exhibited can never be forgotten. *The mangled and lifeless bodies were even th stripped of every covering*. Everything of the smallest value was already carried off.' Cooke.

279–82. 'The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Saturday. The last numbe of the wounded were not carried off the field till the following Thursday. Imagi what they must have suffered meanwhile, not only from the agony of their wound but from thirst and starvation!

'The road between Waterloo and Brussels, which passes for nine miles through he thick forest of Soignes, was choked up with scattered baggage, broken waggons, nd dead horses. The heavy rains, and the great passage upon it, had rendered it lmost impassable, so that it was with extreme difficulty that the carriages containing he wounded could be brought along. The way was lined with unfortunate men, who ad crept from the field, and many, unable to go farther, lay down and died: holes lug by the roadside served as their graves, and the road, weeks after the battle, was trewn with the tattered remains of their clothes and accoutrements. In every illage and hamlet, on every road, in every part of the country, *for thirty miles round, wounded soldiers were found wandering*; the wounded Belgic and Dutch stragglers xerted themselves as much as possible to reach their own homes. So great were the umbers of the wounded, that, notwithstanding the most active and unremitted xertions, the last were not removed from the field of battle into Brussels *till the Thursday following*.—Page xxxii.

'I will not attempt to describe the scene of slaughter which the fields presented, r what any person possessed of the least spark of humanity must have felt, while ve viewed the dreadful situation of some *thousands of wounded wretches, who remained ithout assistance through a bitter cold night, succeeded by a day of most scorching heat.* English and French were dying by the side of each other, and I have no doubt hunreds, who were not discovered when the dead were buried, and who were unable o crawl to any habitation, must have perished by famine.'—Page xlii.

297–300. I have mislaid the memorandum recording this appalling circumstance. The horse rarely utters a voice, even in health and joy, which renders its cry of agony particularly horrific.

305–11. He hopes to be put out of his misery by the wretches before mentioned.

'About six o'clock in the evening a dreadful occurrence took place. *The long dry grass ook fire*, and the flames spreading rapidly over the field of action, *a great number f the wounded were scorched to death.* For those who escaped, a large hospital was stablished in the town of Talavera.'—*Peninsular Campaign*, vol. ii, p. 244.

'The French as well as the British soldiers, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, were arried up into the air, or jammed amongst the rubbish, some with heads, arms, or egs, sticking out of the earth. I saw one of the unfortunate soldiers in a blanket, ith *his face, head, and body as black as a coal, and cased in a black substance like shell*; his features were no longer distinguishable, and all his hair was singed from ff his head, but still the unfortunate man was alive. *How long he lived in this horrible tuation I cannot say.*'—Cooke, vol. i, p. 128.

'As we moved off, the dead and the dying lay under the trees (the trunks of many f them in flames), pale and shivering, with their bloody congealed bandages, *implorng us not to leave them in that horrible situation, in the middle of the forest in the depth f winter. However, to attempt to afford them assistance was impossible.* Every individual had enough to do to drag himself along, after three days' privation.'—Cooke, ol. i, p. 239.

'Two of our men, and four sepoys of the 70th, in the unthinking way peculiar to he lower classes, went and sat down by one of the ammunition waggons we had aptured, when the Europeans took out their pipes, and began to smoke; a spark ommunicated with the powder, and the whole blew up, leaving these six poor fellows opelessly scorched on the ground. One man's head was blown off, and he was the appiest of the whole—for the agony the others must have suffered is indescribable. ne of them started up and commenced running about all in flames, until, overcome ith the torment, he fell to the ground. All this time no one dared to go near him, his ammunition pad was in a blaze, and had not yet exploded. It was fearful to e the flames eating into his vitals, and his unavailing struggles to free himself om them. At last I saw a piece of a tent lying on the ground, which I snatched p and threw over him: but there was no hope for him. All of them, in their agony, id torn off every stitch of clothing; and the black and scorched flesh hanging in rips—their withered tongues protruding from their mouths, in which the blood as gurgling, as they gasped for breath—their faces like blackened masks, and their es starting from their sockets—their groans, and the screams for water, with hich they pointed to their parched mouths, showed a frightful picture of some of e horrors attendant upon war. They were all taken to the hospital instantly;

but none was likely to recover. I hope I may never witness such a sight again excruciating suffering without the power of rendering assistance. The commande in-chief came down the line just after this catastrophe, and we stood to our arms ar cheered him as he passed.'—*Journal of a Subaltern during the Campaign in the Punja* (*Extracted into the 'Manchester Examiner' and 'Times'.*)

318–21. It is forgotten, amidst the medals, and titles, and annual feasts, and oth 'glories' that follow the miseries of war, how many maimed and blood-saddened me are still suffering in hospitals and private houses; and how much offspring, in a probability, is rendered sickly and melancholy. The author of the present poe believes that he owes the worse part of his constitution to the illness and anxiet caused, to one of the best of mothers, by the American war.

329. 'Every tree in the wood of Hougoumont is pierced with balls; in one alon I counted the holes where upwards of twenty had lodged. But the strokes whic were fatal to human life have not actually injured them; though their trunks a filled with balls, and their branches broken and destroyed, their verdure is still th same. Wild flowers are still blooming, and wild raspberries ripening beneath the shade; *while huge black piles of human ashes, dreadfully offensive in smell, are all th now remain of the heroes who fought and fell upon the fatal spot.* Beside some grave at the outskirts of this wood, the little wild flower, *Forget-me-not*—("myosot arvensis,") was blooming, and the flaring red *poppy* had already sprung up aroun and even upon them, as if in mockery of the dead.'—Booth's *Waterloo*, p. xix.

331. The tears of an old soldier for the fate of his comrades are some of the mo affecting in the world, and do him immortal honour; far more honour than thousand of things which are considered more glorifying.

'They parted: Blücher proceeded on his way—Lord Wellington returned t Waterloo. As he crossed again the fatal scene, on which the silence of death had no succeeded to the storm of battle, the moon breaking from dark clouds shed an unce tain light upon this wide field of carnage, covered with mangled thousands of th gallant army, whose heroic valour had won for him the brightest wreath of victor and left to future time an imperishable monument of their country's fame. H saw himself surrounded by the bloody corpses of his veteran soldiers, who ha followed him through distant lands—of his friends—of his associates in arms—h companions through many an eventful year of danger and of glory; in that awf pause which follows the mortal conflict of man with man, emotions, unknown stifled in the heat of battle, forced their way; the feelings of the man triumpho over those of the general, and in the very hour of victory Lord Wellington bur into tears.'

335. 'Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnigh About ten o'clock the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing o its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implemen of destruction so accurately thrown—some of them scarcely five inches above th walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadfu In places so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every she must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and perhaps torn fro mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnag committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of the messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormo size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling ha been so improved, in the twelve years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpor that, instead of about one shell in about five minutes from a single battery, it was b no means extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteri which were brought to bear on this place. It was, at times, truly awful, to see te of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, ar disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destine spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. Th moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as thoug reluctant to look on such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcaroes we also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring abov They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretc forth their claws of death; and well might the poor natives call them devils of th

night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms, with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, while they imbrued their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their very cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. *Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom!* I will relate one melancholy case of this kind, out of numbers that came within my observation, and actually happened at this place :—

'A female was lying on a bed of green silk, under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe, and her left was extended, as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and having made its way through three floors, had gone through the foot of the bed and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of her head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. *The lower part of the child's body, from the hip downwards, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell.* We understood that this woman was the wife of a most respectable officer in the fort, who had met his death some hours before her, and was, therefore, in pity spared the afflicting sight. *Such, reader, are the scenes of war. Such are the scenes which soldiers in the course of service are called upon to witness.* The poor woman and her babe were committed to the grave; probably the first of her generation that ever returned to the earth as her last home, for she was a Hindoo woman.

'Near a small village, a beautiful young woman, about sixteen, had been seen, and ultimately seized. Her husband, to whom she had been wedded only about three months, was one of those who were killed when the magazine blew up. From that period, nothing could soothe her or appease her grief; no power could restrain her; and at last she escaped into an adjoining wood or rumna. When I saw her she was running wildly; but at times she would pause, hold up her finger, and tell you to listen, when she would exclaim, with the most heartrending shriek,—"That was him! It was he that did speak!—Yet now he is gone!" Then the poor bewildered maniac would tear her coal-black hair, which was hanging in ringlets down her back and bosom, and at length sink exhausted to the ground. She was taken to the camp and committed to the care of some of her relations, who had been taken prisoners.

'How it was possible that a single individual could have escaped such a bombardment was to us a mystery; for large houses were literally torn up by the roots. They had thrown a great number of their dead into a well, and many lay in the ditch, a melancholy and revolting sight, for the sun had swollen them to an enormous size.

'It seems that the moment any of their children were killed, in houses remote from the well, they were thrown into the street. I counted five limbless babes in one street.'—*Military Career of John Shipp*, vol. ii, p. 190.

'Long will the Sikhs have cause to remember the battle of Goojerat. The whole line of their flight was strewed with dead. We advanced into their camp over heaps of dead and dying. It wanted nothing more to show the gallant stand they had made. Everything was in confusion—tumbrils overturned, guns dismounted, waggons with their wheels off, oxen and camels rushing wildly about, wounded horses plunging in their agony, beds, blankets, boxes, ammunition, strewed about the ground in a perfect chaos; the wounded lying there groaning, some begging to be despatched, others praying for mercy, and some, with scowling looks of impotent rage, striving to cut down those who came near them, and thereby insuring their own destruction, for but little quarter, I am ashamed to say, was given, and even those we managed to save from the vengeance of our men were, I fear, killed afterwards. But, after all, it is a war of extermination. The most heart-rending sight of the day was one I witnessed in a tent I entered. There, on the ground, bleeding to death, lay a young mother; her leg had been carried off by a round shot, and the jagged stump

protruded in a ghastly manner through the mangled flesh. She held a baby to h breast, and as she bent over it with maternal anxiety, all her thoughts seemed to of her child. She appeared totally regardless of the agony she must have be suffering, and to think of nothing but the poor infant, which was drawing its nouris ment from her failing breast. I gave her some water, and she drank it greedil raising her large imploring eyes to my face, with an expression that was heart-rendi to witness. I was obliged to leave the poor creature, and go on with the regimer but the remembrance of that sight will live with me till my dying day.'—*Extra from the Journal of a Subaltern of the 2nd Europeans, in the Battle of Goojerat.* (*Fro the 'Times'*.)

340. 'We have the assurance of Marshal Suchet, that the officers of his arn made tremendous exertions to stop the carnage. But the soldiers, with han already steeped in blood, would not be restrained. Within and without the tow the slaughter continued with unabated ferocity. The claims of age and sex we disregarded. Those who sought refuge in the churches were massacred, even the altar. *Beauty, helplessness, and innocence, did not save life, though they ensur violation.*'—*Peninsular War*, vol. iii, p. 131.

'This successful achievement was followed by the usual scenes of riot and exces The men, no longer amenable to discipline, ransacked the houses in search of plunde The cellars were broken open, and emptied of their contents; many houses we wantonly set on fire; and the yells of brutal triumph, uttered by the *intoxicat soldiers*, were heard in wild dissonance with the screams of the wounded. Thus passe the night. In the morning, by the exertions of the officers, discipline was partial restored. The soldiers by degrees returned to their duty, and the blind appetit of their brutal natures became again subjected to moral restraint.'—Vol. iii, p. 18

'As soon as the fighting (at St. Sebastian's, in Spain) began to wax faint, the horro of rapine and plunder succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even think without a shudde The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the church profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken ope and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad b intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers no longer ha the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them to a sense of submission.

'Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare burning houses, which one after another took fire. The morning of the 31st had rise upon St. Sebastian, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain—long befo midnight it was one sheet of flame; and by noon, on the following day, little remain of it except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty, like those in the Old Town Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to anoth with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was ho personally, to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected fro house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be foun and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

'The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falli on them, from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicate men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtain wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were careless scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fell whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wal there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as most prized. Next would come a party rolling a cask of wine, or spirits, with lo acclamations, which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasion laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounde and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert as man who listened to it can ever forget.

'After these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside, as night passed on—and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost consumed itself, by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathings of the sleepers, and even that was soon heard no more.'

P. **93.** *Abou ben Adhem.* 'On rapporte de lui (Abou-Ishak-Ben-Adhem), qu'il vit en songe un ange qui écrivoit, et que lui ayant demandé ce qu'il faisoit, cet ange lui répondit: "J'écris le nom de ceux qui aiment sincèrement Dieu, tels que sont Malek-Ben-Dinar, Thaber-al-Benani, Aioud-al-Sakhtiani, &c." Alors il dit à l'ange, "Ne suis-je point parmi ces gens-là?"—"Non," lui répondit l'ange. "Hé bien," répliqua-t-il, "écrivez-moi, je vous prie, pour l'amour d'eux, en qualité d'ami de ceux qui aiment Dieu." L'on ajoute, que le même ange lui révéla bientôt après, qu'il avoit reçu ordre de Dieu de le mettre à la tête de tous les autres.'—D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale* (1781), tom. i, p. 161, in voc. *Adhem.* [H. 1844]

P. **94.** *The Bitter Gourd.* First published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, April 1850, with the following introductory lines:

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

'Grace' in good truth,—renowned for that rare art
Called Perfect Tact (if it indeed be art,
Whose skill implies an all-embracing heart),
Behold—in Lokman's lord—the only thing,
In all he did, beyond thy compassing;—
In Lokman's self,—the spirit more than free,
Which thou hadst shown as well hadst thou been he.

P. **95.** *The Inevitable.* First called 'The Visitor'. Harrison Ainsworth (editor of *The New Monthly*) to L. H., December 5, 1849: 'The only thing I do not entirely like is the title of the piece. "The Visitor" does not sufficiently describe it. Something expressive of Fate—Che sarà sarà—would be better. But such good wine needs no bush, and any title will do.'

P. **101.** *Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper.* Forster, February 18, 1850, writes: 'But you ask if you can do anything new in time for him [Dickens, *Household Words*]. And that reminds me that there is a story told by Jeremy Taylor which I have long wanted you to turn into verse. I think you know it, but here it is. It is the conclusion of his *Apology for Christian Toleration*,' and he tells him the story of Abraham and the Fire-worshipper.

P. **141.** *Politics and Poetics.*

17. The Red Book. The reader will bear in mind, that these verses were written at the commencement of the Regency, which irritated Reformers by its violation of Whig promises and its retention of Tory ministers. [H. 1860.]

39. To wit, backbites me. The Goblin is the Attorney-General;—at that time Sir Vicary Gibbs; who resembled in aspect the portrait here drawn of him in his wig and gown. He was much esteemed, I believe, in private, and was a great reader of novels. [H. 1860.]

46. Alluding to three out of the four prosecutions instituted by the then Tory government against the author's (and his brother John's) newspaper, the *Examiner*, for expressing opinions which, in those days, were called libels, and with all of which later times have accorded. The fourth prosecution, which took place subsequently to the publication of this poem, was the only one that succeeded; but according to the strange ordinances in such cases, the proprietors of the paper had to pay the expenses of indictments in all. [H. 1860.]

Between ll. 58–9 The Reflector *has the following seventeen lines:*

If sights like these my gentle Muse can bear,
Thy visage may be seen, capricious fair,
In courts and taverns, and the Lord knows where.
Gifford may yet his courtly chains forego,
Or leave Reviews to those who dare say no;

Old Brinsley too, with whiskey dead alive,
Look up once more, and feel his flame revive;
And Canning, for a public joke, prefer
Some merrier fiction than his character.
E'en Walter Scott may see thee now and then,
Spite of the worn-out sword he wields for pen,
And all that ancient state in which he sits,
Of spears, plaids, bugles, helms, and border-wits.
Enchanter Scott, who in black-letter read,
Gains a rank life by raising of the dead,
Sure but to fix his destiny more fast,
And dying like themselves, be damned at last.

113. Thelwall was a lecturer on elocution, with whom Reformers were angry for his having given up politics. [H. 1860.]

P. **144.** *The Feast of the Poets.*

147. William Gifford: Editor of the then *Quarterly Review*, which, besides the Reformers, abused Charles Lamb, and subsequently Shelley and Keats. He is called, a few lines further, the Anti-La-Cruscan, from his having given, or been supposed to give, the *coup-de-grâce* to a set of fantastical versifiers, who were headed by one that wrote under the signature of Della Crusca, and who would have died of inanition with their master, whether Gifford—himself a very small poet—had attacked them, or not. The reader can see more on the subject, if he pleases, in my 'Autobiography'. What has exasperated me with Gifford, before his attacks on my friends, was his unmanly treatment of George the Fourth's (then Prince of Wales's) discarded and now infirm mistress, Mary Robinson, whose 'crutches' he did not hesitate to make subjects of derision. Not a syllable did he dare to breathe against the Prince. [H. 1860.]

For lines 162–369 *1832–57* substitute twenty lines and *1860* thirteen lines, four lines being common to *1832*, *1844*, *1857*, and *1860*, as set out below. For convenience of comparison the names of the poets characterized are repeated in side-notes and italics. (*Rimini and other Poems*, Boston, 1844, reproduces the text of 1814.)

1832–57

But glad looked the God at the next who appeared,
Campbell. For 'twas Campbell, by Poland's pale blessing endeared;
Montgomery. And Montgom'ry was with him, a freeman as true,
(Heav'n loves the ideal, which practises too;)
Rogers. And him followed Rogers, whose laurel tree shows
Thicker leaves, and more sunny, the older it grows;
Rejoicing he came in the god-send of weather;
Scott. Then Scott (for the famous ones all came together);

1832–60

Scott. His host [The God *1860*] overwhelmed him with thanks for his novels;
Crabbe. Then Crabbe, asking questions concerning Greek hovels;
Byron, Moore. And Byron, with eager indifference; and Moore
With admiring glad eyes, that came leaping before;

1832–57

Keats. And Keats, with young tresses and thoughts, like the god's;
Shelley. And Shelley, a sprite from his farthest abodes;
Phoebus gave him commissions from Marlowe and Plato;
Landor. And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to, [*1832–57*]
(Catullus, they tell me, and Ovid); and with him
Southey. Came Southey, who rightly thinks court-odes beneath him; [*1832*]
Coleridge. And Coleridge, fine dreamer, with lutes in his rhyme;
Wordsworth. And Wordsworth, the Prince of the Bards of his Time [*1832–57*]

For the penultimate couplet 1844, 1857 have:

Southey. (Catullus and Ovid); and Southey with looks
Like a man just awaked from the depth of his books;

1860

But now came the men of right visiting claims;
I forget in what order, but here are the names.
Campbell. There was Campbell, for Hope and fine war-songs renowned,
With a wail underneath them of tenderer [thoughtfuller *one MS.*] sound;
Rogers. And Rogers, who followed, as Memory should;
Scott. And Scott, full of Scotland's old minstrelling mood;

[*Here follow the four lines noted above as common to 1832–60.*]

1860, continued

Southey. And Southey, with dust from the books on his shelf;
Wordsworth. And Wordsworth, whose porcelain was taken for delf,
Coleridge. And Coleridge, whose poetry 's poetry's self.

A variant on the 1832–57 lines on Keats, Shelley, and Landor, appears in the Postscript to 1860:

Keats. And Keats, the God's own young historian of Gods;
Shelley. With Shelley, diviner still, planning abodes
For earth to enjoy with surpassers of Plato;
Landor. And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to
Procter. (Catullus and Ovid); with Procter, whose songs . . .

For lines 431–42 in *1815*, *R* (= *1814*) has eight lines only, *1832* (= *1844*, *1857*) has fourteen lines, and *1860* twelve lines. These four versions are set out below, and for convenience of comparison the names of the poets characterized are repeated in the margin.

1815, ll. 431–42

So saying, he led through the door in his state,
And seating the poets, cried 'Laurels for eight!'
No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there,
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Byron. Lord Byron's with turk's-cap and cypress was mixed,
Scott. And Scott's with a thistle, with creeper betwixt;
Wordsworth. And Wordsworth's with celandin, aloe, and pine;
Southey. And, Bob, penny-royal and blow-ball with thine;
Coleridge. Then Sam's with mandragoras, fearful to wear;
Campbell. With willow Tom Campbell's, and oak here and there;
Moore. And lastly, with shamrock from tear-bedewed shores,
And with vine-leaves and Jump-up-and-kiss-me, Tom Moore's.

Reflector, and *1814*

So saying, he led through the dining-room door,
And, seating the poets, cried, 'Laurels for four!'
No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there;
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Campbell. Tom Campbell's with willow and poplar was twined,
Southey. And Southey's with mountain-ash, plucked in the wind;
Scott. And Scott's with a heath from his old garden-stores,
Moore. And with vine-leaves and Jump-up-and-kiss-me, Tom Moore's.

1832–60

So saying, he led through the door in his [without *1860*] state,
Each bard, as he followed him, blessing his fate;
And by some charm or other, as each took his chair,
There burst a most beautiful wreath in his hair.
I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was bay,
Campbell. And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and May;

1832–57

Rogers, Moore. And Forget-me-nots, Rogers; and Moore had a vine;
Shelley. And Shelley, besides most magnificent pine,

Had the plant which thy least touch, Humanity, knows;
Keats. And Keats's had forest-tree, ivy [basil *1844, 1857*], and rose;
Southey. And Southey some buds of the tall Eastern palm;
Coleridge. And Coleridge mandragoras, mingled with balm;
Wordsworth. And Wordsworth, with all which the field-walk endears,
The blossom that counts by its hundreds of years.

1860

Southey, Moore. And Southey a palm-branch, and Moore had a vine,
Byron. And pepper-leaf Byron, surmounted with pine;
Wordsworth. And mountain-ash Wordsworth, with groundsel and yew;
Coleridge. And Coleridge the rare petals four, that endue
Their finder with magic; and, lovely to tell,
They sparkled with drops from Apollo's own well.

POSTSCRIPT (1860)

'Twas in eighteen eleven those bards came to dine:
I now add a word in eighteen fifty-nine.
For divers times more did those nine laurelled brothers
Receive invitations to dine with new others.
Thurlow. As Thurlow, to wit, with his old poet-strain,
Whose crotchets that way hurt a really fine vein;
Keats. And Keats, the God's own young historian of Gods;
Shelley. With Shelley, diviner still, planning abodes
For earth to enjoy with surpassers of Plato;
Landor. And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to
Procter. (Catullus and Ovid); with Procter, whose songs
Have made such sweet air of life's raptures and wrongs,
Besides setting free the true tongue of the stage
For Landor to join in full many a page,
And Shelley at Rome with so lofty a rage.
Hood. Tom Hood too was feasted, strange glad and sad brain,
Whose mirth, you may notice, turns all upon pain.
His puns are such breeders of puns, in and in,
Our laughter becomes a like manifold din:
Yet a right poet also was Hood, and could vary
His jokes with deep fancies of Centaur and Fairy;
And aye on his fame will a tear be attending,
Who wrote the starved song, with its burden unending.

J. S. Knowles. Now finish, my song, with one visitor more;
The good old boy's face—how it bloomed at the door!
Hazlitt, painting it during its childhood, turned grim,
Saying, 'D—n your fat cheeks!' then out louder, 'Frown, Jim.'
Those cheeks still adorned the most natural of souls,
Whose style yet was not so—James Sheridan Knowles.
His style had been taught him in those his green days;
His soul was his own, and brought crowds to his plays.

Since then, many poets of new generations
Have doubtless received like divine invitations;
But where 's the rash youth for their specifications?

A leaf of MS. preserved by Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt has the following variants:

Rogers. And Rogers, who follow'd, as Memory should,
Though they say it had made him sarcastic of mood;
Thurlow. And Thurlow, whose crotchets obscured a rare vein;
Procter. And Procter who made the old stage speak again
With its tongue of true impulse, and gave us such songs
As rang the whole round of life's raptures and wrongs;
Hood. And Hood, with like ardour the friendless befriending
Who sang the starv'd song, with its burden unending.

P. 161. *Ultra-Crepidarius.*

PREFACE, 1823

The following *jeu d'esprit* is the 'stick' which is mentioned in the third number of the *Liberal* as having been cut for Mr. Gifford's special use.[1] It would still have been kept where I had laid it up, for the reasons there specified; and to say the truth (being deficient in my duties as a 'hater') I had resolved never to make any use of it at all. But there may be reasons for altering my mind:—so, as the man in the play says, 'If I must, I must'. It is but just at all times, and may be necessary at some, that people who make a sport of the lives and fortunes of others, should be made to pay back some of the advantages of which they deprive them.

'Nothing', said a gallant acquaintance, 'puts me so much out of temper, as that confounded ill temper.' The person who crawled for his portrait in the following sketch, has no excuse for the malignity of his very mediocre pretensions and slavish success. He is no inexperienced youth; nor is he poor in his old age. He has grown grey, yet he has not grown wiser. He has endured sickness and melancholy, yet they have not made him humane. The young he has treated as if he never wanted encouragement himself, nor found it. The delicate of health he has not spared, though his own hand shook that struck them. It is said I attacked him first. It is not true. He attacked a woman. He struck, in her latter days, at the *crutches* of poor Mary Robinson—a human being, who was twenty times as good as himself, and whose very lameness (that last melancholy contradiction to qualities of heart and person which he might well envy) was owing to a spirit of active kindness which he never possessed. The blow was bound to make every manly cheek tingle; and I held up the little servile phenomenon in the 'Feast of the Poets'. For this, *and for attacking powerful Princes instead of their discarded Mistresses*, he has never forgiven me. My first notice of him was in his praise: to which, if I mistake not, I owe the importunate requests which Mr. Murray made me to write in the *Quarterly Review*. I was then a youth, and knew his writings only piecemeal. I did not write in the *Quarterly Review*; and I soon acquired knowledge enough to sound the shallow depths of the Editor. *Hinc illae lachrymae.* Hence the 'misquoting' criticism on the 'Story of Rimini'. Hence, and for no other cause, his unfeeling attack on Mr. Keats; for extraordinary genius was calculated merely to perplex him. Hence, in some measure, his unchristian hatred and misrepresentation of the christian temper of Mr. Shelley: for if ever faith and charity were separate, it was in the persons of these two men. Mr. Gifford's faith delights in scorning charity and extinguishing hope.

All the power of this man has consisted in the sympathy he has found with common-place understandings, and in the co-operation of the Tories, to whom he is a flattering servant. But the common-place are a large and well-faggoted set of brethren; and tools become formidable in the hands of power, though but wooden idols themselves. He has been well hacked in prose by Mr. Hazlitt. It may not be amiss to hold him up once more in verse. If he cannot bleed (which is not necessary) he may be made a scarecrow and an example.

A word upon his origin. Nothing can be more foreign from my purpose than to treat it with contempt for its own sake. It is he that treats it with contempt, when he sets himself by the side of an overweening aristocracy, and undertakes to be lofty and anti-plebeian. The title of *Ultra-Crepidarius*, which was invented for him by a friend of mine, came out of one of the humblest as well as noblest spirits that exist. What are called low origins and high origins are equally, to me, matters of indifference. I have literally (whatever I may have had once) no sort of feeling with regard to those 'above' me or 'below' me, but such as are made by moral and intellectual qualities. But as men of 'high origin', who understand how to manage their weakness on these points, take care, by a certain decorum, not to subject themselves either to an ironical homage of it by their pride, or a foolish belief in their indifference to it by their levity; so people of 'low origin', who would have us treat a matter of indifference as it ought to be treated, must take care how

[1] Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,
Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick? &c.
['To a Spider,' p. 160, ll. 70, 71.]

they regard it in a different light themselves, especially by the overweening sympath above-mentioned. It is too much to see people of this nature at one time layin claim to one's liberality in behalf of their origin, or at least covertly suggesting tha we are to afford it, and at all others treating the community from which the sprung with scorn, and helping to deliver them into the hands of their taskmasters It has been my fortune of late to witness this temper carried to its highest pitch and to see a party of men, who have risen into what is called 'good company' out o the families of grocers and linen-drapers (where I dare say the company they kep was quite as respectable) doing their best to obstruct the fortunes of a family which had suffered in their own cause, and which had the misfortune of being neithe 'high' nor 'low'. I would rather, for my part, have been Cowley, the son o a grocer, than all the common-place gentry that ever lived; but much rather woul I have been Cowley, the son of a grocer, who was also a man of spirit and consistenc and good-nature, than the son of a grocer who has forfeited his title to all three and I expect all men of spirit, whether lord, grocer, or shoemaker, to agree with me

To them, and to no others, I address the following verses.

NOTES [1823]

48. I must add, from the recollection I have of the Eloisa, that this merit was mor conspicuous on the side of St. Preux than of Julia; even though he said something if I remember, in a moment of delirium, which the lady thought proper to recollec and rate him for the next day. Real delicacy of spirit seemed always to me to be o his side. It is a long time, however, since I read the work; and my memory ma deceive me.

50. Ashburton, in Devonshire, the birth-place of our hero. Queen Elizabet said that the inhabitants of that delightful county were 'natural born gentlemen I do not mean to dispute her Majesty's encomium, but every rule has its exceptior

159–60. During our hero's residence with the late Lord Grosvenor, in capacit of tutor to his son, Peter Pindar accused him of performing offices for the Nobl Earl, such as Pipes discharged for Peregrine Pickle in the affair with the Gypsy I believe, for my part, that the stories were false; though why I should believe so after the foul offices which he can discharge for the state, and the readiness h exhibits to scandalize and believe ill of others, I can hardly say. His answers to Pete were as loathsome as the accusations.

180. See the articles in the *Quarterly* on Mr. Keats, Mr. Shelley, and others.

184. Mr. Gifford is particularly furious and triumphant at the mistakes o little wit of his predecessors in annotation. He is angry that a pioneer is not general; forgetting that he himself, at his best, is but one of the company. Hi own mistakes in criticism, if not in the commoner tasks of annotation, are numerous and betray a feebleness of observation and sentiment, always compelled to sto short of any thing deep or elevated. His footing is only fit for beaten paths; and hi eye cannot discern the best things that adorn even those. Sir Andrew can as soo give an 'exquisite reason'.

210. Mr. Tibbald, the old original hero of the *Dunciad*, is said to have declare in print, that Shakespeare 'deserved to be whipt';—'an insolence', saith th commentator on that poem, 'which nothing sure can parallel but that of Dennis who can be proved to have declared before company, that Shakespear was a rascal Our modern Critic somewhere expresses his fear (I think in the preface to Be Jonson's Works) that all may not go quite well with Shakespeare in the other world

> The force of foppery could no further go—
> To make a third, she join'd the former two.

230. See an epitaph on Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in the *Edinburgh Review*.

254. This [The 'Jenkies'] is not my elegant abbreviation of the family name o Lord Liverpool. It is Mr. Canning's.

255–6. See the Grecian history, the story of Cymon and Iphigenia, and th battle of Waterloo:—an odd conjunction; but writers are always making od conjunctions with the said battle.

257. Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be P—e.

The judge filled up the rhyme for himself, and Pope said he would not dispute the matter with so nice a versifier.

258. 'Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant' (now *Courier*) 'where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer law and justice in Jamaica.'—*Notes to the Dunciad.*

258. . . . Lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes:
With me began this genius, and shall end.
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend!—*Dunciad*, Book II.

Who would not suppose, that this, instead of being the past and anterior Murray, was not the present living one, talking of a certain Noble Bard, whom he used to boast of as his peculiar pride and *dulce decus*, though he had an unaccountable trick of adding, that he lost by him! Another bookseller, smitten with admiration at a loftiness even in a brother tradesman to which he could not hope to attain, has been heard to affirm as much himself, ejaculating, that 'the Noble Lord owed more to Mr. Murray than Mr. Murray to the Noble Lord!' The next thing, doubtless, that we shall hear, is, that Mr. Murray *is* the Noble Lord; and that the supposed Lord Byron, now travelling in Greece, is only a tradesman in disguise.

261–2. 'John Ward, of Hackney, Esq, Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727.'—*Notes to the Dunciad.* It is a pity that Mr. Ward did not live now, to be wiser and more gentlemanly in his vagaries. He might have been a respectable member, not only of the House, but of society, and a patron of the *Beacon*, *John Bull*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Leonard Welsted is described as having been fond of scattering dirt about him like a mole.

266. Tibbald, an ostentatious annotator; Cook, a poor translator; Arnall, a Government hireling; and Dennis, the famous Dennis, the most irritable and envious critic of this nation, till his soul entered the unhappy little Body before us.

P. **176.** *Blue-Stocking Revels.* First published in the *Monthly Repository*, July 1837. The MS. used for printers' copy is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 37210, ff. 1–48). Leigh Hunt's own folios 21 and 27 are missing, the first representing a passage cancelled after *1837* and the second ll. 209–20. The first folio of MS. is duplicated. The variations of the MS. and first printed text from the text of *1844* are given below.

CANTO I

Title. The Feast of the Violets; or Apollo's Ball and Supper. By Leigh Hunt. Inscribed to a Lady. *MS.* Inscribed to A.M.D. [Anna Maria Dashwood] *1837.*

Heading to Canto I. The Host and his Preparations. *1837.*

Between ll. 8–9 MS. and 1837 insert, after a space, these forty-four lines:

Hear, Anna, true woman, Phoebean all o'er,
With heart in thy bosom enough for a score;
Turn your bright eyes awhile from some thoughtfuller page,
And e'en from the loved one, still lovely in age,
And hear how the blue-footed charmers were blest,
Where you, had it pleased you, had ranked with the best.

I shouldn't, however, thus use the word *Blue*
To express what the god will here christen anew;
But confine it as he does, and strike up the praise
Of [*MS. inserts* his] *Violet*, queen of these *truer*-blue days;
Happy Violet, name with no poison that rankles,
Nor brings a wrong stain upon sweet, knowing ankles!
But this will be shewn, as my story proceeds;
And may Womanhood's bosom rise soft, as she reads.

[*The eight preceding lines are crossed through in the MS.*]

It has often been wonder'd, where Phoebus betakes him,
Till Morn, with the scent of her roses, awakes him;
What knowledge he has of old Midnight;—how sleeps
In a room never heard of, within the salt deeps;—
And how he contrives to lodge westward, yet rise,
The very next day, t'other side of the skies.

For my part, I'm not for subjecting the powers
Of gods to this poor comprehension of ours;
But [And *MS.*] think it would better become one's two legs
To withdraw, when such flights must be squared with such pegs;
Yet voices there are, in the Muses' bye places,
Will answer such questions, when brought with right faces;
And these have disclos'd, that when Phoebus puts up
In that seeming wethouse, there 's a great Golden Cup,
Vulcanian, self-steered,—which receives him and his,
Horses, chariot and all, (so enormous it is),
And tilting through ocean, north eastward, goes round
Half the globe of the earth, with a sleep-washing sound,
And [*MS. inserts* thus] carries him, calm on a bed, behind night-time,
Till touching the east, he wakes just at the right time,
And landing 'midst [in *MS.*] hills of those odorous roses,
His face, all good-nature and glory, discloses.

Imagine this voyage of gold through the dark!
The god of all goldenness in a gold barque,
Calm-sleeping, lone-tilting! no need of a sail,
For the stream bears him on; while his beams, thro' some veil
Never heard of, mysterious, shoot sparely in bars
Of [*MS. inserts* the] gold, just sufficient to bring out the stars;
And this is the reason, why still, through dark night,
While the sky sees the ocean, 'tis sprinkled with light.

[*The eight preceding lines are crossed through in the MS.*]

9. The god . . ., then,] Well; but [But *1837*] now you must know, that *MS.*, *1837*. 10. Attends not to] Phoebus cares not for *MS.*, *1837*.
13. In guise] In the guise *MS.*
21. his car . . . deep] its wheels . . . cup *MS.*, *1837*.
Between ll. 24 and 25 MS. and 1837 insert:

Enriching the brine and the clouds: (for those colours
You see in the sunset—hear, hear it, ye scholars!—
Are partly by light made, and partly by sound,
Which deepens their beauty; as blushes are found
To deepen in cheeks at sweet words). Thus sang he,
Flicker-veil'd in his brightness, like birds [bird *MS.*] in a tree,

59. Bantings] Smiths *MS.*
72–4. Laurel, chlamys, *etcetera*,—things highly wearable,
—And with one tenth of his beauty grew bearable.
—Then through each room gliding, like a slow bee, *MS.*
75. Half . . . floor] On his sandals of gold *MS.*, *1837*.
78. Nor . . . that] Nor of course will you wonder *MS.*
82. dabbled] bedabbled *MS.* 83. for . . give] not to give naked *MS.*
84–9. *MS. has two lines only, crossed through:*

Was of ermine, unspotted, sides, couches, and all;
For the colours for these would flow in with the ball.

93. the] its *MS.* gorgeously] gorgeous *1837* (*misprint*).
94–5. The supper-room also its sunbeams could boast;
Yet these, even these, were unnotic'd almost *MS.*, *cancelled.*

96. Such] In the *MS., cancelled.*
97. Branched . . . with] Of myriads of *MS., cancelled.*
98. fruit . . . all] foliage and fruit, of all hues *MS., cancelled.*
99. Pleasure's self must have surely wept on them the dews *MS., cancelled.*
100–2. *MS. has one line only, cancelled:*
Which seem'd ready to slip down their exquisite green;
103. But] And *MS.* 105. peace] bliss *MS.*
111. would come] came half *MS.*
112. As though] Just as if *MS. I*; As if *MS. II.* 113. And] But *MS. I.*
117. Knighton, Smith, Elliotson] Knighton & Elliottson (*sic*) *MSS.*
['Smith' is Dr. Southwood Smith, for whom see p. 380.]
128. the] a *MS.*

CANTO II

Heading. The presentations and ball *1837* (*No division in MS.*).
1. As to the names too, and much less the natures *MS.*
14. 'startling'] 'deep' and *MS.* 20, 21. *Not in MS. nor 1837.*
22. Then] Miss *MS., 1837.*
For ll. 40–3 *MS. reads* (*and 1837 inserts between ll.* 43, 44):
Only pray have a care, nor [Only' said he 'don't *MS.*] let Alfred beguile
Admiration too far into manner and style;
Nor divide with the printer your claims to be read
By directing our faculties [intellects *MS.*] when to say *èd.*
Such anxieties do both your Geniuses wrong;
Tend to make things too verbal, the mind not so strong;
And besides, my dear, who has not read an old song?'
46. her . . . creature !] beam'd from every feature *MS.*
49. silken] buxom *MS.* 52. risked an] made some *MS.*
54. the host] Phoebus *MS.*
56. Bray, and Miss Browne, too] Bray, Browne, and Bury *MS., 1837.*
66. wit by] wits for *MS.*
Between ll. 68, 69 *MS. and 1837 insert four lines:*
'But why vex the honest old vowels?' quoth he,
'And call "noble" *nauble,* and spoil Ellen Tree?'

Callcott, lover of pictures, came pale, not forlorn,
For affection waits ever on sickness well borne.

77. own wingèd] other wing'd *MS., 1837.*
For ll. 78–81 *MS. has:*
Then he ask'd after Carpenter, Seyffarth, and Mee,
Barrett, Robertson, Harrison, Jones, the Corbeaux,
Adams, Sharp, and far more than I've time to disclose,
87, 88. *Not in MS., or 1837.*
Between ll. 104–5 *twelve lines are cancelled in the MS., illegible.*
129–32. *Cancelled in MS., restored in 1837.*
131. But advised] Whom he begged *MS.* 134. honestly] lustily *1837.*
Between ll. 136–7 *1837 has fourteen lines* (*the first twelve are probably on the missing folio* 21 *of the MS. The last two are on folio* 22):
The more so remembering your high Tory breeding;
And then my 'old poets' give grace to your reading;
And sweet is your lass, who so prettily fell
In love with the worthy not shap'd very well.
By why (said he, staring) should you, who can thus
Universalize, make now and then such a fuss
About 'holy' and 'pure', meaning some few grave people,
As though the blithe bells were not good as the steeple,
Or Jove's honest world had no morals or piety,
Save where they puff'd themselves into *nimiety?*

Haven't you told us, that virtues tight-laced
Endanger, you rogue you, the general waist?'

Blush'd dear Mrs. Hall; and declared she'd consider
The question most heartily, since the god bid her.

141. Miss Hill he asked after the actors; then styled *MS.*
Miss Hill he call'd 'love' and 'good sister'; and styled *1837.*
142. Mrs. Hoffland 'good soul'; and [then *MS.*] benignantly smiled *MS., 1837.*
145. and Lamb] Miss Lamb *MS.*
For this one line 1837 has three:

Lo! Jameson accomplish'd; and Johnston, whose summaries
And stories (see *Tait's Magazine*) are no flummeries,
But all solid relish; and Lamb, the fine brain

147. and Landon] Miss Landon *MS., 1837.*
Between ll. 148–9 *MS. and 1837 have twenty-four lines:*

Apollo however was much for curtailing it:
'Kiss me now, Letty,' quoth he, 'and cease ailing it.
Closeness you want, as a writer: the beautiful
Claims and wants *you*: so be strong and be dutiful.
'Slife! must a creature expressly intended
To bless men and gods, let the gods be offended:
And, thankless for being made generous, and kind,
And a muse, and a darling, continue thus blind?
Ever bent upon weeping for evil, instead
Of o'ermastering with roses its weak fountain-head?
Must the mourners who've brains to amend what they mourn for,
As though they had none, ask us what they were born for?
Good gifts imply use, and progression, and joy;
Not the taking old steps one's own hopes to destroy.
But observe what a thief Custom is, and a brute,
Thus to take and untune such an exquisite lute,
And compel it to join in his howling, the beast!
Come, Letty:—to-night we'll be wiser at least;
And perhaps we may hit on a note in our pleasures,
May win you to take better lyrical measures.
You know, as a god, I could burst forth and frighten you;
But, in man's shape, I'd much rather enlighten you.'
Trembled sweet Letty, for fear to have err'd;
And he took up and sooth'd her, as she might a bird.

150. *The Monthly Repository, July 1837* ('*Notes to Correspondents*') *says:*
The following lines should have appeared in the mention of Miss Martineau, in 'Blue-Stocking Revels', after the word 'philogamystics':—

Who ever, before her, made trade and finance
Strike as pretty a dance up, as any in France,
To the tune of the groves, not the chink of their cash?
Nay, she'll almost make slave-holders pause from the lash.

156. And . . . on] Phoebus shone forth upon *MS.*
158–61. *Not in MS.* 178. The god] Her host *MS.*
For ll. 180 *MS. and 1837 have three lines:*

And observ'd, 'The *unfair* sex will learn their own duty
Some day, and grow worthier such talents and beauty.
But why give the world (said he) nothing but sighs?

Between ll. 208–9 *1837 has two lines* (*the folio is missing in the MS.*)*:*

And Saunders, sweet Mary, as genuine a Muse
As ever stole forth in mild Poverty's shoes;

Between ll. 220–1 *1837 has twelve lines and MS. eight lines (the first four would come on the missing folio of the MS.) :*

Stepney and Stickney, lo! heart-thrusting names,
That stab me with grief, knowing only their fames;
And Strickland, whose heroines are somewhat too haughty
For ladies so arch, with a turn for the 'naughty':
(Well drew she bluff Harry enacting the pilgrim,
And risquing his mask with his heats and his will grim):
Then Strutt, who though painting calm clerical homes
In England, finds fault with no mirth when she roams,
Or rather, because truly loving and wise,
Sees the same smile of Jove [God *MS.*] under different skies;
Then Trollope, who hates vulgar manners.—Alas!
Why be haunted with things we've the wit to surpass?

221. Then came] Her followed *MS., 1837.*

Between ll. 224–5 *MS. and 1837 have fourteen lines, after a space :*

These ended, some shapes, ultra-modest, appeared
In anonymous masks, one with twofold grey beard:
Phoebus warmly received her, with touching respect;—
But another, with picturesque elegance decked,
He took in his arms, like a friend of Lang-Syne,
And called her his 'Gossip', and grace of 'the Rhine'.
'The season's approaching (quoth he) for fine weather,
And then you and I will paint landscapes together.'

At the close of this train hurried in some sweet misses,
Short-breath'd, like a boarding-school come to buy 'kisses'.
The dear little things brought their Albums, and fairly
Requested his autograph! Phoebus laughed rarely,
And bade them ask Wordsworth to do it; 'for he
Has my stamp', said the god, 'with a kiss for his fee,

225. And . . . lo!] But now the dance waits us.' So *MS., 1837.*
226. come, Phoebus] entered, he *MS., 1837.*
228. For *MS., alt.* Since 231. his] him *MS.*
251. Mercury once netted] Hermes in net once took *MS.*
1837 om. as 260. sheer] smack *MS., 1837.*

Canto III

No division in MS. *Canto heading.* The Supper *1837.*

1–8. *For these eight lines the MS. has six, added as an afterthought on the verso of previous folio :*

As to us, the spectators, we found ourselves there
Much as they did, scarce knowing what took us, or where,
Till we found ourselves looking through those walls of flowers
[*followed by ll.* 2–4.]

9. And thus] But now *MS.* Now while thus *1837.*
12. ran thick] was lull'd *MS.* 35. gently] thickly *MS.*

Between ll. 44–5 *MS. and 1837 have two lines :*

Bees murmur'd; birds darted; warm butterflies gleam'd;
For there sat the Sun himself, man though he seem'd;

46. Then] And *MS., 1837.* 58. nay, feel] may feel *MS., 1837.*
61. love, and] love in *MS.* 63. hath] has *MS.*
72. god made us see] master described *MS., 1837.*
75–82. *Not in MS.* 87. good] loving *MS., 1837.*
88. she will] she 's gay *MS., 1837.* 105–6. *Not in MS.*
117. You'll] You may *MS.*
118. now, which females] the dear creatures *MS., alt.* now, which women *MS. 1837.*

132. Shakspeare and Petrarch] Shakspeare and Homer *alt.* Steele and than Shakspeare *alt.* Petrarch and Shakspeare *MS., corr.*
138. blushingly] far away *MS., 1837.*
139. He saw with blank eyeballs, and carried a sword.— *MS.*
143. animal passion with] palpable love with a *MS.*
155–6. *expanded from one line, unrhymed, in MS. :*

Great Cervantes was next, about whom came a shoal

160. what sweet] *there* what *MS.*
163. players at] pretenders to *MS., corr.* 198. a] the *MS.*
204. ' Is it drink ? ' ' is it cake ? ' ' morning dew ? ' ' Is it tea ' *MS., 1837.*
205. Porter] Strickland *MS., corr.* 206. Barrett] Twalmley *MS., 1837.*
241. thro' the room] on all hands *MS.*
257–8. Some Jonathan Oldbuck [*alt.* Dominie Sampson] perhaps, good old codger !
Or Johnson himself ; or perhaps a Sir Roger. *MS.*
269. may *MS., alt.* could. 307. of the dames] , all at once *MS., 1837.*
315. moment] instant *MS.*

P. **204.** *Coronation Soliloquy.* The earlier version, in *The Examiner*, July 29, 1821, is as follows :

A LESSON FOR KINGS

Tune.—Amo, amas,
I love a lass,
As cedar tall and slender, &c.

Rego, regis,
Good God, what 's this !
What only half my Peeries !
Regas, regat,
Good God, what 's that !
The voice is like my Deary's !

Chorus. Roar 'em, floor 'em,
Shut the doorum,
Hairum, scarum, strife O ;
Tag rag, merry derry, periwig, and cat's-paw,
Save us from our Wife O !

I decline a
C. Regina,
Rex alone 's more handsome ;
O what luck, Sir !
Exit Uxor ;
Rursus ego a man *sum.*

Chorus. Roar us, Chorus,
On before us,
Hairum, flarum, stout O ;
Drag rag, pretty women, periwig, and trumpets,
Lord ! if I hadn't the gout O !

What a *dies* !
How it fri-es !
Handkerchiefs for sixty.
Approbatio !
Sibilatio !
How I feel betwixt ye !

Chorus. Curlies, burlies,
Dukes and Earlies,
Hairum, wear 'em, grand O ;
Drag rag, very merry, periwig, and fat man,
When shall we come to a stand O !

O how *bona*
My *corona* !
Sitting so how *dulcis* !
My *oculus* grim,
And my *sceptrum* slim,
And sweet, as I hold it, my pulse is !

Chorus. Roary, chory,
O the glory !
Hairum, scarum, fine O ;
Big wigs, little fellows, oil-men, and fat men,
Hey for *Jure Divino* !

Must I walk now ?
What a baulk now !
Non est regis talis :
Oh for youth now !
For in truth now
Non sum eram qualis.

Chorus. Toily, oily,
All turmoily,
Hooting, tooting, quaking,
Drag rag, feather bed, periwig, and hat-band,
Every inch I'm a—king.

Hah! we dine now;
This is fine now;
Gratia Deo Dandy!
Serve the fish up;
Smoke the bishop;
Virtus est in brandy.

Chorus. Roarum, foram,
Sum Divorum,
Hairum, swearum, drink O;
Tap clap, merry sherry, venison, and fat man,
Who cares what they think O.

See my Champy,
Plumy, trampy,
Sadler's Wells an't finer!
Lord! he names me,
And proclaims me,
Never was lad *equiner*!

Chorus. Roarem, joram,
Splash and pour 'em,
Crown us, drown us, *vivo*;
Wag mag, very merry, plethora, and flat man,
Vivat Rex dead alive O!

HARRY BROWN.

10. His Majesty's Chancellor Lord Eldon, whom in his elegant familiarity he was wont to call 'Old Bags'. *Sherry-derry* is his famous friend Sheridan, who was an Irishman. [H. *1860.*]

40. When the Regalia on Coronation Day are brought into Westminster Hall, and laid before his Majesty on a table, his viewing of them is called 'the toying'. [H. *1860.*]

61. It is too true that his Majesty walked from the Hall to the Abbey through a mixture of applauses and hisses. It was the same afterwards on his return. [H. *1860.*]

72. The chair in Westminster Abbey in which all the Sovereigns of England have been crowned, from the time of Edward the First. [H. *1860.*]

88. We learn from themselves, that during his talk over the bottle among friends, the Duke of Wellington not excepted, his Majesty was not slow to intimate, that in his own discernment, as the sovereign arbiter of affairs, lay the chief secret of the downfall of Bonaparte. [H. *1860.*]

109. By 'devilry', it is presumed that his Majesty meant nothing more (or less) diabolical, than devilled kidneys and biscuits. [H. *1860.*]

111. His Majesty's Champion. [H. *1860.*]

123. *Vivo*—a dative instead of accusative case. But these are small slips over a bottle. [H. *1860.*]

P. **207.** *The Dogs.* MS. in British Museum, Add. MS. 38108, ff. 204–46, very rough copy, 67 stanzas. *Title,* The Pack of Hounds. *Motto,* 'Eh—ye pack of hounds!'—OLD PLAY.

P. **221.** *Epistle to Byron.* By the kindness of Messrs. Hodgson I am enabled to give the following variant readings from the MS. dated Hampstead, April 13, 1816.

31. that] who 81. dark-welled] hoof-sprung

P. **223.** *And yet alas &c.* These twelve lines are not in the MS.

P. **232.** *To Barron Field.*

63. An infirmity in church and state matters, which this celebrated poet and excellent private gentleman certainly carried to an excess, that not unreasonably irritated persons of less versatile opinions, especially those who underwent his rebukes without ever having gone so far as himself. [H. *1857, 1860.*]

P. **233.** *To Charles Lamb.*

10. During my imprisonment for anticipating the judgement of posterity respecting the Regent. [H. *1857, 1860.*]

36. This epistle was written in the character of a descendant of Sir Thomas Browne. [H. *1857, 1860.*]

P. **240.** *To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.* Written at the Vale of Health, Hampstead, in companionship with the sonnet of Keats on the same subject. [H. *1857, 1860.*]

P. **242.** To Percy Shelley. *By the kindness of Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt I am enabled to print for the first time the following blank-verse poem:*

Beloved Shelley, friend, immortal heart,
Whose name so long has been shut up in mine,

Which could not speak for tears;—oh most belov'd
And divine soul,—scarcely less visible
Or more a spirit now (so strong has love
Stamp'd thy warm image) than when heretofore
Thou satst beside our hearth, half lifted up
On pinions of seraphic will, and breath'dst
Fires of sweet faith, and beauteous scorn of scorn:

Oh now thou seest (out of that orb, where souls
Of martyrs go, to rest till the day come)
What golden hours await this yearning globe,
By hope at last, and honied breath like thine,
Spun like a starry bee. Which thought, and one
Other sweet fervid voice, which late I heard,
Forth pouring to it as I stood in tears,
Strong in their weakness, and for infinite wants
Felt heav'n ordaining infinite supply,
Move me to utter what I heard, in words,
And stretch the stormy sweetness, far as breath
Is giv'n me, chaunting to thy spirit, friend,
And dim-seen angels, and desiring man.

P. **243.** *To John Keats.* MS. version in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33515, f. 22, dated December 1, 1816, has the following variants:

4. dawn as it up grows] the kiss-asking rose
8. turf, or trees] trees, or turf

P. **246.** *To John Hamilton Reynolds.* MS. version in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33515, f. 14, has the following variants:

Title. Hamilton] Henry 1. Reynolds] Kind one

P. **248.** *The Nile.* This sonnet was written at the same time and in the same place, (the Vale of Health, Hampstead,) with the sonnets on the Nile in the work of Shelley and Keats. [H. *1857*, *1860*.]

P. **249.** *Calviultor.* This sonnet was written in answer to the following one from the pen of my friend Mr. Thomas Wade, which is here inserted both in right of its allegation and of its poetry.

Calvus.

Bald mortal! thou dost ape the skeleton
That satirises man, and all his doings,
From every open'd grave; and shouldst seem one,
But for the glow-worm which is in thine eyes,
And certain airs that from thy lips arise:
Why, now to see thee at thy amorous cooings,
Or gravely preaching immortality,
To which thy living death's-head gives the lie,
Would make the shadow that all life receiveth,
Shake his dim sides with horrible derision:
Tell us, old Calvus! what about thee cleaveth,
To make distinction still between the vision
Of a death's-head and thine? Get thee false hair
For thy sole privilege to upper air. [H. *1860*.]

P. **255.** *Paganini.* This 'fragment' is from the unfinished MS. poem (Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38107, ff. 1–18): 'A Day with the Reader: in four cantos' (see *Autobiography*, ch. xxiv). 'Paganini' is from Canto I, and is led up to by fifty-nine lines as below. (Lines 40–43 are supplied from another fragment of MS. by kind permission of Messrs. Maggs Brothers.)

A DAY WITH THE READER

E no strench res e tot lo mon abras.—*Canzon de Iordi.*

Morning

Canto I

Spring. Its effect on the author. Travels of his fancy. Subject and style of his poem. Paganini described.

The Spring has come again, like one belov'd
Bringing delightful difference; and the sweets
Of heav'n and earth kiss in the soften'd air,
And new, and quick, and tender are all things.
April's wet fingers build the white and green.
The child-like birds make little hasty choirs
In gardens, and like founts the larks are up
Raining their hearts, and man's desires go forth
Young and to wander; and 'twixt cloud and blue,
Twixt merry wet and warmth, chacing before him
Eager-neck'd shadows in the bounding grass,
The sunshine travels with his golden feet.

Me too, as it is wont, in joy or grief,
Lark-like, the season touches, where I cower
In my hard nest, left torn by thanklessness,
And eye my young twixt nurture sorely earn'd,
Me too;—and as I feel the opening heaven
Spread wide a joy still greater than my cares,
Nature, and Love, and sweet Necessity,
And, Heav'n be prais'd, my very task in part,
Bear me aloft, and circle me, and thrill
With consciousness divine of earth and sky,
Blank to the stoniness of scornful eyes,
And lessen or enlarge me, as it suits
My little life with flies under the flowers
Or centuries with giants in the air,
To whom perhaps we are as flies with souls;
Or bursting like a sunbeam through the thick
Of common life, I fetch the colours out
Of common-places, and make eyesight young
Even to the shops, as when we pass'd them first
In childhood, holding by a mother's gown;
Or by your hearths I live, the most indoors
Of slipper'd men, travelling in worlds of books,
And fain to travel literally, if I could,
With house and all, like gypsies in a glade,
And so have home and distance both in one;
And darting thus in spirit, from the heav'n
Of loving custom, [ ]

Of these, or whatsoever point of these
Hugest or least in story seen, or thought,
Catches the light of fancy as I live
A sweet Day round, and show how fancy and love
Can make the moments of the poor man rich,
I'll talk with him who reads me,—little or much
And well as in me lies, and in a style
As various as the occasion; for one tone
Suits not all subjects, any more than dance
Is fit for pray'r, or the majestic breath

Of organs would become an amorous song.
Therefore, with leave not common to a verse
Unrhym'd yet undramatic, I shall let
The syllables run over in my line,
When speech will have it so, and free discourse
As o'er a flowing table with a friend—
Or whatsoe'er the fervidness may be,
That gives me license; and when awe returns
In shape of some admonished consciousness,
Or grace suggests, or modulation moves
For its own sake (a natural right of art)
Into the staider bounds I can withdraw
With feet well order'd, and so tend the Muse
In [ ], like a proper chorister.

P. 257 *Thoughts in Bed, etc.* From Canto II of the same MS. poem.
P. 262. *Apollo and the Sunbeams.* From Canto III of the same MS. poem.
P. 269. *A Rustic Walk and Dinner.* Possibly a part of the same projected poem L.H. says (*loc. cit.*), 'I proposed to invite the reader to breakfast, dine, and sup with me, partly at home, and partly at a country inn.'

The following fragments, now first printed by kind permission of Mr. Francis Edward from the original MS., may also have been intended for the same poem.

(*a*) Twenty-nine lines of blank verse, with a side-note: Ulysses|Spheres|Moons Genii|Nymphs. (On half a sheet of notepaper, written on both sides.)

The voice without a shape, the viewless force,
The fancy-shadowing, home-endearing sound,
That maketh men on land think of the sea,
And turneth us to all wide thoughtfulness,
The wind is up, at once remote and near,
Shaking its muffling cloak about the world.
But not in storm it comes; the ships are safe;
And mellow sounds the window with mild rain.

I'll be at once at home, abroad, and happy;
I'll travel with the wind, yet sit in doors;
I'll keep the present, yet enjoy the past;
I'll restore magic, and my study here
Shall be my enchanted barque, in which I'll go
With all my books, (ever the enchanter's friends)
And see the visions out in the old seas.

Behold, I loosen from the house's roots,
I rock, I tilt, I'm far away,—my books,
My candles, fire, and I; a washing sound
Is with us ever, and we lean and dip,
And I look forth.—The stars, after the wet,
Sparkle, fresh-ey'd; the clouds are one black heap
Apart, and mountainous at the watery verge;
And Luna, while her chariot waits in heav'n
Is down upon the seas, a whiteness dumb
Washing her silver feet—No sound, no sound,
My gentle barque; more dumbly thou: I fear
Her beauty, lest she turn and look at me.

All gentle things of night then are abroad,
And I lull onward.

(*b*) Hail, rustic Breakfast-room! proximate thought
To all best things of morning, new or old!
Thy thrice bleach'd table-cloth, to sweetest air;
Thy milk, to breaths of dairies [ ]

P. 281. *On the Death of his son Vincent.* The following sonnet may appropriately be given here :

THE DEFORMED CHILD

By Vincent Leigh Hunt

[First published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, January 18, 1851. Reprinted in the American edition of Leigh Hunt's poems, 1857; and in the posthumous English edition of 1860 with the editorial note prefixed below.]

Vincent Leigh Hunt was the youngest son of Leigh Hunt, and died when quite young. In a letter to the editor of an American edition of his Poetical Works, Mr. Hunt thus spoke of him : 'His whole life was full of sympathy. A sonnet like this will allow his father to indulge a hope, that wherever any Sonnets of his own may be thought worth collecting, they and it may never be parted.'

An Angel prisoned in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid eye
Matured, and seeming large with pain. The name
Of 'happy childhood' mocks his movements tame,
So propp'd with piteous crutch, or forced to lie
Rather than sit, in his frail chair, and try
To taste the pleasure of the unshared game.

He does; and faintly claps his withered hands
To see how brother Willie caught the ball;
Kind brother Willie, strong, yet gentle all:
'Twas he that placed him where his chair now stands
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny wall—
God, in that brother, gave him more than lands.

In the Butterworth MSS. are the following fragments relating to Vincent Leigh Hunt :

1852. Strange that he should become an image
1856. to *haunt* me—to be with me with
painful continuance, yet undesired. Nay,
haunt me still, sweet bitter image—
only become more sweet than bitter,
if it be possible.

Our roots are in the earth, our flowers in heaven,
And roots that flower not here must flower in heaven.
O all ye weary souls
That look with tearful eyes upon the stars,
Be sure, be sure that of desires like these,
Of hopes so high, so natural, and so just
The roots that flower not here must flower in heaven.

P. 291. *The Descent of Liberty*, Scene III. Eleven leaves of the MS. are extant, and by the kindness of Messrs. E. Parsons & Sons I have been able to examine them. A few interesting variants may be noted :

84. white-kerchiefed] fair placid
86. Coming from a land restored.

Between ll. 112, 113 *the MS. has :*

To the slant and curious sight
Surfac'd with a velvet light.

465–7. Where bath'd Apollo goes to rest
From fields which little silver showers
Keep ever fresh, and laurel bowers.

478, 479. They almost mingle into one,
And flash into the finer sun.

563. With our trim-ancied lasses and light-slung flasks
Between ll. 593, 594 *the MS. inserts, and deletes:*

Dreams! O my Nature, if such fiends can haunt
Misery's sleep, what must intemperate guilt's be!

P. **339.** *The 'Choice'.* Two fragments from this were included in *1832* (lines 1–from *1823*; 10–31 new), entitled as below:

ON POMFRET'S 'CHOICE'

I HAVE been reading Pomfret's 'Choice' this spring,
A pretty kind of sort of kind of thing;
Not much a verse, and poem none at all,
Yet, as they say, extremely natural.
And yet I know not. There 's a skill in pies,
In raising crusts as well as galleries;
And he 's the poet, more or less, who knows
The Charm that hallows the least truth from prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes.
Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers;
Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours.
Nature from some sweet energy throws up
Alike the pine-mount and the buttercup,
And truth she makes so precious, that to paint
Either, shall shrine an artist like a Saint,
And bring him in his turn the crowds that press
Round Guido's saints, or Titian's goddesses.

Our trivial poet hit upon a theme
Which all men love, an old, sweet household dream,
Such as comes true with some, and might with all,
Were liberty to build her wisest hall,
Though to the loss of, here and there, a wall:
For call the building by some handsome name,
College, or square, not parallelogram,
And who would scorn to pass consummate hours,
Bless'd against care and want, in reverend bowers,
With just enough of toil to sweeten ease,
And music, ringing through their evening trees?
I own I shouldn't: I could even bear
To some majestic table to repair,
And dine for three-pence on luxurious fare.

A HOUSE AND GROUNDS

A FRAGMENT

[The line-numbers in square brackets indicate the corresponding lines in *1823*.

* * * * * * * * *

WERE this impossible, I know full well
What sort of house should grace my garden-bell,—
A good, old country lodge, half hid with blooms [10
Of honied green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
For friends, whose names endear'd them, should be kept. [10
Of brick I'd have it, far more broad than high,
With green up to the door, and elm trees nigh;
And the warm sun should have it in his eye.
The tiptoe traveller, peeping through the boughs 10 [5
O'er my low wall, should bless the pleasant house,
And that my luck might not seem ill-bestow'd,
A bench and spring should greet him on the road.

My grounds should not be large; I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
Besides, my thoughts fly far; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still, have birds'-nests and a brook;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces. [71]
I'd build a walk, however, against rain,
Long, peradventure, as my whole domain,
And so be sure of generous exercise, [149]
The youth of age, and med'cine of the wise.
And this reminds me, that behind some screen
About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green;
Such as in wits' and merry women's days
Suckling preferred before his walk of bays.
You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
By the old seats of Killigrews and Careys,
Where all, alas, is vanished from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king![1] [158]

* * * * * * * *

A shorter version of the poem was included in *1844*, *1857*, *1860*, entitled as below (ll. 52, 53 are peculiar to *1860*. The line-numbers in square brackets indicate the corresponding lines in *1823*):

A THOUGHT OR TWO ON READING POMFRET'S 'CHOICE'

I HAVE been reading Pomfret's 'Choice' this spring
A pretty kind of—sort of—kind of thing,
Not much a verse, and poem none at all,
Yet, as they say, extremely natural.
And yet I know not. There 's an art in pies,
In raising crusts as well as galleries;
And he 's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least truth from prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes. [9]
Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers; 10
Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours.
Nature from some sweet energy throws up
Alike the pine-mount and the buttercup;
And truth she makes so precious, that to paint
Either, shall shrine an artist like a saint,
And bring him in his turn the crowds that press
Round Guido's saints or Titian's goddesses.

[1] Bowls are now thought vulgar: that is to say, a certain number of fine vulgar people agree to call them so. The fashion was once otherwise. Suckling prefers

A pair of black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.

Piccadilly, in Clarendon's time, 'was a fair house of entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks for shade, and where were an upper and a lower bowling-green, thither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation'.—*Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. It was to the members of Parliament what the merely indoor club-houses are now, and was a much better place for them to refresh their faculties in. The robust intellects of the Commonwealth grew there, and the airy wit that succeeded them. [H.]

Our trivial poet hit upon a theme
Which all men love, an old, sweet household dream :—
Pray, reader, what is yours ?—I know full well
What sort of home should grace *my* garden-bell,—
No tall, half-furnish'd, gloomy, shivering house,
That worst of mountains labouring with a mouse ;
Nor should I choose to fill a tawdry niche in
A Grecian temple, opening to a kitchen.
The frogs in Homer should have had such boxes,
Or Æsop's frog, whose heart was like the ox's.
Such puff about high roads, so grand, so small,
With wings and what not, portico and all,
And poor drench'd pillars, which it seems a sin
Not to mat up at night-time, or take in.
I'd live in none of those. Nor would I have
Veranda'd windows to forestall my grave ;
Veranda'd truly, from the northern heat !
And cut down to the floor to comfort one's cold feet !
My house should be of brick, more wide than high,
With sward up to the path, and elm-trees nigh ;
A good old country lodge, half hid with blooms
Of honied green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
For friends, whose name endear'd them, should be kept.
The tip-toe traveller, peeping through the boughs
O'er my low wall, should bless the pleasant house :
And that my luck might not seem ill-bestow'd,
A bench and spring should greet him on the road.

My grounds should not be large. I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'd comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
Besides, my thoughts fly far ; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tow'r, but a lulling nest.
A Chiswick or a Chatsworth might, I grant,
Visit my dreams with an ambitious want ;
But then I should be forced to know the weight
Of splendid cares, new to my former state ;
And these 'twould far more fit me to admire,
Borne by the graceful ease of noblest Devonshire.
Such grounds, however, as I had, should look
Like 'something' still ; have seats, and walks, and brook ;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees ;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
I'd build a cover'd path too against rain,
Long, peradventure, as my whole domain,
And so be sure of generous exercise,
The youth of age and med'cine of the wise.
And this reminds me, that behind some screen
About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green ;
Such as in wits' and merry women's days
Suckling preferr'd before his walk of bays.
You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
By the old seats of Killigrews and Careys,
Where all, alas ! is vanish'd from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king !
Fishing I hate, because I think about it,
Which makes it right that I should do without it.
A dinner, or a death, might not be much,
But cruelty's a rod I dare not touch.

I own I cannot see my right to feel
For my own jaws, and tear a trout's with steel;
To troll him here and there, and spike, and strain,
And let him loose to jerk him back again.
Fancy a preacher at this sort of work,
Not with his trout or gudgeon, but his clerk:
The clerk leaps gaping at a tempting bit,
And, hah! an ear-ache with a knife in it!
That there is pain and evil, is no rule
That I should make it greater, like a fool;
Or rid me of my rust so vile a way,
As long as there 's a single manly play. [180]
Nay, fool's a word my pen unjustly writes,
Knowing what hearts and brains have dozed o'er 'bites'; [181]
But the next inference to be drawn might be,
That higher beings made a trout of me;
Which I would rather should not be the case,
Though 'Izaak' were the saint to tear my face,
And, stooping from his heaven with rod and line,
Made the fell sport, with his old dreams divine,
As pleasant to his taste, as rough to mine.
Such sophistry, no doubt, saves half the hell,
But fish would have preferr'd his reasoning well,
And, if my gills concern'd him, so should I.
The dog, I grant, is in that 'equal sky';
But, heav'n be prais'd, he 's not my deity.
All manly games I'd play at,—golf and quoits,
And cricket, to set lungs and limbs to rights,
And make me conscious, with a due respect,
Of muscles one forgets by long neglect. [196]

With these, or bowls aforesaid, and a ride,
Books, music, friends, the day would I divide,
Most with my family, but when alone,
Absorb'd in some new poem of my own;
A task which makes my time so richly pass,
So like a sunshine cast through painted glass.
(Save where poor Captain Sword crashes the panes,)
That could my friends live too, and were the gains
Of toiling men but freed from sordid fears,
Well could I walk this earth a thousand years.

363. *Doggrel on Double Columns.*

1. A *jeu d'esprit* recorded of divers colonnades; among others, that which ed the late Carlton House. It may be thus translated:

How came you here, good columns, pray?
'Faith, my good friend, we cannot say. [H. *1837.*]

371. *Three Visions.*

1. The late king of Prussia, who, when he came to England, was accompanied friend Alexander von Humboldt. [H. *1860.*]

373. *By the kindness of Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt, I am enabled to print these album-verses:*

A RHYME FOR THE ALBUM OF [ ] LEE

ou little rhyme in E
ring, bird-like, o'er the sea,
l half in rhyming glee,
, at heart, in kindest key,
ie Album-galaxy,
ier *Inky-òstroxy*,
Of a certain lovely she,
Christian name unknown, but 'Lee'
Speaketh her high ancestry;
Prettiest girl (so rare F. B.
Told her gallant brother P.)
In a land which all agree,

Is famed for *pretty-girlery*.
(Let me coin this word, O ye,
Who love a fair neology.)

Yes, but not thy charms, Ladiè,
Oval face, nor affluence free
Of fairest looks, nor gently brea-
thing finest bust, draw thus from me
E'en this (would-be ?) jeu d'esprit;
But the brother's love, which he,
Rare book-fighter 'gainst ennui,
Lord of sore captivity,
Who in spite of agony
Thinks of others, and (D.V.)
Shall yet walk forth invincibly,
Shew'd for thy desire, and thee.

March—Year One, Eight, Five, Twice
Three
From the Hunt yclepèd Leigh.
PS. Leigh's no rhyme, you see, with
Lee,
Therefore I put it separately
With these other ends in *lee*.
'Tis repetition. And yet Lee
And Leigh, methinks, sound pleasantly
Thus join'd—tauto-melodiously—
Unisonous—harmoniously—
Anglo-Americano-ly.
That is to say provided Leigh
Say it not too presumptuously
Considering retrospectively
Great old Richard Henry Lee.

P. **380.** *Inscription for . . . Dr. Southwood Smith.* Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38111 ff. 212–14. Two MS. versions and letter.

3. Giver . . . to] Bringer . . . into *MS. 1.*

'Oh how sorry I am not to be able to send the inscription final; but I cannot satisfy myself yet with the turning of the second couplet. My thoughts are constantly adverting to it, however, both as a duty and a comfort. I say to myself, when pangs press hard, "Dr. Smith's couplet"; and so begin thinking on that, and rhyming.'

P. **381.** *To the Spirit great and good.* In a letter dated 15 June 1848, among the Butterworth MSS., Vincent Novello writes to L. H. concerning 'the little hymn-tune which you composed in 1817 (and which I wrote down, from your singing and playing it to me). . . . There has hitherto been but *one* verse of the Hymn'. He transcribes this verse and the tune, leaving a blank for verses 2 and 3, which remain blank. He notes that the words were written and the melody and bass composed by Leigh Hunt.

The gentle heart that God implores,
In tears, but undismay'd, adores.
For strong and calm, not weak is he,
And smiles in his wise charity.
So like the flow'r, itself it rears,
And feels his sunshine through its tears.

P. **382.** *Right and Might.* Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38111, f. 420, has the following variants:

Sub-title. thought] was of opinion
1. Thus . . . that] Yes, Might is Right; but
2. Is only still what's right in might
4. must fight might] need be arm'd
5. suppose] say that
7. Yes, for though mad, 'tis still a might

P. **383.** *Translations from the Greek.* In the notes to 'The Book of Beginnings' (*The Liberal*, No. III, 1823) is the following translation from Hesiod:

With its own Muses be our strain begun,
Who hold the top of haunted Helicon,
Who make a choral altar of the mountain
To Jove, and dance about the dark-blue fountain.
With delicate feet they dance, first having been
With their sweet limbs inside of Hippocrene,
Or other sacred waters of the hill;
And then they mount its starriest pinnacle,
And weave the dance, the lovely, the desired,
Warming it more and more, because their souls are fired.
Thence rapt away, and wrought up to delight,
Veil'd by the dark, they follow through the night,
Uttering a charming voice, and singing hymns
To Jove, who hangs a shadow on his limbs.

P. 395. *Theocritus: The Rural Journey.* The following are some variant readings rom *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,* 1848:

8–10. Dug from the rock the fount there, at Burinna,
Where you perceive such a thick bower of elms
And poplars, making quite a roof o'erhead

18. vest . . . a woven girdle] jerkin . . . platted straw;

For ll. 25–6 *1848 has one line only:*
And not a lark but sobers. Is't a feast

29–32. Lycidas', answered I, 'the world, my friend,
Shepherds, reapers, and all, count you a poet
Of the first pastoral order,—which delights me:
Nevertheless, I hope you see another.

34. the well-draperied Ceres] holy Mother Earth

35. *omitted in 1848.*

38–9. And love the same good pastime, let 's indulge
Each other's vein a little; for my lips

53–4. Those dunghill cocks that tear their throats in vain
With trying to outcrow Homer himself!

58. The other day as I was pacing Ætna

150–1. Hot in the greenest leaves, labour'd away
Those chatterers the cicadas; the sad tree-frog

151–2. nightingale Plained at a distance *1848* tree-frog Kept his good distance *848.*

P. 398. *Theocritus: The Cyclops.* The following are some variant readings from *insworth's Magazine,* January 1844 (ll. 31–6, 82–92), and *A Jar of Honey from Mount Iybla,* 1848.

3. heal . . . soothe . . . poetry] cure . . . calm . . . song *1848*

9–22. *rewritten 1848 as twelve lines:*
I mean that ancient shepherd, Polypheme,
Who lov'd the sea-nymph, when he budded first
About the lips and curling temples;—lov'd,
Not in the little present-making style,
With baskets of new fruit and pots of roses,
But with consuming passion. Many a time
Would his flocks go home by themselves at eve,
Leaving him wasting by the dark sea-shore;
And sun-rise would behold him wasting still.
Yet ev'n a love like his found balm in verse,
For he would sit, and look along the sea,
And from his rock pipe to some strain like this:—

31–2. Came with my mother to the mountain side
To gather hyacinths:—I led [show'd *1848*] the way;— *1844, 1848.*

33–5. And having look'd upon your face, I never
Up to this moment could cease loving you,—
You who care nothing for my love; no, nothing. *1844.*

44–5. Dairies I have, so full. I can play too
Upon the pipe *1848.*

48. Four bears' whelps, and eleven fawns with collars *1848.*

50–62. *Rewritten 1848 as seventeen lines:*
Let the sea rake on the dull shore. Your nights
Would be far sweeter here, well hous'd with me.
The place is beautiful with laurel trees,
With cypresses, with ivy, and the vine,
The dulcet vine: and here, too, is a stream,
Heavenly to drink, the water is so cold.
The woody Ætna sends it down to me

Out of her pure white snows. Who could have this,
And choose to live in the wild salt-sea waves?
Perhaps, when I am talking of my trees,
You think me ruder than the trunks? more rough
More rugged-bodied? Ah, they keep me warm;
They blaze upon my hearth; yet, I could lose
Warmth, life, and all, and burn in the same fire,
Rather than dwell beside it without you.
Nay, I could burn the eye from out my head,
Though nothing else be dearer.
Oh, poor me!

65. you] yon *1848*. 69. a visitor] some coaster *1848*.
84. Go to thy basket-making; get their food [supper *1848*] *1844, 1848*.
86. Mind [Prize *1848*] what thou hast, and let the lost sheep go. *1844, 1848*.

89–91. Many girls call to me to come and sport [play *1848*],
And when they find me list'ning, they all giggle:
So that e'en I seem counted somebody. *1844, 1848*.

92–4. 'Twas thus Polyphemus medicined his love
With pipe and song; and found it ease him more
Than all the balms he might have bought with gold. *1848*.

P. **406.** *Theocritus. The Rural Concert.* In *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823 (Notes t
'The Book of Beginnings'), L. H. translates the opening of Theocritus' first Idyll:

Goat-herd, the pine-tree, over the springs there,
Has a delicious whisper in its hair;
And you too play us a delicious air.

(The coincidence of the rhyme-endings is accidental.)

P. **407.** *Moschus: On the Death of Bion.* In *The Jar of Honey*, 1848, ll. 101–
are condensed to one line:

All the sweet pastoral poets weep for thee,—

and for l. 104 *it has two lines:*

Who used to look so happy; and at Cos,
Philetas; and at Syracuse, Theocritus;

P. **422.** *Virgil. His Hostess.* MS. in British Museum, Add. MS. 38108, ff. 254–
A translation of the alternative opening to the *Aeneid*, 'Ille ego', &c., is given in th
notes to 'The Book of Beginnings' (*The Liberal*, No. III, 1823):

I, who erewhile warbled in sylvan shades,
And issued then to light, and forc'd the meads
To glut the exacting swain, who loved my song;
Yet now, a fierce note blowing, and a strong,
Arms and the man I sing—

P. **425.** *Ovid.* Another translation from *Ovid* (I. xi) appeared in the *Correspo*
dence (1867) under date Albaro, April 1823:

Not in my garden, as of old, I write,
With thee, dear couch, to finish the delight:
I toss upon a ghastly, wintry sea;
While the blue sprinkles dash my poetry.
Fell winter's at his war; and storms the more
To see me dare to write for all his threatening roar.

P. **446.** *Pulci.* In *The Examiner*, August 27, 1820, Leigh Hunt quotes anoth
similar stanza from Pulci, which he translates and applies to the trial of Quee
Caroline.

This is the way to reign in peace for life:
This is the way to get a coronation:
This is the way to subjugate one's wife:
This is the way to build edification:

This is the way to make religion rife :
This is the way to furnish conversation :
This is the way to teach the indiscreet :
Good God ! I'm so delighted I can't eat.

P. 448. *Ariosto : Medoro and Cloridano.* Variant readings from Brit. Mus. Add. 37210 ; *The Liberal*, 1823 ; and from *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846.

4. as might be] as possible *MS., 1823.*
5. loss of friends] death of friends *MS., 1823.*
11. teems with evidence] furnishes a proof *1823.*
12. tried affection] perfect love, that *1823.*
18. make] look *MS., 1823.* 22. lively or] sparkling and *MS.*

30–2. Could not but talk, in melancholy wise,
Of Dardinel his master, and complain
That he had won no honour that campaign. *1823.*

33–40. Turning at last, he said, ' O Cloridan,
I cannot tell thee how it swells my blood
To think our lord lies left upon the plain
To wolves and crows ; alas, too noble food !
When I reflect how pleasant and humane
He always was to me, I feel I could
Let out this life that he might not be so,
And yet not pay him half the debt I owe. *1823.*

43–4. And God perhaps will please that I shall get
Even to the quiet camp of the great king. *1823.*

47. cut] cuts *1823.*
48. 'twas not for want of heart] at least, I had the heart *1823.*
50. duty] nobleness *1823.* 61. glory] any thing *MS., 1823.*
69. Moorish] Saracen *MS., 1823.*
73. Cloridan stopped. ' Look here,' said he, ' Look here ! *MS.*
74. We must not lose this opportunity : *MS., 1823.*
75. the race] this race *MS.*
80. An ample passage] A bloody passage *MS., 1823.*
81. He said : and hushing, push'd directly through *MS., 1823.*
89. cautious] careful *MS., 1823.*
90. weason] weasand *MS., 1823.*
111. these matters] our matters *MS.*
112. arrange [forecast *1823*] them for her] forecast the future *MS., alt.* con- the future *alt.* determine for it *alt.* conclude them for her
121. La Brett] Labrett *MS., 1823.*
127. affections] their bodies *MS., 1823.*
129. Ardalic and Malindo] Malindo and Ardalico *1823.*
130. Sons of the prince, of whom the Flemings held *1823.*

138–9. Which the pavilions of the Paladins
Made round the high pavilion of the King *1823.*

146. But save themselves, and they'll have done their good *1823.*
150. one great plash of blood] a red plash of blood *1823.*
164. face] eye *1823.*
180. of white and red] part white and red *1823.*
189. fear] dread *1823.* 196. shade] shades *MS.*
200, 201. came *MS., alt.* comes 202. could *MS., alt.* can.
219. Dispersed] Disperse *1823.* 220. Seized] Seize *1823.*
222. a steadfast] an earnest *1823.*
224 He plainly saw that enemies were there *1823.*
228. made] was *MS., 1823.*
229. fliers] pagans *MS., 1823.* 231. loves] likes *MS.*
242. would trample] who tramples *1823.* 264. how] when *1823.*
265. with bitter sighs] in bitter wise *MS., 1823.*
270. take] cut *MS.* 274. chief] prince *MS.*

285. incites] impels *MS.*, *1823*. natural part] nature's part *MS.*, *corrected.*
288. back her eyes *MS.*, her eyes back *1823*. 311. sets] set *MS.*, *182*
323. them] then *1823*. 354. among] along *1823*.
362. Dress'd like a shepherdess in lowly wise *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
363. so fair] an air *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
364. Noble as handsome, with sweet [clear *1846*] maiden eyes *MS.*, *1823*, *184*
396. for] by *1846*. 414. Now] Still *1846*.
422. sides, and spine] stomach, feet *1823*, *1846*.
430. obeys] obey'd *1846*. 432. Goes . . . stays] Went . . . stay'd *1846*.
441. house] home *1846*. 447. felt] had *1823*, *1846*.
449. greater] larger *1823*.
450. Than common darts can make in one's heart-strings *MS.*
The invisible arrow made in her heart-strings *1823*, *1855*.
Which the sweet arrow made in her heart's strings *1846*.
469. burst] bursts *1823*, *1846*. 473. Count] County *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
480. ye've] you've *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*. 483. by] with *MS.*
486. could] can *MS.*
490. first kiss on lips] world's rose, the rose *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
491. her beauty] that garden *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
492–3. Had human being dared to touch the door.
To sanction it,—to *honestize* [consecrate *1846*] the thing, *MS.*, *1823*, *18*
493 *note* Per onestar la cosa *1823*
503. And yet indulgence gave her love no check *MS.*
504. breast] neck *MS.*
512. When they had secrets to discuss between them *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
513. smooth] green *MS.*
514. That stood by stream or fountain with glad breath *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
515. Nor] Or *MS.*
520. lovers' knots could] lovers' knots can *MS.*, *1823*, *1846*.
523. the Indian] the old Indian *MS.*

P. **468.** *Bacchus in Tuscany*. Variant readings (*1828* = *The Companion*, June 1828).

41. deity] idolotr*ee* *1857*, *1860*.
57. Be he, the great soul, who in vineyards divine *1857*, *1860*.
58. Petrarch] Petraia *1857*, *1860*.
65. sweet] bright *1857*, *1860*. 66. And a bud of a star *1857*, *1860*.
87. of the Thames] of Thames *1857*, *1860*.
105. Aversa] Anversa *1857*, *1860*.
134–99, 226–47 *in 1832*, *1844 as* Bacchus' opinion of wine, chocolate, tea, bee
and other incompatible beverages (179–99, 226–47 *in 1828*).
For ll. 134–5 *1832*, *1844 have one line only :*
Give me, give me Buriano
137. I drink] Give me *1832*, *1844*. 157. *1832 om.* the
162–3. So inviteth me,
So delighteth me, *1832*, *1844*.
171. come not] not come *1832*, *1844*.
179–82. Talk of Chocolate !
Talk of Tea !
Medicines made, ye gods ! as they are,
Are no medicines made for me. *1832*, *1844*.
196. Proserpine] Proserpina *1832*, *1844*.
243. an holy *1825*, *1828*, *1857*, a holy *1832*, *1844*, *1860*.
246. *printed as three lines in 1828*.
282–357 *in 1832*, *1844 as* Ice necessary to wine (278–312 *in 1828*).
301. Your chuffs and your chatters *1857*, *1860*.
331. any wine] my wine *1844*.
352. flour] flower *misspelling in 1825*, *1857*, *1860*.
629–60 *in 1828* ; *in 1832*, *1844 as* Bacchus grows musical in his cups.

636. Over] Far o'er *1832, 1844.*
680–699 *in 1828; in 1832, 1844 as* Good wine a gentleman.
707–56, 773–92 *in 1832, 1844 as* The praise of Chianti wine, and denouncement f water.
707–28 *in 1828.* 710. rank] lank *1828, 1832, 1844.*
726. your] the *1832, 1844.*
734. Carniignan] Carmignano *1832.* When you drink Carmignan to put vater in *1844.*
735–802 *in 1828.* 743. and] an *1860.*
748. virgins] *vargins* 1844. 771. Viviani] Viviana *1860.*
828–72 *in 1828.*
828–36 *in 1832, 1844 as* A tune on the water
925–71 *in 1832 as* Montepulciano inaugurated; *in 1844 as* Montepulciano nthroned. 950–72 *in 1828.*
942. Things which ladies put in caskets *1832.*
Things for dames to put in caskets *1844.*
943. Or beside 'em in work-baskets *1832, 1844.*

P. **486.** *Alfieri: Portrait of himself.* Variant readings in *The Liberal,* 1823:
4. head . . . prone] a stooping head and prone
6. air . . . defined] look . . . design'd
7, 8. A handsome mouth, teeth that are rare to find.
And pale in face, more than a king on throne.
9. bitter . . . mild] crabbed, mild and pleasant soon
10. A quickly roused yet] Always irascible
11. heart, and mind, and self] head and heart and I
13. seem] feel

P. **487.** *To Genoa.* In *1860* this sonnet is wrongly attributed to Pastorini, perhaps y confusion with the following translation from Pastorini (? by L. H.) which appeared nonymously in *The New Monthly Magazine,* 1822 (vol. IV, p. 419).

SONNET

From the Italian of Giambattista Pastorini. Written after the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV

My Genoa, if I view with tearless eye
Thy beauteous bosom in its blood bedew'd,
'Tis not a thankless child's ingratitude,
But that my struggling soul denies a sigh.
I glory in thy ruin'd majesty,
Stern token of thy courage unsubdued;
Where'er I turn I see thy fragments strew'd,
And in thy peril read thy prowess high.
The noblest triumph is to suffer well,
And nobly hast thou triumph'd o'er thy foes
In that immutable tranquillity;
Still in thine honour'd walls may Freedom dwell;
Still may'st thou proudly say amidst thy woes,
'Yes! welcome Ruin; never Slavery.'

P. **490.** A further translation from the Italian (original unidentified) appears in it. Mus. Add. MS. 38111, f. 419:

Il mio garzone il piffero suonava, etc.

She. I heard your pipe no sooner but I knew it:
Play on, dear lad; the mill goes sweetly to it.
He. Ah, sweetest heart, how can I keep on playing,
While you, up there, are looking so betraying?
She. I'll give ye a kiss for every breath you're wasting,
And a pipe to kiss that 's better worth your tasting.

He. You'll make me mad, if you look and talk so kindly:
I think I must shut my eyes, and so play blindly.
She. Ah, ah! And think ye not to see me so, Sir?
I'll say such things, you'll see whether or no, Sir.
He. You do, you do! Those eyes, that arm, that swaying!
I must e'en jump up, and so put an end to your saying.

P. **496.** *Boileau. From the Lutrin.* The opening of the Lutrin is thus transla in the notes to 'The Book of Beginnings' (*The Liberal*, No. III, 1823):

Arms and the mighty-hearted dean I sing,
Who in a church divinely triumphing,
By his long toils and his resistless ire,
Got placed, at last, a Pulpit in the choir.
In vain the Chanter, on a false pretence,
Twice got the Church to take the Pulpit thence
The Dean, upon his lofty rival's place,
Twice took it back, and fixed, for ever, in his face.

P. **539.** *A Legend of Florence.* A MS. of this play with a different Act V, and oth wise greatly varying from the printed text is in the Forster Collection at So Kensington.

R. H. Horne to L. H. November 1, 1839: 'Wordsworth the other day (af sitting silent an hour) suddenly said, "I *wish* I could be in London in Januar Margaret Gillies asked, "Why?" "To make my hands burn," said he, "in welc ing Leigh Hunt's play."' Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38109, f. 260.

P. **580.** *Lovers' Amazements.* There is a different MS. version of this in British Museum, Add. MS. 38106. It is thus described:

'L[overs'] A[mazements]': a comedy in 5 acts, by L. H., written in blank ver with one or two passages in prose. *Autograph* (1840–50). This version differs ext sively from the 3 acts of the play in its final form. There is a practical identity Act I, scenes 1 and 3, and part of scene 2; in Act II, scene 1; and in Act III, scen of the MS. as compared with the Act III, scene 1, in the printed text. But desp this similarity the two versions differ widely in their plots. There are more charact in the MS. than in the printed text, and while the interest in the latter cent round the love imbroglio of the four principal personages, in the former it leads up the Duke of Vendôme's abandonment of opposition to the marriage of his daugh Gabrielle, the Countess Montalais of the printed play. For references see *A biography* (1860), pp. 429, 430, 450. Paper, ff. 217. Octavo.

P. **618.** *Act IV of a MS. Play.* The occurrence of the Duke de Vendôme in t fragment, as in the British Museum MS. version of *Lovers' Amazements*, marks t Act IV as a rejected sketch for that play. De Livry corresponds to De Torcy a Madeleine to Gabrielle. Louise is common to the fragment and the three- act version, as are also the Sisterhood of Charity, and the Spanish War, and question of a lady's truthfulness. In this Act IV the Duke de Vendôme seems be the guardian of Madeleine; in the five-act version he is her father; in the thr act version he is omitted.

Below is a fragment of *The Prince's Marriage* from a MS. fragment in the possess of Mr. T. J. Wise.

Gentlemen, I pray be cover'd, like my soldiers,
We are all in the same tears and story to-day,
And have no time for any thing but hard grips
And homely greetings:—nay, there 's my hand, if you will,
But pr'ythee no knees:—I'm jealous of my dust.
(*Some of them kiss his hand; after which he walks apart with L Felix.*)
A million thanks for the letter you sent me at Orta;
And all 's well still, I see, with my blest love.
Not a doubt whisper'd?
Don. Fel. None, my dearest lord,—
None that we fear'd, only the old mistake,

And that not much,—and the old talk at court,
In grateful compliment to your new victory!
All the rest hush'd,—lock'd close,—but joyful anxious;
Your nest with a beating heart in it awaits you.
Prince. How good and gracious of you! Nay, but 'tis;
You too, who first besought me so against it,
Then lov'd her like a father!
Don Fel. I could not help it.
Say but the word, you know what I think now.
That forward fool, Olite, has been with me,
With grave proposals of accords of policy,
Sent by the King, he says; I guess, the Queen.
Prince. Oh let succession be but sure with us,
Visibly sure, to reverential eyes,
And that sweet moment I'll risque every thing,
And shew Navarre their queen. I know the roar
Their hearts would give me, did the whole land look on.
Meantime—yes, yes—and I begin at once.
My stay with the King will be as brief as possible.
These people that abuse his pliable nature
Shall lose the advantage of the time they look for,
Nor force me, with misconstrued courtesy,
To vex the gentle creature they have brought hither,
And seem to wish for what I never can.
At nightfall look for me. You'll see that the gate
Be open, in the old wall, by the lime-trees,
And nobody there but Guzman?

P. **626.** *Look to your Morals.* The MS. in the British Museum is thus described: Add. MS. 38105. 'LOOK TO YOUR MORALS. A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.' By [James Henry] Leigh Hunt. *Autograph* (1833–40). On f. 2 b four titles are noted by the author for consideration, viz. 'The French Girl in England', 'Modest Assumptions', 'Look to your Morals', and 'Proper's the Word'. Of these he had apparently adopted the second, but the third is that by which the work is referred to finally in the *Autobiography*, and it has been added to the present MS. by another hand. The play, which is there described as a 'prose afterpiece, or pretty comedy', is, in its present form, despite the superscription on the cover, divided into 3 Acts. The plot centres round the discomfiture of Sir Harry Creole, a West Indian Baronet, in his design to displace his nephew, Captain Creole, in the affections of a young widow, Lady Susan Arlyn. In their scheme to obtain from the baronet the title to a contested estate the lovers are aided by Dobbs, the Captain's valet, and his young French wife Annette, these last being described in the *Autobiography* as the two principal characters. The scene lies in an English seaport village at the (then) present time. For further descriptions see *Autobiography*, 1860, p. 430. The author has subjected his original copy to considerable revision, and as the MS. stands there are one or two trifling inconsistencies, e. g. at the end, owing to the incorporation of folios from another version, Lady Susan is confused with Miss Charlotte Compton. Paper; 75 (f. 43 is mutilated). Small quarto.

A CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE

POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT

[The Poems marked with an asterisk are not included in the present edition. A the other titles in this Bibliography are included in the Index of Titles, and thus ca be identified in the text even when they differ from the titles finally adopted. Poem of doubtful authorship are marked with a query.]

1801

* *Juvenilia;* or, A Collection of Poems. Written between the ages of twelve an sixteen. By J. H. L. Hunt, Late of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospita And dedicated, by permission, to the Hon. J. H. Leigh. Containing Miscellanie Translations, Sonnets, Pastorals, Elegies, Odes, Hymns, and Anthem.

Motto:

. . . . tenui ferar
Penna . . . per liquidum aethera
Vates; . . . . .
. . . . . .
Hor. Od. 20, Lib. 2.

Vos, . . . precor, aspirate canenti.
Virg. Lib. 9.

London: Printed by J. Whiting, Finsbury Place. 1801 (Reprinted 1801, 180 1803, 1804). 8vo.

The First Edition has a plate by Bartolozzi as a frontispiece. The Third an Fourth Editions have a portrait-frontispiece; in the British Museum copy the Third Edition the Bartolozzi plate is missing; in the Editor's copy of th Fourth Edition it faces page 33. The First, Third, and Fourth Editions are th same size, but the type-setting differs, and the order of the poems. The Secon Edition is a Foolscap 8vo.

Advertisement: J. H. L. Hunt thinks it necessary to inform his Readers, as the will undoubtedly perceive how much superior some of the following Poems a to the others, that a few of the first pages, all the Translations but one, th two first Odes, and the first Hymn, were written at a very early age; tha the Poem on Retirement, the Pastorals in imitation of Pope and Virgil, Eleg written in Poets' Corner Westminster Abbey, Ode to Truth, the Progress Painting, Wandle's Wave, the Hymns for the Seasons, the Palace of Pleasur and the Funeral Anthem, were the productions of his present age (sixteen and the rest of his intermediate years.

Contents

Miscellanies: Macbeth; or, The Ill Effects of Ambition, written at the Age Twelve — Content — Lines on the Birth-Day of Eliza — Lines to Miss S . . H . . . on her Marriage — Parody on Dr. Johnson's 'Hermit hoar' — Lin written January, 1800, on the Birth-Day of a particular Friend — Speech Caractacus to Claudius Caesar — A Morning Walk and View — Lines to th White Rose of America — Christ's Hospital — Remembered Friendship Retirement; or, the Golden Mean. *Translations*: Anacreon, Ode 19 [*see p.* 390] The first Ode of Anacreon — Horace's Ode 'Septimi Gades' — Paraphrase Horace's Ode 'Integer Vitae'. *Sonnets*: To Sensibility — On the Sickne

of Eliza — The Negro Boy, a Ballad — Song; to Eliza — Sonnet — Sonnet to Eve — Sonnet — The Mad Girl's Song — Sonnet in Imitation of Lopez de Vega — To Zephyr. Imitated from the Spanish. *Pastorals*, in Imitation of Virgil and Pope: I. Spring, II. Summer, III. Autumn, IV. Winter. *Elegies*: Written in Poets Corner, Westminster Abbey. *Epitaphs*: On J. H. Beattie, A.M. — On Robespierre. *Odes*: To the Evening Star, from Ossian — Valour — To Honour — To Truth — For 1799. Written at the Time of the War in Switzerland — to Genius. To Friendship. In Imitation of Pope's Ode on Solitude — To Friendship. In the manner of Collins's Ode to Evening — Friendship — The Progress of Painting — Wandle's Wave. *Hymns*: To the Omnipotent God — Hymns for the Seasons. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter — The Palace of Pleasure, an Allegorical Poem in two Cantos written in Imitation of Spenser — Funeral Anthem.

This volume was published by subscription. In the long lists of subscribers (differing in the different editions) the following are the most interesting names:

Barclay, R., esq. Descendant of the pious and acute Logician, R. Barclay, Author of the Apology.
Barry, James, esq.
Bartolozzi, Francis, esq., R.A.
Beechey, Sir Wm., R.A. Portrait Painter to Her Majesty.
Bowdler, Mr.
Bowyer, R., esq., Min. Painter to the King.
Boydell, alderman, Mr.
Burdett, Sir Francis.
Busby, Dr.
Cobbett, William, Mr. 12 copies.
Colnaghi, Mr.
Cosway, Richard, esq., R.A.
Cumberland, Richard, esq.
Farquhar, Sir Walter, Physician to the Prince of Wales.
Field, Barron, Mr.
Fuseli, H., esq., R.A.
Guilford, Right Hon. George Augustus, Earl of.
Heberden, — M.D.
Heberden, William, Jun., M.D., Physician to the Queen.
Hoppner, J., esq., R.A.
Hunt, Isaac, M.A., of the Universities of Philadelphia and New York.
King, Rufus, his Excellency Ambassador of the U.S.A.
Lamb, J., esq., South-Sea House.
Lambert, Daniel, esq.
Landseer, J., Engraver to the King.
Latham, John, M.D. Physician Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.
Lawrence, Thomas, esq., R.A.
Macklin, John, Mr.
Penn, governor, formerly of Pennsylvania, the Colony founded by the venerable modern Lycurgus, Wm. Penn—the *Friend* of Man.
Pye, H. J. esq., Poet Laureat.
Rochester, Right Rev. Lord Bishop of, and Dean of Westminster.
Ruspini, Chevalier.
Smirke, Robert, esq., R.A.
Stothard, Thomas, esq., R.A.
Tooke, John Horne, esq., M.P.
West, Benjamin, esq., P.R.A.
West, Benjamin, jun., esq.
West, Raphael, esq.
Westall, Richard, esq., R.A.

European Magazine. 'Melancholy':—

There is a charm no joys bestow,
Nor rank nor wealth impart;
'Tis when the tear is stealing slow,
And softly sighs the heart.
Oft have I watch'd the ev'ning sky,
When rose the silver bow;
My bosom heav'd, I knew not why,
And tears began to flow!
O then I thought that mirth was folly
Thine was the charm, sweet Melancholy.
Ye hearts of stone, who think no bliss
Can glisten on a tear;
Who think the love that sighs a kiss,
Insipid and severe;
Ah! ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,
The dew'd and tender eye!
The warmest love that e'er was told
Was breath'd upon a sigh!
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly,
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy.

Poetical Register for 1801.

*Original Poetry: The Shades of Collins, an Ode — Epitaph on Cowper — To my Friend on his Return from the Country, August 24, 1801 — The Petition.

Anacreontic — Song, in Imitation of Sir John Suckling — *Translation of Horace's Ode, Descende Caelo, &c. — A Fragment.*
*Fugitive Poetry: Ode to Thomas Campbell, Esq. — Sonnet written at the Close of Eve.

1805

Poetical Register for 1805 (published 1807).
Fugitive Poetry: *Ode to Contemplation.

1806

*Epistle to Miss Kent (written from Lincolnshire, in February 1806). Blank verse, 62 lines. (First printed in the *Correspondence*, 1862, i. 18.)

1806–7

Poetical Register for 1806–7 (published 1811).
Original Poetry: **Imitation of the First Pythian of Pindar.*
Fugitive Poetry: *Love and Wine separated. Lines written in a blank page of Anacreon.

1808

The Examiner. *Catullus's Return home to his Estate at Sirmio*, Imitated. (August 21.)
(Reprinted in *Poetical Register for 1808–9*, 1812.)
*Love and the Æolian Harp Sent in a letter to Miss Kent, October 19, 1808. (Set to music, 1809: see below. Reprinted in the *Correspondence*, 1862, i. 39.)

1809

Three Songs, set to Music by John Whitaker.
1. *Silent Kisses.
2. *Love and the Æolian Harp (see 1808 above).
3. Mary, dear Mary, list! awake! (as below).

Mary, dear Mary, list! awake!
And now, like the moon, thy slumbers break.
There is not a taper and scarcely a sound
To be seen or be heard in the cottages round:
The watch-dog is silent, thy father sleeps;
But love, like the breeze, to thy window creeps.
The moonlight seems list'ning all over the land
To the whispers of angels like thee:
O! lift but a moment the sash with thy hand
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love Mary!

Gently awake, and gently rise—
O for a kiss to unclose thine eyes!
The vapour of sleep should fly softly the while,
As the breath on thy looking-glass breaks at thy smile;
And then I would whisper thee never to fear,
For Heav'n is all round thee when true love is near.

Just under the woodbine, dear Mary, I stand,
Still looking and list'ning for thee;—
O lift, for a moment, the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love Mary!

Hark! do I see thee? Yes 'tis thou;
And now there 's thy hand and I hear thee now:
Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,
For thy face, love, is bath'd in the moon-light gleam:
And O! could my kisses like stream-circles rise
To dip in thy dimples, and spread round thine eyes!
And O! to be lost, in a night such as this
In the arms of an angel like thee!
Nay, stay but a moment—one moment of bliss,
And smile but forgiveness to me,
My love Mary!

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs—
Thy voice just comes on the soft air, and dies.
Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have gaz'd, as I rove,
Till I thought it has breath'd Heaven's blessing on love;—
Till I've stretch'd out my arms, and my tears have begun,
And nature, and Heaven, and thou seem'd but one.
Adieu, my sweet Mary; the moon's in the west,
And the leaves shine with tear-drops like thee;
So draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,
O thou dearer than life to me,
My love Mary!

1810

The Examiner. *Walcheren Expedition; or, The Englishman's Lament for the Loss of his Countrymen (January 7). (Reprinted in *Poetical Register for 1808–9*, 1812.)

1810–11

THE REFLECTOR

(No. I.) Atys the Enthusiast; a Dithyrambic Poem translated from Catullus, with Prefatory Remarks.
(No. II.) Politics and Poetics, or the desperate Situation of a Journalist unhappily smitten with the Love of Rhyme.
(No. IV.) The Feast of the Poets.

1810

THE EXAMINER

*Epitaph on the Administration; *A Parody (of the Epitaph in Gray's Elegy). Unsigned. (January 20.) — To Thomas Lawrence, Esq., R.A., on his Portrait of Mr. President West (June 23):

Lawrence, whose pencil brightens year by year,
Dipt in that stream of Painting's inmost bow'r,
That seems a rainbow still'd from orient show'r,
And gleams prismatic flush on all things near—
Well hast thou touch'd his look with whom began
In British art the vital truth of form;
And well hast seated, wrapp'd in colours warm,
The glowing master and the kind old man.
Refresh'd we turn from all those old grimaces,
Smiling or frowning with the self-same air,
That speak a soul no deeper than their faces,
And ask us, not in vain, for mutual stare.
Thine is true portraiture, which still should be,
In skill and int'rest, close on history.

☞

1812

THE EXAMINER

The Entire Affection; imitated from the Acme and Septimius of Catullus (September 13) — The Return home of Catullus (September 20) — Horace's Ode to Pyrrha attempted (September 27) (reprinted in the *Poetical Register for 1808–11*, published 1814) — Catullus to Cornificius (October 4) — To Maecenas. Ode XII, Book II (November 1).

1813

THE EXAMINER

Sonnet to T. B., Esq (February 14) — Sonnet to Hampstead (August 29) — *Stanzas on the Death of General Moreau. Dated October 30, 1813. Signed 'Leigh Hunt'. (December 5.)

1814

The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other Pieces in Verse, by The Editor of *The Examiner*. [Motto.] London: Printed for James Cawthorn, Cockspur Street. 1814. 12mo. Pp. xvi + 158.

Motto: Οιον ὁ τω 'πολλωνος εσεισατο δαφνινος ὁρπηξ
Οια δ' ολον το μελαθρον· εκας, εκας, οστις αλιτρος,
Και δηπον τα θυρετρα καλω ποδι Φοιβος αρασσει.
CALLIMACHUS.

Dedicatory Letter, To Thomas Mitchell, Esq., dated 'Surrey Jail, January 10th, 1814'. Pp. vii, viii.

Preface. Pp. ix–xiv.

Contents: The Feast of the Poets — Notes on The Feast of the Poets (pp. 21–133). TRANSLATIONS, &c. (the originals are given in footnotes) — Catullus's Return Home to the Peninsula of Sirmio, Carmen XXXI — Catullus to Cornificius, Carmen XXXVIII — Acme and Septimius, or the Entire Affection. From Catullus, Carmen XLV — Horace to Pyrrha, Ode V, Lib. I — Part of a Chorus in Seneca's Tragedy of Thyestes — Bacchus, or the Pirates. From Homer, Hymn V — Sonnet to T— B—, Esq. Written from Hampstead.

THE EXAMINER

The Bellman *v.* The Laureat (January 2):—

The following lines are taken from 'a copy of verses' by the Beadle of the East Division of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden [*The Examiner* was published at 21 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden]—'Humbly presented to all his worthy Masters and Mistresses'.

ON THE NEW POET LAUREAT

My honest Masters, take care of extremes,
BOB SOUTHEY, once upon a time, it seems,
(Too young to know the value of decorum)
Held in disdain, all crowns, and those who wore 'em;
For *suffering* them, he saw no reason why;
And as to *flattering* them, he'd rather die.
Such was his tone for years, and such his scorning;
When lo! one fine autumnal blushing morning,
Changing his *mind* and *coat*, as CRABBE would say,
He comes to Court—the oddest of the gay,
And there not only lays his notions by,
Kissing the REGENT's hand with down-dropt eye,
But puts the Crown on, that was worn by PYE!

My noble Masters, how could this change be?
. . . . . .
I'll tell you what it was; my Masters dear—
Pure weakness, and a hundred pounds a-year!
. . . . . .
In what, my candid Masters, I have said,
Do not suppose I've been by malice led;
I would not of his fame the Laureat rob;
Think not your Bellman would speak ill of BOB.
'Tis of his odd extremes I speak alone;
In all things else—his verse, his taste, his tone,
I'm sure I look on BOB's fame as my own.

The New Year's Ode' [Southey's], a criticism, with two stanzas parodied, as below. Signed ☞ (January 16):

In lucky hour doth he receive
The laurel, meed of bowing bards of yore,
Which Dryden and obscener Skelton wore—

In lucky hour, and well may he rejoice,
Whose yearly task must be
Nothing at Court but what is right to see,
And have, for nothing but fine words, a voice;
Wearing bag-wigs and other princely raiment,
Glory to Kings, his song:—a hundred pounds, his payment!

Come, pen and ink! My hand, take up the *notes*!
Glory to Kings! A hundred pounds for Southey!
Joy,—for all poets, joy!—who turn their coats:
But most for thee, the mouthiest of the mouthy,
O Robert! O my glorious, natural Bob!
For thou, before thou knew'st a job,
Much of a man's own freedom didst parade,
Making thy friends afraid,
Thy hope in truth and in an honest fob.
Now are thy worst of verses overpaid,
Thy bending back hath now official raiment—
Glory to Kings, thy song! A hundred pounds, thy payment.

The St. James's Phenomenon (March 20) — A Surprising New Ballad (March 27) — Ode for the Spring of 1814 (April 17) — Sonnets to Hampstead, II, IV (August 7, December 18. No No. III or V appeared in *The Examiner*).

1815

The Feast of the Poets, with Other Pieces in Verse, By Leigh Hunt. [Motto as in 1814.] Second edition, amended and enlarged. London: Printed for Gale and Fenner, Paternoster Row. 1815. 8vo, pp. xii, 177 and 3 pp. of advertisements.

Dedicatory Letter, Pp. v, vi. To Thomas Mitchell, Esq., dated 'January 10th, 1814'.

Preface to the Second Edition, Pp. vii–x, dated July 11th, 1815.

Contents [as in 1814, with the following additions]:

Sonnets. To Hampstead ('Sweet upland') — To the Same ('They tell me') — To the Same ('Winter has reached thee') — To T. M. Alsager, Esq., with the Author's Miniature, on leaving Prison — To Hampstead ('The baffled spell') — To the Same ('As one who') — Politics and Poetics; or, The desperate Situation of a Journalist unhappily smitten with the Love of Rhyme — Song (to the Air of 'The De'il came fiddling through the Town') ('Oh, one that I know') — National Song — A Thought on Music. Suggested by a private Concert, May 13, 1815.

The Descent of Liberty, A Mask; by Leigh Hunt. [Motto, as in text.] London: printed for Gale, Curtis, and Fenner, Paternoster Row. 1815. 8vo, pp. lix, 82.

Dedicatory Letter. To Thomas Barnes, Esq. Signed 'Leigh Hunt, Surrey Jail, July 10, 1814.' Pp. iii, iv.

Preface, pp. v–xviii.

Some Account of the Origin and Nature of Masks, pp. xix–lv.

Ode for the Spring of 1814, pp. lvi–lix.

Text, pp. 1–82.

THE EXAMINER

Sonnets to Hampstead, VI, VII (May 7, 14) — A Song ('Hail England, dear England') (June 25) — Hampstead, VII [*sic*], Description of the Village, (November 12) — To Kosciusko, who took part neither with Bonaparte in the height of his power, nor with the allies in the height of theirs (November 19) — The Poets (December 24).

1816

The Story of Rimini, A Poem, by Leigh Hunt. London: *Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars*; for J. Murray; W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cumming, Dublin. 1816. 8vo, pp. xx, 112.

Dedicatory Letter. To Lord Byron, pp. v, vi.
Preface, pp. vii–xix.
Text, pp. 1–111.

THE EXAMINER

Moschus: Sea and Land (January 21) — Filicaia: Providence (March 10) — Anacreon's Sprightly Old Age (March 31) — To Lord Byron (April 28) — Catullus: Nuptial Song of Julia and Manlius (May 12) — On Hearing a little Musical Box (May 19) — Homer: Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso (May 26, complete; ll. 1–12, February 4)—Serenade, suggested by the music of Cherubini's trio 'Non mi negate, no' (June 16):—

Steal from the window, dear,
Beneath the dark trees plumy,
And crossing once by the moonlight clear,
Look down the garden to me.

Far strikes thy shape away,
And shews thee a refin'd one;
Thy step is like the air we play,
Thou lovely, frank, and kind one.
L. H.

Homer: The Simile of a Beautiful Night (June 16) — Harry Brown to his Cousin Thomas Brown, Jun., Letters I, II (June 30, July 7) — Harry Brown's Letters to his Friends. Letter III, To W. H., Esq. (July 14); IV, V, To Thomas Brown, Jun.; Letters 3, 4 (July 21, 28); VI, To B. F., Esq. (August 11); VII, To C. L. (August 25) — To T. L. H. (September 1) — To J. H. (September 8) — To Benjamin Robert Haydon (October 20) — Written under a Portrait of Raphael (November 17) — Petrarch: Laura's Bower (December 8).

1817

THE EXAMINER

The Grasshopper and Cricket (September 21) — Elegy on our Lost Princess (December 28).

1818

The Examiner. To H***** S*****, Esq. (January 4).

Foliage: or, Poems Original and Translated, by Leigh Hunt. [Motto.]
London: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, Welbeck Street. 1818. 8vo, pp. 40, cxxxvi, 112.
Motto. 'Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.'—SHAKESPEARE.
Dedicatory Letter. To Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart. Pp. 7, 8.
Preface, including Cursory Observations on Poetry and Cheerfulness. Pp. 9–39.
Contents. Greenwoods, or Original Poems [five mottoes]: The Nymphs. In Two Parts. MISCELLANIES: Fancy's Party. A Fragment — Thoughts of the Avon, On the 28th of September, 1817 — To T** L** H**, six years old, during a sickness — To J** H**, four years old — On hearing a little Musical Box — Song. Written to be set to music by Vincent Novello ('When lovely sounds about my ears') — His Departed Love to Prince Leopold. Set to music by Vincent Novello. EPISTLES: To the Right Honourable Lord Byron, on his Departure for Italy and Greece — To Thomas Moore — Extract from another Letter to the Same — Extract from Another to the Same. The Berkeleian System — To William Hazlitt — To Barron Field — To Charles Lamb. SONNETS: Description of Hampstead ('A steeple issuing') — To Mrs. L. H. on her modelling a bust of the author — To Kosciusko, who never fought either for Buonaparte or the Allies — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — Written under the Engraving of a Portrait of Rafael, painted by himself when he was young — To Miss K. Written on a Piece of Paper which happened to be headed with a long list of Trees — To Percy Shelley, on the degrading Notions of Deity — To the Same — To Henry Robertson, John Gatti, and Vincent Novello, not keeping their appointed Hour — To John Keats — On receiving a Crown of Ivy from the Same — On the Same — To Horatio Smith — To Benjamin Robert Haydon — To John Hamilton Reynolds, on his Lines upon The Story of Rimini — To — —, M.D. On his giving me a Lock of Milton's Hair — To the Same, on the same

Subject — To the Same, on the same Occasion — The Nile — To Thomas Stothard, R.A. — *Evergreens, or Translations from Poets of Antiquity.* Homer: The First Re-appearance of Achilles, and its Effects — Priam, in Anguish at the Loss of Hector, and getting ready to go and ransom the Body, vents his Temper on his Subjects and Children — Priam at the Feet of Achilles — Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso — Theocritus: The Rural Journey. Idyll VII — The Cyclops. Idyll XI — The Lover. Idyll XII — The Syracusan Gossips; or, The Feast of Adonis — Dedication of a Rural Spot and Altar — The Prayer in the Bower — The Rural Concert — Bion and Moschus: The Teacher Taught. Bion — To the Evening Star. Attributed by some to Moschus, and by others to Bion — On the Death of Bion, the Herdsman of Love. Moschus — Sea and Land. Moschus — Anacreon: Roses — The Banquet — The Dance — The Seat under the Tree — Catullus: Atys — The Nuptial Song of Julia and Manlius.

1819

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. In Three Volumes.

Vol. I. The Story of Rimini and The Descent of Liberty. London: Charles and James Ollier. Vere Street.

The Story of Rimini, A Poem, by Leigh Hunt. Third Edition. London: Printed for C. & J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street. 1819. [Details as in 1816.]

The Descent of Liberty, A Mask; by Leigh Hunt. [Motto, as in Text.] A New Edition. London: Printed for Gale and Fenner, Paternoster Row: By S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey. 1816. [Details as in 1815.]

Vol. II. Hero and Leander; Bacchus and Ariadne; and The Feast of the Poets. London: Charles and James Ollier, Vere Street.

Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne.

Motto. Love is too young to know what Conscience is,
Yet who knows not, Conscience is born of Love?
SHAKESPEARE.

Displayed Title. Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. By Leigh Hunt. London: Printed for C. & J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street. 1819.

Advertisement. It is intended by the Author of these two little Poems to follow them at intervals by other tales in verse, chiefly taken from the popular stories of different nations. The circumstance on which a smaller piece at the end is founded, is taken from Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana.

Hero and Leander — Bacchus and Ariadne — The Panther.

Half-title. The Feast of the Poets.

Displayed Title. The Feast of the Poets, with other pieces in verse, by Leigh Hunt. [Motto] Second Edition, Amended and Enlarged. London: Printed for Gale and Fenner, Paternoster Row. 1815. [Details as in 1815.]

Vol. III | Foliage | London | Charles & James Ollier Vere Street. [Details as in 1818.]

The Literary Pocket-Book: or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art. Two poems, signed Φ.

Power and Gentleness — The Summer of 1818.

THE EXAMINER

The Jovial Priest's Confession (June 13) — La Bella Tabbaconista [*sic*] (July 18) :—

LA BELLA TABACCONISTA

OR THE FAIR TOBACCONIST OF COVENT GARDEN

God prosper long those noble things
Our wives and safeties all;
A fearful shop is just set up,
At which it 's bold to call.

Let Frenchmen boast their coffee-house,
Which they call *Mille Colonnes*,
Where there 's a lady sits and takes
Your twopence on a throne.

No throne is in this fearful shop,
Nor does it deal in coffee,
Nor are there columns hung with glass
To take the portraits of ye;

Only some boxes, pipes, and jars,
For holding snuff —that 's certain,
And there 's a natural back-room,
Whose window has a curtain.

But then from out this curtain comes
Something that has the art to
Take with its two witching eyes
Your image, cash, and heart too.

The rash snuff-taker unawares
With open mouth and box,
Ere he can say Jack Robinson [1]
Stands staring like an ox.

The very barrow-woman feels
As if she must address 'em,
And cutting short her speech, exclaims,
'Two ounces, Ma'am—Lord bless 'em.'

The Turk, no longer terrible,
Keeps bowing for a while,
Desiring much to take a pinch
Not of her snuff, but smile.

The gallant sailor says 'I want'—
Then suddenly slacks sail,
And gapes, and scratches his wise head,
As who should say 'Pigtail'.[2]

The wiser spark, though much surprised,
Falls chatting with the parrot,
To make her turn her eyes that way,
For his at ease to stare at.

The lady of the manor finds
The curate less subdued;
Thinks he, I buy my snuff in town
Of one that 's quite as good.

The oldest gentleman alive
That loves the nightly pit,
And hears (or would) the self-same plays,
And sports the self-same wit—

Almost imagines that he sees
Miss Arne or Clive before him
Performing in a comedy;
So young a dream comes o'er him.

The whistling idle errand-boy
Who stops and falls a brooding
Over the painted snuff-boxes,
Stares dumbly on the sudden;

And with his flattened nose against
The window-pane, descries
A finer living picture there,
Which makes him say 'My eyes!

No pastry-cook's, or little-go,
Could more detain his heart;
He stares upon the lady's face,
As if it were a tart.

All ages and all ranks, in short,
Peer, lawyer, doctor, poet,
Can take no other snuff or road,
The moment that they know it.

And if those doings of dead men
Are none of Virgil's hoaxes,[3]
No doubt the dead, of any life,
Come here to fill their boxes.

Yes; now, I think, I've *seen* 'em come
To get a pinch of Doctor;[4]
Only they were incognito,
Or else they would have shocked her.

There 's Prior comes in shape of Moore;
Arbuthnot, Lamb, in thine;
And Swift in Hazlitt's too, they say;
And Garth, dear rogue! in mine;

With every ghost of wit and taste
That Pope said 'How d'ye do' to,
Who smokes the devils with Proserpine,
Or takes High-dried [5] with Pluto.

And so long life, segars, and breath,
To those in court and city,
Who help to make Fair Dealers rich,
And me so mortal witty.

And let those keep to Fribourg's snuff
Who think there 's nothing new good;
Be Gliddon's mine, whose only fault
Is being somewhat too good.

Harry Brown.

THE EXAMINER, 1819, *continued*

*Account of the Movements of the Come-eat. By the Gastronomer Royal. Signed Harry Brown (July 18) — A Hate Song. Dialogue between the Poet and a Lady. Signed Harry Brown (August 22):—

[1] A sort of snuff, so called from a worthy gentleman about town.
[2] A sort of tobacco.
[3] *Aeneid*, Book 6, where the poet tells us that the souls in the other world delight in the same pursuits and pleasures that employed them on earth.
[4] A sort of snuff.
[5] Otherwise called Lundyfoot.

A HATE SONG

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND A LADY

[Reprinted in *The Indicator*, January 17, 1821]

P. Let lovers whine of darts and pains
That run 'em through and through;
And curse their lot in such old strains,
As make us curse it too.
For my part, Ma'am, my happier fate
At present is to be in hate.

L. In hate! Good God, Sir, what a phrase!
And what a dreadful thing!
Come, come, you're in your joking ways:
What! lofty as a king!
Well, well, I hope its not with me?
You'll not convince me easily.

P. I trust I may, for those sweet eyes
So gentle are and winceable,
They hold the sum of all that 's wise,
Convincing and convinceable.
So there!—and there!—They call it, Ma'am,
The argument *ad fœminam*

L. Well, Sir, I vow—Nay, nay, I'll hide
The book you kiss so for one;
But still I am not satisfied,
How you, Sir, could abhor one.
Why, it must be a shocking state!
What does one do, when one 's in hate!

P. Why nothing, Madam. There 's the bliss:—
'Tis all a fine negation;
No anxious thoughts of that or this,
Nor any inclination;
Except indeed, when one is present,
To go away, or be unpleasant.

L Nay, this would be indifference,
Except for that last word:
I, sometimes, God knows, could dispense
With a whole tattling herd;
But as to being wilfully
Unpleasant, why—*P.* You cannot be.

Now *I*, Ma'am (here some critic cries,
'Ay, ay, there is no need
For telling us that eyes are eyes:
You'd say that *you* succeed'—)
Now I, Ma'am, may; though seldom sure
Except with some poor fierce Reviewer.

But one can't be in hate with men;
It must be with a person
Of t'other sex; and only then
When she 's a very curse on
The sex itself, and only known
For woman by her libellous gown.

A vain and jealous lump, to wit,
Who sins and thinks all sinners;
Or one who 'cannot eat a bit,'
Because she 's had two dinners;
Or one who holds her kindred small,
And yet demands first love from all.

Or one, who with a mighty air
Makes flourishes of trumpets
In asking you to eat a pear,
Or pressing you to crumpets;
Then chucks a farthing to a beggar,
Because he looks 'so monstrous eager.'

Or one, who with a tongue as meek
As if it could not stir,
Will flatter you till you are sick,
In hopes you'll flatter her;
And if you don't, or won't, or can't,
Will go and say you keep your aunt.

Or one who cannot find a pound
To cheer her parents' faces,
And then to all her gossips round
Goes flaring in new laces;
Wearing in her adder's ears
Pearls that seem compos'd of tears.

L. My wonder's gone:—but still—this fuss—

P. Ah, Madam, pray reflect;
If Ladies fall in hate with us,
They cannot bear neglect.
Disdain so kills them with vexation,
'Tis kindness to return the passion.

*The Manchester Yeoman. Indignatione et rhythmis exuberans, Skeltonizat HARRY BROWN (September 5) — The Lord Mayor and the Butcher (September 12) — Lawyers' Lament, or The Fees in Danger (September 26) — Reverend Magistracy (October 24) — *Chopping Logic. Signed HARRY BROWN (October 31) — A New Chaunt (November 7) — *The Intelligence of the Debates Vindicated. By HARRY BROWN (December 12).

THE INDICATOR

Anacreon. Portrait of his Mistress (October 13) — Tasso. Ode to the Golden Age. [A portion] (October 20) — To the Lares (November 3) — Martial. Epitaph on Erotion (November 10) — Dante. Purgatorio, II. 10-29 (December 1) — Catullus. The Old Skiff (December 15).

1820

*Amyntas, A Tale of the Woods; from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Leigh Hunt. London: Printed for T. & J. Allman, Prince's Street, Hanover Square. 1820. 12mo, pp. xxxiv, 146.

Dedication: To John Keats, Esq. This translation of the early work of a celebrated poet, whose fate it was to be equally pestered by the critical, and admired by the poetical, is inscribed, by his affectionate friend, Leigh Hunt.

[Omitted in the present edition, except for the 'Chorus', 'O lovely age of gold!']

THE INDICATOR

Ronald of the Perfect Hand (February 23) — Scenes from an Unpublished Drama (March 1) — The Infant Hercules and the Serpents (March 8) — Tasso. Ode to the Golden Age (March 15) — Cyllarus and Hylonome (April 5) — Cephalus and Procris (April 12) — Sachetti. Gathering Flowers (April 19) — Sannazzaro. O dolce primavera (April 26) — The Bee and the Kiss, from Tasso's *Amyntas* (June 14) — Galgano. 'Oh oranges' (July 5) — Petrarch. Chiare, fresche, e dolce acque (July 12) — Ariosto's Prison (August 30) — De Basso. Ode to a Dead Body (September 6) — Robin Hood a Child (November 15) — Robin Hood's Flight (November 15) — Thiebault, King of Navarre to his Love (November 15) — Robin Hood, an Outlaw (November 22) — How Robin and his Outlaws lived in the Woods (November 22).

THE EXAMINER (Poems signed 'Harry Brown')

*A Further Account of Common Sense and Genius [In answer to T. Moore]. (May 28) — Memory and want of Memory (August 27) — An Excellent Scotch Parody (September 3) — *Joe-Miller Epigram of *The Courier* (September 10) — *Song and Chorus in the new School for Scandal (September 24) — *Scenes and Songs in the new Beggar's Opera (October 15, 22) — *The Ne-plus-ultra of Seamen (October 29).

Ollier's Literary Miscellany, No. I. 'The Universal Pan.' Signed 'L.' Not traced to any other author (T. L. Peacock, in his *Paper Money Lyrics*, 1825, speaks of of it as by the 'Cockney poet'):—

Not in the Town—not in the busy Town
Am I, but come amongst the woodlands here
And thou shalt find me, or upon the hills
Topped with the clustering pines, or by the banks
Of sparkling rivers, or by fountains cold
Wherein Apollo never dips his hair;
And thou wilt find me by the hedgerow-side
Loitering at noon, and at pale evening
When infant winds awake and stir the locks
Of Dryads into music, and complain
In fretful murmurs that the day has died.
I am the universal Spirit, around
Whose habitations the great Sun is proud
To run his journey, and the moon at night
Comes in pale beauty to me, like a maid,
A vestal maid, watching and weeping here;
Or, haply in more joyous hour she leaves
Her cold bright kiss upon my forehead green,
And so I sleep 'till morning. I am he

Who pour strange sounds into the poet's ear,
At noon, when by the running rivulet
He casts him down to dream, and then I fill
The cup of fancy for his fevered lip,
And soothe him into poetry. I fling
The rainbow colours all about the air,
And touch the stream with light, and every herb
And every trembling tree with brighter green;
I call the echoes from their caves to please
His sickly fancy, and array the boughs
With human shape and beauty—the mute boughs,
Transformed to life, from the deep woods send forth
Voices at my command: my subjects they;
For I, although a humbler Deity
Usurp the honours that belong to me,
Am the pervading and surrounding power
Of the great earth—the universal Pan.
—Come then to me, ye who are tired of life,
Noise, and the trouble of cities, come to me;
And in my arms shall ye all take your fill
Of quiet, nourishing repose. Your lives
Shall be as mine, and with the seasons change,
From Hope to Joy, fulfilment, and deep calm,
And back to Hope, and then to Joy again.
And here are the gay Hours, who of yore
Scattered their sweets and flowers upon the path
Of that young Queen who every morning rode
Thro' the red east, before the Sun awoke.
Come! here is Silence and her nursling Love,
And Happiness with roses 'round her hair,
And Beauty like a bride with sparkling eyes,
And Health alive, and Wisdom most serene,
And Contemplation with uplifted looks,
And Melancholy without Sorrow. Come!
Aged and young, fair girls and dark-eyed boys,
Matrons and wedded pairs, come hither to me.
I am the great god Pan.

L.

The Literary Pocket-Book: or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art. 1820. Two Poems, signed Φ.

Robin Hood, a Child — Sonnet. To — —. Written in Autumn ('The mighty spirit, that regulates this orb').

1821

THE INDICATOR

Song ('If you become a nun, dear') (January 3) — *A Further Account of Common Sense and Genius (January 17) — A Hate Song (January 17) — The Jovial Priest's Confession (February 7) — *The last act of Tasso's 'Amyntas' (February 7).

THE EXAMINER

A Lesson for Kings (July 29) — *My Lady Mary Borough (August 12) — Croker's Mountings (August 19) — A-hanging we will go (September 2).

1822

THE LIBERAL. VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE SOUTH

(No. I.) Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica — Politian. The

Country Maiden — Epigram of Alfieri upon the Treatment of the word 'Captain' by the Italians, French, and English; Imitated and Answered.

(No. II.) The Giuli Tre — The Dogs. To the Abusers of *The Liberal* — Virgil's Hostess — Alfieri's Benediction — An Ultra License, from Alfieri — Portrait of Himself, by Alfieri.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. iv, p. 231. Redi: *Era 'l mio animo rozzo e selvaggio.*

p. 419. (?) Pastorini: *Sonnet on Genoa* (see p. 733).

1823

THE LIBERAL. Vol. II

(No. III.) Alfieri: Satire on Money-getting; Sonnet on Genoa (in 'Letters from Abroad. III') — The Book of Beginnings — To a Spider running across a Room — Southeogony, or the Birth of the Laureat — Lines of Madame D'Houtetôt — Talari Innamorati — *Rhymes to the Eye, by a Deaf Gentleman — *The Monarchs, an Ode for Congress.

(No. IV.) The Choice — The First Canto of the Squire's Tale of Chaucer, modernized — Mahmoud — The Venetian Fisherman — Dialogue from Alfieri; between a Chair in Italy and a Gentleman from England — Dialogue between Alfieri and his Florentine laundress, Nera Colomboli — A Blessed Spot — Mouth versus Eyes. From the French of La Fontaine.

Ultra-Crepidarius; A Satire on William Gifford. By Leigh Hunt. [Mottoes, as in text.] London, 1823: Printed for John Hunt, 22 Old Bond Street, and 38 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. 8vo, pp. 40.

Pp. iii–vi, Preface; 9–20, Text; 21–4, Notes; 25–40, Extracts from Mr. Hazlitt's Letter to Mr. Gifford, alluded to in the Preface.

THE EXAMINER

If you become a nun, dear (February 2) — Portions of a Legitimate Drama (October 26, Nov. 16. Second instalment only—lines 49 to end—reprinted in *The Tatler*, December 2, 8130). [As below.]

PORTIONS OF A LEGITIMATE DRAMA

Scene.—*A gloomy cave near Verona*

Sculls, human bones, sceptres, &c., scattered in confusion on all sides.

Three Kings, in full robes, are assembled round the 'pot of Right Divine', with a huge fire of human bones kindled beneath.

1 King. Thrice hath rebellion broke over our head!
2 King. Thrice have I dreamt the Alliance was dead!
3 King. And yet thousands of men for our pleasure have bled.
1 King. Round the pot of Right Divine
Throw in your prey: I'll throw in mine.

They march round the pot with their crowns in their hands, filled with poisonous ingredients.

A warrior's nose with an eagle hook,
A Bishop's bloat, and holy crook
Formed to sweep the farmer's tithe,
The hangman's whip and jagged scythe.
All. Again and again! what are thousands of men!
Whilst the Bailey new drop by itself can hang ten.
2 King. A full curled wig of nutty brown,
A much lamented lady's crown,
A paunch well stuffed with calipash,
In the pot stew down and hash,
A gouty toe, an addle pate,
New-formed friendship, former hate,

Melt them down and for the grease
Of arm and leg take each a piece.
All. Again and again! what are thousands of men!
Whilst the new Bailey drop by itself can hang ten.
3 King. Right of conquests, myriads slain,
Cities burnt, and strong holds ta'en,
Virgins ravished, mothers murthered;
Vice, misery, and mischief furthered,
Anguish torn from parent's breast,
Blood rightly spilt in kings' behest,
The sable hue, the cry of grief,
The neck rope of a *little* thief,
The torture wrung from rack and wheel,
Death-bearing powder, sharpened steel,
Destruction of the public weal,
Add a tyrant's dark caprice,
And then the mixture sure must please.
All. Again and again! what are thousands of men!
Whilst the Bailey new drop by itself can hang ten.
2 King. Cool it with earth from Waterloo,
Where armies died for the favoured few.

Enter SLAUGHTER, *with other three kings.*

Slaughter. Bravo! Bravo! Well you've done,
These gallants sure'll command the sun.
And now arrange you round the pot,
And soon we'll make the earth too hot
To hold the patriot noisy crowd,
And now let's chaunt a stave aloud.

SONG.

Kings, lean, fat, and tall,
Join each one and all:
Feed our bellies and pride,
And destroy all beside.

2 King. By my well-taught coward fears,
Something human this way nears:
Be it aught that smells of want,
The worst of crimes, begone, avaunt!
But if enriched by yellow clay,
Cheerly enter, welcome stay.

Enter Louis XVIII.

Louis. How now, ye gluttons: fat and puffed-out kings,
What is't ye do?
All. A deed of tyranny!
Louis. I pray ye, brothers, by our unity,
Howe'er unnatural and wicked, help!
Though slavery, groaning 'neath wrongs piled on wrongs,
Make desperate effort, and uplift its head
With shouts of freedom piercing to our core—
Though love of country stride with length'ning step,
And threaten tyranny with nothingness—
Though *heaven-born* freedom, therefore our despair,
Ring in our ears with ominous intent—
Though bonds and fetters, cast off by our slaves,
As if endowed with sense, encompass us,
And form us all of iron, as our hearts—
Though the fierce whirlwind of the public voice
Do set us up the hate and taunt of men—

PUBLIC WANDSWORTH LIBRARY

Yet do I call for aid and answers true
To what I ask you.
1 King. Speak—
2 King. Demand—
3 King. We'll answer.
1 King Say if th'hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Louis. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
2 King. Pour in blood from the carotid vein,
And shilling penknife gory ta'en
From the 'murth'rer's' side. This couple throw
Into the flame.
All. From flames below,
Thyself in all thy mischief shew.

Apparition of King Charles I with his head under his arm, rises.

Louis. Tell me, thou unknown headless—
1 King. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Bourbon, Bourbon, Bourbon! beware all France
Beware thy subjects! look for my advance.
[*Descends.*
Louis. Thou ancient traitor, thanks for thy good hint,
Thou'st harped my fear aright, but one word more—
1 King. He will not be commanded. Here 's another
More recent than the first.

Apparition of Louis XVI, with his head under his arm, rises.

App. Bourbon, Bourbon, Bourbon!
Louis. Though thirty dinners smoked upon my board,
I'd stay my stomach to hear thee, my Lord.
App. Spain! War! and Cruelty! Fear nought from France
Till thrice three yards you measure round the paunch.
[*Descends.*
Louis. Then France look to't, for taxes must run high,
Spain shall have fetters, and a good dinner I.

Apparition of a Lord, with his throat stuck and a halter round his neck, rises.

Louis. What is this,
That rises like the bantling of a thief,
And wears around his neck the guilty mark
Of ill-spent life and unadvised death?
All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be bloody, savage. Nurture every crime:
Be deaf to groans: be blind to agony:
Louis shall never sink 'neath mortal hand,
A blow and death were feeble punishment.
Live, Louis, circled by diseases. Gout,
Deep-striking cancer, asthma-drawing cough,
O'er-loaded fat, foul, beastly gluttony,
And every sensual vice the world beholds,
Shall bring thee down unpitied to the tomb;
And o'er thy grave the patriot shall write,
'A fool, yet hated; impotent, yet cursed.'
Louis. Heap high the feast; let that man die that dare
Breathe but a sigh in thought of liberty.
Ransack the bowels of too-barren earth
For iron—adamant—eternal ore—
To chain the very mind in 'ts judgement seat;
Let Europe groan, let France belch forth her curse,
I live to eat, and eating, scorn her worst! [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE LITERARY EXAMINER

*(?) The Authors' Song. For the Authors' Catch Club (July 5) — (?) Mysteries and Moralities. For the Serious and the Simple (July 12) :—

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES

FOR THE SERIOUS AND THE SIMPLE

1.

What is *Love* ?—Alas !
'Tis a jest—a sigh, —
Full of sad and sunny tears,
We know not why.

2.

What is *War* ?—A game
Where the dicers die,
Some for gain, or glory—some
They know not why.

3.

What is *Hope* ? It is
Life 's divinest joy.
When all others vanish, *that*
At last, is by.

4.

What is *Joy* ?—a fawn
Which doth ever fly,
Till we touch 't, and then it changes
And says ' Good-bye ! '

5.

What is *Life* ?—a dream
Full of visions high,
Where we seek and never find
Until—we die.

6.

What is *Death* ?—Ay, me !
' Touch me not so nigh.'
Shall I—may I—*can* I tell ?—
Alas ! not I.

From the Latin of Milton (August 30, September 6, 13) — (?) On Parting with my Books. Signed ' I '. (September 27.) [Reprinted in Alaric Watts's *Poetical Album*. 2nd Series, 1829, and there ascribed to L. H.] :—

ON PARTING WITH MY BOOKS

Ye dear companions of my silent hours,
Whose pages e'er before my eyes would strew
So many sweet and variegated flowers,
Dear books, awhile, perhaps for e'er, adieu !
The dark cloud of misfortune o'er me lours :
No more by winter's fire—in summer's bowers,
My toil-worn mind shall be refresh'd by you.
We part ! sad thought ; and while the damp devours
Your leaves, and the worm slowly eats them through,
Dull poverty, and its attendant ills,
Wasting of health, vain toil, corroding care,
And the world's cold neglect, which surest kills,
Must be my bitter doom—yet I shall bear
Unmurm'ring, for my good perchance these evils are.

I.

*(?) Stanzas. (' Thou silver stream that past me gliding.') [On same page as the foregoing, and also signed ' I '] (September 27).

1824

THE EXAMINER

Marot. On the Laugh of Madame d'Albret (April 4) — On seeing a Pigeon make Love (May 2) — *Doggerel rhymes on ' Philosopher ' (May 30) — Boufflers: Love and War ; Love and Reason (August 29).

1825

Bacchus in Tuscany, a Dithyrambic Poem, from the Italian of Francesco Redi, with Notes, Original and Select, by Leigh Hunt. [Motto as in text.] London: Printed for John and H. L. Hunt, Tavistock Street. 1825. Fcap. 8vo, pp. xx, 298.

Dedication [as in text], pp. iii, iv.
Preface, pp. v–xix. *Text*, pp. 1–55. *Notes*, pp. 57–298.
[In the Notes: Greek Pretenders to Philosophy described.]

The New Monthly Magazine, vol. xiii, p. 424. Verses on a Full-flowing Peruke.
Vol. xiv, p. 146. La Fontaine: To the Duchess of Bouillon.
p. 333. Caractacus.

1828

THE COMPANION

The Royal Line (February 6) —* Chapelle's Trip to Languedoc and Provence, in prose and verse, translated (March 19, 26, April 16). *Ex. gr.*—

For betwixt Blaye, Sir, and Jonzac,
There 's not a place save Croupignac;
And Croupignac's a fearful spot;
For Croupignac's a place, God wot,
Where half a dozen souls are all
Out of six hundred, great and small,
Whom t'other day a pestilence
(Plague take the plague!) escorted hence;
And these poor half a dozen devils,
Dying of their plaguy evils,
And being stowed into one room,
A villain of a priest must come,
And though surpassing the whole mess
In manifest pestiferousness,
Must needs confess them (what a scene!)
Outside the window,—house between;
'Catch me inside who can,' quoth he,
'With such a traitorous malady.'

The Dinner Party Anticipated (March 26) — Marot: Yes and No—Brother Lubin (April 9) — May-Day, parodied from Milton (April 30):—

Now Sal, the daughter of the scavenger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The tinsell'd sweeps, who with their brushes go
Rattling a jig, and hopping to and fro.
Hail, dingy Sal, that dost inspire
Anything but warm desire!
Sims and Jones are of thy dressing;
All the Smiths may boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee, to our great disgrace,
And pity thee, and wish thee a wash'd face.

Moschus: Love at the Plough (May 7) — Mme Deshoulières: A Kiss in Reason (May 7) — A Father Avenged (May 28, June 4) — Redi's Bacchus in Tuscany: extracts (June 18).

1830

THE TATLER

Inquests Extraordinary (September 4):—

Last week a porter died beneath his burden:
Verdict,—'Found carrying a "Gazette" from JERDAN.'
Same day: Two gentlewomen died of vapours:
Verdict,—'Hair curl'd with Mr. JERDAN's papers.'

Answer to Goldsmith's Epitaph on Ned Purdon (September 6):—

Our poet mistook in his pitying strain;
For Satan, grown weary of PURDON,
Insisted one day he should venture again;
And the dog took the *alias* of JERDAN.

The 'Cartilaginous' Author (September 7):—

Lord! what a dish without salt!
What a terrible morsel is GALT!
All 'cartilaginous',
No oleaginous,
Not to be swallow'd is GALT.
In vain we take Rhenish or malt,
Or rum, which doth valour exalt;
There 's no getting down,
Though in liquor we drown,
This vile cartilaginous GALT.

Oh Colburn, how thumping the fault,
To mix up poor Byron with GALT!
There 's a grill in the bard,
But 'tis devilish hard
To make it a garnish for GALT.

No, no, there 's no swallowing GALT,
Horrible lazy old GALT;
'Tis past all defining
The horror of dining
On tough, cartilaginous GALT.

[Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt has a MS. version of this poem, with a footnote: 'This was an admonition to Mr. Galt not to continue the unprovoked attacks which he made on me in the course of some absurd criticisms of his on Lord Byron. In these criticisms, not being able to express a sense which he had of something undefinable in the genius of the noble poet, he described it as being "cartilaginous". Mr. Galt turned out to be a good kind of man, when you came to know him, and was author of some works of merit, but criticism and satire were things which he should not have meddled with, especially upon authors in their adversity.']

Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard (September 8) — A noble Pair (September 8):—

Didst ever see so foggy and absurd an
Author as GALT? Yes, certainly;—there 's JERDAN.

Medical (September 9):—

The secret's found of Brompton's heavy air:
JERDAN lives there.

Marot: To a Lady who wished to see him (September 23) — Mme Deshoulières: A Lady's Notion of Village Love (September 28) — Masson de Morvilliers: Marriage à la Mode (September 30) — Marot: The Abbé and his Valet (October 1) High and Low (October 8) — To a Bell-Ringer; Epitaph on an Englishman (October 9) — Humanity of a Goddess (October 13) — An Analysis, with occasional Translations, of the *Lutrin* of Boileau (October 13-15)—

A NEW DUET (October 19)

WITH A CHORUS OF BOOKSELLERS, AND AN OBLIGATO ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE OBOE

'We do not flatter ourselves that we could perform so well in his department, on the oboe, as he has in ours, scribbling; and we give him leave to criticize us when we try, as freely as we have criticized him.'—*Literary Gazette.*

MR. JERDAN (*tenderly*)

Excuse me, gentle Parke, I pray,
Nor take my censure in despite;
We both are charming in our way;
The diff'rence is, that you can play,
But I, 'tis only I, can write.

MR. PARKE (*furiously*)

You write, you fool! Who says so, pray?
Who sees one spark in all your smother?
The diff'rence isn't what you say;
The diff'rence is, that I can play,
And you do neither one nor t'other.

DUO

Excuse me, Parke:
Who sees one spark?
'Tis only I:
No, you do nei—
'Tis only I:
No, you do nei—
Yes, I do one, though not the other:—
No, you do neither one nor t'other.

Chorus of Booksellers

Jerdan does neither one nor t'other.

Song (imitated from Marot) (October 30) — A Wise Death (November 2) — The Essence of Opera (November 8) — Alter et Idem (November 13) — The Infallible Remedy (November 15) — Epitaph on a Clerical Dandy, from the French (November 16):—

Here lies the Abbé Demi-man
Who died of the blow of a lady's fan.

Meleager. The Triple Lover (November 17) — Physician, heal thyself (November 24) — Portion of a Legitimate Drama (December 2) — The Kings of France (December 23).

1831

THE TATLER

Pulci: From the 'Morgante Maggiore' — Boileau: Epigram; From Le Brun (February 10) — Answer to Calvus (April 26) — A Nice Voice (May 30) — The Curate and his Bishop (June 4) — Expostulation and Candour (June 13) — Lines written on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May (July 30) — All is not Bliss that fattens (August 11) — An Orange versus the World (August 15) — Gallant Epigrams (August 25, 29) — The Sword-Knot (September 9).

1832

The Englishman's Magazine. Lines written on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May (August).

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. [Motto.] London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street. MDCCCXXXII. 8vo, pp. lxiv + 362.

Motto: Verdeggia un ramo sol, con poca foglia;
E fra tema e speranza sto sospesa,
Se lo mi lasci inverno, o lo mi toglia.
ARIOSTO.

Motto, translated: A bough, thin hung with leaves, is all my tree;
And I look forth, 'twixt hope and fear, to see,
Whether the winter starve or spare it me.
RIME DELL' ARIOSTO.

Preface. Pp. v–lviii. [For extracts see pp. xvii–xxxi.]

Contents. The Story of Rimini — The Gentle Armour: A Story in Two Cantos — Hero and Leander: A Story in Two Cantos — The Feast of the Poets. MISCELLANEOUS PIECES: Mahmoud — Lines written on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May — Alter et Idem. A Chemico-Poetical Thought — Power and Gentleness — The Panther — To T. L. H. [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To J. H., four years old; a Nursery Song — The Nun. Suggested by part of the Italian song, beginning 'Se Moneca [*sic*] ti Fai' — Ariadne Waking. A Fragment — On Pomfret's 'Choice'—A House and Grounds. A Fragment — A Picture of Naiads — The Dryads — The Ephydriads, or, Nymphs of the Fountains; A Sketch — The Cloud. A Fragment. SONNETS: To Thomas Barnes, Esq. Written from Hampstead — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — To Kosciusko [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To Stothard — A Thought of the Nile — To — —, M.D. Who gave the Author a Lock of Milton's Hair — On a Lock of Milton's Hair. TRANSLATIONS [*the originals are given in foot-notes*]: The Infant Hercules and the Serpents. From Theocritus — Catullus's Return Home to the Peninsula of Sirmio — The Story of Cyllarus and Hylonome — Epitaph on Erotion From Martial — The Jovial Priest's Confession — Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard. From some Latin verses in the old English Drama of 'Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry' — Plato's Archetypal Man. According to the Idea of it entertained by Aristotle. From the Latin of Milton — Petrarch's Contemplations of Death in the Bower of Laura — Andrea de Basso's Ode to a Dead Body. From the Italian — The Lover's Prison. From Ariosto — Ode to the Golden Age. Sung by a Chorus of Shepherds in Tasso's Amyntas — Passages from Redi's dithyrambic poem of Bacchus in Tuscany — A Blessed Spot [*sub-title as in text*] — On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret. From Clement Marot — A Court Love-Lesson. From the same — Epitaph on an Englishman. From Destouches — Love and War. From the Chevalier de Boufflers — Love and Reason. A Dialogue between a Philosopher and his Mistress. From the same — The Essence of Opera; or, Almanzor and Imogen. An Opera in Three Acts. From an anonymous French Author — Elves in a Monastery. A Fragment, from the Lutrin of Boileau — The Old Kings of France. From the same — The Battle of the Books. From the same.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

To May (May) — To June (June).

1834

ohn Barnett's *Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets.* The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte.

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

aganini (April 16) — Père Commire : The Ass on the Bench (May 7) — Thoughts in Bed upon Waking and Rising (May 14) — On the Rain of the Evening of June 28th (July 30) — Caractacus (August 27) — An Angel in the House (September 24) — Fairies robbing an Orchard, and singing Latin (October 8) —Three Pleasantries (November 12).

1835

aptain Sword and Captain Pen. A Poem. By Leigh Hunt. With some remarks on War and Military Statesmen. [*Motto.*] London : Charles Knight, Ludgate Street. 1835. [With eight woodcuts.] Price 3*s.* 6*d.* 4to, pp. viii, 112.

Motto : —If there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence.—MILTON.

Dedication. P. v. [See p. 684.] *Advertisement,* pp. vii, viii. [See p. 684.]
Text. Pp. 1–46 ; Postscript, containing some remarks on War and Military Statesmen, pp. 49–112. [See p. 685.]

1836

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ngs and Chorus of the Flowers ; The Glove and the Lions (May) — The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit (June) — Three Sonnets to the Author of 'Ion' ; Words for a Trio, signed 'L. H.' (August) :—

An argument like a good trio should be
Where we all differ, and yet all agree,
In truth, and in tone, and in blest harmony.

pollo and the Sunbeams (August) — Wealth and Womanhood ; Our Cottage (September) — Translations from the Greek Anthology (October) — Christmas : a Song for Good Fellows, old and young (December).

1837

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

iton and Cymothoe (in 'Tritons and Men of the Sea') (April) — Albums (July)

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY

ue-Stocking Revels (July) — * (?) Simonides : Mother and Child exposed to the Sea ; Doggrel on Double Columns (August) — Casa : A Deprecation of the Name of John ; Randolph : Orchard Robbing of the Fairies ; Reflections of a Dead Body (September) — Bodryddan ; Tabourot : Abel and Mabel (October) — Boufflers : An A B C for Grown Gentlemen ; Inscription on a Statue of Epictetus ; On a Cultivator of the Ground ; Death and Goodness (November) — An Epitaph to Let ; *A Companion to the Fragment of Simonides. From the Latin, signed 'L. H.' (December).

---

erary Hours : by Various Friends. [Edited by Joseph Ablett.]
The Glove and the Lions. A Ballad — Fragment [from 'Our Cottage, ll. 155–63] — Llanbedr. 1835 — An Albanian Love-Letter in Flowers — Bodryddan.

1838

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY

Apology for Punning over a Chop (January) — A Hymn to Bishop Saint Valentine — Llanbedr. 1835 (February) — (?) To William Johnson Fox (March) :—

Have you not seen, upon an antique seal,
A symbolled form of meanings manifold,
That to the worship-giver could reveal
The beautiful and bountiful enrolled
Upon those mystic marbles, which unfold,
By the grand stamp of Godhead on their brow,
A fine translation of those symbols old?
Each separate strangeness then begins to flow
Into the harmony that runs through all below.

Know'st thou thyself? within thy wondrous mind
Such many mingled attributes we see;—
A serpent Wisdom that can pierce, or wind
Through doublest folded error;—there the bee,
Harmonious honey-gathering industry;—
A child, thy meekness: gentleness, a dove;
Man, in form truth and native dignity;
While a Divinity through all doth move,
Thy God in thee—the God of universal love.

Frugoni: Little People Panegyrized (April).

The Monthly Chronicle (November). Rondeau.

S. C. Hall's *Book of Gems*, vol. iii. Amongst the poems by L. H. is 'Abou be Adhem' (its first publication).

1839

Captain Sword and Captain Pen. [The Editor has not been able to see any copy this edition.]

1840

A Legend of Florence. A Play. In Five Acts. By Leigh Hunt. [Motto, as in text] London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXL. 8vo, pp. xiv, 8 (Second Edition, same year. Pp. xx, 82.)
Preface. Pp. v–ix. (Pp. vii–xi in Second Edition.)
Dedication, as in text, p. xi. (P. v in Second Edition.)
Dramatis Personae, p. xiii. (P. xix in Second Edition.)
Preface to Second Edition. Pp. xiii–xviii.
Text. Pp. 1–82.

The Morning Chronicle. To the Queen (May 28) — To the Infant Princess Roy (November 25).

Selections from the British Poets. Edited by David Lester Richardson. Calcutta The Baptist Press. 1840. Amongst the poems by Leigh Hunt is 'Abou B Adhem and the Angel'.

The Monthly Chronicle. vi. 193. *'To the Queen, upon the strange attempt ma on the lives of Her Majesty and Prince Albert.' [104 lines.] Signed 'Lei Hunt'.

1841

THE BRITISH MISCELLANY

(No. I.) *(?) Ode Pindaric. On the Princess Royal. By Herr Professor Wolfga von Bibüntucker.
(No.) IV.) *(?) The Ancient and Modern Epic Muses. By Candidus.
[The late Bertram Dobell suggested that these might be Leigh Hunt's.]

The Seer. Thoughts on hearing some beautiful music — An Angel in the House.

The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized. Contains three versions by Leigh Hunt:

*The Manciple's Tale, with its Prologue.

*The Friar's Tale.

*The Squire's Tale. [A longer version, closer to the original, than that in *The Liberal,* No. IV, 1823.]

1842

The Morning Chronicle (February 8). Three Visions on the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

The Palfrey; A Love-Story of Old Times. By Leigh Hunt. [Woodcut, A Lady on horseback.] London: How and Parsons. 1842. [With six illustrations.] Price 5*s.* 8vo, pp. 80.

Preface, pp. 9–19 (with PS.:—**Should the public receive with indulgence the present attempt to obey the cheerful impulses occasioned by Norman song, the author will be happy to give them others).

Text, pp. 23–80.

The Monthly Magazine (September, October). A Rustic Walk and Dinner.

1843

The Morning Chronicle (May 5). Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice.

1844

Rimini and other Poems, by Leigh Hunt. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Company, M DCCC XLIV.

Contents: Story of Rimini — Feast of the Poets — Hero and Leander — Lines written on a sudden arrival of fine weather in May — Power and Gentleness — The Panther — To a Child, during Sickness [To T. L. H.] — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — A Thought of the Nile — Ariadne Waking — On Hearing a Little Musical Box — Description of Hampstead ('A steeple issuing') — Song written to be set to music by Vincent Novello — The Glove and the Lions — Abou ben Adhem and the Angel.

Ainsworth's Magazine (January–December). 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla', with incidental translations: The Cyclops, portions (January) — Hylas and the Water-Nymphs (February) — The Golden Age, a part; Guarini: O Primavera (June) — The Bees (November) — Dante: Purg. viii. 1–6 (December).

Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature. Reprinted 1860, 1876, 1892. Dirge ('Blest is the turf, serenely blest'). [This is the earliest appearance yet traced.]

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Containing many pieces now first collected. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. M DCCC XLIV. 12mo, pp. xii + 288.

Preface, pp. iii–x.

Contents. NARRATIVE POEMS: The Story of Rimini; or, Fruits of a Parent's Falsehood — Hero and Leander — The Palfrey — Mahmoud — Abou ben Adhem and the Angel — The Glove and the Lions — The Panther — The Feast of the Poets — Captain Sword and Captain Pen — Blue-Stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS: Thoughts of the Avon, on the 28th of September, 1817 — To T. L. H. [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To J. H. [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Sudden Fine Weather — Power and Gentleness — A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine — A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's 'Choice' — Christmas. A Song for the Young and the Wise — The Lover of Music to his Piano-forte — Bodryddan. To the Memory of B.Y. and A.M.D. — Rondeau — Albums. Lines written in the Album of Rotha Quillinan — To the

Queen. An offering of Gratitude on Her Majesty's Birthday — To the Infan Princess Royal — Three Visions. Occasioned by the Birth and Christening of th Prince of Wales — Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice — An Angel in th House — Wealth and Womanhood — Songs and Chorus of the Flowers — Song o the Flowers. SONNETS: To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — On a Lock o Milton's Hair — Quiet Evenings. To Thomas Barnes, Esq. Written from Hamp stead — To Kosciusko [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To the Author of 'Ion' — Th Fish, the Man, and the Spirit. BLANK VERSE: Paganini. A Fragment — Our Cottage — A Heaven upon Earth. Fragment of an Unpublished Play — Reflections of a Dead Body. TRANSLATIONS: The Infant Hercules and th Serpents. From Theocritus — Greek Pretenders to Philosophy described From the Anthology — Cupid Swallowed! A Paraphrase from the Same — Catullus's Return Home to the Peninsula of Sirmio — Song of Fairies robbin an Orchard [*sub-title as in 1832*] — The Jovial Priest's Confession — Epitaph o Erotion. From Martial — Plato's Archetypal Man [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Od to the Golden Age [*sub title as in 1832*] — Petrarch's Contemplations of Deat in the Bower of Laura — A Deprecation of the Name of John. From th Italian of Casa — Passages from Redi, *&c.* [*as in 1832*] — The Battle of th Books. From the Lutrin of Boileau — Love and Age. From Madame D'Houde tôt — Epitaph on an Englishman. From Destouches — Love and Reaso [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Love and War. From the Same — Abel and Mabel or, Wise and Wiser. From the French of Tabourot — On the Laugh of Madam d'Albret. From Clement Marot — A Love-Lesson. From the Same — Th Curate and his Bishop. From the French. Written during the Old Regime Author unknown. DRAMA: A Legend of Florence. A Play in Five Acts. A performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

1845

Ainsworth's Magazine (January). The Fancy Concert.
The New Monthly Magazine (October). Berni: Lazy Corner.

1846

[?] Ultra-Germano-Criticasterism. [So dated in *1860*. Its appearance in 184 not traced.]

Stories from the Italian Poets. 2 Vols. Incidental verse-translations.
Vol. I. Dante: 'Paulo and Francesca'; 'Ugolino and his Children'; *Purg.* I, 13 27; II, 10–29; VIII, 1–6; 'Picture of Florence in the Time of Dante's Ancestors — Pulci: On Himself; Illustrative quotations.
Vol. II. Boiardo. From 'Timon of Athens' — Tasso. From *O del gran Apen nino*:—

Me from my mother's bosom my hard lot
Took when a child. Alas! through all these years
I have been used to sorrow,
I sigh to think upon the floods of tears
Which bathed her kisses on that doleful morrow:
I sigh to think of all the prayers and cries
She wasted, straining me with lifted eyes:
For never more on one another's face
Was it our lot to gaze and to embrace!
Her little stumbling boy,
Like to the child of Troy,

Ariosto. Angelica and Medoro.

Or like to one doomed to no haven rather
Followed the footsteps of his wanderin father. . . .

O father, my good father, looking now
On thy poor son from heaven, we knowest thou
What scalding tears I shed
Upon thy grave, upon thy dying bed;
But since thou dwellest in the happ skies,
'Tis fit I raise to thee no sorrowin eyes:
Be all my grief on my own head.

1848

A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla. (With incidental verse-translations) — Theocritus, The Syracusan Gossips; The Cyclops in Love; The Journey to the East — Moschus, On the Death of Bion — Tasso, The Age of Gold (portion) — Guarini, *O Primavera* — Rucellai, The Bees — Dante, *Purg.* VIII, 1–6.

1849

The Cambridge Chronicle (February 3). Dirge for an Infant.

Captain Sword and Captain Pen. A Poem by Leigh Hunt. The Third Edition. With a new Preface, Remarks on War, and Notes detailing the Horrors on which the Poem is founded. London: Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate without. 1849. Pp. xxiv, 101.

A few more first words, occasioned by immediate Events. Dated October 12, 1849. Pp. iii–viii. [See p. 697.]

Preface to the Present Edition, containing further Remarks on the Importance of the Subject. Dated Kensington, July 17, 1849. Pp. ix–xxii. [See p. 698.]

Advertisement to the First Edition. Pp. xxiii–xxiv. [See p. 684.]

On the Duty of Considering the Horrors and the Alleged Necessity of War: originally published in a Postscript to the First Edition. Pp. 1–37. [See p. 685]

Text. Pp. 39–101. (The notes are foot-notes.)

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. [A reprint of the English edition of 1844.]

1850

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, January–July

(The first page in each number)

The Inevitable. Inscribed to John Forster — Jaffàr. Inscribed to the Memory of Shelley — Godiva. Inscribed to John Hunter, of Edinburgh — The Bitter Gourd. Inscribed to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire — Ode to the Sun — Death — Wallace and Fawdon.

[John Forster (post-mark February 20, 1847) to L.H.:

This Giafar strikes me to be the most *perfect* thing of this kind that you have done! It is charming. I would not change a word.

But are all those vivid little histories of thought and passion to have the dramatic framework in which I had a place I prized so? Let us discuss that among other things [at a proposed meeting]. And that we may—bring with you what we once read together in the Rose and Crown? . . .

Always affy yours,

JOHN FORSTER.]

To Charles Dickens (?). [A greeting to *Household Words*, 1850. No contemporaneous publication has been traced.]

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Abraham and the Fire-worshipper (March 30) — A Dream within a Dream (April 20).

1851

LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL

Lovers' Amazements (January 4–March 1) — The Deformed Child. By Vincent Leigh Hunt (January 18).

1852

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Kilspindie (September 4) — The Trumpets of Doolkarnein (September 18).

1855

Stories in Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Now first collected. With Illustrations. London:

Geo. Routledge & Co., Farringdon Street. New York: 18, Beekman Street. 1855. 8vo, pp. x + 356.

Dedicatory Letter (pp. v, vi). To the Duke of Devonshire.

Preface (pp. 1–37), containing Remarks on the Father of English Narrative Poetry; on the ill-understood Nature of Heroic Verse; on the necessity, equally ill-understood, of the Musical Element in Poetry to Poetry in general; and on the Absurdity of confining the Name of Poetry to any one Species of it in particular.

A Study in Versification (pp. 38–54). (*From the Preface to the Octavo Edition of the Author's Poetical Works in the Year 1832.*)

Text, pp. 55-356.

Contents: The Story of Rimini [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Hero and Leander — The Panther — Ballads of Robin Hood: Robin Hood a Child; Robin Hood's Flight; Robin Hood an Outlaw; How Robin and his Outlaws lived in the Woods — Mahmoud — The Gentle Armour; or, Three Knights in Steel against One in Linen — The Palfrey — The Glove and the Lions — Abou ben Adhem — Godiva — Jaffâr — The Bitter Gourd — The Inevitable — Wallace and Fawdon — Kilspindie — The Trumpets of Doolkarnein — Abraham and the Fire-worshipper — Death and the Ruffians. Modernized from Chaucer — Cambus Khan. A Fragment.

Translations: The Infant Hercules and the Serpents — Paulo and Francesca — Ugolino and his Children — Medoro and Cloridano — Angelica and Medoro — Lazy Corner; or, Bed versus Business — The Curate and his Bishop — The Battle of the Books.

1857

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now first entirely Collected, Revised by Himself, and Edited with an Introduction. By S. Adams Lee. Complete in two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. M DCCC LVII. Pp. xxx, 297; viii, 9-321.

Editor's *Introduction*. Pp. v–xxx.

Introductory Letter to the American Editor. Pp. 1–13.

Contents. Vol. I. Dramatic Poems: A Legend of Florence. A Play in Five Acts, as performed by Her Majesty's command at Windsor Castle. January 23, 1852 — Lovers' Amazements, or, How will it End? A Play in Three Acts — Abraham and the Fire-worshipper. A Dramatic Parable. Narrative Poems (with Dedication to the Duke of Devonshire as in *Stories in Verse*, 1855) — The Feast of the Poets — The Story of Rimini [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Corso and Emilia. Fragment of the Story of another Victim to Parental Duplicity — Hero and Leander — The Panther — Ballads of Robin Hood. (For Children.) [*Four ballads, as in 1855.*] — Mahmoud — Death and the Ruffians. Modernized from Chaucer — Cambus Khan. A Fragment — The Gentle Armour [*sub-title as in 1855*] — The Glove and the Lions — The Fancy Concert — Blue-Stocking Revels; or, The Feast of the Violets. Notes.

Vol. II. Narrative Poems: Captain Sword and Captain Pen. With Notes detailing the Horrors on which the Poem is founded. Advertisement to the First Edition. A few more First Words, occasioned by immediate events. Preface to the Third Edition, 1849. On the Duty of Considering the Horrors and the alleged Necessity of War: originally published in a Postscript to the First Edition — The Palfrey — Abou ben Adhem — Godiva — Jaffâr — The Bitter Gourd — The Inevitable — Wallace and Fawdon — Kilspindie — The Trumpets of Doolkarnein. Sonnets: Quiet Evenings [*sub-title as in 1844*] — The Nile — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — To Henry Robertson, *&c.* [*as in 1818*] — To my Wife. On modelling my Bust — To Kosciusko [*sub-title as in 1818*] — On a Lock of Milton's Hair — To the Author of 'Ion' — The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit — The Deformed Child. By Vincent Leigh Hunt. Blank Verse [*as in 1844*]. Miscellaneous Poems: Politics and Poetics [*sub-title as in The Reflector, 1811*] (written in the year 1811) — Power and Gentleness — Morgiana in England — Thoughts of the Avon [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To T. L. H. [*sub-title as in 1818*] — To J. H. [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Epistle to William Hazlitt — To Barron Field — To Charles Lamb — Hearing Music. (Set

to music by Vincent Novello) — On hearing a little Musical Box — The Lover of Music to his Piano-forte — A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's 'Choice' — Wealth and Womanhood — Sudden Fine Weather — Alter et Diem [*sic, both in 'Contents' and text*]. A Chemico-Poetical Thought — A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine — To May — To June — Christmas [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Rondeau — Albums [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Love-Letters made of Flowers. On a Print of one of them in a Book — Songs and Chorus of the Flowers — Songs of the Flowers — An Angel in the House — Bodryddan [*sub-title as in 1844*] — To the Queen [*sub-title as in 1844*] — To the Infant Princess Royal — Three Visions [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice — Right and Might. On being asked whether I thought that Might was Right — Doctor Ban; or, Question for Question — Dream within Dream; or, A Dream in Heaven; or, Evil Minimized — Ode to the Sun. TRANSLATIONS [1857, 1860]: Reappearance of Achilles on the Field of Battle after his long Absence. From Homer — Priam in Anguish, *&c.* [*as in 1818*]. From the Same — Priam at the Feet of Achilles. From the Same — Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso. From the Same — The Syracusan Gossips; or, The Feast of Adonis. From Theocritus — The Infant Hercules and the Serpents. From the Same [*1860 reverses the position of these last two poems*] — Greek Pretenders to Philosophy described. From the Anthology — Cupid swallowed! A paraphrase from the same — Catullus's Return home to the Peninsula of Sirmio — Epitaph on Erotion. From Martial — The Jovial Priest's Confession — Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Plato's Archetypal Man [*sub-title as in 1832*] — Paulo and Francesca. From Dante. In the Triple Rhyme of the Original — Ugolino and his Children. From the Same — Petrarch's Contemplations of Death in the Bower of Laura — [Andrea de Basso's Ode to a Dead Body. From the Italian. *1860*] — Friends and Foes. From Ariosto — Angelica and Medoro. The Sequel of the preceding Story — A Deprecation of the Name of John. From the Italian of Casa — [Lazy Corner; or Bed versus Business — Ode to the Golden Age (*sub-title as in 1832*) *1860*] — Bacchus in Tuscany, a dithyrambic Poem, from the Italian of Francesco Redi — [To Genoa. From the Italian of Pastorini,[1] *1860*] — Lazy Corner; or, Bed Versus Business — Ode to the Golden Age [*sub-title as in 1832*] — The Debt of the Giuli Tre. From Casti — Portrait of Himself. From Alfieri — Learning Tuscan. From the Same — English Courtship. From the Same [*1860 reverses the position of these last two poems*] — [Little People Panegyrized. By Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni — The Abbé and his Valet. From the French of Clement Marot, *1860*] — On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret. From Clement Marot — A Love-Lesson. From the Same — [Lips versus Eyes, from the French of La Fontaine. *1860*] — The Battle of the Books. From the Lutrin of Boileau — [Marriage à la Mode, from the French of Masson de Morvilliers — Love and Age, from Madame d'Houdetôt — A wise Death, from the French — The Curate and his Bishop. From the French. Written during the Old Regime. *1860*] — Epitaph on an Englishman. From Destouches [*not in 1860*] — Abel and Mabel, *&c.* [*as in 1844; not in 1860*] — Love and Reason, *&c.* [*as in 1844: not in 1860*] — Love and War. From the Same [*not in 1860*] — The Curate and his Bishop [*sub-title as already given*] — Love and Age. From Madame D'Houdetôt. NOTES.

1858

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

'The Tapiser's Tale, attempted in the manner of Chaucer' (February) — 'The Shewe of Faire Seeming, attempted in the manner of Spenser (May).

1859

THE SPECTATOR

Burns and Tullochgorum (January 22) — To Poerio and his Fellow-Patriots (March 26).

[1] So in *1860*. A mistake for Alfieri. See p. 733.

1860

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now Finally Collected, Revised by Himself and Edited by his Son, Thornton Hunt. With Illustrations by Corbould London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, Farringdon Street. New York 56, Walker Street. 1860. 8vo, pp. xvi, 455.

Introduction, pp. v–vii.

Contents. NARRATIVE POEMS: The Story of Rimini [*sub-title as in 1844*], 1814 Recast — Corso and Emilia [*sub-title as 1855*]. 1814 — Hero and Leander. 181 — The Panther. 1818 — Mahmoud. 1823 — The Gentle Armour [*sub-title a 1855*]. 1831 — The Palfrey. 1842 — The Glove and the Lions — Godiva — Captain Sword and Captain Pen. On the Duty of considering the Horrors and the alleged Necessity of War: originally published in a Postscript to the firs Edition — Abou ben Adhem — Jaffâr — The Bitter Gourd — The Inevitable — Wallace and Fawdon — Kilspindie — The Trumpets of Doolkarnein — Ballads of Robin Hood. (For Children.) [Four Ballads, as in 1855.] NARRATIVE MODERNIZATIONS: Death and the Ruffians, modernized from Chaucer — Cambus Khan. A Fragment. 1823. NARRATIVE IMITATIONS: The Tapiser's Tale. Attempted in the Manner of Chaucer — The Shewe of Faire Seeming attempted in the Manner of Spenser. POLITICAL AND CRITICAL POEMS Politics and Poetics [*sub-title as in 1857*] (written in the year 1810) — The Feas of the Poets. 1811 — Blue-Stocking Revels; or, The Feast of the Violet (1837) — The St. James's Phenomenon [*sub-title as in text*] — Coronatio Soliloquy of his Majesty King George the Fourth. 1821 — High and Low or, How to write History [*sub-title as in text*] — Doctor Ban; or, Question fo Question. SONNETS: Quiet Evenings [*sub-title as in 1855*] — To Hampstead Written during the Author's Imprisonment, August, 1813 ('Sweet upland') — To the Same. At the same Period, November, 1814 ('Winter has reach'd thee' — To the Same. During the same Period, August, 1814 ('They tell me') — To the Same. In the Spring that succeeded Imprisonment, May, 1815 ('The baffled spell') — To the Same. In the same Month, same Year ('As one who' — The Nile — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — To Henry Robertson, *&c [as in 1855]* — To Thomas Stothard, R.A. — To my Wife. On modelling my Bust — To Kosciusko [*sub-title as in 1818*] — On a Lock of Milton's Hair — To Percy Shelley, on the Degrading Notions of Deity — To Miss K. [*sub-titl as in 1818*] — To the Author of 'Ion' — To Charles Dickens — To Poerio and his Fellow-Patriots — The Fish, The Man, and the Spirit — The Deformed Child. By Vincent Leigh Hunt. BLANK VERSE [*as in 1844*]. MISCELLANEOU POEMS: Power and Gentleness. 1817 — Thoughts of the Avon [*sub-title as i 1818*] — To T. L. H. [*sub-title as in 1857*]. 1817 — To J. H. [*sub-title as in 1857*] 1816 — To Charles Lamb — Epistle to William Hazlitt — To Barron Field — On hearing a little Musical Box — Hearing Music [*sub-title as in 1857*] — The Lover of Music to his Piano-forte — A Thought or Two on reading Pomfret' 'Choice'. 1823 — Sudden Fine Weather — Alter et Idem. A Chemico-Poetica Thought — An Angel in the House — Wealth and Womanhood — A Hymn t Bishop St. Valentine — To May — To June — Christmas [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Rondeau — Burns and Tullochgorum — Love-Letters made of Flowers [*sub title as in 1857*] — Songs and Chorus of the Flowers — Songs of the Flowers — Albums [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Ultra-Germano-Criticasterism. 1846 — Bodryd dan [*sub-title as in 1844*]. 1836 — A Night-Rain in Summer. June 28, 1834 — Calviultor. Written in the Person of a Bald Man — To the Queen [*sub-title a in 1844*] — To the Infant Princess Royal — Three Visions [*sub-title as in 1844*] — Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice — Right and Might [*sub-title as in 1857* — Dream within Dream [*sub-titles as in 1857*] — Morgiana in England. Ai *The Deil cam fiddling through the town.* 1815 — Ode to the Sun — A Blessed Spot [*sub-title as in text*] — Verses on a Full Flowing Peruke, by Richard Honeycomb, Esq. 1673 — Doggrel on Double Columns and Large Type — The Royal Line '[1836?]'. TRANSLATIONS [*as set out under 1857*]. NOTES.

1862

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill. M.DCCC.LXII. (Incidental verse.)

Vol. I. 1803 or 1804. *'Oft by yon sad and solitary stream' (five couplets, to Marianne Kent. 'You see lovers can no more help being poets than poets can help being lovers').

1806. *Epistle to Marianne Kent. 'Written from Lincolnshire, in February', (thirty-one couplets).

1807. July 10. *A quatrain, for 'Shilling loo'. *A quatrain: 'So Harry Hunt came to Scaithing Moor.'

1808. October 19. *'Love and the Aeolian Harp.'

1823. Albaro, April. *Ovid, *Tristia*, I. xi (six lines).

1824. May 27. *Lines from Martial and Horace. — A paraphrase from Meleager.

Vol. II. 1843. June 15. *To his daughter Jacintha. Playful verses (sixteen lines).

1852 (under date November 1). 'Waking at morn with the accustom'd sigh.'

1856 (under date May 7). Inscription for the Bust of Dr. Southwood Smith.

1859. January 22. Marot: To a Lady who wished to see him.

1867

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. Boston. 1867. 2 vols.

Vol. I. Introductory Letter (undated) to Samuel Adams Lee, Esq. Signed Leigh Hunt. Pp. xi–xiv.

An Essay on the Cultivation, History and Varieties of the Species of Poem called the Sonnet. Signed L. H. Pp. 1–91.

(Incidental Translations, and an original sonnet: Pazzi: 'The "Eyes" of Petrarch have been read by Varchi.'—Casti: 'I've said forever, and again I say.'—Grazzini: 'Dear Benedetto,—not to let you pine.'—L. H.: 'War between England and the United States'.)

In the text L. H. is represented by 'Quiet Evenings' — 'To the Grasshopper and the Cricket' — 'To my Wife' — 'To Kosciusko' — 'On a Lock of Milton's Hair' ('It lies before me there') — 'The Nile'; and Vincent Leigh Hunt by 'The Deformed Child'.

1877

Favourite Poems. By Leigh Hunt. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Contents: Abou ben Adhem — Songs and Chorus of the Flowers — Rondeau — — Jaffár — A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's 'Choice' — Wealth and Womanhood — On a Lock of Milton's Hair ('It lies before me') — Hero and Leander — The Story of Rimini.

1880

The English Poets. Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward. Vol. IV. Wordsworth to Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co.

[Leigh Hunt occupies pp. 340–7. The prefatory note and selection are by Edward Dowden. The poems are: A Garden and Summer House (from 'The Story of Rimini') — Rondeau — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit.]

1889

Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist. Being the Choicest Passages of his Works, selected and edited with a Biographical Introduction by Charles Kent. 8vo. 'The Cavendish Library.' Selection from the poems, 78 pages. No translations.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood. Selected. Edited, with Introduction, by J. Harwood Panting. 'The Canterbury Poets.' Felling-on-Tyne: Walter Scott & Co. Square 8vo. Selection from L. H.: 140 pages. [No translations. The editor includes Thomas Hood's 'Hero and Leander', but not L. H.'s.]

1891

Poems of Leigh Hunt. With prefaces from some of his periodicals. Selected and edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson. With Bibliography. And Etchings by Herbert Railton. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 69 Great Eastern Street. Pp. xii + 268.

Text of Poems, pp. 1–163.

Prefaces to Periodicals, pp. 164–230.

Classified Bibliography, pp. 231–68.

Poems. NARRATIVE POEMS: The Story of Rimini [1816 text] — The Panther — Mahmoud — The Glove and the Lions — Abou ben Adhem. POLITICAL AND CRITICAL POEMS: The Fancy Concert — The Royal Line — Coronation Soliloquy of His Majesty King George the Fourth. 1821 [1860 text]. SONNETS: Quiet Evenings. To T[homas] B[arnes], Esq. — Six Sonnets to Hampstead [numbered as in *The Examiner*] I ('Sweet upland'), II ('They tell me'), 'IV' ('Winter has reached thee'), 'VI' ('The baffled spell'), 'VII' ('As one who'), 'VII' ('A steeple issuing') — To Kosciusko [*sub-title as in* Examiner, *November 19, 1815*] — The Poets — Providence. From the Italian of Filicaia — On a Lock of Milton's Hair ('It lies before me') — The Nile — Calviultor—Ariosto's Prison. BLANK VERSE: A Heaven upon Earth — Paganini. MISCELLANEOUS: *Mad Girl's Song. September 11, 1800 [from *Juvenilia*] — Morgiana in England. SONGS: Myrtilla to unknown Spirit; Different Genii to Peace [from *The Descent of Liberty*] — Epilogue to *The Descent of Liberty* — To William Hazlitt — To Charles Lamb — To T. L. H. — Ariadne Waking — Song from the Italian ['Oh oranges'] — Chorus from *Amyntas* — The Nun — Sudden Fine Weather — Songs and Chorus of Flowers — Christmas — A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine — Rondeau — An Angel in the House — Lover of Music to his Piano-forte — Dirge for an Infant — Faith, Hope, and Charity are the Prospects of Manhood — *The Melancholy Lover to his Mistress. TRANSLATIONS: Simile of a Beautiful Night. Literally translated from Homer — Sprightly Old Age. Anacreon, Ode 41 — Roses. From Anacreon — Greek Pretenders to Philosophy described. From the Anthology — Cupid Swallowed. A Paraphrase from the Same — Epitaph on Erotion. From Martial — Atys the Enthusiast [*sub-title as in* The Reflector, *1810*] — Acme and Septimius, or the Entire Affection. From Catullus. Carmen XIV — Jovial Priest's Confession. From Walter de Mapes — Song of Fairies robbing Orchard. From Randolph [*sub-title as in 1832*] — From Dante ('Through me it goes into the Dolourous City') — Laura's Bower. From Petrarch — * Beauty of Alcinea. Translated from Ariosto ('Orl. Fur.', vii. 14) — Deprecation of the Name of John. From Casa — Ode to the Golden Age. From Tasso — Marriage à la Mode. From Masson — Love and Age. From D'Houdetôt.

1893

The Poets and Poetry of the Century. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Vol. II. Southey to Shelley. London: Hutchinson & Co.

[Leigh Hunt occupies pp. 301–30. The prefatory note and selection are by Thomas Archer. The poems are: The Story of Rimini (a selection from Cantos III, IV) — To T. L. H. — Petrarch's Contemplations of Death — Abou ben Adhem and the Angel — The Grasshopper and the Cricket — The Nile — The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit — On a Lock of Milton's Hair ('It lies before me') — Rondeau.]

1909

Leigh Hunt. Selections in Prose and Verse. Edited with Introduction and Notes by J. H. Lobban, M.A. Cambridge: At the University Press. Pp. xv, 149 + 15 pp. of Notes.

[The poems selected are: The Nile, The Herald Mercury (from 'Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso', *1818*) — Francesca's Garden (from 'The Story of Rimini') — Abou ben Adhem and the Angel — The Feast of the Poets (1844 version) — Mahmoud — Rondeau — The Glove and the Lions — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.]

1911

Leigh Hunt. Poetry and Prose. Selected by Edward Storer. With a Bibliography and Iconography. London: Herbert & Daniel. Pp. 396.

[The poems—nine in number—occupy pp. 33–41. They are: Abou ben Adhem — The Nile — To the Grasshopper and the Cricket — On a Lock of Milton's Hair ('It lies before me there') — Rondeau — To Charles Dickens — The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit — To Hampstead ('Sweet upland') — Epitaph on an Englishman.]

1920

The Poetry and Prose of Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt (The Christ's Hospital Anthology). Selected and Edited with a Synchronous Narrative of their Lives by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. London: W. J. Bryce. Large 8vo, pp. 376.

[L. H. is represented by the following poems: Abou ben Adhem — Mahmoud.— Tasso's Ode to the Golden Age.— Our Cottage.— Song of the Flowers— To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.— On a Lock of Milton's Hair ('It lies before me').— Quiet Evenings.— To T. L. H.]

INDEX OF TITLES

[Among the Leigh Hunt MSS. in the possession of Lady Butterworth is a list o titles in Hunt's handwriting, probably drawn up with a view to the American Edition of 1857. It contains the following titles which have not been traced :

Celibacy (De Mapes).
Pisan Priest (Marot).
A Flash of Fish (Pulci).
Twelfth Night.
Musical Difference.
Arguing.

These two last might be alternative titles to A Trio (p. 755).]

Abbé and his Valet, The, 491.
A B C for Grown Gentlemen, An, 502.
Abel and Mabel, 503.
Abou Ben Adhem, 93.
Abraham and the Fire-worshipper, 101.
Achilles, The First Re-appearance of, 383.
Acme and Septimius, 418.
A-Hanging we will go, 206.
Albanian Love-Letter, An, 355.
Albums, 373, 727.
Alfieri, From, 485.
Alice, On the Birth of Princess, 372.
All is not Bliss that fattens, 506.
Alliterations, Pulci's, 446.
Almanzor and Imogen, 504.
Alsager, Esq., To T. M., 238.
Alter et Idem, 350.
Amyntas, From Tasso's, 466.
Anacreon, From, 390, 391.
Angel in the House, An, 354.
Angelica and Medoro, 455.
Apollo and the Sunbeams, 262.
Ariosto, From, 447, 754.
Arrival of Spring, On the, 431.
Ass on the Bench, The, 433.
Atys, 415.
Autumn, Written in, 249.
Avon, Thoughts of the, 331.

Bacchus and Ariadne, 44.
Bacchus in Tuscany, 468.
Bacchus, or the Pirates, 389.
Ballads of Robin Hood, 103.
Banquet, The, 391.
Barnes, To Thomas, 235.
Basso, From Andrea de, 442.
Battle of the Books, The, 496.
Bees, The, 465.
Bella Tabacconista, La, 743.
Bellman and the Laureat, The, 740.
Bell-Ringer, To a, 503.
Benediction, Alfieri's, 485.
Berkeleian System, The, 227.
Berni, From, 459.
Bion, From, 407.
Bion, On the Death of, 407.
Bishop St. Valentine, Hymn to, 367.
Bitter Gourd, The, 94.
Blank Verse, 254.
Blessed Spot, A, 507.
Blue-Stocking Revels, 176.
Bodryddan, 364.
Boiardo, From, 444.
Boileau, From, 496.
Book of Beginnings, The, 167.
Books, On parting with my, 751.
Boufflers, From De, 502.
Bouillon, To the Duchess of, 495.
Boutroux, From, 503.
Breakfast, 722.
Brother Lubin, 492.
Burns and Tullochgorum, 380.
Byron, To Lord, 221.

Calviultor, 249.
(Calvus, 720.)
Cambus Khan, 116.
Captain, Epigram upon the word, 485.
Captain Sword and Captain Pen, 80.
Caractacus, 109.
'Cartilaginous' Author, The, 752.
Casa, From, 463.
Casti, From, 483.
Catullus, From, 414.
Caudated Sonnet, 463.
Cephalus and Procris, From the Story of, 426.
Chapelle's Trip to Languedoc, 752.
Chaucer Imitated, 127.
Chaucer's Pardoners Tale, modernized 112.

Chaucer's Squire's Tale, modernized, 116.
'Choice', The, 339.
Christmas, 360.
Cloud, The; A Fragment, 325.
Comic Sonnet, 489.
Commire, From Père, 433.
Concert, The Fancy, 374.
Cornificius, Catullus to, 419.
Coronation Soliloquy, 204.
Country Maiden, The, 444.
Court Love-Lesson, A, 491.
Cricket, To the Grasshopper and the, 240.
Critical Poems, 141.
Croker's Mountings, 206.
Cultivator of the Ground, On a, 413.
Cupid Swallowed, 413.
Curate and his Bishop, The, 505.
Cyclops, The, 398.
Cyllarus and Hylonome, The Story of, 425.

D'Albret, On the Laugh of Madame, 491.
Dance, The, 391.
Dante, From, 434.
(Day with the Reader, A, 255, 721.)
Dead Body, Ode to a, 442.
Dead Body, Reflections of a, 267.
Death, 379.
Death and Goodness, 414.
Death and the Ruffians, 112.
Death of his son Vincent, On the, 281.
Death, Petrarch's Contemplations of, 440.
Debt of the Giuli Tre, 483.
Dedication of a Rural Spot and Altar, 406.
Deformed Child, The, 723.
Degrading Notions of Deity, On the, 242.
Deprecation of the Name of John, A, 463.
Descent of Liberty, The, 283.
Deshoulières, From Madame, 496.
Destouches, From, 501.
D'Herbelot, From, 507.
D'Houdetot, From Mme, 501.
Dickens, To Charles, 252.
Dinner Party Anticipated, The, 424.
Dirge, 373.
Dirge for an Infant, 377.
Doctor Ban, 220.
Doggrel on Double Columns and Large Type, 362.
Dogs, The, 207.
Dramatic Fragment, A, 618.
Dream in Heaven, A, 377.
Dream within Dream, A, 377.
Dryads, The, 321.
Duchess of Bouillon, To the, 495.

Elegy on our Lost Princess, 318.
Elves in a Monastery, 500.
English Courtship, 488.
Ephydriads, or, Nymphs of the Fountains, The, A Sketch, 323.
Epictetus, Inscription on a Statue of, 413.
Epigrams from the French, 503.
Epistles, 221.
Epitaph on a Clerical Dandy, 753.
Epitaph on an Englishman, 501.
Epitaph on Erotion, 427.
Epitaph to Let, An, 413.
Erotion, Epitaph on, 427.
Essence of Opera, The, 504.
Evening Star, To the, 407.
Evil Minimized, 377.
Excellent Scotch Parody, An, 203.
Expostulation and Candour, 506.

Faíries robbing an Orchard, Song of, 428.
Faith, Hope, and Charity, 382.
Fancy Concert, The, 374.
Fancy's Party, 330.
Father Avenged, A, 516.
Feast of Adonis, The, 402.
Feast of the Poets, The, 144.
Feast of the Violets, The, 176.
Fees in Danger, The, 196.
Field, To Barron, 230.
Filicaia, From, 481.
Fine weather in May, 351.
Fish, the Man, and the Spirit, The, 250.
Florence, A Legend of, 539.
Florence, A Picture of, 439.
Flowers, Love-Letters made of, 355.
Flowers, Songs and Chorus of the, 356.
Four Years old, To J. H., 316.
Fox, To W. J., 756.
France, The old Kings of, 500.
French, From the, 490.
Friends and Foes, 448.
Frugoni, From, 482.

Galgano, From, 489.
Gallant Epigrams, 506.
Galt, Epigrams on, 752–3.
Gathering Flowers, 441.
Gattie, To John, etc., 243.
Genoa, To, 487, 733.
Gentle Armour, The, 55.
Giuli Tre, The, 483.
Glove and the Lions, The, 78.
Godiva, 78.
Golden Age, Ode to the, 466.
Grasshopper and the Cricket, To the, 240.
Grazzini, From, 463.
Greek Anthology, From the, 411.
Greek, From the, 383.
Greek Pretenders to Philosophy Described, 412.
Guarini, From, 466.

H., To J., Four years old, 316.
H., To Mrs L., 241.

H., To T. L., 316.
Hampstead, To, 235–8.
Hate-Song, A., 745.
Haydon, To B. R., 245.
Hazlitt, To W., 228.
Hearing a little Musical Box, On, 315.
Hearing Music, 332.
Heaven upon Earth, A, 280.
Here 's a Block for your Cuts, 195.
Hero and Leander, 37.
Heroic Couplets, Unfinished poem in, 657.
Hesiod, From, 728.
High and Low, 218.
His Departed Love to Prince Leopold, 319.
Homer, From, 383.
Honeycomb, Richard, Verses by, 349.
Horace, From, 423.
Hostess, Virgil's, 422.
House and Grounds, A, 340, 724.
How to write History, 218.
Hylas and the Water Nymphs, 401.
Hymn (' The gentle heart '), 728.
Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine, A, 367.

Inevitable, The, 95.
Infallible Remedy, The, 503.
Infant Hercules and the Serpents, The, 392.
Infant Princess Royal, To the, 370.
' Inferno ', From Dante's, 434.
Inquests Extraordinary, 752.
Inscription for Epictetus, 413.
Inscription for Southwood Smith, 380.
' Ion ', To the Author of, 251.
Italian, From the, 434.
Iterating Sonnet, 253.

J. H., To, Four Years old, 316.
Jaffàr, 93.
Jenny Kissed me, 368.
Jerdan, Epigrams on, 752–3.
Jovial Priest's Confession, 427.
June, To, 353.

K., To Miss, 241.
Keats, On Receiving a Crown of Ivy from, 244.
Keats, To, 243.
Kilspindie, 98.
Kings of France, The Old, 500.
Kiss in Reason, A, 496.
Kosciusko, To, 239.

L. H., To Mrs., 241.
La Fontaine, From, 493.
Lady who wished to see him, To a, 492.
Lady's Notion of Village Love, A, 496.
Lamb, To C., 233.
Lares, To the, 333.
Latin, From the, 414.
Laugh of Mme D'Albret, On the, 491.
Lawrence, To Sir Thomas, 739.
Lawyers' Lament, 196.
Lazy Corner, 459.
Le Brun, From, 503.
Learning Tuscan, 488.
Legend of Florence, A, 539.
Legitimate Drama, Portions of a, 748.
Leonora singing at Rome, To, 431.
Leopold, His departed Love to Prince, 319.
Lesson for Kings, A, 718.
Liberty, Descent of, 283.
Lines in the Album of Rotha Quillinan, 373.
Lines on the Birth of Princess Alice, 372.
Lines on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather, 351.
Lips versus Eyes, 493.
Little People Panegyrized, 482.
Llanbedr (1835), 366.
Look to your Morals, 626.
Lord Mayor and the Butcher, The, 195.
Love and Age, 501.
Love and Reason, 502.
Love and War, 502.
Love at the Plough, 411.
Love-Lesson, A, 491.
Love-Letters made of Flowers, 355.
Lover of Music to his Pianoforte, 355.
Lover, The, 400.
Lovers' Amazements, 580.
Lover's Prison, The, 447.
Lucretius, From, 414.
' Lutrin ' of Boileau, From the, 496.

Maecenas, To, 423.
Mahmoud, 53.
Manuscript Play, Act IV of a, 618.
Marino, From, 467.
Marot, From, 491.
Marriage à la Mode, 501.
Martial, From, 427.
' Mary, dear Mary, list, awake,' 738.
Masson de Morvilliers, From, 501.
May, Sudden Fine Weather in, 351.
May, To, 353.
May-Day, 752.
Mediaeval Latin, From, 427.
Medoro and Cloridano, 448.
Melancholy, 737.
Meleager, From, 411.
Memory and Want of Memory, 201.
Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso, 388.
Might and Right, 382.
Milton, From the Latin of, 429.
Milton's Hair, On a Lock of, 246–7.

Milton's May-Day, parodied, 752.
Miscellaneous Poems, 281.
Money-getting, Satire upon, 487.
Moore, To Thomas, 224–7.
Morgante Maggiore, From the, 447.
Morgiana in England, 314.
Moschus, From, 407.
Mouth versus Eyes, 493.
Music (The Lover of), to his Pianoforte, 355.
Music, A Thought on, 254.
Music, Hearing, 332.
Musical Box, On hearing a little, 315.
My Books, On Parting with, 751.
Mysteries and Moralities, 751.

Naiads, A Picture of, 324.
Narrative Imitations, 127.
Narrative Modernizations, 112.
Narrative Poems, 1.
National Song, 314.
Nature does not grow old, That, 432.
New Chaunt, A, 200.
New Duet, A, 753.
New Year's Ode, The, 740.
N-ice Voice, A, 505.
Night Rain in Summer, A, 354.
Nile, The, 248.
Novello, To Vincent, etc., 243.
Novello (V.), Song set to Music by, 332.
Nun, The, 337.
Nuptial Song of Julia and Manlius, 419.
Nymphs, The, 320.

Ode for the Spring of 1814, 281.
Ode to a Dead Body, 442.
Ode to the Golden Age, 466.
Ode to the Sun, 378.
'O dolce Primavera', 445.
'Oh oranges', 489.
Old Skiff, The, 421.
Orange *versus* the World, An, 506.
Our Cottage, 263.
Ovid, From, 425, 730.

Paganini, 255.
Palfrey, The, 62.
Pan, The Universal, 746.
Panther, The, 52.
Paraphrase from Meleager, A, 412.
Parodies, 203, 206.
Parting with my Books, On, 751.
Pastor Fido, From the, 466.
Pastorini's Sonnet to Genoa, 733.
Paulo and Francesca, 434.
Pazzi, From, 489.
Pen, On a, 411.
Peruke, Verses on a, 349.
Petrarch, From, 440.
Physician, heal Thyself, 505.
Pianoforte, The Lover of Music to his, 355.
Picture of Florence, 439.
Picture of Naiads, A, 324.
Pigeon make Love, On seeing a, 349.
Plato's Archetypal Man, 429.
Poerio and his Fellow-Patriots, To, 253.
Poet-Laureate, On the New, 740.
Poets, The, 239.
Poets, The Feast of the, 144.
Politian, From, 444.
Political Poems, 141.
Political Satires, 193.
Politics and Poetics, 141.
Pomfret's 'Choice', On, 339, 724–5.
Portions of a Legitimate Drama, 748.
Portrait of Himself, Alfieri's, 486.
Portrait of his Mistress, Anacreon's, 392.
Power and Gentleness, 333.
Prayer in the Bower, The, 406.
Priam at the Feet of Achilles, 386.
Priam in Anguish at the Loss of Hector, 385.
Prince Leopold, His departed Love to, 319.
Prince of Wales, On the Birth of the, 371.
'Prince's Marriage, The', Fragment of, 734.
Princess Alice, On the Birth of, 372.
Princess, Elegy on our lost, 318.
Princess Royal, To the Infant, 370.
Providence, 481.
Pulci, From, 445, 730.
Purdon and Jerdan, 752.
'Purgatorio,' From Dante's, 438.
Pyrrha, To, 423.

Queen, To the, 369.
Question for Question, 220.
Quiet Evenings, 236.
Quillinan, Lines in Album of Rotha, 373.

Rafael, Under a Portrait of, 240.
Rainy Evening, A, 722.
Randolph, From Thomas, 428.
Rather No than Yes, 201.
Redi, From, 468.
Reflections of a Dead Body, 267.
Reverend Magistracy, 198.
Reynolds, To J. H., 246.
Rhymes in E, 727.
Right and Might, 382.
Rimini, The Story of, 1, 246.
Robertson, To H., etc., 243.
Robin Hood, Ballads of, 103.
Ronald of the Perfect Hand, 335.
Rondeau, 368.
Roses, 391.
Rotha Quillinan, In the Album of, 373.
Royal Line, The, 217.

Rucellai, From, 465.
Rural Concert, The, 406.
Rural Journey, The, 395.
Rural Spot and Altar, A, 406.
Rustic Walk and Dinner, A, 269.

Sacchetti, From, 441.
St. James's Phenomenon, The, 193.
Sannazaro, From, 445.
Satire upon Money-getting, 486.
Satirical Poems, 141, 193.
Scenes from an Unfinished Drama, 508.
Scotch Parody, An Excellent, 203.
Sea and Land, 411.
Seat under the Tree, The, 392.
Seneca, From, 426.
Serenade, 742.
Shelley, To Percy, 93, 242, 719.
Shewe of Faire Seeming, The, 130.
Sir Edgar, Sir Graham, and Sir Graysteel, 648.
Sirmio, Catullus's Return to, 414.
Smith, Dr. Southwood, 380.
Smith, To Horatio, 245.
Song (' When lovely sounds '), 332.
Song imitated from Marot, 493.
Songs and Chorus of the Flowers, 356.
Sonnets, 235.
Southey, Satire and parody of, 740.
Southwood Smith, Inscription for, 380.
Spenser Imitated, 130.
Spider running across a Room, To a, 159.
Spring of 1814, Ode for the, 281.
Spring, On the Arrival of, 431.
Story of Rimini, The, 1, 246.
Stothard, To T., 248.
Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather, On a, 351.
Summer, A Night-Rain in, 354.
Summer of 1818, The, 334.
Sun, Ode to the, 378.
Surprising New Ballad, A, 194.
Sword-Knot, The, 507.
Syracusan Gossips, The, 402.

Tabourot, From, 503.
Talari Innamorati, 338.
Talfourd, To T. N., 251.
Tapiser's Tale, The, 127.
Tasso, From, 466, 758.
Teacher Taught, The, 407.
'The gentle heart that God implores', 728.
Theocritus, From, 392.
Thiebault, King of Navarre, to his Love, 490.
Thought of the Nile, A, 248.
Thought on Music, A, 254.
Thought or Two on Pomfret's 'Choice', A, 339.
Thoughts in Bed upon Waking and Rising, 257, 281.
Thoughts of the Avon, 331.
Thoughts on hearing some beautiful Music, 332.
Three Pleasantries, 250.
Three Visions, 371.
Thyestes, Part of a Chorus in Seneca's, 426.
Timon of Athens, 444.
T. L. H., To, 316.
'To the Spirit great and good', 381.
Tomb of Two Brothers, On the, 412.
Translations, 383.
Trio, A, 755.
Triple Lover, The, 412.
Triton and Cymothoe, 467.
Trumpets of Doolkarnein, The, 99.

Ugolino and his Children, 436.
Ultra-Crepidarius, 161.
Ultra-Germano-Criticasterism, 192.
Ultra-License, An, 486.
Unfinished Drama, Scenes from, 508.
United States, Talk of a War with, 253.
Universal Pan, The, 746.

Valentine, Hymn to Bishop St., 367.
Venetian Fisherman, The, 490.
Venus, To, 414.
Verses on a Full-flowing Peruke, 349.
Vincent, On the Death of his Son, 281, 723.
Violets, The Feast of the, 176.
Virgil, From, 422, 730.

Wallace and Fawdon, 97.
Wealth and Womanhood, 360.
Wise Death, A, 504.
Words for a Trio, 755.

Yes and No, 491.
Young (T.), Milton to, 430.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A bough, thin hung with leaves, is all my tree 754
A brave young Prince a young Princess adores 504
A certain freak has got into my head 173
A crown of ivy ! I submit my head 244
A dreadful face in the Carpathian sea 467
A faire old house, less statelie than serene 130
A flowery crown will I compose 412
A liberal taste, and a wise gentleness 247
A reed was I :—my thin and fruitless shape 411
A slave was I 413
A steeple issuing from a leafy rise 238
A sweet 'No, no,'—with a sweet smile beneath 491
Abel fain would marry Mabel 503
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !) 93
Adieu, my books ! Adieu, bay-tree 502
Again I stop ;—again the toil refuse 141
Ages will honour, in their hearts enshrined 380
Ah ! could I but forget 490
Ah little ranting Johnny 316
Ah, Marian mine, the face you look on now 241
Ah, said a Frenchman to a jolly dean 506
Alas ! in what a ceaseless maze 432
All night, the Saracens, in their battered stations 448
Amazing monster ! that, for aught I know 250
Among the rest a Florentine there came 459
An Album ! This ! Why, 'tis for aught I see 373
An Angel prisoned in an infant frame 723
An argument like a good trio should be 755
An exquisite invention this 355
And now my drooping bell must toll 318
And now the Greeks, with war-cries full of doom 383
And straight he was aware 401
Arms and a vest I sing, which meant in blame 55
Arms and the mighty-hearted Dean I sing 731
As I thought thus, a neighbouring wood of elms 325
As one who after long and far-spent years 237
As when a friend (himself in music's list) 252
At Sarra, in the land of Tartary 116
Atys o'er the distant waters, driving in his rapid bark 415
Beloved Shelley, friend, immortal heart 719
Be present, ye home Truths and Graces 362
Blessings be thine, and a less hard old sofa 277
Blest is the turf, serenely blest 373
Bold mortal ! thou dost ape the skeleton 720
But thou be bold : let not thy hopes give way 430
Calypso thought living a curse 503
Captain Sword got up one day 80
Cary Brunswick o' the Guelph 203
Christmas comes ! He comes, he comes 360
Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams 440
Close by the flowery purple hill 426
Come, let us have a dance, and make 380
Come, master of the rosy art 392
Cyprus to wit : Sweet Lips *versus* Fine Eyes 493
Dear Barnes, whose native taste, solid and clear 235
Dear Benedetto,— not to let you pine 463
Dear Field, my old friend, who love strait-forward verse 230
Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such 228
Dear Molly, who art the best comingest lass 338

Dear Telephus, you trace divinely 424
Dear Tom, who enjoying your brooks and your bowers 224
Death is a road our friends have gone 379
Did ever laurel, famed in story 349
Didst ever see so foggy and absurd an 753
Discord beheld, and with enraptured eyes 500
Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide 78
Excuse me, gentle Parke, I pray 753
Fine age is ours, and marvellous—setting free 252
First of all, in order to give a convenient finish to our impudence and collusion 200
Florence, before she broke the good old bounds 439
For betwixt Blaye, Sir, and Jonzac 753
For there are two heavens, sweet 280
Forster whose voice can speak of awe so well 95
From the Isle of the West the captive came 109
Gallants in love, and ladies touched as they 172
Genius of a glorious land 299
Genius of a rising land 298
Genius of a suffering land 297–8
Gentle and unknown delight 288
Gentlemen, I pray be covered, like my soldiers 734
Go, thou little rhyme in E, ... 727
God prosper long those noble things 743
Good people all, attend now 193
'Grace' in good truth—renowned for that rare art 707
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass 240
Hail, England, dear England, true Queen of the West 314
Hail, rustic Breakfast-room, proximate thought 722
Hallo !—what ?—where ?—what can it be 315
Hamadan is my native place 507
Hark ! Mrs. Clarke or her gate-bell rings 206
Hark, princely mourner ! 'tis the voice of her 319
Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee 243
Have you not seen, upon an antique seal 756
Have you seen an heiress 360
Haydon, whom now the conquered toil confesses 245
He is dead and gone—a flower 377
He said ; and straight the herald Argicide 388
Here lies Sir John Plumpudding, of the Grange 501
Here lies the Abbé Demi-man 753
Here 's the place to seat us, love ! 392
Hesper, dear Hesper, golden lovely light 407
How can one tire in solitudes and nooks 495
How fine to walk to dinner, not too far 269
How sharp those beams are in the tree !—how fresh 262
How sweet it were, if without feeble fright 354
I could not come to shed a man's rare tears 251
I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking 427
I dreamt I saw by me great Venus stand 407
I felt my spirit leap, and look at thee 246
I have been reading Pomfret's *Choice* this spring 339, 724–5
I have just read a most amazing thing 53
I heard your pipe no sooner but I knew it 733
I know I ought to make no dereliction 445
I'm belov'd of one so fair 493
I sing a matter of some sixty dogs 207
I've got my wig :—and now, thou rash Hirsutus 249
I've lost my horse, my mistress, and my wife 506
I've said forever, and again I say 484
I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour 333
I yawn when you read !—Am I wrong then ?—Oh, no 505
In days when Italy with prowess rung 662
If you become a nun, dear 337

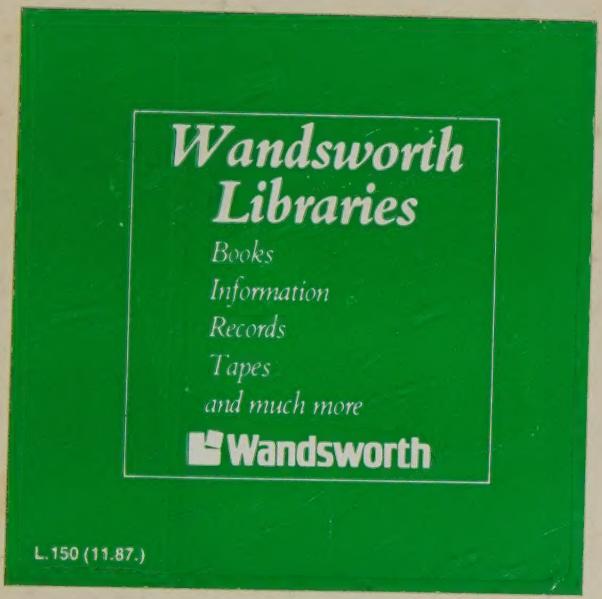
In Flanders there was once a desperate set 112
In lucky hour doth he receive 740
In prose and in metre will Tom still compose 503
In this poetic corner 330
Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still 251
Iris, amidst the fern 496
Is not the picture strangely like 349
Is this the country, then, where I was born 446
It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands 248
It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind 244
It is the loveliest day that we have had 331
It lies before me there, and my own breath 247
It was the pleasant season yet 103
It was the time when Autumn with the thrill 657
Jaffár, the Barmecide, the good Vizier 93
Jenny kissed me when we met 368
John, at confession, said he thumped his wife 506
John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty . . . 78
Just as a mother with sweet pious face 481
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport 78
King James to royal Stirling town 98
Ladies, and cavaliers, and loves, and arms 172
Last week a porter died beneath his burden 752
Lawrence, whose pencil brightens year by year 739
Let lovers whine of darts and pains 745
Let us make love, let us make war 502
Listen, Lordings, great and small 195
Little people, hear my song 482
Lo ! I, who in verse flowing smooth as the wine 176
Lofty-brow-flourishers 412
Lokman the wise, therefore the Good (for wise 94
Lord ! what a dish without salt 752
Love laid aside his torch, his quiver, and his bow 411
Love, which in courts is but a toy for spleen 496
Mary, dear Mary, list awake 738
May 's a word 'tis sweet to hear 353
May, thou month of rosy beauty 353
Me from my mother's bosom my hard lot 758
Meanwhile the canons, far from all this noise 496
Moan with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters 407
Monsieur the Abbé, and Monsieur his valet 491
Most people have a favourite phrase 202
Mourn, all ye Graces, Loves, and Sports 196
My Creditor has no such arms, as he 485
My Creditor seems often in a way 484
My Genoa, if I view with tearless eye 733
My honest Masters, take care of extremes 740
My mind was like a rugged soil that lay 481
My name was—(Well—what signifies ?)—my nation 413
My widowed Love 319
Never did beetle hum so teasingly 483
No ; ask no more so soft a lyre 423
No : none are happy in this best of spheres 483
Nor could thy beauty, Cyllarus 425
Not in my garden as of old I write 730
Not in the Town—not in the busy Town 746
Now play me something sweet, for the Nymphs' sake 406
Now Sal, the daughter of the scavenger 752
Now the sun from the swart plains 431
O best of all the scattered spots that lie 414
O divine Urania's son 419
O friend whom glad or grave we seek 355
O lady, who dost take delight 405

O love of thanks for gentle deeds 371
O lovely age of gold 466
O lovers, ye that poorly love, and ye 350
O lucky prison, blithe captivity 447
O noble souls, freed from the foulest spite 253
O Spring, thou youthful beauty of the year 466
O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers 445
O thou, whom old Homer would call, were he living 233
Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story 389
Of Cambus, the great Tartar king 116
Of her free-will she gave it me 507
Off, with a plague, you scandalous multitude 385
Often and often have I understood 483
Often fit we round our brows 391
'Oh, Acme love!' Septimius cried 418
Oh, fisher of the waters, Fidelin 490
Oh, one that I know is a knavish lass 314
Oh oranges, sweet oranges 489
Oh where, Rinaldo, is thy gagliardize 446
Oh with what folly did they toil in vain 484
Old is the tale I tell, and yet as young 683
On business called from his abode 505
Once on a time myself and Eucritus 395
Open the window and let the air 354
Our fairest dreams are made of truths 364
Our little Syrian Hostess, the diademed, the fair 422
Our poet mistook in his pitying strain 752
Our roots are in the earth, our flowers in heaven 723
Parent of Rome, delicious Queen of Love 414
Paulus and Latöus, brothers 412
Peace be to the friars 485
Poor Italy, one needs must own 485
Praxinoe within? 402
Presence divine! Great lord of this our sphere 378
Proud city, that by the Ligurian sea 487
Pyrrha, what ardent stripling now 423
Quitting dear friends with homeward care 366
Quitting the traitor Bocca's barking soul 436
Rafael! it must be he; we only miss 240
Reader! what soul that loves a verse, can see 351
Rego, regis 204, 718
Reynolds, whose Muse, from out thy gentle embraces 246
Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb 442
Robin and his merry men 108
Robin Hood is an outlaw bold 107
Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now 105
Say, guardian goddesses of woods 429
Scaree had I learnt the names of all that press 434
She loved me, as she read my books 492
Shelley, take this to thy dear memory 93
Sick, Cornificius, is thy friend 419
Since you resolve, dear Byron, once again 221
Sleep breathes at last from out thee 316
Sleeping the sacred sleep, here Saon lies 414
So! I've got rid of those two creeping things 444
So played of late to every passing thought 255
So saying, Mercury vanished up to heaven 386
Some few of us, children and grown, possess 263
Some grateful trifle let me leave with you 238
Spirit, who waftest me where'er I will 320
Steal from the window, dear 742
Sweet upland, to whose walks with fond repair 235
Take to thy lap, dear earth, the good old boy 413

Terror's and wrath's brave champion, Doctor Ban 220
That fisherman they talk of,— Massaniello 218
That solitary shore we still kept on 438
The animals disputing went *en masse* 433
The approbation of Father Stuffation 486
The baffled spell, that bound me, is undone 237
The bark, my friends, which you see here 421
The Carpenter, whan that his tale was done 127
The conqueror of the East, the God of Wine 468
The day, the only day returns 367
The Dusky Knight puts down the cry. 206
The eremites of old, if just and true 447
The 'Eyes' of Petrarch have been read by Varchi 489
The gentle heart that God implores 728
The hour of worship's over, and the flute 37
The lark dwells lowly, Madam,—on the ground 369
The mighty spirit, that regulates this earth 249
The moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking 44
The months we used to read of 334
The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes 62
The panther leaped to the front of his lair 52
The rose, the flower of love 391
The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring 95
The secret's found of Brompton's heavy air 753
The Spring has come again, like one beloved 721
The stern old shepherd of the air 335
The sturdy Conq'ror, politic, severe 217
The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May 1
The sweet country maiden she gets up betimes 444
The sweetest oriental sapphire blue 438
The tippling earth drinks up the dew 390
There are the fair-limbed Dryads, who love nooks 321
There, Bess, your namesake held not sceptred hand 241
There is a charm no joys bestow 737
There is no other medicine against love 398
There 's a squalid thing, called beer 471
These roses with the dew on, and this fine 406
The vision then is past 281
The voice without a shape, the viewless force 722
They talked of their concerts, and Cramers, and Spohrs 374
They tell me, when my tongue grows warm on thee 236
They, towards the amorous noon, when some young poet 324
Think of reason 502
This *holy-hole* was a vile *thin*-built *thing* 446
This is the point at which the rolling world. 283
This is the way to reign in peace for life 730
Thou lofty mirror, Truth, let me be shown 486
Thou poisonous rascal, running at this rate 159
Though the laurel's courtly bough 372
Three are the Graces, three the Hours, and three 412
Three strapping clowns were seen one day (strange case!) 505
Thrice hath rebellion broke over our head 748
Through me it goes into the Dolourous City 434
Thus far I do:—that Right of Might 382
Thy fancy lives in a delightful sphere 248
'Tis dawn; nay, day-light certain; I know not 257
'Tis done; I yield; adieu, thou cruel fair 504
'Tis June, and a bright sun burneth all 62
'Tis like thy patient valour thus to keep 239
'Tis not wealth that makes a king 426
'Tis now about fifty or sixty years since 161
'Tis pleasant climbing the green hill's ascent 250
'Tis said that faith declines; believe it not 382

'Tis well you think me truly one of those 243
To every one (so have ye faith) is given 431
To her, who loves all peaceful glory 77
To shuffle to town twenty times in a day 492
To sit with downward listening, and crossed knee 254
To the Spirit great and good 381
Tom, you should take a wife—*Now love forbid* 501
T'other day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts 144
T'other day as I was twining 413
Turning down, goatherd, by the oaks, you'll see 406
'Twas now the hour, when love of home melts through 439
'Twenty sweet summers will I tie together' 167
Underneath this greedy stone 427
Unfaithful girl! After such favours too 506
Waking at morn, with the accustomed sigh 281
Walking and musing in a wood, I saw 441
Wallace with his sixteen men 97
War between England and the United States 253
We are blushing Roses 356
We are the sweet Flowers 357
We, the Fairies, blithe and antic 428
Welcome, bud beside the rose 370
Were I some fifteen years younger, or twenty 463
Were I to name, out of the times gone by 239
Were this impossible, I know full well 724
What change is this! What joy! What depth of rest! 267
What evil would be, could it be, the Blest 377
What have I said, or done, that by degrees 101
What is *Love*?—Alas 751
What is the reason, Sir, that every day 488
What wonder, Percy, that with jealous rage 242
When a set of youths I see 391
When a smooth wind runs on the far green sea 411
When lovely sounds about my ears 332
When young, I loved. At that enchanting age 501
Where are the golden times, when kings, who sat 500
While bent on singing your delightful gifts 465
Why, Mistress Nera, what the devil's here 488
Winter has reached thee once again at last 236
Wisdom, *upon his wondrous stage* 130
With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed 99
With its own Muses be our strain begun 728
With what a fine unyielding wish to bless 245
Within a mile or twey of Bethlem toun 128
Would you be wealthy in a trice 506
Would you change, my dear Tom, your old mode of proceeding 226
Would you make blazes 192
Ye dear companions of my silent hours 751
Ye little household fairies 333
Yes, blackguards; it *is* ETHELSTONE 198
Yes, glutton of the land and sea 486
Yes, I beheld the old accustomed sight 252
Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half 491
Yet, Percy, not for this, should he whose eye 242
You came at last, dear girl,—yes, came at last 400
You cursedest of all bell-ringers 503
You know, my dear Tom, that the objects we see 227
You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced 250
Young Doctor Scribe is dead.—Young Scribe?—Yes, he 505
Young Hercules had now beheld the light 392
Your name's Majocchi?—'Signor, Si' 301

Printed at the University Press Oxford by Frederick Hall


Wandsworth
Libraries
Books
Information
Records
Tapes
and much more
Wandsworth
L.150 (11.87.)